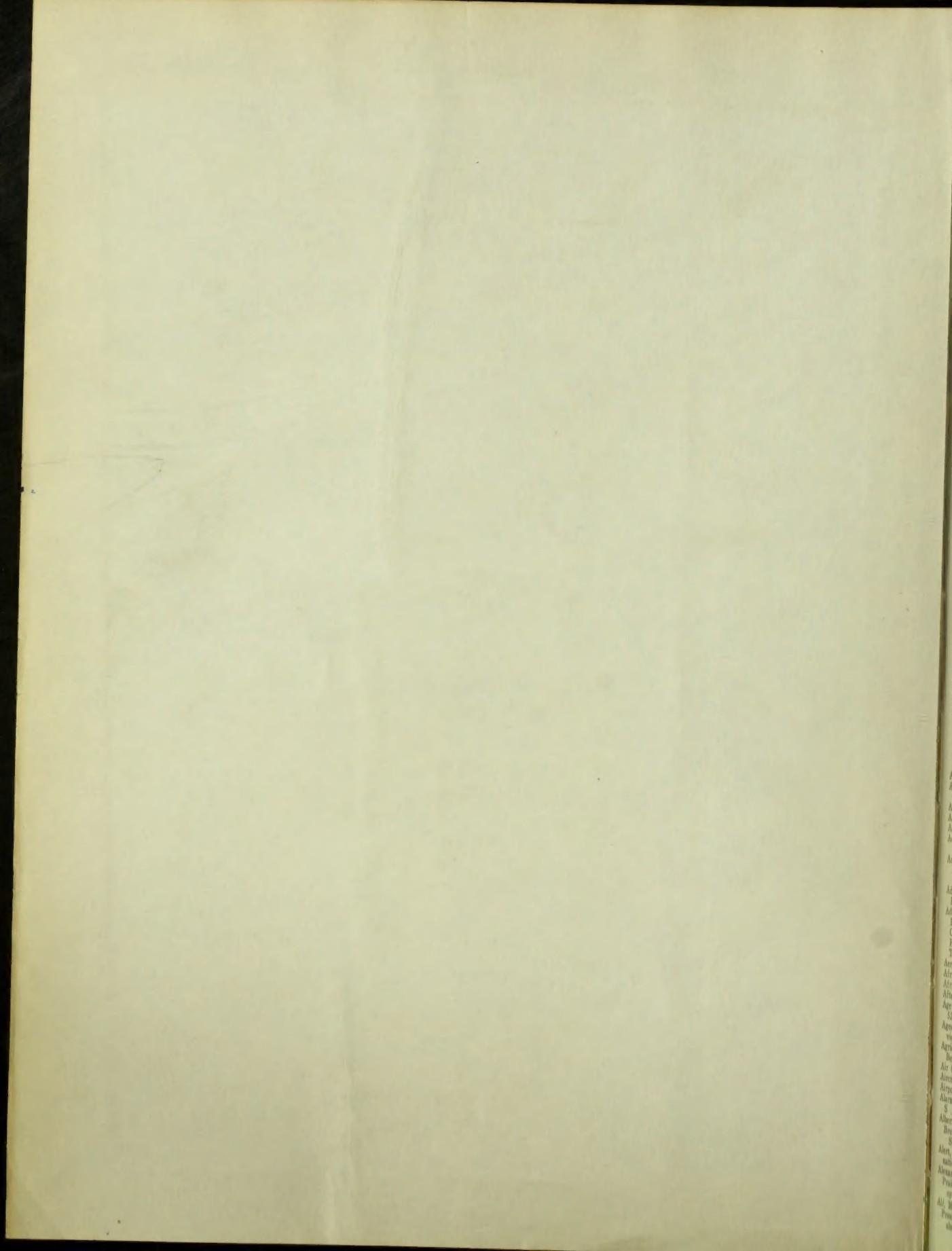


CECILIA



# THE NATION

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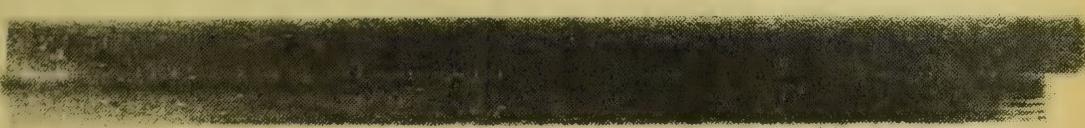
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THE  
**NATION**



JANUARY 3, 1959 . . 25c



THE TRUTH ABOUT  
NEW YORK'S  
NEWSPAPER STRIKE

*Fred J. Cook*



THE POLITICS OF CULTURE

*Raymond Williams*



# LETTERS

## When No News Is Bad News

Dear Sirs: What a sad, sad week for New York newspaper readers, with the tail of an industry (about 2,000 delivery men) not just wagging, but flogging the body—a bulk of around 20,000 directly involved in getting out nine local newspapers.

Now, one can be light-years beyond the Knowland mentality and still ask what the hell gives with local union leadership? The drivers, many of whom do practice petty tyrannies (read kick-backs) on their routes, have not done badly with an average base pay of around \$130 weekly—before the strike. So they get an offer from the publishers (who, let it be said speedily, are no angels; fact is, I'd call them sharks, the way several of them ganged up about a year ago, increasing their prices as much as 100 per cent). So the offer sounds not at all bad—and everything points to a quick settlement. Then someone—does it matter from which side?—in the conference room sneezes and all go home with a case of ruffled feathers. Otherwise known as cerebral foginess.

A day or two before the empty-paper-curtain descended on New York, one of the scarier headlines announced Jimmy Hoffa's intention of organizing the New York police. Maybe that guy is the new prophet of labor. Sharks on one side, barracuda on the other—and who is the public, anyway?

SID BERNARD

New York City

## Freedom of Expletive

Dear Sirs: Every once in a while, *The Nation* disgraces itself utterly. In the last sentence of "The Spender Affair" [editorial columns, December 13 issue], you attempted to equate the attitude of the American Committee for Cultural Freedom toward Spender with the attitude of the Union of Soviet Writers toward Pasternak. Your statement is either dishonest, or idiotic, or both.

BERNARD J. FRIED

New York City

## The Acid Test

Dear Sirs: In her article, "Golden Age of Misery," in your December 13 issue, Rita Hinden assumes that social psychologists have proved that "large-scale industrial societies" by their very nature are the source of the malaise, sense of

emptiness, lack of purpose, etc., so widespread in the Western world. Before this conclusion is accepted, wouldn't it be wise to find out if this same type of problem is prevalent in the USSR or Czechoslovakia, two societies as highly industrialized as most in the Western world? If we should find that, whatever their other problems, they are not seriously troubled by the kind Miss Hinden so ably describes, won't it be necessary to reach other conclusions? Could it be that the primary source of our difficulties lies in capitalism rather than in the industrial revolution?

ALICE RICHARDS

Atherton, Calif.

## Consciousness of Virtue

Dear Sirs: I wish to express my thanks and my admiration for your publishing the review by Odell Shepard of Perry Miller's *Consciousness in Concord* in your December 6 issue. The reviewer is to be commended for doing a thorough, neat and much-needed piece of work. Our American scholarship has come to a sorry state when some scholar with the reputation and genuine achievements of Professor Miller can do as careless, indifferent, sensation-seeking piece of editing as this work on Thoreau's long-missing journal—and then be given various vague and empty pats on the back by various reviewers.

EGBERT S. OLIVER  
Portland State College

Portland, Oregon

## Nuclear Information for the Layman

Dear Sirs: Readers of *The Nation* may be interested to know that the Greater St. Louis Citizens' Committee for Nuclear Information has been organized for the purpose of acquainting lay citizens of the community with the facts concerning the uses of nuclear energy in war and in peace.

Many people want to know whether a "clean" H-bomb is possible, whether civilization could survive an all-out nuclear war, whether radioactive fall-out from the explosion of such bombs presents a genuine hazard to human health and to the genetic welfare of the race, and why it is that on some of these issues there is disagreement among scientists.

Our committee is functioning in three ways: 1. by assigning its scientifically trained members to the task of gathering all available information and of reducing it to simple terms in suitable printed

bulletins; 2. by sponsoring discussions thereon at public meetings and on radio and television; 3. by means of a Speakers Bureau equipped to furnish well-informed lecturers to interested groups.

Subscribers to *The Nation* who wish to receive our publications are invited to communicate with our office at 4484 West Pine Blvd., St. Louis 8, Mo. (telephone JEFFerson 3-0353).

ALEXANDER S. LANGSDORF  
President

St. Louis, Mo.

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## EDITORIALS

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### Citizen Mikoyan

A Russian citizen named Anatas Mikoyan has been granted a United States visa and will arrive here shortly to visit his old friend Mikhail Menshikov. That is pleasant and we drink a toast *in absentia* to the happiness of this private reunion. We also note that Citizen Mikoyan is Deputy Premier of the USSR, with special interest in the area of foreign trade, and that his friend Menshikov is the Soviet Ambassador in Washington. It occurs to us to wonder whether Mr. Mikoyan will combine his journey of sentiment with activities of more general significance.

Actually, we know perfectly well that he will. The "private citizen" device is a convenience for both Russian and American officialdom. Mikoyan can talk to anyone he wants to see without the exchange becoming a "conversation"; if anything useful comes from his visit, it can be officially acknowledged, but if his time proves wasted, he was officially never here.

The inevitable newspaper epithet for Mikoyan is "wily," and the fact that he has served Lenin, Stalin and Khrushchev over a period of thirty years suggests that he has earned it. But if the informal visit is wily, he did not invent it or even revive it. Public men have traveled in private clothes at least since Harun al-Rashid, and just recently an American citizen, one Hubert Humphrey, has returned from a sightseeing trip to Muscovy. While there he enjoyed an eight-hour chat with Premier Khrushchev. We prefer to think that this new fashion in international exchange of views is an American discovery, that it will substitute communication for protocol and that Citizen Mikoyan will enjoy at least a cordial and instructive afternoon at the White House.

### Let's Not Have No Trouble

"Draft Act Extension Is Sought To Avoid 'Hill Row,'" the headline reads. The Universal Military Training and Service Act will lapse June 30, 1959. The act is conceded to be full of flaws and inequities, and no-

body, from the Pentagon through Congress down to the draftees themselves, has much to say in its favor. It didn't fit any too well when it was passed, and since then the population has risen and the fit is worse. There are now 2,200,000 "1As" in the Selective Service manpower pool, and 1,200,000 young men reach military age (18½) each year. Many are ineligible, but only about 100,000 men are being drafted annually. With the law in force, the Army manages to maintain its strength of 900,000 and the other services keep up a semi-voluntary enlistment influx. The system works, after a fashion.

So Congress refuses to concern itself with the defects of the existing law and the ways in which it might be improved. "Our hope is simply to change the expiration date of the act to June 30, 1963," says Assistant Defense Secretary Charles C. Finucane, in charge of personnel. Administration strategy is to push through a simple extension of the present law to avoid "opening up a whole can of worms." This combination of inertia, fatigue, and political expediency is objectionable, especially in a matter which so vitally concerns the nation's youth. Defeat of the bill would be no calamity, but in any case the draft law should not be re-enacted without full consideration and debate. What else is the Congress for?

### Non-Violence in Norfolk

North Pickenham in Norfolk, England, had been improved with an R.A.F. rocket base—presumably one of the IRBM *Thor* installations bestowed with typical American munificence on our British cousins. It appears, however, that not all Britishers have received the gift with gratitude. Thirty-six of them, including seven women, appeared in court charged with willfully obstructing the police. A poll showed that 25 of those arrested were under 40, 24 said they had no religion, and 22 supported no particular political party. They included library assistants, bricklayers, housewives, teachers, secretaries, a physiotherapist and a furniture designer. This heterogeneous group had proceeded to the

rocket base, paused at the gate for a moment of silent prayer, and started to enter. A police superintendent addressed them. "I must warn you," he said, "that if you enter Air Ministry property you will be ejected. If you return you are liable to be arrested for obstructing the police and in addition, the organizers may also be charged with conspiracy." The leaders said politely that they would go in just the same. After they were removed, they returned and sat down in the road to block trucks entering. One woman darted into the path of a truck, but was thrown aside by a policeman. "I am doing this for my three children," she said. On arraignment, all 36 were remanded, 22 of them in custody.

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## NON-INTERVENTION AGAIN . . . by Jane Stolle

FRANCO is getting away with murder, and the United States sits idly by. Secretary Dulles would say: Good, that's what we should do; we do not meddle in the internal affairs of another ("friendly") country. The Pentagon would add that we have a complex of military bases in Spain and, if we look too closely at Franco, they might go away. (Definition of the Cold War: military policy supersedes moral principle.) But where are the "friends" of Pasternak, of Maletor and Nagy? Where are the screams of yesteryear that reached all the way to Moscow?

What does it take to rouse Americans to indignation nowadays? Will blood have to run in the streets of Madrid, Sevilla and Barcelona—as it did in Hungary—before voices are raised? The 150-250 Spanish lawyers, doctors, teachers, writers and workers who are jailed in the labyrinthine bowels of the dreaded Security Police headquarters, on and below Madrid's gay Puerta del Sol square, made a mistake. They were anti-Franco as well as anti-Communist.

Does anyone care about them? A few. In Belgium, a half-dozen political leaders and a few hundred students have protested; so have the Executive Committee of the British Labor Party, the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions and the Congress for Cultural Freedom.

In the United States, twenty-one American writers and other professional people, including Carson McCullers, Bruce Barton, Jr., Saul Bellows, Norman Mailer, Alfred Kazin, Harold Solomon and Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, signed a telegram drafted by Solomon and his wife and, on the eve of the tenth anniversary of Human Rights Day, sent it to U.N. Secretary General Dag Hammarskjold: "Have these men been arbitrarily arrested? Have they been advised of any criminal charges against them? . . . Will they have a fair and public trial by an independent and impartial tribunal? . . ." All these are tenets of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights of the U.N., of which Spain is a member.

These were the voices raised: all

well-intentioned, all indignant, but with a decibel count to reach Franco's ears like a stage whisper. Yet, as has been proven, Franco's ears are sensitive to public opinion—when it's from outside Spain and it's loud enough. For instance:

Film director Juan Bardem (*Death of a Cyclist; Welcome, Mr. Marshall*) was among the hundreds "detained" in the winter of '56, when student demonstrations erupted into street fighting. Bardem's films, it seems, much too often carried overtones of criticism, even ridicule, of the ruling class. So, in the middle of a scene of the film, *Main Street*, which he was shooting with actress Betsey Blair (*of Marty*), he was "detained."

The news eventually leaked across the border to France, and the reaction was immediate. French writers and figures in the theatrical world organized protest meetings; newspapers carried the story in big print; film organizations brought the case forcibly to the attention of the French distributors of Spanish films. A big fuss was made which spread to film circles in other countries. Two weeks after Bardem was "detained"—during which time no charges were preferred against him—he went back to finish his film.

IT MAY SEEM inconsonant with Franco's role as the loneliest wolf among dictators, this sensitivity to foreign public opinion. Indeed, it could be said that he didn't give a hoot, in 1946, when the U.N. members turned their diplomatic backs on him, and called home those ambassadors who had sat out World War II in Madrid, watching Franco "neutrality" furnishing Germany with aid and comfort. He was glad, for a while, because even his tattered enemies in Spain rallied round him, their pride piqued at the global snub. But then there were a few years of drought in agricultural Spain, and the hungry opposition started grumbling again. Along about then, our bases in Morocco began to look impermanent, and Franco began to look very good to the Pentagon. The General there, and the generals here, eventually found they shared the same interests. After all, Franco had enemies at home, we had them abroad. Six U.S. naval and air bases are the result.

Franco was now a respectable member of international society, although official recognition of the fact came a bit later, when Secretary of State Dulles got his old friend and former legal client into UNESCO and the U.N. Then Franco began to care. He wanted to be loved. He said there was freedom of the press in Spain. When American correspondents doubted his word—at a press conference—he replied that there was "freedom of murmur." His very words. For the sake of UNESCO and the United States, he even tried to show that free elections were held in Spain, one ill-fated time, when he allowed anti-Falangist Monarchists to run against Government party candidates in municipal elections. To his consternation, even the most left-wing "rabble" rallied to the Monarchist side, and the Government's subsequent juggling of the voting figures was embarrassingly inept (though, of course, successful). That, as far as free elections go, was that.

However, as the most recent "detainees" can testify, Franco doesn't attempt to fool the Spaniards with any such "freedoms" nonsense. What is more, he hasn't even tried to call his latest victims Communists. He would have a hard time doing so. Let's look at a partial list: Antonio Villar, attorney, of the law firm of Antonio Garrigues, a Monarchist and lawyer for the U.S. Embassy in Madrid; Edmond Valles, lawyer and writer, the head of one of Spain's top publishing companies; Manuel Garrido, industrialist; Joaquin Pradera, nephew of the present Spanish Ambassador to Tunisia.

And so on. There are textile workers, students, small merchants on the list, too, but even they—more defenseless than the others—have not been painted as Communists. These young men (they are nearly all under forty) are apparently guilty of the crime of being democrats. Their subversive activities consist of trying to amalgamate anti-Communist elements all over Spain so that when Franco goes, the country need not fall inevitably into the organized arms of the military or the clandestine Communist Party—or into chaos.

Franco, it seems, would prefer chaos. He would then have a better

(Continued on next page)

JANE STOLLE, The Nation's U.N. correspondent, was stationed in Madrid as a journalist from 1951-56.

(Continued from preceding page) chance of history exonerating him of the lie that he has lived; that he has kept peace for twenty years under the most difficult conditions, and that his repressive methods were necessary. He, as a general, must know better than anyone that unless the future is carefully planned, his passing will mean a fight to the death among the remaining generals for power. As for a democratic future for Spain, he considers that a fate worse than death. A monarchy, perhaps—but no nonsense about parliamentary limitations on the monarch, who must be a puppet of the army, the Church, the right wing of the

Falange. In any case, the sixty-five-year-old dictator, despite occasional hints to the contrary, is going to sit firmly on his throne (Spain is technically a monarchy) until events or death push him off. Meanwhile, he "detains" forward-looking Spaniards who would like to plan for peace while there is still time.

So the traditionally disparate elements among Franco's opposition are meeting in dim cafes and in modest homes with a view to settling their differences now, rather than later in street riots. Three years ago, when this rapprochement was still at a very early stage, I heard a seventy-year-old *Grandee*—a Monarchist, of

course—offer his support to a young "democrat" intellectual just released from jail. We sat in a book-lined study, speaking low, "because you never know about the servants."

Meanwhile, there are reports of financial scandals in Spain involving bigwigs like Juan March. Few will want to defend Senor March, but it is interesting to note into what powerful circles the opposition to Franco has infiltrated.

Perhaps Dulles is right. Maybe it is their problem, and theirs alone. But then, why raise our voices when people are victimized by Communist dictatorships? Where injustice is concerned, can we only see Red?

## New York's Newspaper Strike... by Fred J. Cook

New York, December 26

A RACKET-RIDDEN newspaper deliverers union, twice defying its own leadership, has closed every major newspaper in New York, has kept them closed for more than two weeks and, at this writing, threatens to keep them closed indefinitely. A union of some 2,000 members—ex-convicts prominent in its ranks, shakedowns and loan-sharking its lucrative sidelines—has demonstrated its power to hamstring the entire newspaper industry and to black out the nation's largest city from any comprehensive report of the news of the nation and the world. This is the tragic truth behind the New York newspaper strike.

The strike has been disowned by all the other large and more reputable unions in the newspaper business. It has been a disaster for all involved: for the newspapers, many already walking a financial tightrope; for thousands of furloughed workers cast out of jobs in winter, at Christmas time; for a wide variety of businesses that cannot get their messages to the public and have lost, are losing, millions of dollars in po-

tential revenue; for the public itself, which has been finding it impossible, without newspapers, to keep in intelligent contact with the daily events of the world. And, lastly, for decent unions which cannot fail to be hurt by the backfire of public reaction against a strike without perceivable issue or justifiable cause. For all of these groups, the newspaper deliverers strike, called after it had been—to all appearances—satisfactorily settled, has been an unmitigated disaster.

No strike of modern times burst more suddenly, more unexpectedly upon the public of New York. On December 9, *The New York Times* reported happily: "A strike by delivery workers against nine New York newspapers was settled yesterday." Just twenty-four hours later, *The Times* and all other New York newspapers were off the street. And on Thursday, Dec. 11, the papers, unable to get deliveries, suspended publication.

What were the causes of this city-wide shutdown? Some are still obscure, but this is the surface sequence:

Representatives of the Publishers Association of New York City and the unaffiliated Newspaper and Mail Deliverers Union had been engaged

in protracted negotiations for a new contract. The strike had actually been called at 12:01 a.m. December 8, when pickets had been thrown about the plants of the morning papers; but just eight hours later, the pickets had been withdrawn after night-long negotiations brought apparent agreement.

The basis of the agreement was the same wage package negotiated with the New York Newspaper Guild in November. The truck drivers and deliverymen, already getting a base wage of \$103.50 for a 40-hour week, would have received a \$7 weekly increase spread over two years, \$4 the first year and \$3 the second. The weight of paper bundles handled by the deliverers was to be cut from 53 to 50 pounds (instead of the 40 pounds the union had been asking). The new contract also provided for three days' leave for union members when there was a death in the immediate family. These were the gains. The union, on the other hand, abandoned its demands for a 35-hour week, twelve holidays instead of eight, four weeks' vacation instead of three, sick leave and a \$10 wage increase to include pension, welfare and fringe benefits. Obviously, the union had left many of its demands at the bargaining table, but this is

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almost routine in any negotiation. It had still made gains, and Samuel Feldman, its president, evidently believing that the gains would be satisfactory to the membership, disbanded the pickets and called off the strike. But Feldman guessed wrong. In day-long balloting on December 9, the membership repudiated the recommended contract, and the strike was on.

Other unions, both the craft unions and the Newspaper Guild representing editorial and commercial employees, crossed the deliverers' picket lines and reported for work. All of the nine New York newspapers printed on December 10, but they could not distribute. Faced with heavy financial losses, they suspended publication on December 11 and furloughed workers by the thousands.

THE effects of the strike were immediate and almost incalculable. For the newspapers themselves, it represented the worst kind of financial disaster. The repressive year had been a hard one. Not until fall had advertising revenues begun to pick up in line with business recovery, and most of the papers had looked forward to heavy Christmas advertising to bail out the year. The strike came just at the time to kill off this revenue. For some of the afternoon papers, the editions of December 10 and 11 had been scheduled to contain the heaviest advertising of the year; for the morning papers, the bonanza was in their Sunday editions of December 14. According to the Associated Press, the Sunday papers had scheduled \$3.8 millions in advertising. The strike wiped it out.

These were only the immediate effects. The long-range repercussions may be even more disastrous. While it is not generally realized, the New York newspaper operation today is largely a marginal one financially. Of all the major dailies, only two, *The Daily News* and *The New York Times*, reap the kind of huge gross revenues that insure considerable profit. Despite strike insurance, about which publishers are always extremely reticent, there is a distinct possibility that some of the other papers may not be able to absorb the kind of losses entailed in the

wiping out of all Christmas advertising and the complete shutdown of business; one ultimate effect of a prolonged strike might be that the drastically-narrowed New York newspaper field will be curtailed still further by the folding or merger of some of the existing papers.

THIS IS the grim newspaper picture. But more than the newspapers themselves have been hurt by this strike. The public and business generally have suffered.

The Associated Press estimated that the strike in its first week had cost at least \$13 millions. Some 15,000 skilled newspaper workers had been thrown out of jobs and lost \$1.5 millions in wages. Many lines of business were adversely affected. The entertainment industry was especially hard-hit. One night club, billing the opening of a top-name star, reported it had only 25 per cent of the normal quota of customers. The legitimate theatres, except for the few with hit shows which were sold out well in advance, were frustrated by inability to call their offerings to the attention of the public. A spokesman for the motion-picture industry estimated that attendance was off 20 per cent. Restaurants lost business. So did neighborhood shops and some department stores. A spokesman for the Newsdealers Association of Greater New York estimated that more than 90 percent of the association's 2,000 members had closed down for the duration of the strike. Some department stores reported the normal Christmas rush, but one estimated that the loss of mail and telephone orders had cut weekly receipts 5 to 8 per cent. One large Brooklyn department store cut its Sunday telephone-order salesmen by 75 per cent, and while a spokesman wouldn't estimate how much orders had dropped, he said: "It's like comparing a whole lot with practically nothing."

For the general public, news became a rare commodity. Sketchy radio and television bulletins quickly proved no substitute for the detailed news accounts and analyses of the daily papers.

In such manner was the life of New York disrupted by a relatively

small union, long known as the most irresponsible in the newspaper business. The independent Newspaper and Mail Deliverers Union is a vestigial remnant from the days when newspapers engaged in fierce circulation wars and it was considered almost routine to crack skulls to insure priority on the news stands. Times have changed, but not the deliverers union.

While it would be unfair to tar its entire membership with the racket label, it is indisputable that the union harbors many ex-convicts, that its rank-and-file contains a disproportionate number of chiselers and toughs, and that the activities of this element lend a character to the whole. It is a closed and tightly-knit unit. Its membership originally was limited to sons and close male relatives of members, but outsiders have found a way in through the payoff. Talk to circulation personnel on the papers or to members of the union itself, and you'll hear stories of as much as \$5,000 being paid for a union card; the more usual price is in the neighborhood of \$500.

Obviously, when a man pays \$500 or \$5,000 for his membership ticket, he expects to get his money back—and not just by earning \$103 a week as a truck driver. He is looking for a bigger take, and he doesn't much care whether he gets it by shake-down, by an out-and-out underworld racket, or both. This is the basis of the corruption that has given the union as a whole much of its unsavory character.

THE UNION unquestionably harbors men who are loan sharks, policy-runners, bookies. Officials of other unions with intimate knowledge of the personnel and activities of the deliverers insist, too, that the union sometimes serves as a labor reservoir for big-time racketeers; that its members sometimes drive the trucks in hijacking jobs when the loot may be coffee, perfume or furs.

These are the major rackets, but the penny-ante chisel isn't overlooked. Some deliverers continually steal papers from blind and handicapped newsdealers; a rather common practice is the extortion of 50 cents or \$1 a week from each newsdealer on

a route to guarantee that he gets his papers delivered at the same time as his neighboring competitor. If he doesn't pay, he suddenly finds that he has no papers to sell.

Discussing these practices, a spokesman for the Independent Blind Newsboys Association described the deliverers in these scathing terms: "These are dogs—dogs. They steal from blind men, from old widows, from cripples with no hands and no legs."

SUCH IS the deliverers union—a union in which one local business agent was actually elected to his post while he was serving time in Sing Sing for embezzlement. Such is the union that closed up the newspapers of New York. The inevitable question arises: What could the publishers have done about it?

They were on an unenviable spot. Granted that they have been saddled with a tough union inherited from the brawling past, their only hope lay in placating it with a contract good enough to keep the men on the job. They obviously had the right to think they had achieved such a contract in the negotiations of December 8, when Feldman and his negotiating committee agreed to terms and pulled pickets off the lines. The surprise revolt of the rank-and-file, the strike that became instantly a *fait accompli* without time for further discussion or negotiation, caught the publishers by surprise, cost them millions in revenues and hardened them, not unnaturally, into a stand of utter intransigence.

The publishers' first reaction was to pull back the contract they had already offered and to insist that they would give nothing. It was an untenable maneuver and one that was strategically ill-advised, because it could only arouse tempers and solidify the opposition. Federal mediators talked the publishers out of this stand, and Feldman and Asher Schwartz, union counsel, both of whom apparently sincerely wanted a settlement, agreed to re-submit the original and once-rejected proposal to a union membership meeting on December 16. Mediators, it is understood, tried to get the publishers to agree to some additional, relatively



inconsequential, but face-saving concessions. The publishers refused. It was to be the original pact hammered out on December 8—or nothing.

The answer was, almost inevitably—nothing. Yet the manner in which nothingness was achieved was in itself a graphic illustration of the problem the publishers faced. Practically the entire union membership of more than 2,000 men turned out for the meeting to decide whether they should take a formal vote the next day on the contract. But it was evident almost from the start that decision rested not with the overwhelming mass of the rank and file, but with a hard and organized core that had come prepared to wrest power from the hands of Feldman and Schwartz.

They came early, in a phalanx. They pre-empted all the front seats in the meeting hall, forming a solid bloc of strength, prepared placards ready to wave on signal. Leaders of the group held whispered conferences, couriers scurried out with messages, circulated in the rear of the hall, came back for further instructions. When Feldman tried to speak on the proposal, so much noise was made that hardly anyone could hear him. When an expression of sentiment was finally asked, it was overwhelming—about 80 per cent shouting and stamping their decision not to reconsider the contract.

The collapse of this second attempt to achieve settlement on the original terms canceled out all chance the papers had to resume publication in the week before Christmas and recoup some of their lost advertising. The attitude of the pub-

lishers stiffened as a result. Mayor Robert F. Wagner offered his services as a mediator; but his aides frankly confessed there was little he could do. Having failed to avert the strike, having lost millions in revenues, the publishers seemed determined not to give away even a single well-gnawed bone.

It is not hard to sympathize with them under the circumstances, even when one is, like myself, a strong union man who has walked a picket line. The plain facts—and the tragic facts to a union man—are that this is a strike it is impossible to justify, called by a union that, in all conscience, it is impossible to support. Even union spokesmen explaining their needs on the radio did not sound very convincing. They explained that the union wanted improvements in sick leave and holidays, and a shorter work week. One desire of the union obviously was to make a start in the direction of the Guild's 35-hour week; but since delivery times cannot be cut, this means the piling up of overtime and additional heavy expense to the papers—something that, in their present mood, the publishers have not been prepared to grant. In any event, nothing in the package seemed to warrant or to justify the kind of strangling strike that emerged.

BEYOND this, expert reporters who have watched the progress of the strike and have covered the union meetings have come away with the definite feeling that the whole contract-strike issue may have been used as a power play in the inner warfare of a racket-spattered union. Obviously, there was some genuine dissatisfaction among the rank-and-file over the terms of the proffered contract; and obviously, this was a sentiment that could be whipped up and exploited to discredit the leadership of Feldman.

The opportunity, it seems, presented itself for ruthless men to turn this underecurrent to their own purposes. If they could repudiate the contract Feldman had been prepared to sign, if they could bludgeon better terms from the publishers, they would put themselves in an almost unassailable position with the rank-and-file. And

control of this kind of union could mean all kinds of plums.

Many suspect this kind of motivation behind the scenes of the deliverymen's strike. The suspicion, though seemingly well-founded, cannot now be verified, partly because the leaders of the well-organized clique haven't publicly revealed themselves. Even after rejecting consideration of a contract for the second time, the real powers in the union let Feldman and the original negotiators remain out in front. This left leaders of the rump movement in a

comfortable shadow-land of obscurity, and all that can be told today is what has been observed of the activities of some of the individuals who have appeared most industrious in whipping up strike sentiment.

One of the most active agitators, a man who has circulated widely among various locals, is the possessor of a long criminal record. He was once convicted in connection with a nationally-rigged policy game, run by the highest echelons of the underworld, with a take high in the millions. This unsavory emissary is

reported to be boosting the political capital of another ex-convict, with a record as long and unprepossessing as his own, as Feldman's possible successor. The character of these men and the extent of their activity suggests that the terms of a labor contract may have been a mere pawn in a richer and more rewarding game, looking to control of the union and the more remunerative of its rackets.

And the corollary to that is that the newspapers of the nation's greatest city—and the public—have been used as pawns, too.

## NOTES on the LABOR FRONT . . . by B. J. Widick

*Detroit*

THE CURRENT rash of strikes over the country has become sufficiently widespread to require some stocktaking. Are these strikes "normal"; i.e., neither more nor less than might be expected in the relationship between mature trade unions and responsible management? Or are they symptoms of a new trend in labor relations?

Surely some strange things have been happening on the labor scene lately. Who would have thought, two years ago, that airline hostesses—who once "froze up" at the mere mention of the word union—would today be proudly participating in picket lines? Why has the strike, so long considered primarily the weapon of the uneducated, unskilled worker, been taken up by those aristocrats of labor, the airline pilots? Who could have expected that office workers would close down mighty Chrysler for nearly a week after the U.A.W. and the Big Three auto companies had signed three-year contracts allegedly heralding a new era of labor peace? (The writer considers this Chrysler shut-down the most significant strike of the year.) The brief newspaper strike at the Wash-

ington Star, the longer and bigger newspaper tie-up in New York, furnish additional evidence that "unionism as usual"—that is, an amicable relationship between management and labor—is becoming increasingly difficult to maintain.

It has been observed that a basic shift is taking place in the employment structure, with service and so-called white-collar segments beginning to surpass, numerically, manufacturing employees. This may be so, but the inferences some have drawn—that labor will become increasingly conservative—may be wrong. Rather, the trend may signify the opening of a new area of potential conflict between trade unions and management.

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THERE are other symptoms on the industrial front that need watching. At the moment, the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company has been shut down by a long strike, and the Ex-Cell-O Corporation walkout has entered its ninth week without negotiations between the U.A.W. and the corporation. Are we about to witness some more "Kohler situations"? As if the revolt of the skilled workers in the auto industry had not been sufficiently turbulent to date, there is today a deadlock between the Automotive Tool and Die Manufacturers Association and the two large local unions which represent skilled work-

ers in eighty shops in the Detroit area. The plants are operating without contracts and the association has utilized this fact to eliminate coffee-break and wash-up time in all its shops, and to clamp restrictions on both the number of union committeemen and the time they may spend on grievances. By these unilateral actions, the association has created an explosive situation which this city is watching with concern.

Once again Chrysler Corporation has been hit, this time by a bitter strike at the Dodge plant; and it was just three weeks ago that, in another major auto plant here, a first-class riot of assembly workers was barely averted by the frantic efforts of union leaders. It may be difficult to believe, but early in December a major auto corporation had to obtain a court injunction to prevent unemployed auto workers from picketing in protest against overtime work scheduled for those fortunate enough to be working. Little attention has been paid to the tragic spectacle of young, unemployed steel workers in the Pittsburgh area marching in front of steel plants with placards reading: "We went on strike to win you pensions. Why don't you retire?" The plea was directed, of course, to employees inside the plants with seniority sufficient for retirement.

Perhaps most symbolic of all is

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the sad sight of unemployed skilled and assembly-line workers picketing Walter Reuther's U.A.W. headquarters this fall as their form of protest against the unemployment mess that remains in Michigan.

Of course, one of the aggravating factors in labor-management relations has been the defeat last November of the so-called right-to-work laws in several states. Labor's political victory in this important area has tended to increase the hostility which many industrialists felt toward it. On the other hand, labor's affection for management was not exactly heightened by the candid admission, by a Republican national committeeman in Ohio, that he had warned industrialists against making right-to-work a major campaign issue, but had been overruled by big-industry supporters of the Republican Party. An intriguing aspect of these developments is the fact that the labor leaders themselves apparently were so far removed from the thinking of their own ranks, and that of the common voter, that the defeat of the right-to-work laws came as a surprise to them, especially in heavily-industrialized Ohio.

Concurrently the ranks of labor, with or without reason, have regained considerable self-confidence by the landslide victory of the Democratic Party—a self-confidence which had been badly shaken under the impact of the recession. It seems as if the bulk of the American trade-union leadership is now caught between the hardening of management attitudes and a rising belligerence on the part of its own ranks.

Another significant factor in the field of labor relations has been the increasing activity and continued successes of Jimmy Hoffa and the Teamsters Union. While Hoffa has more than held his own in the multiplicity of court battles involving his union, and in gaining favorable publicity in his organizing campaigns, his most important victory, perhaps, has gone largely unnoticed outside the labor movement. This is his triumph in organizing the warehouse and delivery workers of the huge J. L. Hudson Company here, hitherto an open-shop citadel for twenty years. Recently a labor reporter in-

terviewed hundreds of rank-and-filers in Hoffa's own local and found that Hoffa is popular with his men. But how does one account for the fact that the teamster chief could so easily win a free election here after all the unfavorable publicity he and his union have received, and in a field where the AFL-CIO has had a record of almost complete failure? Is it any wonder that Hoffa feels he can organize Sears, Roebuck's 75,000 employees, that his stature among rank-and-file workers increases in spite of all the charges of corruption which have been hurled against him and his associates?

THE combination of political, economic and social pressures at work in the labor scene, as well as the rivalry among trade-union leaders, has come increasingly under the observation of analysts of the labor movement. A. H. Raskin of *The New York Times*, wrote recently, "Any effort by management to undermine unions or by unions to undermine management can lead to a form of class struggle that is senseless when the contenders on both sides are so firmly dedicated to the free enterprise system." Mr. Raskin concluded: "With Nikita Khrushchev again warning that the Communist world intends to destroy us by outproducing us, the need is for a joint search for formulas for survival, not mutual destruction." Arthur J. Goldberg, general counsel for the AFL-CIO, put the matter somewhat differently: "If we are to believe the political and business spokesmen of industry, labor and its allies are determined to socialize America, which everyone knows is plainly nonsense. And

to be fair, I have just read a speech from an outstanding and respected labor leader charging a great American corporation with seeking a Fascist America—a charge which, in my opinion, is equally nonsensical." The trouble is that at the moment extreme ideas of this kind are spreading on both sides.

George Meany, president of the AFL-CIO, told a New York union convention recently: "Labor is going to be just as political as it has to be to win its objectives. I have always said we don't want our own political party, but if we have to do that to lick the people who want to drag us back to the past, we will start our own political party." Walter Reuther has attempted to soften the impact of this statement, but it remains significant. Parenthetically, Reuther's obsession with proving his conservatism at every opportunity may well be Senator Barry Goldwater's greatest personal triumph; it is obvious that the reporters who queried Reuther on Meany's statement had expected the U.A.W. chief to talk the kind of "political realignment" language that marked his more radical speeches of ten years ago.

IN THE context of the current situation, Mr. Goldberg's proposal for a labor-management assembly (similar to the United Nations Assembly) does not seem likely to have much chance of acceptance by either management or large sectors of the trade-union movement. If both sides now find it difficult to live with contracts mutually agreed upon after strenuous bargaining, what forces could prevail on them to reach agreement in wider areas in which no immediate economic pressure exists to induce agreement? It is difficult to see how a joint conference of management, labor and government could allay the fears of 17,000 New York longshoremen who recently paraded in protest against the threat of automation. Or how the auto industry and the U.A.W., bound by the strait jacket of a three-year contract, could say anything significant to the 120,000 auto workers who, according to the Michigan Employment Security Commission, will be permanently displaced



next year throughout Michigan by the impact of automation. Management's intransigent attitude toward right-to-work laws and its disavowal of social responsibility for the unemployed scarcely offer the proper background for a worthwhile conference.

David J. McDonald of the Steelworkers Union and Benjamin F. Fairless of U. S. Steel may retain a high regard for each other, but can either of them control the steam built up by the demands of the Steelworkers Union in advance of next summer's negotiations with the steel industry, especially since automation has already displaced at least 200,000 steelworkers who dream—as the auto workers once did—that a short-

er work week could solve their problem?

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THE theory of amicable coexistence between trade unions and big business worked, by and large, in the last decade primarily because an expanding economy and relative prosperity enabled both sides to feel that basic progress was being made. Now conditions have been changed by two new and decisive factors. The first is the existence of a permanent strata of unemployed, including many previously unionized workers. The other is the weight that the social and political influence of sixteen million organized workers has given the trade-union movement—a weight which

has not been sufficiently understood either by industrial leaders or, in many cases, by trade-union spokesmen.

In the background of these new and varied developments, far too little attention has been paid to the observation of that great scholar of the labor movement, John R. Commons, who wrote in 1932: "The labor movement is always a reaction to and a protest against capitalism." What forms this protest may take is the big question facing American society in the coming period. At the present time this much may be said authoritatively: the pace of the reaction and protest has quickened far more than most observers foresaw.

## THE CULTURE OF POLITICS . . . by Raymond Williams

Oxford, England

THERE IS A marked change in current social thinking in Britain, so marked that we can begin to think of it as a movement. It is never easy to give the history of these changes, but I can offer some personal evidence, and a personal assessment. In 1950, when I began work on my *Culture and Society* [just published by Columbia University Press] I felt deeply isolated (not only in politics—though by then the Labor Government was almost everything I had been brought up to oppose—but also in deeper terms, in the whole sense of a community of effective social values. My book was a response to that situation: an attempt to recover and revalue the tradition to which I felt I belonged; a further attempt to begin restating and extending this tradition, in mid-twentieth-century society. I felt isolated, but I was not in fact alone. Now, in the later fifties, I find myself part of an effective movement of ideas, most of them wrought out in those years of baffled withdrawal. I re-

alized this most clearly when I read the recent symposium, *Conviction*.<sup>\*</sup> I had been invited to contribute to this, knowing hardly any of the other contributors, never meeting them to discuss any kind of line. Yet what came through in *Conviction*, when for the first time, with the book published, I read my fellow contributors, was just that effective community of values, in many different fields and from many kinds of training, which in 1950 I had looked for in vain.

There were other, equally important signs. There was Richard Hoggart's *The Uses of Literacy*, which I could not wholly accept, but which brilliantly identified the complex of concerns that seemed to me decisive. Then, quite independently, a group of young men in their twenties had begun the *Universities and Left Review*, and started the liveliest movement of social ideas, among a young generation, since the thirties. Both Hoggart and I were delighted, if surprised, to discover that what they

were interested in was what we had been working on. Neither was cause or effect; it was a genuine confluence. The first signs had come earlier, in certain aspects of the work of Osborne, Amis and Wain. Distinctly, in 1955, there was a revolt against the established categories and currency. Nevertheless, at that time, politics were not, in the famous phrase, "about us." In the last three years, and with gathering momentum, this too has been changed. But the politics that are about us are what I am calling here the politics of culture.

Many events can be cited, which might serve to explain these changes. Butskellism, not merely in the stagnation of its politics, but in the smugness of its social assumptions, provoked a very deep, if largely negative, reaction. The beginning of commercial television was the decisive sign that a paternalist culture, as represented by the BBC at its best, could in fact not hold. Popular journalism was getting worse and, in the cost-pressure after Korea, an alarming polarization of the press became evident: the best papers gaining slowly, the worst papers gaining rapidly, and the compromise middle papers losing very heavily, in all classes and age-groups. There was

\**Conviction*, published in 1958 in England, was an attempt to restate Socialist values by twelve prominent British writers, all under forty years of age. It was edited by Norman MacKenzie of the *New Statesman*, and published by McGibbon and Kee, London.

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another illusion going: that a good, healthy, cultural range, at varying but continuous levels, was the necessary pattern of our future. Other, more spectacular events had their influence. Suez provoked real anger, and brought politics on to the streets again. The hydrogen bomb sent young people marching and campaigning for the first time since the thirties. Hungary had the important effect of breaking the barriers on the intellectual Left, bringing scores of good men out of Britain's Communist Party and leading immediately to another part of this movement—the redefinition of Socialist humanism which *The New Reasoner* was founded to explore. These are all vital factors; but events could change again, and the movement die away, if its basis were only reactions of this kind. Suppose, for instance, that Labor won the next election: would our objects have been achieved? In fact, though we shall work for Labor to win, I doubt if any of us, in this movement I am describing, feels that such a government would be of much more than negative value. We should hope for changes, but one of the things we would be trying to change is the Labor Establishment we had helped to return. The movement, if I am right, runs deeper than parliamentary change.

THE DECISIVE factor, in my view, is a fundamental and, I think, irreversible social change. We have heard a lot, recently, about the "scholarship boys," the young men from working-class homes who have got to university and stared round at an established middle-class culture. They have, in fact, been around for some time, as the odd, gray-haired scholarship boy will remind us. But there has been, in the fifties, a decisive change in these young men *as a class*. D. H. Lawrence had to choose between Bloomsbury and New Mexico; he chose, very wisely, New Mexico. But, with occasional exceptions like Lawrence, what was offered, before 1939, was assimilation, either into the ordinary middle class, or into its cultural fringe. Middle-class English intellectuals, who still think of class as a natural organ like the liver, kept emphasizing how dif-

ficult it was for the poor boys; how unhappy and nervous or brash it would make them, having to mix with so brilliant a society, with different livers. They even invented a pseudo-category called "inter-class stress," and started explaining unhappy marriages in its terms, wholly confusing personal and sociological facts. What did not occur to them, yet is in fact quite obvious, is that to get into the English middle class, socially, is a terribly easy thing. The differences the old middle-class preserves are trivial; blow on them and they are little more than dust. And the people in question, the scholarship boys, were, of all people, those who could adjust very easily; who had got their scholarships, in fact, largely because they had adjusted adequately to the way of life the schools and universities were offering them. My estimate is that it takes, at longest, about two years, for a clever working-class boy to become an indistinguishable middle-class Englishman, always supposing that this is what he wants to be. And the evidence is that this is in fact what happens to the great majority. Sectarian politics was almost the only alternative course.

In the fifties, there is an obvious change. Such young men are more numerous, and gain confidence from each other. More particularly, having had a long look at it, they are increasingly clear on one thing at least: that middle-class Englishness of the old kind is not for them. Amis made fun of it; Osborne swore at it: those were the first healthy signs. Still, they were negative signs; the alternative was lacking. Americanism, to many, seemed to be such an alternative. Already, on the radio, American or Canadian accents were popular, and British people of all kinds were picking them up for the primary reason that they went right outside the British class-accent complex. Many of our younger writers are doing at their level what English popular singers are doing at theirs: becoming pseudo-Americans as an escape from the old impasse of class. It is understandable, but it is still only play-acting. The decisive importance of this recent movement is that it is attached, socially, neither

to the English middle class nor to the crude imitation of aspects of Americanism, but to the way of life from which most of these young men have come—the way of life of the English working class.

Here is the center of the movement; here the creative problems and challenges. In detail, there is still confusion and controversy, but in atmosphere, unmistakably, there is confidence, dedication and a sudden extraordinary release of energy. Nobody is entitled to speak for the movement as a whole, but certain common attitudes are clear. The attachment to the working class is not, for example, the romantic over-valuation of the beautiful poor, of which there have been many previous examples. The life is known too personally and directly for anything so abstract. Certain virtues are valued, in particular that complex of irony, tolerance and charity which most working-class communities have kept as a saving strength. At the same time—and Hoggart, particularly, has stressed this—this complex has been easily exploited, has in some ways invited exploitation, by the advertisers, the popular persuaders, the professional opponents of social change. There is also very little romanticism about the externals of working-class life—the nostalgia for the back-kitchen, the cloth-cap, the local accent. These are a part of our childhood, but we do not want to go back to them, in any simple regression. The fact is that English working-class life is, in these respects, changing very rapidly. The families are coming out of the back streets into the new housing estates, and everyone is glad of this, though it has recently been valuably emphasized, by the lively Institute of Community Studies, that the old family and neighborhood patterns must not be surrendered simply for better houses and equipment; that these patterns, in fact, must become the social basis of the new estates.

IN ALL THIS, there is one very important factor: that we are trying to think, not what might be best for the working people considered as objects of benevolent social change, but what we and our families, who are

the working people, ourselves want. This same principle applies to recent thinking about education and the welfare services: not what should be done for the poor and the underprivileged, leading to the old thinking about minimum standards, but what common services we all need, and what scales and attitudes in them we ourselves are prepared to accept. This emphasis is a result of the movement of so many working-class boys into professional work, and of the simultaneous acceptance, by at least a large minority of professional people, of this common-service principle. The changes are happening, and a different, less divided community is in some ways emerging.

THEN WHY the insistence on the working class as such? It is not a matter of any temporary way of living, but of fundamental ideas of the nature of social relationships. We base our values on the working-class movement because it is the main carrier of the principle of common improvement as against individual advantage. The working-class movement, in its characteristic institutions, offers the example of community, collective action and substantial equality of condition, as against the prevailing ethos of opportunity and hierarchy. We believe, in fact, that the spirit of these working-class institutions—the cooperatives, the trade unions, the numerous voluntary associations—is the best basis for any future British society. This is the British working-class culture we value: the institutions of democracy, equality and community.

The emphasis was the first thing to get: an emphasis which gave us our general directions, and which also, in substantial terms, gave us back our unity with our own people, from whom otherwise, by our training for different work, by the constant pressure to accept not only middle-class jobs but the old middle-class values, we were in danger of being separated. The policies which may flow from this emphasis are still, necessarily, controversial.

In terms of politics in the narrow sense, we of course look to the Labor Party as our own movement, but

we are attacking its domination not only by certain acquired Establishment ideas, which came in the first brush with power, but also by its main recent intellectual tradition, that of the Webbs and the Fabians. We respect the work the Fabians got done, but we are against them on two counts: first, that they were interested in change as something organized from the top, a social engineering by experts for an abstraction called the public interest; second, that as a result of this, they steered the Labor Party into a position where it could be fairly regarded, as by a majority of the British public it now is, as the party not only of social justice but of bureaucracy, not only of reform but of constant nay-saying, petty control and the philosophy of the minimum standard. We think the imaginative narrowness of the Fabians, their characteristic penchant for organizing people "for their own good," their complacent over-valuation of experts and under-valuation of ordinary people, have all but wrecked the Labor Party, and would wreck it altogether if the redeeming values of ordinary working-class life were not also present, shaping the movement and giving it different objectives.

EQUALLY, we are opposed to the Communist tradition, in which the working people are regarded as "masses" to be captured by an organizing minority. We say that there are no masses, but only ways of seeing people as masses, and that these are ways which we did not learn and do not intend to learn. The "masses" are our own families, and we are not interested in capturing them. We want, rather, a Socialist movement that is at every level a movement involving choices. We want genuine industrial democracy, and we do not think we shall get it if the parties paying lip service to it are themselves organized on faction-ridden, opposition-hating, bureaucratic lines. We see not only the Communist Party, but our own Labor Party, as a party of this kind.

We do not, in fact, think of the working class in primarily political terms. The transfer of power, in the name of a class, is not our objective.

Our emphasis is on the quality of ordinary life, not on the superstructure of power. We believe, certainly, that under the new capitalism as under the old, work is being degraded by the fact of treating human labor as merely a raw material, and leisure increasingly is being degraded in being treated as an object of profit. We say, then, that social ownership must replace capitalism, but we are well aware that what may pass for social ownership—a managerial elite mixing with an old owning class—could have precisely the same effects. The belief in workers' control, which was good for a laugh only a year or two back, is reappearing in interesting and practical ways. The belief that work should be judged, not only by whether it is useful or profitable, but also, and primarily, by its effect on the man doing it, is also again being put forward. And behind all this loom the huge problems of culture in the narrower sense: education, arts, leisure.

HERE, I think, is our essential campaign. What we see is a selective, minimum-standard education system, and this we are determined to change. We see also the mass media being used, not for popular education and entertainment, but for the substitute idea of public relations with the masses. We see our arts reduced to a marginal existence, unless they fit in to this philistine system. In one way and another—in exhibitions, meetings, films, books, periodicals, lectures and classes—we are trying not only to fight the system, but to make the alternatives practical. Our politics are the politics of culture, not only because of this central emphasis on the arts and education, but also because of the substance of ordinary living which, to us, these represent. We are interested in the politics of power only insofar as change gives choice and the means of choice to the ordinary families from which we have come. This very principle, however, seems to us the most radical challenge to our existing social system. Whether the challenge will be successful it is much too early to say, but that it exists, as a practical new direction, an increasing number of us are certain.

# BOOKS and the ARTS

## The Irony of History

*SOCIALISM IN ONE COUNTRY.*  
Volume One: 1924-1926. By E. H. Carr. The Macmillan Company. 558 pp. \$7.50.

**Isaac Deutscher**

HOW MANY people, I wonder, can still remember all the sound and fury that were once aroused by Stalin's doctrine of socialism in one country? For nearly a quarter of a century, from the middle 1920s to the late 1940s, this was the sacred canon of the Soviet Communist Party and of the international Communist movement. A great ideological controversy raged upon it in the middle 20s, but once that had been concluded no doubt about the canon was tolerated; and innumerable Bolsheviks and foreign Communists suffered the Stalinist anathema or paid with their lives for the slightest deviation from it. The second quarter of this century has, without question, entered the annals of communism as the era of socialism in one country.

Mr. E. H. Carr is therefore justified in giving to the second major part of his *History of Soviet Russia* the title *Socialism in One Country*. He proposes to deal with this subject in three volumes of which the first has just appeared. The book has all the merits which one has come to expect from Mr. Carr's work: acute analysis and interpretation, clarity of exposition, and a massive and severe structure of historical facts. It is a searching examination of the main circumstances and trends which found their epitome in Stalin's doctrine.

What were those circumstances? The isolation of the Russian revolution; the frustrated Bolshevik hopes for the spread of communism in the West; Russia's inherited backwardness and poverty; the legacy of world war, revolutionary turmoil and civil war; the collapse of an old social structure; the desperate slowness with which a new structure was taking shape; the weariness and exhaustion of all social classes; and, above this convulsive chaos of a nation, the Bolshevik machines of state and party strug-

gling to come to grips with the chaos, to order it, and to mold it.

Underneath there unfolded, in Mr. Carr's words, "the tension between the opposed principles of continuity and change" which forms "the groundwork of history." The October 1917 revolution marked a deep and dramatic break in Russia's destinies: "Never had the heritage of the past been more sharply, more sweepingly, or more provocatively rejected; never had the claim to universality been more uncompromisingly asserted; never in any previous revolution had the break in continuity seemed so absolute."

"But presently," Mr. Carr remarks, "tradition begins to unfold its power as the antidote to change: . . . tradition is something which remains dormant in uneventful times . . . of which we become conscious mainly as of a force of resistance to change. . . ." "Thus in the development of the revolution the elements of change and continuity fight side by side, now conflicting, now coalescing, until a new and stable synthesis is established. . . . Broadly speaking, the greater the distance in time from the initial impact of the revolution the more decisively does the principle of continuity reassert itself against the principle of change."

FROM this angle Mr. Carr surveys such various aspects of post-revolutionary Russia as family life, the position of the Greek Orthodox Church, currents in literature, legal institutions, the mechanics of government, party and class and the economic and social background at large. Everywhere he demonstrates the force of the resistance to further revolutionary change in that particular period of Russia's development. Everywhere past and present, tradition and revolution, Marxism and native (Slavophile and Populist) ideologies, Socialist ideas and Messianic Russian aspirations interpenetrate and coalesce until they form a curious amalgam in Stalinism and socialism in one country.

This tension between change and continuity, between revolution and tradition, undoubtedly permeates all of Russia's recent history. I do not intend to question it — I myself have devoted considerable attention to this problem in my studies of Stalinism. But what is the balance between change and con-

tinuity? This surely is the crucial issue. The side of the scales to which the historian is inclined to give greater weight of emphasis depends on the standpoint from which he approaches his subject. The pseudo-revolutionary doctrinaire will treat it differently from the Marxist realist, and the Marxist realist from the conservative. Broad-minded and sympathetic to the revolution though Mr. Carr's approach is, his premises are, to my mind, essentially conservative. He tends to overstate the element of continuity, just as Tocqueville and Sorel, whom he quotes frequently, overstated it in their treatment of the French Revolution.

Tocqueville and Sorel, however, dealt with a revolution which substituted only the bourgeois form of property for the feudal one; and private property, however changed in form, made for the continuity between pre-revolutionary and post-revolutionary France. The Russian revolution has uprooted private property at large, first the residual feudal property, then bourgeois property, and finally peasant property. The impulse for social change has been accordingly deeper and stronger. Mr. Carr therefore seems to me to overstate his case when he says that "once the revolution has . . . enthroned itself in the seats of authority a halt has to be called to further revolutionary change." Soviet society, I suggest, underwent its most drastic upheaval in the forcible collectivization of farming; and that occurred between 1929 and 1932, long after the revolution had "enthroned itself in the seats of authority."

Nor is it necessarily a law of history that "the greater the distance of time from the initial impact of the revolution, the more decisively does the principle of continuity reassert itself against the principle of change." That this principle reasserted itself with extraordinary force while Soviet Russia was both isolated and underdeveloped is true. But is it still true today? Should we still assume that the greater the distance in time from the October revolution the more strongly does continuity reassert itself against change? Is the dynamic force of the Russian revolution spending itself in the same way as that of the earlier revolution did? I do not think so.

If the spread of communism in the last years of the Stalin era, especially its triumph in China, and the domestic Russian developments of the post-Stalin

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years are any pointers to the future, then the opposite seems to be true: the further we move from the October revolution the stronger is its impact. Far from having spent itself, the dynamic of the revolution seems to be growing; and after a period during which it was indeed overlaid by the patterns of Russian tradition, it reasserts itself all the more powerfully — industrialization and mass-education have shattered the very foundations of the old Russian tradition.

HOWEVER, while one may argue about Mr. Carr's general historical perspective, he is certainly right in underlining the predominantly conservative mood of the Russia of the middle 1920s. Continuity, a revulsion against revolutionary change and a kind of Soviet isolationism, were the keynotes of that period; they all went into the making of the doctrine of socialism in one country. The Bolshevik reaction against the internationalist revolutionary aspirations of the Lenin era found its expression in Stalin's idea. "While Marxist doctrine pointed to the view that national interests are no more than a cloak for class interests," says Mr. Carr, "and while the Bolshevik leaders were absorbed in a vision of a progressively expanding revolution," they became "in defiance of their intentions the wielders and defenders of Russian state power, the organizers of what was in all but name a national army, the spokesmen of a national foreign policy." This "laid the psychological foundations of socialism in one country" which sought to disguise a traditionally Russian *raison d'état* in Socialist terms. The resurgence of traditionalism and nationalism was stimulated by the weakening of the proletarian element in the Russian body politic and by a temporary yet significant strengthening of the peasantry. This was the heyday of the so-called bloc between Stalin and Bukharin, when the Bolshevik party was committed to a pro-muzhik policy, and when even an ideologue like Ustryalov spoke of the peasant as already becoming "the sole and real master of the Russian land." Since the peasant's horizon, as Mr. Carr observes, "did not extend beyond the limits of his own economy . . . socialism in one country . . . was a conception which fitted in perfectly with his . . . aspirations."

Here, however, the Hegelian *List der Geschichte*, the sly irony of history, comes into its own. Circumstances force men to move in the most unforeseen directions and give their doctrines the most unexpected content and significance. Men and their doctrines thus sometimes serve purposes diametrically

opposed to those they have envisaged. Socialism in one country had, in opposition to Trotsky's permanent revolution, proclaimed the self-sufficiency of the Soviet Union — its self-sufficiency within a social framework of which the private and even capitalist farmer was to remain an essential element. Trotsky questioned the idea of self-sufficiency and pointed to the approaching conflict between the collectivist state and the individualistic farmer. Stalin prevailed; but presently he found himself to be carrying out in his own way some of the major policies expounded by his defeated enemy. Stalin had put Socialism in One Country on his banner because the essence of his policy allegedly lay in a lasting accommodation between the collectivist state and the property-loving peasantry. Yet it was under the same banner that he set out to destroy the kulak as a class and to uproot peasant property. The revolution, so Stalin concluded, could not achieve self-sufficiency, nor even survive, within the social framework of the 1920s. He smashed that framework by a stroke of unparalleled violence.

In industrial policy, too, socialism in one country stood originally, in 1925-26, for resistance to change, for the cautious and moderate tempo of development and against the primitive Socialist accumulation and rapid industrialization advocated by Trotsky and Preobrazhensky. However, five years later, by 1929-1930, socialism in one country had changed its content — what it had come to mean was precisely primitive accumulation and forced industrialization.

The supreme feat of history's irony, however, came only shortly before the close of the Stalin era. The party that had accepted socialism in one country

as its canon played for international safety. It shunned world revolution and extolled the Soviet Union's sacred egotism. In every act of his policy and in every fiber of his being Stalin was the embodiment of that egotistical, self-sufficient and self-centered Soviet Union. Yet after the Second World War, Stalin, still waving the same banner, found himself carrying revolution into half a dozen foreign countries, carrying it on the point of his bayonets, and exporting it in the turrets of his tanks. He out-Trotskyed Trotsky, as it were, who had never thought of spreading revolution in this manner. And finally, in his last years, the author of socialism in one country viewed with incredulity, and not without misgiving, the rise of Chinese communism. The era of socialism in one country was at an end.

LOOKING back on this closed chapter one may well ask again what was the meaning of Stalin's doctrine. I recollect the gravity with which thirty years ago in Moscow and in the European Communist movement we argued this issue as a purely theoretical proposition: Is it indeed possible to achieve socialism in a single and isolated country? No, said the old Leninists, to whom socialism meant a classless and stateless society, an international society based on international division of labor. To those old Leninists the Soviet Union was a nation *in transition* from capitalism to socialism. They held that no matter what progress the Soviet Union might make in various fields, it would remain in that state of transition at least as long as it was isolated. The Stalinists and the Bukharinists argued that the Soviet Union would achieve full-fledged socialism, even if it were to remain isolated

## A Cold Day on the Marx-Engels Platz, East Berlin

Through these two mirrors, or holes in the face,  
I leap into a land of ice: a lopped cathedral,  
An acreage of snow, a plain where stood a palace,  
On which men drift like odd black flakes  
And melt upon the sticks of far-off scaffolding.  
The east wind flares upon a lake of light.  
A yellow double-decker bus is a mechanic's puppet sun  
That glides behind the stage at the right interval  
To signify the space of day; but day and night are lost  
Behind the eyes, in a scooped skull  
Where snow-bank, cloud-packed, rears.  
Men dance all numbed over the glass  
Paving-stones, past a forlorn saluting base  
Where a flag drips ice. They fly, flapping coats  
Like storks airily nesting over roof-trees,  
Over a canal's breath and a broken bridge,  
And fold into a bannered hall.

MAIRI MACINNES

The NATION

for an indefinite time. They were indeed half-convinced that the Soviet Union was destined to become something like a laboratory of socialism in a single country.

Who was right? The answer given by events is by no means clear-cut; it is certainly far more complicated than those who tried to anticipate it more than thirty years ago could have expected. Has socialism in one country justified itself as a theoretical proposition and a forecast of events? Did the Soviet Union achieve socialism while it stood alone? Even in the early thirties Stalin proclaimed that it did. This is still the orthodox view in Moscow; and we are told that Soviet society is now making its passage from socialism to communism. But what is socialism? If it were simply the wholesale nationalization of industry, then Russia would have achieved socialism as early as the first year of the October revolution, and the whole great controversy of the 1920s would have been irrelevant. The mere fact that the controversy went on indicates that its participants had a rather different conception of socialism. To all of them socialism still meant a highly developed classless society, free, at the very least, from glaring social inequali-

ties and political coercion. By this standard Stalin's and, indeed, Khrushchev's Soviet Union can hardly be said to have achieved socialism. Soviet society is still engaged in the transition from capitalism to socialism. It is far more advanced on the road than it was twenty or ten years ago, but it is still far from its goal; and in its social relationships it still contains strong elements of the bourgeois way of life. Moreover, the Soviet Union which Stalin left to his heirs had also ceased to be the "single and isolated country" to which the controversy had referred. History has, as it were, refused to make of the Soviet Union the laboratory of socialism in one country; and so it has confined to limbo the once so passionately debated doctrine.

But if socialism in one country has as an abstract theoretical proposition remained meaningless, it has nevertheless played an outstanding part as a modern myth and an ideology. The myth helped to reconcile the Soviet masses to the miseries of the Stalin era; and the ideology helped to discipline morally both the masses and the ruling group for the almost inhuman efforts which assured the Soviet Union's spectacular rise from backwardness and poverty to industrial power and greatness.

example, may go undetected. Is it not better that a few such should perish rather than that the majority of the population should be encouraged on every occasion to run snivelling to the doctor?

Carter is belligerent in his presentation, sarcastic in his documentation, intemperate and angry in his comments. After that quote one can hardly blame him. Add to it the legal and economic stratagems whereby the American Medical Association attempts to coerce practitioners away from medical groups or exercises sanctions on prepayment schemes not to its liking and you have an economic royalism not unlike the House of Bourbon just before the French Revolution. Add, again, the fee-splitting and ghost surgery, the persistent sniping and open warfare practiced by the profession against the Mine Worker's medical plan, against Kaiser's Permanente Plan, against HIP in New York and you have a bill of particulars that can call for only one verdict. Carter calls for it.

HE HAS DONE a good job, and since he aims for the improvement of care and not simply to flay the American Medical Association, it seems unfair to be critical. He might have pointed out the tiny crusading movement within the profession. There is no reference to the Physicians' Forum and the fight it has made against the American Medical Association. There is nothing of the ugly chapter in medical services written by discrimination and prejudice. The disadvantages of Negro doctors and Negro patients today in America need indignant re-telling.

It may be that the times and lack of constructive approach demand a slashing black-and-white presentation. There are no misstatements of fact (that I found), no slanted evidence. As a matter of fact, the whole shabby history of the American Medical Association's fight against organization of medical practice is soberly (and as appallingly) documented in the Yale Law Journal, May 1954.

All in all the problems of practice are fairly well covered: health service needs, prepayment, insurance programs, the doctor shortage, the American Medical Association lobby in Washington, and so on. It's the origin of these problems which is less closely discussed and about which there is some doubt.

It is over-simple to isolate the villain in the AMA, fighting any change in the profession by fair means or foul. There's the shared villainy of the customer, the

## The Over-Simple Crusade

**THE DOCTOR BUSINESS.** By Richard Carter. Doubleday & Co. 283 pp. \$4. George A. Silver

RICHARD CARTER is an able reporter with a juicy story to tell. In the tradition of the muckrakers, he looks for villains, a plot and a scandal. He also looks for lessons on how things could be better and salts his grim recital with a little virtue. But very little.

*The Doctor Business* describes, in its twelve dramatically and ironically named chapters ("The Fourth Necessity," "Two Plus Two Equals Controversy," "Scandal in the Coal Fields," etc.) and five appendices, the role played by the American Medical Association in maintaining the status quo of American medical care. The facts are there, and, speaking for themselves, add up to an indictment of conservatism, economic selfishness and social inactivity. The villain, then, is the hierarchy of organized medicine. The plot is three-fold. It comprises the Association's efforts to maintain fee-

for-services as the economic base of medical practice; to prevent the growth of group practice and comprehensive prepayment plans; to block the spread of modern medicine to the mass of the people by opposing the increase of doctors, of public health services to rural areas, and of federal grants to medical education.

The reason? Fear that the last of the individual entrepreneurs will lose his hunting license, become civilized, bureaucratized, tamed, salaried and subject to regulation from outside the profession.

As for scandals, the book is full of them. There is fee-gouging. The book opens with the story of Benny Hooper, the Long Island boy in the well, and the doctor's bill of \$1,500. There is the polio vaccine fiasco, the outrageous editorial view (quoted from the *New York State Journal of Medicine*):

What keeps the great majority of people well is the fact that they can't afford to be ill. This is a harsh, stern dictum and we readily admit that under it a certain number of cases of early tuberculosis and cancer, for

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consumer who wants it this way, but less expensively, so to speak.

The basic defect in American medicine is the lack of a structure that will enable the doctor to do what he can do, within an economic framework which will pay the doctor a satisfactory (how much?) income and which the community can afford. As Carter himself says, "The enemy, after all, is neither patient nor doctor. The enemy is disease." However, to get this structure we shall have to do violence, not only to the doctor's present concept of his role, but also to the patient's concept of what that role should be. At present the image is the same golden age figure of the family doctor that the AMA uses for its stereotype. To get a new type of medicine we'll have to start with a new type of doctor, one who must be acceptable both to profession and patient. Throwing out fee-for-service is only the beginning; we'll have to throw out the whole notion of individual purchase of personal service.

HISTORICALLY, the AMA played a progressive role in freeing medical education from profiteers, exposing quacks, raising standards of education and hospital practice, fighting for sane licensing procedures. The hardening of the arteries after 1920 may reflect persistent nineteenth-century images of doctoring on the part of patient (and doctors!) rather than the simple desire to hold on to a good thing. Economic determinism as a historical principle was discarded because it is deficient in ascribing sufficient power to the minds of men. Here, too,

Because medicine has become more complex and medical knowledge more than any one doctor can comprehend, group practice is necessary. However, the specialists that comprise present groups and will make up the groups under the best circumstances in the future are essentially scientists. Or they aspire to be scientists. The patient wants to maintain the sympathetic family adviser as a facet of the scientist's personality. This family adviser aspect is time-consuming and requires special training and willingness. The increasing shortage of physicians (the number of doctors remains roughly the same while the population zooms up), together with the increased amount of medical care required for the increasing number of aged and chronically ill that science has kept alive, puts more pressure on doctors. Even the efficiency increase is offset by this factor. So doctors have less time to spend listening, allowing the patient to "ventilate," offering guidance and support. The mental health concepts that have cap-

tured popular imagination intensify this need for time from the doctor, even as the time becomes less available. And to crown this paradoxical reduction of availability in the face of mounting demand is the medical education system which ignores, scants or demeans this guidance function! Sociological factors and family doctoring are in the background now, while the students (under the energetic whipping of the preceptors) pant after pump oxygenators and millimols, chemical determinants and membrane impedance. No matter how the doctor's bill is paid, the kind of doctor and number of doctors will be equally important. Without going into discussion of the variety of solutions available or possible, thought and effort must be given to restructuring family practice. Maybe a public health nurse can be used in conjunction with a group of specialists to take care of minor ailments and call in the specialists when necessary; maybe status can be added to general practice so that significant numbers of medical graduates will prefer the lesser scientific role and greater family practice role; perhaps a revolutionary change in medical education may create a family doctor cum internal medicine specialist who will fill the two roles with equal competency. But something more than money and a dead American Medical Association will have to be used to fill that gap!

Mr. Carter says at the end, "The American public is going to apply logic to the problem of medical economics and is not going to wait very much longer to do it. Of that you can be sure." I hope so.

## Poets and Causes

*ENGAGED IN WRITING.* By Stephen Spender. Farrar, Straus and Cudahy. 239 pp. \$3.75.

### Jean Martin

TWO short novels, both of which explore the ambivalent nature of the artist, make up *Engaged in Writing*, the first volume of fiction published by Stephen Spender in twenty years. The more important title story takes up, with spiteful, skillful humor, a recurring theme in Spender's work, if not his life — that is, the problem of the writer divided between his social and his aesthetic conscience. It is a subtle, funny and definitive exposé of cultural conferences, as

—  
JEAN MARTIN recently reviewed for The Nation *Iak Dinesen's Anecdotes of Destiny*.

well as Spender's answer to his own dilemma.

When Spender went up to Oxford in '28, he found himself, along with Auden and Isherwood, part of a generation of writers forced by the times to be a "European witness" to "a kind of political doom overtaking society." The extent to which a writer is obligated to involve himself and his work in contemporary events is a problem which Spender has since worked out the hard way — by trial and error. Writing in the 30s he said in *The Destructive Element* that he had discerned a "political-moral theme in literature . . . a consciousness of a destructive principle in modern society." But fifteen years later, chastened by experience, he recanted and wrote in *The Creative Element*, "where I was wrong was in thinking that because I saw a political cause where the writers whom I was discussing saw a moral situation, their vision implied a political view. I was right to think that politics, in the deepest sense, is concerned with the moral condition of society, but wrong to think that the artist concerned with this condition need also be concerned with politics, even by implication."

IT IS fairly safe to say that painful experience went into that recanting, and some of this has also found its outlet in *Engaged in Writing*. In the summer of 1937, for example, Spender was a delegate at the Writers' Congress at Madrid, an event he describes satirically in his autobiography *World within World* because "satire is the only means of conveying certain impressions . . . characters, like the Communist lady novelist (who was addicted to addressing her fellow-delegates as, 'comrade, darling') are portrayals of types . . . people tend to become types in certain situations." The Madrid Congress, he felt, "had something about it of a Spoiled Children's Party"; at the end, traveling back to France in a special train engaged for the delegates, difficulties arose over reservations and he wrote, "I could hear the other delegates screaming and banging their fists against the sides of the carriages. This scene of distinguished intellectuals who had been on a luxury tour of a well-shattered country has lingered in my memory. A deep dissatisfaction was the strongest experience I gained from the Writers' Congress."

This disenchantment has borne further artistic fruit in *Engaged in Writing*, but it is an intellectualized flowering which resembles life in much the same way that marzipan resembles real fruit. Like marzipan it is a bitter little copy, smaller than life, but having an appearance of

heightened reality, charming to look upon, but you are not really supposed to eat it. Against a poetic evocation of the Venetian scene, along with some biting, witty, gossipy humor, the book describes "Europlume . . . an East-West Conference of European intellectuals." Spender is able to put his finger precisely on the answer to what makes the difference between politics and art when a writer who has retained only his artistic integrity asks a gondolier his name, explaining, "I wanted to have your name" . . . then with the scruple of a poet, "I mean I wanted you to have ■ name." In that subtle distinction and desire lies the definition of a poet.

*Engaged in Writing* contains also a second novelette, an odd little satire called, *The Fool and the Princess*. Done in writing that makes fun of itself, it describes the artist's ambient nature, this time in the realm of personal relations. It is the kind of romance James would have delighted in — endless talk,

obscure glances, and finally, wonder of wonders, a great climax of action — a meeting in a taxicab and the exchange of one kiss. Harvey (who loved the princess from afar) then returns to his wife who, being half-asleep at the time, mutters a piece of wisdom out of a First French Lesson, "Mon mari est mon frère," upon which her husband, "in one of those flashes that seemed perfect in their own instant and meaningless afterwards," decided that "it was a kind of Nothing in himself that made them the same."

*Engaged in Writing*, though slight, is the product of a cultivated mind which has seriously concerned itself with writing. It lacks human warmth, the warmth is all on an intellectual level, but if one is tempted to quibble over its preciousness it is only necessary to put it alongside the average output to see whether or not it has quality, consistency and character, as well as a real artistic existence of its own.

## LETTER from CASABLANCA

**Julian Halevy**

I'VE EATEN the cous-cous of the desert Berbers, smelled the stinks of Araby, dined on the elegant sixteenth-floor terrace of the Beverly Hills-styled Hotel Marhabah where the cuisine was ooh-lah-lah and the restaurant might have been whisked, on a flying carpet, from the upper étage of the Eiffel Tower. I've walked on boulevards that seem to be emerging from the Etoile, talked in Spanish, English, Italian, German, Yiddish and pidgin French (and listened helplessly to Arabic and Hebrew — forever beyond my grasp), read the guidebooks and searched in the Ancient Quarter for the heritage of the Moors. Now, after ten days, I feel strongly that Araby — Morocco — by itself or united in a pan-Arabian state — is not for me. As I type this in the lounge of this Italian freighter tied up to the quai, the steward polishing brass nearby is whistling something familiar — an aria from *Tosca*, he tells me — and the sound is a refuge like home. Here I've retreated, and here I stay. Araby is just outside the porthole, where skinny, fezzed stevedores are unloading ten thousand tons of sugar — a gift from the American people — but I've got the door shut. Odd behavior for a donor, perhaps, but it's

not that I'm a shy American; it's simply that Santa Claus is afraid to go ashore.

It wasn't like that at first. On the contrary, when I first strolled in the ancient Medina, immediately after our ship docked, I felt a strong kinship with the bearded, swarthy crowds. For a moment, I deluded myself into feeling that my passage through the narrow, noisy, smelly alleys was bringing me, somehow, to a meeting place with my heritage. After all, don't I have the beat, beat, beat of the Talmud in my veins: don't the minor chanted chants of the Near East strike responsive overtones from my out-of-key heartstrings? The meat on spits over charcoal fires; the gooey date and sesame seed sweets; the brown faces with curled beards and little skullcaps; the robes — there's something withdrawn and religious about the robe, whether it be monk's, Arab's, rabbi's; the way the men walk, erect ascetic spirits striding the worn, dirty cobbles in soft sandals with upward curling points: everybody seemed to have stepped from the pages of my childhood copy of *Illustrated Tales From the Old Testament*. I remembered family excursions to the lower East Side, visits to orthodox, still immigrant-rooted relatives. They were festive occasions with side trips to old synagogues that smelled of leather and wool and offered sweets, dates and figs heaped on

chased brass platters just like those on display in the stalls of the Medina.

Above all, it was the inwardness of the Arab, the sense of inward contemplation associated with the holy men of the East, that recalled to me my father and certain other vaguely remembered old men I had touched and smelled in my childhood, men who were from the worldly world resigned and thereby holy. Those faces, past and present, merged into a single face that looked into mine as I walked in the old quarter, a face with dark, brooding, liquid eyes filled with passion and sensuality; features deeply etched with repression, hawk beak nose and lips drawn tight with inner fury.

IF THESE men, these faces, are close to God . . . then He is a lunatic. This spirit in the street here, the spirit I have shut the door and raised the gangplank against, is known to me, and it's frightening. It is the spirit of some sick and very distant cousin — a wild, fanatic relative who makes a blood claim on me, but from whom I am cut off, forever, by a profound repugnance to the insane passions that drive him.

How many such Arabs are there? To ask the question is already shocking. It's as if the savagery coiling like smoke through the alleys here had already evoked answering violence in me. It grows on one, this feeling. I came back from my first tourist stroll pleasantly stimulated — everything was so picturesque, you know — and I went to a bookshop for maps and guidebooks so I could learn more about the culture. The book I bought was expensive and had many lovely photographs of the Old and New Morocco: it had been written by an Arab in the style of Omar and Fitzgerald. I quote:

But to my mind there is only one way of learning to know a country, and that is by going on foot. In our days few people practice this magnificent method, which is yet so economical. Sites and landscapes appear in their true scale, and you will draw nearer to men and learn to love them. Along the roads in the springtime, flowers will greet you. They will smile at you, rise and sway in bowing welcome. In addition to the perfume of the flowers, you will encounter the grave looks of men. It is not impossible that some little girl will stop and offer you, her eyes alight with fun, a bouquet of wild flowers. Rest in the shade of the olive tree and watch the little caravan as it advances on its way to some distant

JULIAN HALEVY is a screen writer and novelist. His latest book is *The Young Lovers*.

town... a town with a dream name, Fez the well guarded, Meknes of the olives, Rabat of victory, or Marrakesh the red.

I read it in my cozy bunk that night and practiced saying, "Thank you" in Arabic, so as not to be caught speechless when little girls presented me with bouquets. It promised to be delightful: the photographs of laughing children and women, like Rebecca, at the well, invited me. I read the entire book that night, the first night of my arrival, and made a list of the things I wanted to see; "spirit of Islam" things: dancing, music, the wrought iron grill at the Mahakma, the Pasha's palace, a mosque, the Moslems at prayer, rugs woven in various mountain regions, the foods of the Berbers and the town-bred Arabs. And the next morning, when my guide came to the ship (I had hired him the previous day, as advised, through a reputable travel agency), we discussed the list over breakfast coffee. He listened politely, sitting there in a neat blue suit and nodding, "Yes, sir," as I outlined the spirit of Islam project, but there was a strange look in his eyes that I later understood. It meant, "God in Heaven! Listen to this madman rave!"

He's a Jew, my guide, and I have been having nightmarish dreams about him. He has committed the unpardonable breach of involving me in his utterly hopeless life, and it is for fear of him, too, or rather for fear of being compelled to assume responsibility for him and his six children, that I'm not going ashore again. He knows it, I believe, and takes a bitter satisfaction in visiting me here on the ship to have coffee and watch me squirm as I turn down further invitations to visit him, his relatives, his synagogue, and the local welfare headquarters that cares for refugees from the Moroccan hinterlands.

There are four hundred thousand Jews in Morocco, and they are in a trap that is slowly constricting. They watch the French leave, believing that with them their last protection is going, and that their throats will be cut. The guide's grandparents were born in Casablanca, and he has lived here all his life, but he is not eligible for full citizenship nor can he get a passport to leave. Two of his children were smuggled out to Israel, where he has relatives, but the underground railway that spirited them and thousands of other refugees from Tangier to Gibraltar in open fishing boats, at night, has been shut down by the government and its operators jailed. There is systematic, intensifying anti-Semitism, cut to the pattern styled by the Nazis in the thirties. Professions

are closed to Jews—their businesses hampered by red tape, discrimination and special assessments levied by the government and the ruling political party. Arab businessmen closely associated with the oppressive Independence Party offer to buy the properties or businesses at a fraction of their cost. On a neighborhood level, block leaders call at each house and demand a predetermined contribution for Arab Nationalist political work (remember Hitler's Winter Relief?), and collections are enforced with violence. When the wind blows on the Israeli-Syrian border, the Jews tremble here. In the synagogue and the Hebrew schools the Jews cluster together and dream of Israel or America and accept with resignation and a terrible, masochistic pride each new turn of the rack.

Under the surveillance of their Arab neighbors, the Jews must appear to be the staunchest, most flag-waving supporters of the nationalism that hangs over them like a sword. When I hired a car, the guide insisted that we get an Arab driver, together with his car; otherwise, he might have been accused of favoring Jewish drivers at the expense of Arabs, which would have in-

vited reprisals. During my conversations with people I met in Morocco, the King was often mentioned, sometimes casually; but among Jews, he was never referred to except by his full title, clearly and gravely recited, "His Majesty, King Mohammed." If at those times there was a flicker of something other than reverence in their eyes, I failed to observe it.

I HAVE a newspaper clipping before me. [London Observer—Dec. 7] "News of the lynching of a French officer by a group of Algerians in the European quarter of Casablanca has been received with consternation in Paris, where the French Foreign Minister, M. Couve de Murville, summoned the Moroccan Chargé d'Affaires this morning to demand energetic measures for punishing the criminals and protecting the French Colony.... The lynching is by no means the first incident of its kind.... The French are all the more nervous over the latest outbreak as it comes at a time when a crisis has deprived Morocco of any government at all and French business interests fear the country may be falling back into anarchy."

I didn't witness this violence or any other, but the feeling behind it is here a reality of which I have never been unaware. In the street, the eyes of the Arabs are filled with hate, with contempt for pale skins, European customs, infidel ways. The eyes are shiny with knives. They meet me over the tops of veils. It is a shock to meet one's first veiled woman in the street, to be thrust back five hundred years. The Arab still locks his women inside the house when he leaves. I meet the enemy eyes, blunt and direct over the embroidered gauze veil, and want to say to them, "I wasn't the one who locked you up!"

Arab nationalism is in full flood. French-European colonial rule is over. The last French soldiers and technicians are leaving daily. European-owned businesses are closing down or selling out. The names on the streets are being changed. The language of government, the courts, the newspapers is changing, and the customs and traditions of Islam are being re-established. Everything is changing here. The energies and the heritage of millions of people are being released, and I believe the world will some day be the richer for it. But the fruition seems far off, and the liberation process is brutal.

A long time ago I read of the Moslem general who captured Alexandria, where the classic manuscripts of the ancient world had been gathered into the greatest library the world has known, and

## Christmas

dirty Christmas  
which Origen  
and Clement  
both showed up  
for the junk it  
is—as though,  
sd O, he was a  
mere Pharaoh. Or,  
says Clement, do  
we have here some  
child baptism to  
go gew-gaw over?  
in long favorably  
embroidered gown,  
a boy? instead of  
a man standing  
in desire in the  
Jordan, with green  
banks on either  
side, a naked man  
treated by another  
adult man who also  
has found out that  
to be as harmless  
as a dove is what  
a man gets as wise  
as a serpent for,  
the river,  
of life?

CHARLES OLSON

gave orders to burn the library on the grounds that everything worth knowing is included in the Koran. That arrogance is implicit in the manner and the bearing of even the lowliest peddler one meets on the street. It's a burning arrogance that frightens by its intensity and fanaticism. Now when I read the phrase, "Holy War," I comprehend its meaning with creeping of the flesh.

Five times a day the orthodox Moslem prays, wherever he is. He kneels on the pavement, shoeless and bareheaded among the skyscrapers, the buses, the ships of the port, touches his forehead to the ground and rocks back and forth, chanting the ancient prayers with what seems feverish commitment. The chic French girls step around them. There is a film over the Arab's eyes and he does not see; for if he saw them, he would have to leap to his feet, slash at the hated sacrilege with a dagger, and

run into the nearest doorway to be bundled to safety and reward over the roof tops. He would have to do this or be consumed by his own hate.

The rulers ride by in sleek Cadillacs, buffered by steel and bodyguards, infinitely remote from the beggared, bare-legged, dervish skeletons whose driven humanity is marked by an occasional howling cry. The fat cats in the Cadillacs; photographs of Ibn Saud and Nasser and His Majesty, King Mohammed, plaster the walls of buildings; these are the Saints—with four wives and dozens of concubines and music to mark their comings and goings.

Arab power is being consolidated. Morocco and Tunisia are free. Algeria is struggling bloodily to rise. The same flood that sweeps away the evils of colonialism threatens the humanist traditions of Europe and countless innocent Jews.

## THEATRE

### Harold Clurman

I CAME AWAY from *J.B.*, Archibald MacLeish's dramatic poem (Anta Theatre), more indifferent than annoyed; but I reflected, as I thought of how to say this nicely, that such a reaction is no more related to criticism than would be the declaration that the work is one of the outstanding plays of the century.

What is true of art in general is true of criticism as well: conclusions do not matter so much as the process by which the conclusion (if any) has been reached. The what is in the how, the meaning in the body of what has been said.

MacLeish's answer to *J.B.*'s argument with God—the play is an American parallel of the Biblical story of Job:—

We are, and that is all our answer.  
We are, and what we are can suffer...  
But...

what suffers, loves  
and love

Will live its suffering again,  
Risk its own defeat again,

Over and over, with the dark before,  
The dark behind it...

and still live...  
still love.

is at best a kind of truism; but that is really nothing against it. Besides there are other "answers" in the play: that man must use his own right hand, that man's power to understand is paltry compared to the infinite intricacy of

creation, etc., etc. In fact there are answers to satisfy almost anyone who might be satisfied with an "answer."

What is wrong with the play is that it contains no people, no true situations and ultimately no poetry. It is an abstraction of drama, as the characters are abstractions of people. The events are as sketchy as the types, but even this might not matter if the main "plot"—the debate of Jehovah, Satan and their victim—were conveyed through language that was specific, vibrant with individual experience and the pulse of life either on the plane of ordinary reality or on that of metaphysical anguish.

To avoid academic dispute we are ready to concede that the verse is good—it is cultivated writing which sounds well, is always very much in earnest, sometimes twinkling with touches of the vulgate; but it remains without an echo of feeling, thought or atmosphere. When I am dissatisfied with the message in one of T. S. Eliot's plays I am still haunted by an insidiously penetrating tone—more telling than what he purports to convey ideologically. In *J.B.*, the pleasant knell of the words leaves a sensation of hollowness once it is over. I have been neither roused by the sting of the questions posed nor requited by the replies; neither despair nor solace has been inspired in me.

No doubt it is laudable for an American writer to essay a verse play on a

serious theme and I suspect that our theatre public, which so often delights in pap, unconsciously hungers for a kind of absolution, some reminder of spiritual realities. In this sense, it is perhaps proper to welcome *J.B.* But the play is a glittering generality; it offers little but a show of profundity.

It has been directed by Elia Kazan with extraordinary skill. The cast—Pat Hingle, Christopher Plummer, Raymond Massey—is arresting in diction, in energy, in a kind of rapt zealousness. There is a thrilling boldness in the way Kazan has encouraged his actors to cry out with epic vigor when that befits the moment—a boldness our theatre rarely attempts even in the production of Shakespeare whose plays demand it. Boris Aronson's set contributed brilliantly to the atmosphere of magical stagecraft with which everything in the production—even to the stationary posture of the actors in moments of repose—is done.

IT IS THE custom to refer to *Ivanov* (Renata Theatre) as one of Chekhov's



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lesser plays. He wrote it when he was twenty-seven, and it shows signs of technical rawness as well as a certain vehemence that might be ascribed to the dramatist's youth. Just the same, it is a most beautiful play—rich in character, humor, understanding and a kind of heartbreak that is the opposite of depressing. For there is real love in Chekhov—not of that literary variety which announces itself stentorially with the cloying unctuousness of radio rhetoric—a love which not only endears his characters to us but which also enhances our knowledge of them in their ludicrous as well as in their noble aspects. Chekhov is surely the most human and humane of modern playwrights.

The company for this off-Broadway production has been remarkably well directed by William Ball. Sorrell Booke, Paul Stevens, Jacqueline Brookes give especially sensitive performances.

A ROBUST and tangy bit of realism is to be admired in Brendan Behan's prison play *The Quare Fellow* (Circle-in-the-Square). The observation is good, the writing has both ease and density, the characters are vividly drawn in swift strokes—eloquent without too much of

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the Irish dramatists' tendency to overelaboration. In this case, too, the direction by José Quintero is exceptionally fine—and almost the entire cast altogether right. An oppressive atmosphere is rendered without mitigation, yet without either heaviness or bathos.

## MUSIC

### Lester Trimble

WHAT COULD have been more suitable for the New York Philharmonic in Christmas week than an all-Bach program? What more enticing than the brilliant solo Cantata, *Jauchzet Gott in allen Landen*, two lovely keyboard Concerti (No. 1 in D Minor and No. 7 in G Minor), and the glorious *Magnificat*, for soloists, chorus and orchestra? Should not the American pianist, Rosalyn Tureck, have been given an opportunity, after eighteen years, to play with the Philharmonic again? Was not the soprano, Maria Stader, a plausible choice for soloist in the Cantata? Obviously, the planning that accounted for this program was wholesome on every count. And yet, except for the *Magnificat*, the evening was disappointing.

Miss Tureck was the principal culprit. There has been a great deal of quiet talk about her in recent years, mostly in New York musical circles, as an American pianist who has made a career in England, where she now lives, because she was able to acquire only a limited following in this country. That sounded like the usual story of the American artist who can be so easily outbid in his own country by any mediocrity from abroad. Unfortunately, all that is American does not glitter. Judging by her performance of the two Bach concerti (which is certainly an adequate test), I do not understand Miss Tureck's claim to consideration as a Bach specialist or, indeed, as a more than adequate musician.

In Bach's day, composers did not bother to notate certain information in their scores, information which we must have today if we are to perform their music at all as they did. This includes the exact meanings of ornamentation symbols; occasional tempo markings (although I suspect a good sense of tempo is more useful to a performer in any century than is a historical knowledge about tempo), and, most inscrutable of all, the amount of improvisatory freedom left to the performer. The profession of musicology came into being to dig up precisely such information.

Then, on the heels of the musicologists, came the Bach specialists, who claim to play the master's music with a heightened degree of historical accuracy and, it is supposed to follow, musical insight. One of them will arpeggiate a chord in this way; another will do it differently. And the scholarly disputation continues.

All of this is healthy and useful. But there is a great deal of basic musicianship for every performer to learn before he need worry about becoming a Bach specialist. Such simple things, for instance, as playing a triplet or a group of four sixteenths evenly; keeping the tempo steady (and alive); phrasing as if he could tell the difference between a musical noun and a conjunction. Miss Tureck, it would seem, has paid too little attention to these matters. Her phrases do not propel themselves with any sort of conviction; her tempi are seldom well chosen, and almost never adhered to with any sense of purposeful design; her playing neither speaks nor sings. And, in addition, she works with the dullest, most opaque piano tone I have heard since I left the conservatory.

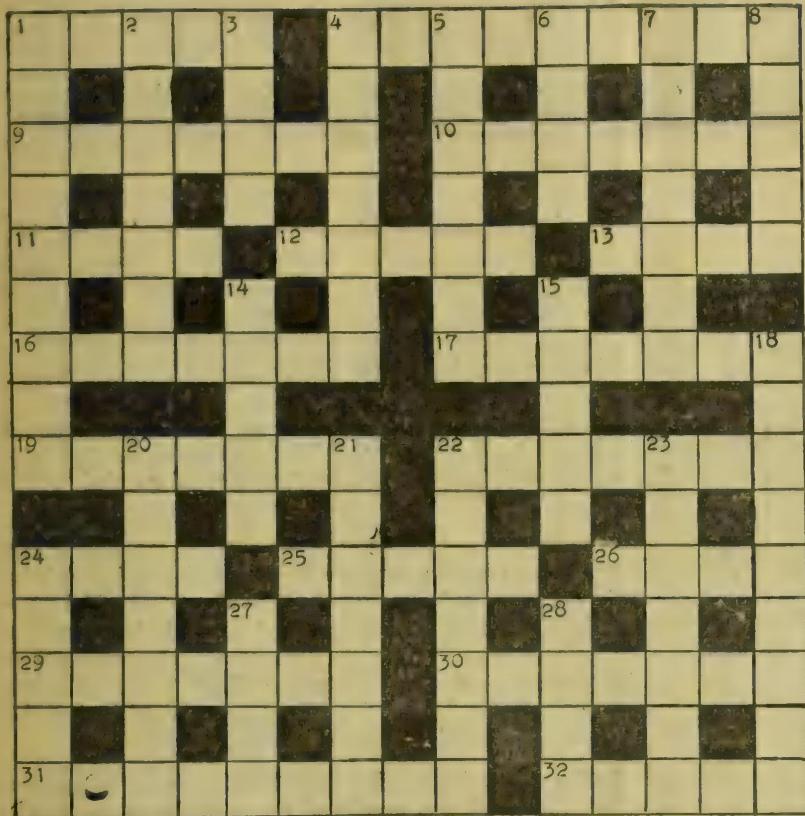
The second culprit of the evening was Miss Stader. Her lapses, by comparison, were mild, though still surprising in a leading soprano. Intonation was the main problem in the Cantata's beginning section and in the final *Alleluja*. At other times, the singer's sense of tempo grew shaky, throwing the solo part and the accompaniment slightly out of joint. Mr. Bernstein strove to pull things together, and the instrumentalists followed him to a man. More than this could not be done.

Since *Jauchzet Gott in allen Landen* is a fiendishly difficult work, some inaccuracies must be expected in its vocal part. But it was hard to understand why, in Miss Stader's performance, there should have been quite so many.

Finally, came the *Magnificat*, and with it the kind of sounds we had been awaiting all evening. Miss Stader, who was the first soprano soloist, seemed to have left her troubles behind her, and the other soloists, without exception, gave forth with first-rate singing. They were Florence Kopless, Russell Oberlin, Jan Pearce and Norman Farrow. It was fascinating to hear the *Misericordia* sung by tenor (Mr. Pearce) and countertenor (Mr. Oberlin), rather than tenor and mezzo-soprano as is the usual arrangement. The choral sections, sung by Hugh Ross's *Schola Cantorum*, were bright and powerful, and Mr. Bernstein controlled all these forces with such vivacious affection that the *Magnificat* almost recouped the evening.

# Crossword Puzzle No. 801

By FRANK W. LEWIS



## ACROSS:

- 1 It's not a difficult task to go around the mount. (5)
- 4, 3 down, 13 and 12 Namely— "tau" plus "omicron"? (3,6,3,1,4,3,2)
- 9 Such books have a fine effect. (7)
- 10 Clean rule, and different. (7)
- 11 Even a baby sitter might be done in! (4)
- 12 and 13 See 4 across
- 16 What a disagreeable person seldom does. (7)
- 17 Not an orthodox way to bring in a self-satisfied sort of member. (7)
- 19 Within this you can be heard plying the oars. (7)
- 22, 4 down, 14, 24, 26, 28 and 27 Evidently the order will be "to the rear." (3,4,3,4,2,8,4,4,4,4)
- 25 The psalmist in haste said all men are. (5)
- 26 See 22
- 29 Set deep. (7)
- 30 Lively in musical circles. (7)
- 31 Those without buds might get flat as well. (9)
- 32 Material used by the composer of La Marseillaise? (5)

## DOWN:

- 1 and 5 A clear choice lost with such shells being filled. (9,7)

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# Pasternak, the Nobel Prize and *The Nation*

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From *The Times* (London)  
Nov. 3, 1958 —

## THE REJECTED MS.

A long article in the Moscow *Literaturnaya Gazeta*, prints the letter, written two years ago, in which the editorial board of *Novy Mir* ("New World") rejected the manuscript of *Doctor Zhivago*. Its tone is relatively mild, and it does not accuse Mr. Pasternak of hostility to the Soviet Union or to Marxism. It points out, however, that the book is permeated, in a way which no editing could remove, with the "spirit of non-acceptance of the Socialist revolution," and of disillusionment with its results.

The article reiterates the argument that literary circles in the west at first received *Dr. Zhivago* nearly as coolly as the editors of *Novy Mir*, and that it was not until the American *Nation* suggested that Mr. Pasternak might be awarded the Nobel prize that western critics took him seriously.

The Russians seem to think that it was *The Nation* which made the name Pasternak a byword in the Western world. If the charge is true, we accept the onus happily — and with no apologies to Mr. Pasternak, who we are sure would want none.

The facts are simple. On March 15, 1958, several months before the American edition of *Dr. Zhivago* appeared, we ran an appreciation of Mr. Pasternak by Ernest J. Simmons, chairman of the Department of Slavic Literature at Columbia University; and, in the same issue, an editorial entitled "Nobel Prize Candidate" which said in part:

Pasternak . . . is, almost without question, the greatest poet living today who has not been honored with the Nobel Prize. This oversight, perhaps unavoidable until now, should be corrected at the next election. Pasternak deserves the honor, the free spirits in Russia who emulate him deserve the encouragement that recognition would give him, and the Russian dictators of creative endeavor deserve the embarrassment that the honoring of Pasternak would bring home to them.

As far as we know, this was the first public suggestion that Mr. Pasternak was worthy of the attention of the gentlemen at Stockholm.

There is no way of telling, of course, whether *The Nation* will be equally successful next year in putting the finger on a Nobel Prize winner. But you may be sure that we will be putting the finger on *someone* or *something* unexpected. That we do every week.



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JANUARY 10, 1959 . . 25c

## DRAFT-DODGER or PATRIOT?

*Dilemma of the College Student*

*John C. Esty, Jr.*

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## TWO SOUTHS

*Little Rock and Johannesburg*

*Anthony Sampson*

# LETTERS

## The 'Reluctant' FBI

Dear Sirs: I want to congratulate Fred Cook and *The Nation* for "FBI" (Oct. 18, 1958). Added grist for Mr. Cook's mill is provided in *Look* (Jan. 6, 1959, p. 17). Robert J. Murphy, in his article, "The South Fights Bombing," says "The Federal Bureau of Investigation had been reluctant to enter any bombing case officially until the bombing in Atlanta. Then FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover ordered his field officers to hold briefing sessions with law-enforcement officials and experts assigned to S.C.B. [Southern Conference on Bombings]. Further assistance seems to be forthcoming."

If the bombings are legally the concern of the FBI, its reluctance to investigate them would seem most unacceptable. If the FBI lacks authority, properly constituted executive and legislative decision and action are called for — not "reluctance" or "unofficial assistance" on the part of the FBI.

KENNETH S. DAVIDSON

Hamden, Conn.

## On the Wrong Track?

Dear Sirs: In Fred J. Cook's article, "Railroads versus the Commuter," in your December 20 issue:

1. The author seeks to denigrate the validity of the New Haven's figures on the revenue side by insisting that the amount collected (not even net profit!) from the sale of property, and the rentals of hotels and apartment houses, should be classed as passenger revenue. Conceivably, a fair allocation of such revenue could be distributed, from the corporate accounting standpoint, between the prime operating departments—freight and passenger—using true net income as a base; but this is a theoretical aspect, and the rental and capital-gains revenue may well stand as independent income in any analysis.

2. In the next paragraph, he inconsistently blames the New York Central for doing just what he blamed the New Haven for not doing—including real estate figures in passenger totals. Only this time the shoe is on the other foot, as he's talking expenses instead of revenue—hardly a fair shift by any standard!

3. Cook does not openly come out against private enterprise, but manages to poke a finger in the dike to make the hole larger, rather than plug it. He refuses the roads the economic and in-

herent right to discontinue an unprofitable (passenger) operation and retain what is profitable (freight). Instead, he insists that they must keep the passenger business (presumably until passenger losses drag freight business into the red); and he seems to reveal his ultimate goal in his conclusion that "if government operation has to come, it should embrace both passengers and freight."

We can only view this conclusion as an expression of prejudice rather than as a reasoned view. Under today's conditions, with competition subsidized by such devices as publicly-owned airports and highways, railroad-passenger operation as an institution simply cannot survive without some aid. The need of clear thinking on this major problem is evident, but let's keep the facts and their interpretation straight.

HAVILAND F. REVES

President, Michigan Railroad Club

Detroit, Mich.

## Best in 40 Years

Dear Sirs: I subscribed to *The Nation* in 1919, and I have been on your list ever since. In all these years I have read nothing more touchingly tragic than Ralph Colp's "Bartolomeo Vanzetti" in your issue of December 27.

ALFRED C. NIELSEN

Des Moines, Iowa

## Operation PX

Dear Sirs: "Warm Side of the Cold War" (November 29, p. 408) makes *The Nation* sound like the *Wall Street Journal* — coddling soldiers at the taxpayer's expense and all that.

I can dispute Mr. Michaels, the author, only with my own experience in the 34th Signal Battalion, stationed outside Stuttgart. Low prices in PX stores, commissaries, theatres, etc. are beyond dispute. But it's a widely held view — sound, in my opinion, but in any event ignored by Mr. Michaels — that servicemen should be paid more, not less, to build up the professional forces.

As for housing, night clubs and liquor benefits, we aren't told that the vast majority are available only to officers and the top three enlisted ranks, and in practice not at all to draftees. Nor are we told what percentage of the 500,000 servicemen are married, nor what percentage of these are eligible for the supposedly plush benefits, nor what percentage of these actually have their families with them and obtain the benefits.

Of this class of benefits, the majority

of enlisted men — the proletarians of the service — get only the privilege of attending enlisted men's clubs. In service clubs with American hostesses, there is no liquor; in E.M. clubs, it does cost 25¢ a shot. How many shots can you afford on a private's pay compared to the number of 40¢ shots a civilian can afford at any of the less plush New York bars? It would be a more valid comparison. The \$2 bottle of Scotch that consoles the soldier discontented with his coddling is available only to those who live off post. You can still be court-martialed if they find a bottle in your foot locker....

ANTHONY M. ASTRACHAN

New York City

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## EDITORIALS

### 'K' as in Kremlin

Little Rock and Johannesburg, Arkansas and the Union of South Africa: the parallel is even closer than Anthony Sampson suggests (see page 23). Governor Faubus and his merry men have now made the last desperate gamble of all racist demagogues — they have decided to make integration synonymous with communism. The Arkansas State Legislative Council, protected by armed state troopers, has been holding hearings in Little Rock to "prove" the predetermined proposition that "racial unrest" in that city is part of "the international scheme of the Russian Kremlin." J. B. Matthews, of the House Committee on Un-American Activities, and State Attorney General Bruce Bennett, are the chief witnesses. The conspiracy began, it seems, some twenty-three years ago with the founding of Commonwealth College. Then along came the Southern Tenant Farmers Union, with its interracial membership and interracial committees. And in its wake were formed the Southern Conference for Human Welfare and, later, the Southern Regional Council. Four Negro colleges, the University of Arkansas and the College of the Ozarks were quietly "infiltrated" by contributors to the Southern Regional Council. Then the Fund for the Republic contributed "several thousand dollars" to the Southern Regional Council — a telltale circumstance, since "a Mr. Ashmore" is a member of the board of directors of the Fund. (This, of course, would be the Harry Ashmore of the Arkansas *Gazette*.) The gallant Mrs. L. C. Bates, who has led the fight to integrate Negroes in the Little Rock school system, is made a party to the conspiracy by reason of the circumstance that her husband contributed to the Southern Conference Education Fund.

All of this, of course, is in the savage repression pattern of the Union of South Africa. So if apartheid borrowed from "Jim Crowism," the debt is now being repaid: Jim Crowism is aping apartheid racism. Once again Governor Faubus has obligingly confirmed the most serious charges of his most severe critics. As rapidly as circumstances will permit, he is busily proving that he is a racist in the Strydom mold. The attempt to prove that "integration" is synonymous with communism will fail in Little Rock as eventually it must fail in Johannesburg; but, before it does, some of Little

Rock's foremost citizens are likely to be smeared. Their consolation — if such it be — is that they could not be smeared in a better cause.

### Cooperative Austerity

It will be some time before the full implications and consequences of the European monetary moves become clear. But provided the economies of the countries involved are strong enough to bear the stresses of economic freedom, this long step toward convertibility, in conjunction with a probable relaxation of trade barriers, should lead to a healthy expansion of commerce.

A significant aspect of the changes is that they are, to quote a British Treasury statement, "part of a co-ordinated European move." Only a few weeks ago, a serious economic rift between the six nations, whose "Common Market" plan became operative on January 1, and the rest of Europe appeared inevitable. But the habit of cooperation, which has grown since the inauguration of the Marshall Plan and is embodied in the OEEC, has fortunately reasserted itself. France, by agreeing to reduce its quota discrimination against the European "outsiders" to token proportions, has mollified Britain, which has reciprocated by joining with West Germany, Belgium and the Netherlands in providing standby credits to buttress the re-evaluated franc. Further evidence of cooperation is provided by plans for a European exchange-clearing system to take the place of the European Payment Union.

The problem now facing Europe is whether, under the new conditions, it can maintain currency reserves at a safe level without deflationary measures. Hugh Gaitskell, on behalf of British labor, has entered a gloomy caveat and French trade-union leaders protest that the measures adopted by de Gaulle will prove intolerable. Indeed the French austerity program is likely to cause serious hardship. Wages are to be frozen while the cost of living will rise. But inflation in France has gone so far that there is no way of achieving a stable franc and reducing the national deficit to manageable proportions without reducing, at least temporarily, the standard of living. Even with the drastic actions proposed, it is questionable whether de Gaulle will be able to repeat Poincaré's stabilization triumph of 1928 unless he also checks the Algerian hemorrhage.

France is playing its new hand from weakness. Britain has far stronger cards for, in the past year, it has achieved a striking improvement in its trading position and a large increase in the sterling-areas reserve. Even so, it has large international liabilities to meet in the next few years and any sign of weakness in the pound would force defensive measures of a restrictive nature. The possibility of some growth of unemployment in Britain cannot therefore be dismissed.

What of the effect of Europe's moves on the United States? They are in line with the enlightened policy of promoting a truly multilateral world-trading system, which has been pursued in theory—though with occasional lapses in practice—by successive administrations in Washington. Will we now be rewarded by enlarged export markets for American products?

That may not be the immediate outcome, although foreign sales prospects for some kinds of goods should improve. But American producers may also expect more competition, not only in foreign markets but at home. Recently, American costs and prices have been rising more rapidly than those of most European countries. In the long run, Europe's stabilization measures will tend to hold prices down there and increase the pressure to export, so we may well see increasing quantities of foreign goods entering our ports. That would be a break for the American consumer, but would undoubtedly stir up this country's still formidable forces of protection, with demands for higher tariffs and smaller quotas. In that event we must pray that Administration and Congress will stick to their principles. It would be ironic if the United States, after scoring a signal success for its ideals of unimpeded world trade, should be induced by sectional clamor to retreat toward Hawley-Smootism.

## Why Stop with Matadors?

The United Nations Command in South Korea — that is to say, the United States — announces that U.S. Matador guided missiles have arrived in that great democracy for installation. The Matador is a subsonic winged missile, essentially an unmanned airplane, which can carry either a nuclear or TNT warhead. It has a range of more than 500 miles. Emplaced in the neighborhood of Seoul, this would put it within range of Vladivostok in Soviet Siberia and Tsingtao in Soviet China, and within possible range of Peking, as well as Harbin in Manchuria. The pleasure this will give the Reds, and the consequences, can readily be predicted. In May, 1957, the United States announced that a Matador squadron would be stationed in Formosa. The Chinese Reds, who had no missiles in the area, immediately demanded them from the Soviet Union and now the mainland opposite Formosa swarms with ballistic missiles.

The folly of emplacing missiles of strategic range in

South Korea is pointed up by recent developments in that happy land. In last spring's National Assembly elections the Democrats, opposed to Syngman Rhee's ruling Liberal Party, doubled their strength to eighty seats. The vice president, Chang Myun, is a Democrat. He lives in fear of assassination and takes little part in the government; but if Rhee, who is eighty-three years old, were to die, Chang Myun would succeed to the presidency, at least in theory. To prevent this and to disembowel the Democrats politically, Rhee strong-armed a "national security" act through the National Assembly on Christmas Eve. Three hundred policemen were called in to expel the eighty Democrats from the chamber and lock them in adjoining rooms, while the Liberals passed the security bill without a dissenting vote. This exhibition of democracy in action may cause some uneasiness among our allies, some of whom are not walking in their sleep. Why, they may wonder, does Uncle Sam insist on adding strategic missiles to an already unpleasant situation? And if, as in the Formosa area, the Matadors should be countered by superior ballistic missiles, will Uncle raise the ante with, say, Thors, or a few Jupiters our European allies don't want? Judging by the past, anything is possible.

## To Be Read for the Footnotes

In high-pitched tones, the International Committee of the National Planning Association calls for increased military spending to counter the "frightening possibility" that the Soviet Union may forge ahead of the United States in the implements of modern war, thereby vitiating the "positive and constructive goals of U. S. foreign policy" and imperiling "all the cherished values of Western civilization." These are the normal alarms of military planners when budget time rolls around, and would scarcely call for more comment than the outcries of sea gulls contending over scraps of floating garbage. Finally getting down to cases, however, the committee presents a tangible argument: we must increase our military outlays because, by the use of intercontinental and intermediate-range ballistic missiles armed with thermonuclear warheads, the Soviet Union might so damage Strategic Air Command bases in the United States and Europe that retaliatory action might be held within "acceptable" limits (acceptable, that is, to the enemy). If this is so, the proposal reduces to giving more billions to the same chiefs of strategy and procurement who conceived "defense"—and still do, to a large extent—in terms of air bases and bombers which become obsolescent more rapidly than they can be built. But the real novelty of this press release is in its dissenting footnotes. Victor Reuther of the United Automobile, Aircraft & Agricultural Implement Workers of America, AFL-CIO, pouncing on a complimentary reference to Mr. Dulles, says, "All too frequently his daring has

been foolhardy, and the risks to which he has exposed our country all too frequently have been unnecessary." A much longer demurrer is offered by Harlan Cleveland, Dean of the Maxwell Graduate School of Citizenship and Public Affairs at Syracuse University, and John F. Chapman, Associate Editor of the *Harvard Business Review*, who point out that the statement omits any reference "to the fact that a really staggering amount of money is wasted in the military appropriations through archaic organization and obsolete concepts of war," and that there is only a casual mention of what we really ought to be doing: "Scientific inventions and technological innovations seem directed to increase the instability of a competition based primarily on mutual military terror. The real problem . . . is how we are going to develop political and economic forms of deterrence which will do for us and our friends around the world what no amount of military hardware seems to be able to accomplish." The dissent makes more sense than the proclamation.

## Truer Words

The New York papers have been full of congratulatory messages and greetings now that the nineteen-day strike has ended; everyone is delighted to see those huge bundles of papers back on the kiosk stands. But some are more pleased than others. Both *Time* and *Newsweek*, for example, greeted the reappearance of the dailies with full-page ads. "We're happy," said *Newsweek*, "to see New York 'alive' again! For, as the New Yorker knows, today as never before, his great daily papers are a vital part of his life." *Time* was even more fervent. "To the newspapers which resume publication today, the editors of *Time*, along with millions of

thoughtful people in the New York community, are delighted to say, 'We've missed you. Welcome back.'" The ads were a nice gesture—the New York dailies will not soon recoup their losses—but both newsweeklies had good reason to be grateful that the strike was ended. Catching a lateral pass from *The Nation's* David Cort, Ben H. Bagdikian, in a remarkable series of articles on the newsmagazines which appeared in the Providence (R.I.) *Journal-Bulletin* October 5-17, gives the reason—in depth. While *Time* has 53 full-time correspondents listed in 15 American cities outside New York, and 32 correspondents in 15 foreign cities, and *Newsweek* has 29 correspondents in six American cities and 11 in seven foreign cities, nevertheless both magazines are vitally dependent on the American press, particularly the New York dailies. With cruel insight, Mr. Bagdikian even suggests that "the key man" in the *Newsweek* organization is "the intrepid editor who each workday takes the elevator to his office in the *Newsweek* building . . . and fearlessly reads *The New York Times*." And of *Time* the same could, of course, be said.

*The Nation* would like to add its voice to that of *Time* and *Newsweek* in welcoming back the New York dailies; we, too, are heavily dependent on them even though we do not, of course, refer to *The Nation* as a newsmagazine. And now for the commercial: we urge our readers to write to the Promotion Department of the Providence *Journal-Bulletin*, 75 Fountain Street, Providence, Rhode Island, for reprints of Mr. Bagdikian's twelve articles. The reprint does not carry a price tag, but perhaps postage should be included. Not since David Cort's piece on "The Time & Life of Luce" (*The Nation*, February 18, 1956), has any American journalist written about the newsmagazines with more authority and insight than Mr. Bagdikian.

## TWO SOUTHS

# Little Rock and Johannesburg . . . by Anthony Sampson

London

HOWEVER MUCH one had been warned, it is a severe shock, after living in South Africa, to visit the American South. For, with all the differences of the continents, the resemblance is astonishing.

ANTHONY SAMPSON, on the staff of *The Observer* (London), is the author of *The Treason Cage*, which deals with the recent treason trials in South Africa.

It is not only the obsession with race, with the same shibboleths and slogans, and the same stock phrases about Communists, "nigger agitators" and "would you like your daughter to marry one of them?" It is the whole brooding atmosphere of the South—half-charming, half-terrifying—which is so immediately reminiscent of South Africa. There is the same sense of splendid isolation, in which the rest of the world seems suddenly to disappear, and

the Supreme Court or the United Nations seems as distant as the moon.

Quite apart from the color problem, there are strong resemblances in the character of the American Southerner and the Afrikaner in South Africa; they were molded by the same kind of history and sociology. Both societies have developed from the isolation of the frontier, with the gun, the Bible and the ox-cart as their powerful symbols.

Both have a stern Calvinist tradition, a lingering belief that they are a "chosen race," and a sense of guilt augmented by the habit of miscegenation. In both continents, the richer whites have a slow patriarchal charm, fostered by heat and leisure; while the poor whites have a violent roughness, alternating between hatred for the Negro and real sympathy and understanding for him.

Even more striking is the resemblance in their wars—the Civil War and the Boer War—which still dominate their present. The Yankees in the South and the British in South Africa were the same kind of intruders—rich, industrial, detribalized and committed to the extinction of slavery; and the continuing resentments against them were also similar. The Yankees continued to control the capital of the South as the British controlled the industry of South Africa; at the same time, the Afrikaners and Southerners themselves became slowly industrialized, urbanized and detribalized, with all the readjustments that were involved.

In places, their history is so similar that even the outward appearance of the towns is very close. The oil city of Dallas, with its sheer skyscrapers rising suddenly out of the Texas prairie, with ramshackle Negro huts in the middle of town and white suburban mansions outside, has the same higgledy-piggledy mixture of concrete and gingerbread, boom city and hick town, that you find in the gold metropolis of Johannesburg: and both cities seem to express the quick, harsh transition from a slow agricultural country to an industrial complex, and all the bewilderments that follow for both whites and blacks.

But the most reminiscent sight I discovered in the South was West Ninth Street, Little Rock—the main Negro street in the city. Just next to a white street, it makes a spectacular contrast to the city center. Instead of shiny shops and stone offices, it presents a row of tumble-down shops, with grandiloquent handwritten signs like "Tonsorial Parlor," "Metropolitan Tailors," "Varsity Barber"—or, as anti-climax,

"Poor Boys Sandwich Shop" and "Red's Pool Hall." Outside one shop were fuzzy brown photographs of Negro girls and youths in mortarboards. Next door was "Christ Temple Holiness Church" and a funeral home. Along the opposite side of the street was a row of dirty wooden shacks, like large beach-huts, with large old Negro men swinging on sofas suspended from the cast-iron balconies.

It seemed at first sight an almost exact reproduction of Sophiatown, the condemned Negro township in Johannesburg which has been the setting of so much writing about South Africa. There was the same combination of proud aspirations



and high-sounding phrases with homely, villagey squalor; the same profusion of churches, funeral institutions, tailors and mountebanks; the same loud life of the streets and the open, restless cafes.

IF THERE seemed to be a difference, it was that West Ninth Street in Little Rock was more, not less, segregated than Victoria Road, Sophiatown. A white man was a rarer sight in Red's Pool Hall than in the Back O'The Moon, in Sophiatown. In Little Rock, if you wanted to have lunch with a Negro, you had to bring sandwiches into your office. No one there whom I met had heard of a white man meeting a black man at dinner, as white and Negro sometimes meet in the smart, liberal homes of Johannesburg.

Even in material things, the Negroes in West Ninth Street seemed more forlorn, more left-behind than the Sophiatowners. The clothes were shabbier, the furniture more shaky, the young men less confident and less articulate—unmistakably downtrodden. It seemed as

if they remembered that they had once been slaves, as the Zulus and Xhosas of Sophiatown had never been; and perhaps it was not accidental that the Arkansas Negroes seemed in their meek silence less like the Zulus of Johannesburg, who had come to the city of their own accord, than the Matabele of Rhodesia, who had been conquered on their own ground.

Even the regional headquarters of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People in Little Rock seemed more defensive, and less confident, than the African National Congress, its corresponding organization in South Africa. At the end of a rickety corridor at 616½ West Ninth Street, next to an office labeled "Imperial Potentate III," is the single, small room from which the NAACP operates. Like Congress in South Africa, the NAACP has given up keeping local lists of members, so that no one can seize the files and discriminate against subscribers. One paid secretary sat in a bare room, with scarcely any outward sign of organization. Most of the rest of the local NAACP leaders, unpaid, prefer to operate without a base, and to remain largely anonymous. There was little among the local Negro politicians to suggest confidence that they had the United States Supreme Court, and the rest of the world, behind them.

South Africa and the American South are, of course, vaguely aware of their resemblance, and each uses the other to some extent to bolster morale. White South Africans, in fact, like to imagine America as a rockery of Little Rocks, and they prefer to ignore the differences between North and South. (The fact that Manhattan is an area becoming almost as colored as Johannesburg, and with nothing like its discriminatory laws, is conveniently suppressed.) Both the Southern states and South Africa share a firm, if vague, conviction that it will not be long before a white counter-revolution sweeps the world, the flirtation between the West and the black states will be finished, and the Western leaders will come to realize the wisdom of white supremacy and segregation.

The riots at Notting Hill in London, and the signs of unconstitutional behavior in Ghana, were confidently greeted in both parts of the world as the beginning of this new disillusion with integration and black democracy.

MANY resemblances between the two Souths are undeniable; and behind their national character, their history and psychology, there lies a harsh common experience. Yet their actual situations, and their futures, similar though they look, are in many ways opposite. They are like two ships aground—one at high water, the other at low.

To compare the Negroes of Little Rock with Africans in Johannesburg is, in the first place, demonstrably unfair. The Arkansas Negroes, more like those in a small South African town, are a community which has had many of its potential leaders and bourgeoisie creamed off, decanted, into the North. Much of the apathy and poverty in the Negro quarters is, no doubt, the result of this feeling of being left behind—of having the best men taken away not only geographically, but also socially, into the new and non-committed black bourgeoisie. It is the detaching of the middle class which marks the biggest difference in direction between the black parties in the two Souths: in South Africa the educated Africans are just beginning, after years of hopeless knocking at the doors of white society, to join forces closely with their own common people. In America the educated Negroes, as Franklin Frazier's book (*Black Bourgeoisie*) points out, seem more and more to preoccupy themselves with entering a white or raceless world.

While black South Africa is inevitably becoming more nationalistic, the Negroes of the South are still retreating from their racial front of earlier in the century. To see the difference, one has only to look at the lack of contact (with a few exceptions) between the two black races—a contact much less than it was thirty years ago. While Africans in South Africa look to American Negroes as their heroes and perhaps

their comrades-in-arms, the Negroes in the United States have little wish to be associated with a black and, to their mind, primitive continent.

Nor can white Little Rock, any more than its black ghetto, be considered a metropolis in the same way as Johannesburg or Cape Town. The marked absence of white liberals, of serious thinking or discussion, in Arkansas can be explained—though only partly—by their presence in New York or Washington. [See editorial comment on Page 21.] In spite of its Capitol and Governor, Little Rock is an unmistakably provincial city, with the intolerance, the stubbornness and conservatism that exist in all provinces. And behind the white stubbornness, in many cases, lies the realization that theirs is a rear-guard action which can only delay the intractable forces of integration. That realization has hardly yet penetrated to South Africa.

But more important than its social attitudes, Arkansas is also financially provincial—dependent for its capital and development on the North; and dependent not only on the industrialists but often directly on the federal government, whose military bases and developments have done much to underpin the economy of the state. It is no secret that since the Little Rock "controversy," the task of persuading in-

dustry to move to Arkansas has become a great deal harder. The prospect of a discontented and diminishing Negro labor force is not an encouraging one to investors; while in the background there is the threat that the federal government itself might eventually take sanctions against Arkansas.

In many ways the provincialism of Arkansas has made the task of its segregationists easier. The filtering off of ambitious Negroes to the industries and big cities of the North has left the white supremacists with the tame end of the problem, for it is in the city and the factory where the pressures for integration work most remorselessly.

And it is in this framework, in a way, that the Negro leaders in South Africa have reason to be more confident than the Negroes of Little Rock. Africa's black leaders derive confidence, of course, from the fact that three-quarters of South Africa, and 98 per cent of the continent, is black. But the most powerful force working for Africans in South Africa is not so much their numbers—which are largely concealed in farms and reserves, beyond communication—as in the growth of industry. South Africa contains its "Yankee" cities in its midst—working constantly against the interests of *apartheid*, training skilled Africans, paying them constantly higher wages, fos-



Sight-Seers

The Observer (London)

tering the big new African consumer market, and making Africans feel important and powerful. In South Africa, there cannot be any escaping, as there is in the American South, from the problems of the end-product of industrialization and education of the Negro. In Africa, these two forces—in spite of all laws to the contrary—can lead only to in-

tegration with the white man, who works in the same factory, lives in the same city, buys the same goods.

For this reason, white South Africans can take no comfort from the apparent resemblances to themselves of Little Rock's segregationists. In South Africa there are "California" and "Arkansas" side by side—all the greed and incentive of money

and expansion, next to a feudal, strictly segregated, society. It is too early yet to guess how the forces will work out in the eventual showdown which must occur in South Africa. But it is certainly an explosive combination, made infinitely more dangerous by its presence in the midst of a continent in which African nationalism is on the march.

## AMERICA'S 'ROTTEN BOROUGHHS'.. *by Roscoe Fleming*

A CIVIL-LIBERTIES battle that must yet be fought to a showdown is the one to free this country's urban population from the "rotten borough" domination of a dwindling rural minority. The federal courts may be the battleground. Some federal judges have already indicated their belief that there has occurred an "effective disenfranchisement" of city voters in state affairs which calls for relief under the "equal protection of the law" clause of the Fourteenth Amendment.

When the country was younger, rural people were the more numerous, and naturally had the majority of seats in state legislatures. Practically all states are constitutionally obligated to reapportion their legislatures to reflect shifts in population. Usually, this is supposed to take place after each ten-year federal census. But less than one-third of the states have done any reapportioning at all in recent years, and some have done none for more than a half-century. State courts have generally refused to interfere, on the ground that the legislature is the judge of its own composition.

Considering the nation as a whole, one-third of the country's voters elect two-thirds of the members of state legislative bodies. And since rural legislators tend to vote *en bloc*, they wield a virtual veto power over state legislation. Domination of one house in a bicameral legislature is usually enough to establish effective

legislative control, and this domination the ruralites often enjoy in overflowing measure. In California, for example, 4,500,000 people in Los Angeles County have the same representation in the state senate—one seat—as do 14,000 people in one of the upstate senatorial districts. In Connecticut, one township of 600 population has the same representation in the lower house of the legislature as has Hartford, with 180,000. In each case, the disparity in favor of the rural voters is 300 to 1.

The rural dwellers, quite frank about intending to retain their domination, insist that city people do not understand their problems, and that they themselves do not propose voluntarily to knuckle under to urban majorities. Anyway, reapportionment would abolish many rural representations, and what politician willingly acquiesces in the abolition of his office? Partisan considerations also work against reapportionment. Under present conditions, it is fairly common for one party or the other (Republican in the North, usually, and Democrat in the border states) to retain control of the legislature even when the governorship goes the other way. Nationally, rural domination of the legislatures works to the advantage of the Republicans—though last November, of course, the Democrats made sweeping gains and now control many state legislatures.

Rural legislative majorities often find support in urban business elements; after all, both groups are inclined to conservatism. (A case in point: right-to-work laws, which ur-

ban business elements generally support, have been passed, in most instances, by rural-dominated legislatures.) In California, the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce opposed a reapportionment proposal that would have given the city increased representation. In Colorado, the Denver Chamber of Commerce opposed a 1956 proposal on the ballot to reapportion in accordance with the state's constitutional provisions. The proposal failed. This year, the state's Republican Lieutenant Governor has been quoted as saying: "I don't know but what I'd rather see rural people dominate the legislatures, even though Denver does get gouged, than see it dominated by Denver Democrats."

THE RESULTS of this general situation are unhappy for city tax-payers. The usual story is that cities must bear virtually all of the cost of their own schools and roads, for instance, and in addition must contribute to the support of schools and roads in rural communities. In many states, cities have little autonomy, requiring legislative permission before they can act in many important matters. Often this permission is forthcoming on a *quid pro quo* basis which may cost the city as much as it gains. This situation forces cities to seek direct federal aid, according to the recent report of a House subcommittee in Washington. The report says:

The federal government is more representative of, and hence closer to the people, than many state govern-

*ROSCOE FLEMING is a Colorado journalist and free-lance writer.*

ments. In many states a minority of the voters (typically rural residents) dominate the state legislatures. . . .

But when cities do go to the federal government, they are often denounced by rural elements who oppose federal spending in principle, and want to know why city folk can't stand on their own financial feet. So the squabbling goes on, with increasing ill will on both sides.

In a few instances, states have been able to force reapportionment, usually by the device of taking the matter out of the hands of legislators and putting it in the hands of state officials with instructions to reapportion after each decennial federal census. But most states are still firmly in the grip of rural minorities.

Lately there has been a growing disposition by cities to appeal for relief to the federal courts.

In Hawaii, two years ago, a group of urbanites moved to force reapportionment of the territorial legislature, asking "equal protection of the law" under the Fourteenth Amendment. The district court approved the plea, declaring:

The time has come and the Supreme Court has marked the way, when serious consideration should be given to a reversal of the traditional reluctance of judicial intervention in legislative reapportionment.

The whole thrust of today's legal climate is to end unconstitutional discrimination. It is ludicrous to preclude judicial relief when a main-spring of representative government

is impaired. Legislators have no immunity from the constitution.

Hawaii's territorial act was amended to permit reapportionment.

Subsequently, a group of urban residents in Minnesota applied to federal court for reapportionment, pointing out that there had been none in the state since 1913. Last July, the court (a) accepted jurisdiction in the case (in itself a major victory for the complainants); and (b) directed that the complaint be renewed if the 1959 legislature did not reapportion.

A new legislature has now been elected in Minnesota, and its action—or inaction—in the matter of reapportionment will be watched closely throughout the nation.

## **DILEMMA of the COLLEGE STUDENT**

# **DRAFT-DODGER or PATRIOT? . . . by John C. Esty, Jr.**

FOR THE NEXT few months, college seniors will be focusing their thoughts on how to find a proper place in a society which needs their talents desperately. The most frustrating barrier to this important process is the military manpower situation. Although the draft procedures are complex, it is not complexity that creates the problem for the students. The simple fact is that seniors are required to cope with Defense Department policies that are unimaginative, extemporary, unrealistic and inadequate, even for military purposes. A few examples, drawn from my experience as military-service adviser at Amherst, will illustrate the point:

I recognize him as one of our more alert seniors as he walks in and sits down in the chair by my desk. He has made a good record in college and holds great promise for a meaningful life. He comes right to the point: "I want to go to law school, but I think I should work for a year or two to get some perspective on

law as a career. What are my chances of getting drafted during that time?"

This same question, this same slight frown, I have heard and seen hundreds of times. The reply is also the same. "You'll probably get called within about a year after graduation. Wouldn't this be a good way to get some perspective and at the same time serve your military obligation?"

"Perhaps, but I'd hoped to work in a law office and anyway I want to get married in June. I don't want to drag my wife all over the country, especially when the housing is supposedly so bad around Army camps. What do you think I should do? Go to law school right away and hope for deferment?"

Shall I tell him he shouldn't get married? That married life for a buck private isn't so bad? That he should go right to law school to dodge the draft, even though he's not sure it's the right field for him? This would work, of course, but maybe it would be as much of a time-waste as the Army. I'd better just pull out the stock answer: "Why don't you wait and see what Congress does, or perhaps there will be another execu-

tive order changing the ground rules again. Better not make plans now."

The next boy is also a senior—and married already. He has a good job in the executive-training program of a large industrial firm. Now he finds his far-sightedness and assiduity rewarded by the prospect of military service, which will upset his plans completely. He wants to know if it's true that fathers are virtually draft-free. When I confirm this, he shrugs his shoulders: "Well, we don't have any money and we thought we should wait on a family. But if fathers get out of military service, then I'll become a father."

Once during course-registration—a time when our students typically make some attempt at relating their curricular choices to a future goal—a boy came to me with a neat scheme. Out of a generally versatile academic background, he was emerging with a clear talent in classical studies, perhaps headed for teaching or writing. This was the type of person a society must enlist to look backward and soak up the past, to carry along accumulations of wisdom, cultural tradition and ethics; the kind who may not help to build

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## Sirens on the Campus . . . by David Evanier

Annapolis, Maryland

THE LEAVES are falling briskly these days upon the campus of my college. The winds howl and leaves drift against the windows. The sounds, and the feel of frost in the air, make us feel secure and yet excited as we try to concentrate upon Greek in a classroom isolated from a world outside where so much is happening.

Every morning around 11 o'clock another sound pierces the cold air. The air-raid sirens, under daily test, are heard vaguely in the distance and soon they come closer and grow in intensity until they seem to be surrounding the classroom. They are no longer strange sounds, and teacher and students try to ignore them. Yet there is always the slightest glance of the teacher's eyes toward the window, and a hesitation in his speech. And there is a feeling among the students; deep within every one of us the question leaps to mind—will it happen now? Will it happen tomorrow? I glance from face to face, wondering what my classmates are thinking, and how I would feel if this were the last moment of life.

Speaking about the sirens, one boy said casually, "It's great for the safety of the country"; and, after a moment's pause, he added quietly: "I'm terrorized by it." Another classmate put it succinctly: "It takes a couple of minutes off of Greek." A quiet Negro boy said, "It scared me the first couple of times.... Now I'm used to it." He nodded his head vigorously, as if to convince me.

But generally the students do not

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think it altogether proper or "hip" to show their fear of sirens—or of war. Our government heartily approves of this attitude, of course. On November 15, a former member of the Atomic Energy Commission was quoted in the Baltimore newspapers as saying that America was too afraid of war. What they *should* be afraid of, Thomas E. Murray explained, is a limited war. In a total war, at least "neither ourselves nor the Soviet Union could possibly survive," while in a limited war "the Soviet Union could inflict this kind of piecemeal defeat on us." He complained of the "irrational mood that prevails today, when popular thinking about war is dominated by fear."

AND SO IT is the end of another year, and the students at my college go about their daily tasks, enjoying their work, taking their girls down to the river bank, talking for hours in the coffee shop about Plato and Aristotle and the nature of man. But there are two things that they do not do. They do not read newspapers at all. And they do not plan ahead. Whatever their conscious reasons, the students do not speak of their hopes and plans for the future, and the things they want to do. Except for a small, troubled minority, they support their government, and they hope their government is right. Perhaps as an effect of the cold war years, they cannot conceive of the United States being wrong, and would be afraid to do so.

In my college, at least, very few students are dreaming the dreams of youth or hoping and planning for the goal that should always inspire the spirited and the young: the goal of a world at peace.

about their country? I think not. Listen to the Amherst Student editorializing on the campus visit of Marine officers recruiting for the Platoon Leaders Course:

We read daily how the Intermediate Range Ballistic Missile is now obsolete, how manpower is being slashed and draft calls are dwindling. Why then sacrifice three years and two summers to the USMC when, with a little effort and information, it is possible to fulfill a military obligation in

less than a year, with a reserve commitment which can be waived for men that are entering critical-skills occupations in fields of Chemistry, Physics, Geology and Foreign Languages? It is possible to enroll in the Reserve Forces Act of 1955 six months' program in a rural area where there is no filled quota of reservists, go on active duty *after* graduation, and go to work with no reserve commitment except in case of war, when all reservists are called by act of Congress. The military obligation can be fulfilled more easily than by a three-year hitch with the Marine Corps. A contribution to the security of our country can better be made in a research lab than by participation in obsolete field maneuvers at some obscure military outpost.

What particular lecture on American democracy and patriotism do you give to the boy who, having been dressed down for asking directly how to avoid the draft, wonders, "I see so many getting out of it, why should I be the one to go?" You point out that there have always been inequities in manpower conscription; that the burden of Korea fell at first on the reservists of World War II, and that this is why Congress changed from "Selective Service" (service by just those selected) to "Universal Service" (where everyone serves, at least in theory); that war has always consumed those most valuable to society in *any* sense. But he smiles and asks, "Is the senior who goes to graduate school just to get out of military service universal? Is the father universal? Is it universal to be the one sucker in four who gets hooked?"

And it's not just getting hooked that hurts; it's also staying hooked. Consider the story of the boy who applied for admission to us five years after graduation from high school. He had wanted to go to a challenging, Eastern men's college, but had no money at all. So he went to work as a pattern-maker, which carried an "essential-skills" draft deferment. For five years he put money aside for his education, spending some of it along the way on night-school courses, mainly to prepare himself even better for college. When he came to be interviewed, we found he was a boy of high ability and one

missiles, but might help decide whether it's right to use them. He wanted to see the list of critical occupations for which draft exemption and reduction of reserve requirements are offered. He didn't find classical studies. He did find physics—and that's what he's majoring in.

SHALL WE call it lack of patriotism? Are these spineless or cynical young men of the "silent," "cautious" generation, who don't care

highly motivated to work hard. We accepted him on the spot and offered him a partial scholarship to augment his own savings. It was the kind of case that makes an admission officer, in the midst of his harassment, feel the whole business is worthwhile.

The boy went home elated, quit his job, and enrolled in some summer-school courses we thought would help him in preparation for entrance in September. A week later he was on the phone—with his induction notice in hand! He was not eligible for student deferment, since he was actually not in college, so I counseled him to try the six-month program. We would let him enter in February and there was a local reserve unit where he could continue his five-and-a-half-year reserve obligation. He followed this advice and came to us at mid-year. His academic record has borne out our expectation; he has attended his reserve meetings faithfully. Hear his dilemma:

"We have training meetings two evenings a week, since the unit is geared to the academic year, and we are then free during school vacations. The trouble is that I have to study hard—you know I'm on scholarship—and two evenings shot each week is a lot. I would apply for a waiver of the forty-eight meetings required per year in return for an extra two weeks of summer camp (two weeks is required anyway), but then I don't get my summer job. A lot of men don't show up half the time and nothing seems to happen; I just don't dare. Do you know what we do at these meetings? We sit. We listen to a halting personal account of supply operations in the Panama Canal Zone, a lecture on military administration, or a talk on Pentagon organization. Sometimes we stand up and do a few 'column lefts' and 'dress rights.' I don't know what all this has to do with missiles, strategic warfare or even landings in Lebanon. And I've got four more years of it."

THESE ARE the kinds of stories and problems a collegiate military-service adviser hears day after day. The advice we must give adds up to something like this: don't plan—wait; become a father sooner than you had planned; go to graduate



Richard Blystone

*"Too bad we've no place for you on the missile program. Now, if you were a physics major or a mouse—"*

school even though you're not ready; pick your college major after consulting the draft-exempt list. Any dean or counselor who gives that kind of counsel would ordinarily be fired for incompetency, yet this is what the present military-manpower policies are forcing us to do. We had always tried to proceed from one cardinal principle of advice: do your planning now, as though there were no threat of military service; then see how the service best fits into your plans, and act accordingly.

This idea seemed to be useful during Korea and up to about two years ago. Then the effects of three major changes in atmosphere went to work on the side of confusion.

First, our students read regularly about the great shifts to technological-defense weapons, which are manned by engineers instead of by armies. The "brush-fire" argument for many divisions of standing infantry was undermined by the small number of men involved in Lebanon. They can't help but wonder why so many men, especially unskilled draftees, are needed. (Nor can I; my bias must be showing by now.)

Second, unlike six years ago, edu-

cation seemed to have gained respectability so that, as the student editorial quoted earlier suggests, it should be as patriotic to develop one's mind and intellectual talents as to serve as clerk-typist in company headquarters. If Congress is willing to appropriate enough money for a National Defense Education Act (inadequate though it is, especially in strengthening public school teaching), doesn't it make sense to let intelligent people serve with their brains instead of their feet—and at no cost to taxpayers?

Finally, the most demoralizing shift in climate has been the manifest breakdown of the Selective Service System in maintaining any semblance of universality; that is, a sense of fairness as to who is drafted and who isn't. It is this aspect of military service which has led the Fund for the Republic, in a paper by John Graham entitled "The Universal Military Obligation," to question seriously the constitutionality of current manpower practices. Excerpted in numerous college newspapers, this paper clearly articulates the inequities which students feel as they try to plan their futures. The

only course open to one charged with providing advice on military service is to point to the few fixed rules which may indicate some guide to planning. One simply answers four main questions in the minds of college students: What are the current obligations? What is the present status of the draft? What are the alternatives? What are the chances that all this will change?

The first obligation is that every male must register with the Selective Service System on his eighteenth birthday. Most colleges have some official designated as a Local Draft Registrar for the convenience of students. Some time after registration, the registrant is required to fill out a questionnaire on the basis of which he is usually classified 1A by his local board. This classification means he is available for service until such time as he receives a deferment for academic, physical or other reasons. It is customary for students to hold the 1A classification throughout their college careers unless granted a student deferment by their local board (some boards grant deferments automatically). At the present time, students are rarely drafted much below the age of twenty-three. A registrant is additionally obliged to inform his board of any address change (including college attended), any change of status, any plans to leave the country, and to carry his draft card at all times.

The law from which these obligations arise is the Universal Military Training and Service Act of 1951, extended in 1955 by Congress until June, 1959. It requires all physically qualified males between the ages of 18½ and 26 to serve two years of active duty and four years of reserve duty—or some administrative equivalent such as six months' active duty and five and a half years' active reserve duty. Those who have received a deferment have their liability age extended from 26 to 35.

Currently any male who is physically qualified—apparently about 40 per cent of any age group fails to qualify—and who is not eligible for deferment (as a student, as a father, as a person with dependents, as a ministerial or medical candidate) may expect to be drafted be-

tween the ages of 22 and 23. Doctors and dentists may be deferred because of their professional training, but they then become eligible for a special draft—or the alternative of accepting a commission for two years of active duty—until age 45. In most cases, it is possible for a student to complete four years of college untouched by the draft, but graduate school almost certainly requires deferment. The student deferment is still based on a student's score on the College Qualification Test and on his academic rank.

EVEN THOUGH receipt of a deferment technically makes a student eligible for the draft until he is 35, the armed forces are not interested in inductees over the age of 26. By executive order, local boards are required to exhaust all of the men in each category in the following sequence:

1. Delinquents (i.e., "legal" draft-dodgers).
2. Volunteers (in the order in which they volunteered).
3. Non-volunteers, non-fathers between 18½ and 26 (oldest first).
4. Non-volunteer fathers between 18½ and 26 (oldest first).
5. Men over 26.

Many draft boards are filling their quotas entirely from category 2, and the typical board is operating in category 3 at the 23-year-old level. The fact that these categories have been established to begin with, the fact that the age of probable drafting in category 3 is rising, the fact that the number of men in categories 4 and 5 is increasing dramatically, the fact that draft quotas are dwindling—all point to a huge and growing manpower pool with which the system cannot cope. The result is that more and more legally eligible men are escaping the draft, and the bankruptcy of the "universal" concept becomes clear.

Being drafted—or volunteering, to precipitate the issue—currently involves two years of active service in the Army, which for a college graduate holds fair hope of useful activity (in spite of the "round-hole—square-peg" stories). This is followed by a two-year stint in the Ready Reserve, where active participation

is supposedly enforced by the Reserve Forces Act of 1955, and a final two years in the Standby Reserve, which carries no special obligations except in case of general mobilization.

The first alternative to the draft which seems to occur to most college students is complete escape. The attraction of this avenue is directly proportional to the odds involved, which means it's looking better and better all the time. Aside from this unfortunate consequence of current policy, the most popular alternative seems to be the six-month program. The main advantage is clearly the shortened active-duty time; the disadvantages are the long active-reserve period of five and a half years and the fairly useless nature of the total six years' activity. It is likely that before long this program will reach its saturation point; already seniors find that their local reserve units have reached the allotted strength and can accept no more applications.

The second most attractive alternative, especially for those who want to be officers and are willing to give up an extra year or so for the privilege, would be one of the officer-candidate schools of the Navy, Marine Corps or Coast Guard. After graduation, the candidate completes sixteen weeks of training, three years of active duty, and some combination of Ready and Standby Reserve time for a total of six years. A similar program, the Marine Platoon Leaders Course, substitutes two six-week summer encampments during college for the post-college sixteen weeks' training course, and commissions are awarded at graduation from college. Those seniors who might be interested in becoming aviation cadets are scared off by a five-year active-duty commitment.

FOR SOME reason, there is great reluctance on the part of the Armed Forces to appoint officers directly on the basis of education, background or civilian skills. When I went through officer-training school, the students came from three sources: direct appointment (my own category), ROTC and appointment from the enlisted ranks. At the end of the

course, the over-all evaluation of each man—including military bearing, drill, leadership—was averaged for each source. The direct appointees, with no prior military experience, ranked significantly higher than the ROTC people and enlisted appointees, who followed in that order.

Various special programs for enlisted men create some interest for the college senior. Opportunities for specialized training—as at the Army Language School—are occasionally considered worthwhile enough to warrant spending an extra year of active duty. There is also the possibility of securing an officer-candidate school appointment directly from the ranks, although this is a real gamble. From time to time one hears of a special "quick opening" program of particular advantage for the college graduate, but these are announced softly and usually last only a short while, so capitalizing on them is a matter of luck.

The alternatives mentioned above are considered mainly by students whose college does not have a Reserve Officers Training Course (ROTC). Where such a program is available, the military obligations of those students not anxious to "take a chance on the draft" are comfortably attended to. But here again the dean, or military counselor, is placed in the position of advising boys to give up a fourth or a fifth of their

college work just for the short-range assurance of knowing how and when they will discharge their military obligations. Typically, an ROTC student sacrifices the "impractical" or "non-vocational" courses, such as music appreciation and literature, which might have opened the way for years of leisure time richly and meaningfully spent; or political science, which might have engendered a greater sensitivity to the demands placed on an enlightened citizenry.

WHAT ARE the chances that all this will change? The current draft law expires in June, 1959, and Congress will have to act on new legislation this spring. It is apparent that the present situation will no longer be tenable after a few more months. Every executive action in the past four years has been directed at relieving the pressure of the manpower pool on the draft apparatus by creating more attractive alternatives. (Two years ago the Defense Department published a booklet, *It's Your Choice*, listing more than forty kinds of opportunities for military service.) Yet the monster grows each day. With the failure of these relief valves, the drafting age within category 3 will probably continue to rise until perhaps no one will be drafted except those who volunteer for service to avoid being drafted. The only way out of this paradox, under present

law, would be to defer and exempt greater numbers, which would serve only to increase the present uncertainty and inequity. A particularly unfortunate aspect of the situation is the apparent unwillingness or inability of manpower officials to face these manifest breakdowns in the justification and operation of "universal" military service. Having talked with a number of these officials, directly and indirectly, I would guess that the Defense Department will simply recommend continuation of the present draft law.

I am aware that our military manpower policy has been criticized on the bases of unconstitutionality, inadequacy, waste and expense. It should be. But about these grounds I am not especially informed, and can only grumble. I do know, however, of the draft law's effect on college students, and if they are considered to be an important segment of the society, then someone had better pay attention to their perspective. From that perspective, the *status quo* is absolutely unviable, the corruption of "universal" service is corrupting their sense of duty, uncertainty is making cynics of them, and their talents and training are deliberately turned from the service of their country.

It is not yet stylish to be unpatriotic, but the college student can't hold out forever.

## THE ZONE OF HUNGER . . by David Thomson

*Cambridge, England*

SINCE last July, generals have come to power in seven countries. In Iraq, Thailand and the Sudan, army leaders seized control by force; in France, the Lebanon, Burma and Pakistan, generals took over by more or less constitutional means. With the United Arab Republic guided by Colonel Nasser and French generals

and colonels so active politically in Algeria, these events raise dramatically the question: "Is democracy in retreat?" Commentators have reminded us that these events bring the total number of non-Communist countries ruled by military leaders up to no less than seventeen—if we add in Nationalist China, Portugal, Spain, Cuba, the Dominican Republic, El Salvador, Guatemala, Paraguay and Venezuela. Some have even pointed out that President Eisenhower had a military career.

The pattern of events since July has attracted much more comment

in the United States than in Britain—comment surely more sensational than events justify, when they are examined more closely. To inflate the position by counting in the South American military governments or Nationalist China is merely misleading, for the military character of these states is hardly novel. Nor is the position in Portugal or Spain. It is still further misleading to lump together as anti-democratic symptoms the role of General de Gaulle in France or the caretaker government of General Ne Win in Burma, along with the rule of Colonel Nasser

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in Egypt, or of General Ibrahim Abboud in the Sudan.

Whatever the common forces that can be detected at work in the world since last July, they cannot be usefully discussed without realizing that for military men to play a leading part in politics has never been uncommon in many parts of the world. And it is a naive assumption that democratic governments have ever been firmly enough rooted in Asia or the Near East since 1945 to preclude the likelihood that men wielding military power would sooner or later play an active role in ruling some of these lands. The meaning of recent trends away from parliamentary government can be defined only by applying a good deal more discrimination.

THE historical record of the years after World War I should be warning enough that regimes set up in a wave of democratic enthusiasm after the upheavals of a great war are liable to prove fragile, and quite likely to succumb to military control in times of unrest. Between 1926 and 1929—in the years preceding the Great Depression which set in only after 1929—military dictatorships replaced more democratic regimes under General Primo de Rivera in Spain, General Carmona in Portugal, Marshal Pilsudski in Poland, President Smetona in Lithuania. Royalist-clericalist-militarist regimes were at the same time set up in Austria and Yugoslavia, and Field Marshal Hindenburg became President of the German Weimar Republic. Admiral Horthy had already, for years, ruled Hungary. Wherever, in short, political conditions were unstable, economic conditions bad, nationalist movements restless, or the threat of Communist influence strong, there power went to strong-arm rulers purporting to safeguard an existing social order against radical change. These events prior to 1929 are the proper analogy with recent events in Asia and the Near East. They need not lead on by any inevitable historical process to fascism, unless there should intervene some contemporary counterpart to the world economic crisis of 1929-33.

The military take-overs in Burma,

Pakistan and Thailand resemble those of Europe in the twenties in that they represent an escape from (and a violent reaction against) weak, corrupt and ineffective parliamentary systems. Asiatic countries still mainly lack the social and educational foundations, as well as the political habits and traditions, of sound representative parliamentary institutions. If the first impulse of members of parliament is to buy or sell political support, of ministers

were alternatives to left-wing coalitions which would involve Communist support. France, with its five million Communist voters, shared in the fear of communism that operates along the Asiatic fringe. But there the analogy ends, and the reasons for Army ascendancy in Asia and the Near East must be sought more in social and economic conditions than in predominantly political considerations.

The economic foundations of democracy have been defined and understood much less clearly than democracy's political forms. To transplant full-fledged the electoral devices and the parliamentary procedures which Western European nations gradually and laboriously developed in peculiar economic conditions has usually been to court disaster. The disaster came in Eastern Europe after World War I. It has come, to some extent, in Asia after World War II. It is to be expected that the peoples of Asia (as also of Africa) will now grope their way toward forms of self-government that match their current needs and their national aspirations. It is a thorny path they tread, beset with dangerous alternatives of militarism and communism. But the relative success of India's parliament, and her remarkable experiment in seeking fresh political vigor at the grass-roots level of the village communities, are indications of potential advance. Even President Soekarno's notions of "guided democracy" in Indonesia imply an encouraging spirit of inventiveness.

to use their office for private gain or advancement, of public officials to resort to graft, then popular disillusionment with unfamiliar parliamentary regimes sets in fast. It becomes easy for military leaders—claiming to represent national interests of solidarity and security—to wrest power from them. This is the easiest when the popular struggle has been not for individual rights and freedoms (as these are understood by Western democracy), but for national independence and sovereignty, and territorial security against neighboring enemies. When political parties, divided by ideology or class, have proved repeatedly that they cannot combine to form a stable and effective government, the appeal of strong-arm soldier-rule becomes irresistible.

TO THIS extent, the overwhelming popularity of General de Gaulle and his new constitution in France, is on a par with the ascendancy of General Ne Win in Burma. Both were reactions against a weak and ineffectual parliamentary system, and both



Nasser

Germany, had gone down in defeat. By 1939, democracy survived in the dozen or so countries that enjoyed the highest standard of living—and it survived hardly anywhere else. Its collapse had been closely connected with continued scarcity and material hardship throughout all save the most fortunate countries, and with the repercussions of the Great Depression.

THE recession of democracy in our own days is likely to be equally closely related to a recession in world economy. If it is in retreat in Asia or the Near East, it is in retreat less before the power-lusts of ambitious soldiers than before the ineluctable pressure of fast-growing populations on inadequate productive sources. When the United Nations experts on population conferred in Rome four years ago, they noted that

... A belt of countries from Morocco through the Near East to the Philippines will show accelerating growth: populations which numbered 1,300 millions in 1950 will reach 2,000 millions by 1980.

The neatest coincidence of patterns in recent events is not between new and weak parliamentary regimes and military coups, nor even between peoples most directly threatened by communism and anti-Communist nationalist armies paving the way for fascism. It is not even, as has been suggested in America, between former colonial peoples deprived of preparation for self-government and non-colonial peoples: in view of the experiments in India and Burma, as compared with the dramatic coups in Thailand, Iraq and the Sudan, the converse may be truer.

The most significant coincidence is between the zone of maximum population pressure on backward economies, indicated by the demographers at Rome, and the zone where democracy is experiencing its greatest difficulties. This happens also to be, in large part, the fringe between the Communist and the so far non-Communist worlds in the Near East and Asia. It is the most crucial trouble-area in the whole world. And here Malthusianism, not militarism, is the gravedigger of democracy.

The population of the Sudan grew from nearly eight million in 1948 to more than ten million in 1956; of Burma from eighteen to nearly twenty million in the same years. Pakistan rose from seventy-five million in 1950 to 83.5 million in 1956. Most spectacular of all, Indonesia grew from seventy-two million in 1947 to eighty-four million in 1957: by one-sixth in a decade. The social and political consequences of such increases differ, inevitably, according to the corresponding resources at the disposal of these countries, and to their rate of development of these resources. But here, surely, lies the most basic of all clues to their political fortunes. With the population of the world as a whole increasing at the rate of more than one additional mouth to feed every second — some 90,000 more human beings every twenty-four hours — and with the incidence of increase concentrated in areas where productivity tends to be low and the need for technical and financial aid especially urgent — it is hardly surprising that the outcome is political unrest and instability.

BUT IS there any causal connection between this basic Malthusian situation and the rise to power of military leaders? It is possible only to suggest general links. Newly-won national independence fosters high hopes and rosy expectations. Economic factors forbid the speedy realization of such hopes. What more natural than to blame the parliamentary regimes and governments of the day?

If quick and radical results are wanted and needed in the economic field, it is tempting to resort to more authoritarian governments, especially if there are available military elites used to dealing with the foreign suppliers of financial and technical aid, and apparently offering comforting reassurance to such suppliers that the aid will not be spent in strengthening communism. As the United States is one of the chief sources of aid, it may be all the more flattering to American self-esteem if the new regimes assume a presidential pattern, in contrast with the British parliamentary model or the

French *gouvernement d'assemblée*. The most self-assertive nationalists are seldom averse to a little oriental persuasiveness, when they can appeal also to strong anti-colonial prejudices.

If this be the trend, the moment of truth must come two or three years hence, when the new regimes will be judged by how far they, in their turn, have succeeded or failed in easing the pressure of ever-growing populations on economies that are less dynamic in their rate of growth. It is doubtless easier for military regimes than for parliamentary governments to repress or retard the overt results of this pressure: is it also easier for them to ease the pressure itself?

THE ANSWER to this crucial question depends on how far the new rulers are able to enlist the understanding and efforts of the people as a whole; how much they are able (and willing) to lead the people toward more mature political attitudes and habits, as did Ataturk in Turkey. The peril of putting a soldier in power is not that he may be less able than the existing alternatives to achieve statesmanlike results. It is that if he is less liable than his civilian alternatives to jobbery and bribery, he may be more open to the temptations and corruptions of power; the good he does may be offset by his becoming irremovable without revolution or national defeat.

These perils apart, the ultimate test of wisdom for every form of regime in the hunger-haunted zone of the world is its determination and its ability to remove the specter of impoverishment and starvation raised by the procreativeness of men. The problem of Asia and the Near East is only partially stated if it is described as the choice between democracy, communism or fascism. It is, in essence, the problem of how to correlate the demand for food, expanding every day, with the supply of food, which is already so inadequate that half mankind is undernourished. The choice is not between guns and butter. It is between more food (or fewer mouths) and remorseless starvation.

# BOOKS and the ARTS

## Three Windows on Cummings

95 POEMS. By E. E. Cummings. Harcourt, Brace. 100 pp. \$4.

E. E. CUMMINGS: A MISCELLANY. Edited by George J. Firmage. Argo-philic Press. 241 pp. \$6.50.

THE MAGIC-MAKER: E. E. CUMMINGS. By Charles Norman. Macmillan. 400 pp. \$8.

M. L. Rosenthal

WHEN E. E. Cummings' collected volume *Poems 1923-1954* appeared five years ago, its effect was like eating a whole cheesecake at one sitting. Cummings was not put on this earth to publish *Gesammelte Werke*, but to issue forth little sheaves containing a few poems of sensuous life-awareness, some intransigent jeers and shockers, and various visual aids to verbal explosion.

His work has not changed essentially since his early successes, except that quieter, more somber tones can occasionally be detected and that his weaknesses (sentimentality and an insistent presumption of his own superior sensitivity) loom larger than before. His hand is now not always on top of the work, and the old tricks are not generally brought as masterfully into play. There is nothing in this latest book to match poems like "who's most afraid of death? thou" and "(ponder,darling,these busted statues)"—lyrical monologues which for a moment can make the earth fall away from under us, even though we all too soon discern behind them the "magician" and his manipulations. Writing of this kind, intensely evocative of the pity of our common mortality and often charged with a nostalgic eroticism, represents the height of Cummings at his most serious—unless we include the best of his angrily satirical poems (e.g., "I sing of Olaf") and of the frankly sexual:

I like my body when it is with your body. It is so quite new a thing. . . .

Out of such moods have come his main triumphs as a performer. If we add the pieces that are pure prestidigitation, and those generally akin to the spirit of Herriman's old comic-strip *Krazy Kat* (whose virtues Cummings has often extolled) or to old-time burlesque, we have the main range of this poet's limited, really two-dimensional art.

95 Poems, thus, adds little to the body of Cummings' brittle best. He has always tormented on the edge of a disastrous banality; indeed, he has slipped over it

and been all but killed a number of times. Now, however, he seems less aware that an effort is needed in the structuring of particular poems to save himself; we get too many lines like "the courage to receive time's mightiest dream," and quite often in a limp context. The implication intended in these instances is that the poet's central thought—that he loves someone, or feels that he is an individual separate from other people, or thinks that man must justify himself to God rather than vice versa—is so luminously revelatory that he is required to give no more than a hint of poetic form.

Yet often the old bag of tricks is still much in evidence—the broken or delayed word, the grammatical shiftings (adverbs used as adjectives, etc.), the syntactic juggling, the vaguely romantic mysticism implied through the use of certain abstract words and symbolic trademarks. The wonderful thing about it originally was that it enabled Cummings to blow open otherwise trite and bathetic motifs through a dynamic rediscovery of the energies sealed up in conventional usages. But now it is usually presented as if it were an end in itself. And what a task it would be to separate one "enormous" or "dream" or "always" or "death" or "life" or "fragrance" or "universe" from another. The following passage (admittedly out of context—I am not talking about its intelligibility but about its vocabulary and syntax) is indistinguishable from a hundred others in Cummings, and because of that fact alone cannot be read for its intrinsic qualities—

enormous this how  
patient creature (who's  
never by never robbed of  
day) puts always on by always  
dream. . . .

In the few pieces where the old tricks do still work wonderfully, the disciplining factor is the fineness of the conception, which compels the poet to make a special effort to get everything down just right. Few other poets could catch an *aperçu* so beautifully and sculpturally on the wing as Cummings does in Poem 40:

silence  
.is  
a  
looking

bird: the  
turn  
ing; edge, of  
life

(inquiry before snow

"Silence is a looking bird; the turning edge of life; inquiry before snow." The images, interesting in themselves, accumulate a range of connotation belied by the poem's physical brevity. Punctuation and line-arrangement control the pace at which the connotations come into view. First, there is the isolated-silence, emphasized by the space below it and then the period, which is not final but musically transitional: Silence (pause) is. Then the "is" becomes a bridge in its turn: Silence is a looking. The gerund changes to participle as we move on: a looking bird—and perhaps, by association, a mocking bird as well? By the poem's end we have crossed many boundaries between subjective awareness and objective universe; silence seems a confrontation of two states whose terms of meaning are always changing. With the concluding (but unclosed) parenthesis the whole mysterious, freshly felt experience of silence has become a relationship between the clear-eyed, awed, but uncowed observer and the imponderable, relentless nature of things. This is Cummings, now, at his best. What a difference between poem 40 and the feeble daubs of half-finished verse that mar so much of this book.

E. E. CUMMINGS: A Miscellany is a collection of prose-pieces written since the poet's late twenties. *The Enormous Room* and parts of *Eimi* have shown us how brilliantly Cummings can handle a heightened impressionistic prose that approaches poetry. The pieces reprinted here, however, are mostly journalistic; more than half the book, in fact, is given over to articles and sketches Cummings wrote for *Vanity Fair* in the three years after his thirtieth birthday. The style is generally amateurish, with mingled echoes of Mencken, Pound and such other contemporaries as Lardner and Donald Ogden Stewart—lurching stabs of wit, at times a gauchely hectoring manner; one is rather puzzled to find the author saying in a preface that there is "nothing dead" in the book. A few of the pieces are of durable interest: a 1915 essay, incisive and truculent, on "The New Art" (Brancusi, Satie, Gertrude Stein, et al); a fine appreciation of Lachaise, done in 1920; the *Vanity*

Fair pieces on Cocteau, on the art of the revue, on the circus, on burlesque; one or two satirical fictions, especially "When Calvin Coolidge Laughed" and "Helen Whiffletree, American Poetess." These, and some of the later pieces, stand out cleanly from the general dross, showing Cummings as a typical advance-guardist capable of sparkling moments but never going much beyond the initial discoveries of his artistic generation. As in his poems, he can be a master of disrespectful needling; his "Weligion Is Hashish" (1933) is devastating in its refusal to take Communist ideals seriously; his "Speech II" (1938) shows him as an earlier practitioner of the kind of rhetorical invective we now associate with Ginsberg and Ferlinghetti. It also shows him capable of sustained indignation against racial bigotry despite his own dubious practice in certain poems. But too much of his incidental prose is preserved here; as a whole, it is not impressive.

MR. NORMAN's study is a frank tribute to the Master, and a wholesale echoing of his attitudes. Once we accept it as such, the book is instructive and often winning. He tells us about Cummings' family background and education, about the events leading to his imprisonment in a French concentration camp with William Slater Brown because of the latter's indiscreet letters to his friends at home during the Great War, about his connection with *The Dial*, his painting and playwriting, his trip to the USSR, his general opinions. The organization is slightly haphazard, and the style sometimes more appropriate to a

Broadway column than to the critical biography the author set out to write.

Wallace Stevens, who classified mankind in general as "an unhappy people in a happy world," would, I think, have classified Cummings as being in just the reverse predicament. Something in Cummings' childhood made him sublimely confident that whatever he chose to do or think was beyond criticism. It is what is most annoying about him—and, in his gestures of disgust toward the networks of authority which trap lesser beings, what is most heartening.

Mr. Norman, completely entranced by his friend's certainties, dismisses or ignores the most telling criticisms of his work and rates him among "the truly great creators of our time"—in fact as the "most interesting one" of all. Of course, this Hollywoodian use of the word "great," if followed through, would force us to call Yeats colossal and Dante and Shakespeare strictly from Cecil B. De Mille. Nevertheless, *The Magic-Maker* does relay useful data on a variety of matters (including the story of little Joe Gould and other helpful oddments leading to a sympathetic recapturing of the American literary twenties), and the body of Cummings' poetry is worth at least one loyal friend's unstinted admiration. I wish, though, that Mr. Norman had not found it necessary to pass along such scholarly findings as that "Professor Harry Levin of Harvard . . . sees an affinity between Cummings and Hemingway because of certain poems . . ." So do I, and so does any man who ever read them both. There are some insights, say what you will, that should be suppressed.

the country as a whole such youngsters constitute only a tiny fraction of the total adolescent population. . . ." It touches thoughtfully and with sophistication — although sometimes too briefly — on a wide range of issues: the relationship of race conflict to gang conflict, cultural differences among ethnic groups and consequent difficulties in adjusting to the expectations of American urban society, the part played by misguided housing policy in the creation of new hotbeds of delinquency, the importance of academic disability in producing problems of adjustment which in turn dispose to delinquency.

And — very important — it does not succumb to the tempting and widespread tendency to explain delinquency as a natural and obvious consequence of whatever other features of our society we happen to find objectionable. Specifically, it considers and rejects the notions that delinquency is the inevitable product of a world atmosphere of war and violence, of the gap between the moral standards adults proclaim and their actual conduct, of the preoccupation of the mass media with brutality and crime.

WHAT, then, are Mr. Salisbury's own views on the reasons for the rising tide of delinquency, and of the bopping gang in particular? The elements of his theory are nowhere pulled together into a disciplined, coherent statement, but I think that this would be a fair summary. The source of delinquency lies in the home and the community — especially the home. The lack of love and care and attention in the home produces "shook-up" children, children who cannot cope with the "complex problems of the contemporary age and the eternal turbulence of adolescence." Salisbury quotes with approval the New York Youth Board slogan: When Family Life Stops, Delinquency Starts. Broken, disorganized and inadequate families, unable to give their children the support they need, and communities of such families, unable to act together in their common interests, are the product of mobility. Whenever you have large-scale movements of population within the city or between cities and especially from essentially peasant communities to huge urban agglomerations, you get neighborhoods of economically marginal, rootless, confused, struggling, impotent families, and these families spawn "shook-up," hostile and rebellious children.

On what to do about it, Salisbury writes with passion and eloquence and much good sense. He is forthright and detailed about the schools, housing, the

## The Fortress of Delinquency

THE SHOOK-UP GENERATION. By Harrison E. Salisbury. Harper & Bros. 244 pp. \$3.95.

**Albert K. Cohen**

REPORTERS rush in where professors fear to tread. Perhaps it is as well that the reporter is Harrison Salisbury. The American public has never been so worried about delinquency. For many people — perhaps most — delinquency means hordes of teen-agers, with dope in their veins and hate in their hearts, moving with cruel and bloody abandon through our streets and parks, through the cor-

ridors of our schools, and under our windows. It is a specter that frightens and baffles. The public deserves a book that presents, with both heat and light, a realistic description of the fighting gang, a diagnosis of the malady, an evaluation of efforts at control, prescriptions and exhortation. I think it presumptuous for a reporter to attempt this; I would have counseled against it; and I am glad Mr. Salisbury did it.

His book has a splendid description of the New York fighting gang, its organization, the kids, the daily round, the place of bopping in the gang's scheme of things, the feel and smell of the neighborhoods. It has perspective: the terror and tragedy are vividly drawn but the children are human, not monsters. It is passionate but not panic-stricken: "In

**ALBERT K. COHEN** is the author of *Delinquent Boys: The Culture of the Gang*. He is on the sociology faculty at Indiana University.

churches, the street club worker and the coordination of efforts and planning on a city-wide scale. He is convinced that we know what we must know to lick the problem. We do not lack the knowledge or the means; we lack only the will.

BUT the facts about delinquency are seldom so simple as we would like them to be, or as Salisbury says they are. The history of the study of crime and delinquency is a chronicle of error. There are many versions of the truth about juvenile delinquency, each self-evident to somebody; you don't adjudicate among them by asseveration. Words with vague and sprawling boundaries, heavily freighted with emotion, may, when used judiciously, help to season an otherwise arid text, but they add nothing to understanding when seriously used as diagnostic or explanatory concepts. It is perhaps too much to ask that a popular book and a short one should be scholarly. This one isn't.\*

Take the notion of "shook-up." These are "shook-up" kids in a "shook-up" age. They are delinquent kids because they are "shook-up." This is, then, an important "concept." It purports to explain a lot, and the author leans heavily upon it. I may be a square but I don't know what "shook-up" means. I have an impression from the context that it means "emotionally disturbed" or "mentally sick," but I'm not sure; for that matter, I'm not too sure what *these* terms mean. I do know that, in careful and systematic studies of delinquents and non-delinquents, the delinquents have not turned out, in general, to be sicker mentally, or even more neurotic, than non-delinquents. I am not arguing that delinquents are not "rebelling" against something, that they are not "disturbed," that delinquency is not a way of dealing with the problems of adjustment that their society has thrust upon them. But everybody has problems. The unanswered questions are: what are the problems to which "delinquent subcultures" are appropriate responses, and what are the circumstances which determine the choice of these solutions? It may well be that the fighting gang culture and the teen-age drug addict culture (Salisbury says the drug addicts are even more "shook-up" than the others) appeal to kids who are in some sense "sick," and some of the research in New York City seems to support this.

\*The book also shows some signs of hasty research. As one example, a study of college students which is attributed to me (and which I would be happy to acknowledge) was in fact carried out by Austin Porterfield.

On the other hand, researchers in Chicago, including Harold Finestone, whom Salisbury relies on for his description of the "cat" culture of the addict, don't think so. Maybe the New York investigators are right, but you don't just cite the authorities whose views fit your thesis, or cite them where they fit and ignore them where they don't.

Salisbury does not equivocate. There is "nothing mysterious about the origin of shook-upness. New York is just not doing the plain, simple and often inexpensive things that thousands of workers have repeatedly demonstrated will effectively reduce delinquency. . . ." Our city school systems are prepared "to place into operation an active improvement program for adolescents within a matter of weeks, if not days. In most cases all that is needed is a little money and a go-ahead order. The teachers know what to do. . . ." Since everything is known about the causes and cure, it would follow that there is no need for research, and any reference to such a need is conspicuously absent in this book. Since everything is known and the resources are at hand, the only missing ingredients are "common sense, civic leadership and community responsibility."

THE fact is that little is known with certainty. I can't guess how many millions of dollars have been invested in delinquency control programs in the last fifty years. This money has been spent with the noblest intentions, and invariably grandiose claims are made about the effectiveness of the expenditures. Research directed to the evaluation of these claims has been infinitesimal, but the studies that have been done have almost always sadly deflated our expectations. For example, "everybody knows," or at least Mr. Salisbury knows, that if an intelligent, kindly, warm-hearted, mature adult spends a lot of time with a child, is available when the child is in trouble, helps him with his school work, intercedes for him

in court, gets to know his family, etc., and does this over a period of years, the ministration cannot help but greatly reduce the probability of delinquency. The well-known Cambridge-Somerville Youth Study took two groups of children from underprivileged areas, provided the members of one group with this kind of adult support for four to six years, and left the other group alone. A careful follow-up comparison revealed no significant differences with respect to delinquency and crime. The moral of this and of the handful of other evaluative studies is *not* that delinquency control efforts are futile. We have obviously got to experiment and, if necessary, dig deep down in our jeans. There is too much at stake to stand idly by. The moral is, rather, that faith, energy and a pure heart are not enough, and that it is almost as important to study the consequences of what you are doing as it is to do it.

We have, as a matter of fact, learned a great deal from what has been done. We have learned a great deal, especially, about what does *not* work, about what our agencies and programs do *not* do, and many of these lessons are well stated in Mr. Salisbury's book. We have learned that traditional social work methods premised upon a client's coming to the agency and asking for help, and traditional settlement house policies and recreational programs, operated by middle-class people under middle-class standards, do not get to the "hard-to-reach" families and children, those who are most in need of help. Social workers are now developing new methods, including "reaching out" or, if you will, thrusting oneself upon the resistant, the fearful, the distrustful; including also "detached worker" programs with street gangs. These are promising developments, deserving our fullest support, but they are still evolving, and we have yet to determine their effectiveness. Mr. Salisbury has little patience with this kind of shilly-shallying. He says, in effect: Give the teachers, the social work-

## Across the Valley

The vixen, trembling in desire,  
hugs to the earth,  
and I look to the smoke of winter's fire.  
  
Across the valley, rooftops rise,  
a dozen chimneys!  
Blackbirds, grey clouds, are stroked on the waiting skies.  
  
One feels the drifted leaves beneath  
the downhill step,  
at last the leaves, and then the stones beneath.

GENE BARO

*The Nation*

ers, the psychiatrists, the clinical psychologists, the other practitioners the "go-ahead" and a few dollars and they will all agree on just what should be done, they will scurry to the arsenal and take up the trusted weapons that have been gathering dust so long, and the fortress of delinquency will rapidly fall before their serried ranks. It is no service to these professions — and it is no service to our youth — to spread the impression that we know all we need to know about how our society produces delinquency and about how we can reduce it to minor proportions quickly, safely, cheaply, if only we determine to do so.

Nevertheless, this is an important book. I don't think you will find any single volume that treats the subject of the fighting gang so intelligently from so many angles. It just is not the last word.

## Strike Story

*DIARY OF A STRIKE.* By Bernard Karsh. University of Illinois Press. 180 pp. \$3.50.

### Harvey Swados

ONCE Mr. Karsh, who is associate professor of sociology at the University of Illinois, has paid his perfunctory tribute to the jargoneers of the social so-called sciences ("The strike is both an overt expression of the conflict and a method of expedient resolution leading to a new *modus vivendi*. . . ."), he settles down to business and tells a most fascinating story. It is one that we need to be reminded of from time to time, and his book should therefore be highly recommended.

What Professor Karsh did was to study a mill strike in the Midwest, by carefully interviewing and listening to the management and to a selected sample of four kinds of workers: the local union leadership (one hundred per cent interviewed), the rank-and-file group (one-quarter interviewed, because the response was "extremely homogeneous"), the fence-sitters (one-third interviewed for the same reason), and the non-strikers (not systematically interviewed, but spoken to individually). In addition, he wire-recorded several lengthy interviews with the extremely articulate and experienced union organizer who led the workers out on strike and forward to victory; this union official made avail-

able to Karsh his complete office files—ranging from organizers' reports and leaflets to the transcripts of all legal proceedings and the texts of songs chanted on the picket line—and his personal files as well, including outlines of his speeches, memos of telephone conversations, and so on. From this wealth of material the author has culled the basic story of a successful strike.

BY telling the story chronologically, instead of merely summarizing the data gleaned from his 57-question interview guides and from the other information at his disposal, Karsh has managed to invest it with suspense as well as with other more enduringly valuable attributes. As we observe the organizer first failing to make headway against a paternalistic employer in a declining town, then winning the workers as the employer loses his head and turns stubborn, we become involved in the intricate maneuvering of the organizer, in his sudden desperate calling of a strike, in the jockeying back and forth throughout the conflict, the name-calling, the singing, the improvisations, the sabotage and the final victorious settlement. In the course of our involvement, it seems to me, we become re-acquainted with certain facts of life which may seem alphabetically simple to the organizer but which the rest of us tend to file away in a corner of our minds, reserving them for headlined revolutionary situations.

Thus the reader cannot but be struck by the close correspondence in many ways between a strike and a military engagement, and I do not refer here to obvious matters of strategy or tactics but rather to the élan of the partici-

pants, their communion of aspiration, their unselfishness and indeed occasional heroism, their devotion to a larger ideal than personal advancement. (Karsh notes meticulously that many of these factors come to be true also of non-strikers who, under the pressures of community scorn and loneliness, develop their own sense of brotherhood.) I found most absorbing the detailed description of the ingenious improvisations devised by previously stolid millhands to frustrate delivery of fuel to the struck plant, to harass the non-strikers, to heighten morale among their fellows. When an ordinary man is put to the test, whether in a Midwest mill town or in Budapest or Poznan, he amazes himself and his family and friends—and sometimes the rest of the world as well.

What is more, the few weeks or months of the strike, so minute a fraction of a man's adult life, can often be (as with a soldier veteran) the high point of his life, the reference point from which he judges himself and those about him. He will never be the same after the strike, nor will the community in which the strike took place. Things may look—to the surface observer—as they were before, but they are not, because those who were acted upon became actors, and in that brief period on a tiny corner of the stage of history experienced the extraordinary exhilaration usually vouchsafed only to the moving figures dominating the scene.

Those of us who persist in being democrats, and hence believe in the inalienable right of the acted-upon to make history too, may hopefully be impelled by this book to renew our search for moral equivalents to fratricidal conflict.

## LETTER from NAPLES

### William Weaver

NAPLES is the Italian city few foreigners know. All of them come here, swarming off the big liners at the *Stazione marittima* and swarming aboard the little ones, bound for Capri and Ischia. Buses from Naples take the tourists to Pompeii and Sorrento; trains whisk them north to Rome and Florence and Venice. But the city itself, except for a narrow strip of plush hotels and chic bars along the sea-front, remains unknown. Huddled on the hill between the busy port and the museum-monastery of San Martino, it exists only for the Neapolitans.

Poor as it is materially—and its pov-

erty is as obvious as a gaping wound—Naples is rich in artists, in almost every field. Neapolitans write the songs of the nation—and Northern Italian song writers study Neapolitan glossaries to get on the band wagon. Sophia Loren is Neapolitan, and so is Vittorio De Sica. Just after the war, a whole school of Neapolitan novelists began to appear—Domenico Rea, Michele Prisco, Giuseppe Marotta — some of whom have been translated into English.

But the real Neapolitan genius lies in the theatre, and here the tradition is almost as old as the city itself. The current heir to this tradition is Eduardo

HARVEY SWADOS' latest book is *On the Line*, a novel dealing with the lives of auto workers.

De Filippo, an actor, born of actors, and a playwright and director of great talent. His *Napoli Milionaria*, written shortly after the war, described—in comedy as bitter as unripe fruit—the wild, black-market era of the American occupation. In later plays, like *Questi Fantasmi* ("These Ghosts") and *La Grande Magia* ("The Big Magic"), his comedy took a more Pirandellian turn, into speculation on reality and imagination.

De Filippo is in every way a man of the theatre. A few years ago, he rebuilt the war-destroyed Teatro San Ferdinando, an old theatre in the most poverty-stricken, over-populated section of the city. There he established a repertory company, acting in Neapolitan dialect a number of revivals of old Neapolitan plays (including those by Scarpitta, the Italian Feydeau) and, occasionally, in new plays written by himself. In the San Ferdinando, a few weeks ago, he staged one of the most important events of the Italian season: a revival—or rather a reconstruction—of the century-old farce *Pulcinella in cerca della sua fortuna per Napoli* ("Pulcinella seeking his fortune in Naples"), by Pasquale Altavilla.

Altavilla's "play" was really no more than a scenario, a series of outlines which the dialect actors of the time added to, improved on, or simply ignored, as they went about their business of amusing the public. De Filippo added lines, pieced scenes together, chose a first-rate company of Neapolitan actors, and rehearsed them until the production was perfect. *Pulcinella* is as much a ballet as it is a play. The lines are sometimes chanted (a small pit-orchestra plays in the intervals and occasionally during the play), sometimes almost sung; the actors strut or stroll in such a stylized fashion that they seem wound up; and Pulcinella, the mainspring of the piece, dances, sings, cries, shouts and climbs the scenery, as the situations demand.

THOUGH this reconstruction is faithful to the spirit of the 1850 original, there is nothing museum-like about it; and its liveliness can be attributed not only to De Filippo's inventive staging but also to the brilliant performance of Achille Millo as Pulcinella. An actor who until now has performed in *lingua* (in proper Italian, not in dialect) in everything from Moravia to Dostoevski, Millo is a young Neapolitan who seems to have been born for this role. "Role" is the wrong word, though, for Pulcinella is a *maschera*, a stock character, whose costume and mask and even certain gestures are unchanged since the days of the *commedia dell'arte*. The actor's

brilliance lies in the variations he is able to work on these given gestures and in the humanity he is able to infuse into the standard character.

While *Pulcinella* was triumphing under his direction in Naples, De Filippo, as actor and playwright, was filling the Teatro Quirino in Rome with a farce he had written before the war, *La Fortuna con l'Effe maiuscola* ("Luck with a Capital 'L'"). Though the play is not one of his best, it gives him a chance to play his favorite role—one he has played so often that it has almost become a *maschera*—that of the poor, long-suffering husband, beset by a thousand difficulties, basically moral, but forced to subterfuge to live, and inevitably punished while bigger malefactors go scot-free. In *La Fortuna*, this role is far more comic than pathetic

and surrounded by a good deal of knock-about burlesque acting. It is one of the two hits of the season.

The other hit is also by a Neapolitan, Giuseppe Patroni Griffi, but the play, *D'Amore è muore* ("You can die of Love"), is not about Naples. For every writer who lives in Naples there are two born here who have left it. Patroni Griffi—now in his thirties—has been living in Rome for ten years. His play, which has already won a series of important prizes, has been called an Italian *Look Back in Anger*; it is a "choral" play about young people who have gone to Rome, and are trying to get ahead in the movies. Actually, the play has little in common with Osborne's beyond the age-group of its characters and their disgust with the corruption of the world around them. Patroni

## After the Bomb

After the bomb burst she awoke at once  
To see the curtains straining horizontal  
Fingers towards the bed, the pelmet in tempest,  
Cheval-glass waltzing a little. A moment held,  
That seemed too long, a film-still: till the projector  
Jerked into motion again, they failed and  
Fell in their usual drapes once more, once more  
Her heart beat, deafeningly, and she stunned saw  
Only the casement still shakenly swinging,  
And that over the sill the rambler poured blown in  
And the bed was littered with roses.

She slept always  
Windows wide to night. There was no damage.  
She shuddered and rose. The east to which she faced  
Blanched grey with early summer, the air warm.  
Half way downstairs she heard the rustic snoring  
Of the immovable housekeeper, safe. The door  
Of the house was never bolted, now gawped open  
Jaw still fallen. As if a giant  
Had suddenly rushed through the house, or a hasty  
departure.

On the lawn her bare feet felt the short grasses,  
In the paddock the long ones, the timothy, the foxtail;  
In the hill-meadow the white waist-high lapping  
Of dew-nailed moon-daisy soaking her night-dress. . . .  
She was wet to the skin. Far over  
Her still shaking shoulders, stretching upwards  
The great elm-trees stood like prominences,  
Their heads obscure in night, their giant torsos  
Narrowing into darkness and between whose boles  
She walked at the roots of the sea. When the sun rose,  
The caterpillar-threads glued to their branches  
Glittered auroral curtains, were gold and silver,  
The uplands shone like glass and the far holly  
Flashed. She drank it, the coolness, the natural fragrance,  
The absolute quiet, the serene, the complete peace.

From the top of the hill the whole June landscape lay  
Rolling down the green shoulders of home to where  
The far pale sealine stretched across the bay  
And the grey ships went subtle about their business.

HILARY CORKE

The NATION

Griffi's characters are not so much angry as cynical. The subject matter is unusual in the contemporary Italian theatre, where most playwrights have preferred to write about infidelity, divorce, and similar problems admitted by Italian censorship. Hence it has excited considerable discussion among critics and other playwrights, and the Roman public flocks to it, able finally to recognize their city (and their friends, in some cases) in the work.

AMONG the most promising of the young people who have gone to Rome to work in the movies is a new director, Francesco Rosi, whose first film *La Sfida* ("The Challenge") won two important prizes last fall at the Venice Festival. *La Sfida* has recently been released in Italy's movie-houses and, again, it has had both an authentic success with the public and caused a lot of professional discussion.

Rosi, too, is a Neapolitan in his thirties, who has worked for years in the theatre and in films, as a writer and assistant director. For his first film he has come back to Naples—but not the Naples of the famous bay and the famous songs and the colorful *festas*. Films with titles like *Madunnella* ("Little Madonna") and *Napoli, paese d'amore*, mixing cheap songs with lachrymose plots, are a standard ingredient of the Italian film industry and one of its great sources of ready money. Even De Sica, when he

came back to make *The Gold of Naples*, fell at least part way into the familiar cliché-trap of golden hearts and hot blood.

*La Sfida* is a hard, swift, dramatic story, told in the most economical cinema terms and dealing with a real, but unexplored segment of Neapolitan life: the organized corruption that surrounds the wholesale produce markets. Naturally, the film has raised a storm of protest in Naples. The first to believe in the *O sole mio* clichés are the Neapolitans themselves, and indignant letters to editors, denying articles, and veiled threats were the order of the day. The proof, however, that *La Sfida* described a real situation has come from the Italian Parliament which, a few days ago, passed a law to the effect that truck farmers were no longer required to sell through the market agents, but could deal freely with wholesalers themselves, thus avoiding the crooked entrepreneurs.

So *La Sfida* has had, within a few weeks of its release, a beneficial social effect. Equally important, it has revealed an authentic new talent; Francesco Rosi is already working on his second film. And Giuseppe Patroni Griffi is writing a second play. Men like these, actors like Millo, reassure those who love Naples and the theatre and cinema that the tradition is not dead. De Filippo represents a generation that is already passing; the new generation is forcing its way to the fore.

## THEATRE

### Harold Clurman

NOTHING but good things should be said of John Gielgud's readings from Shakespeare (46th Street Theatre). The program of excerpts from the plays and various sonnets which is collectively entitled *Ages of Man* provides a splendid evening of educational pleasure. Gielgud reads superbly—with clarity, ease, good sense, exemplary phrasing and fine feeling.

The opening night reception was spectacularly demonstrative—and deservedly so. Everyone talked of Gielgud as a great actor; and everyone echoed the notion that such an actor speaking Shakespeare's glorious verse made the trappings of the stage unnecessary. As a mark of enthusiasm this observation was proper as well as pleasant; as theatre aesthetics it is deplorable.

Gielgud is an actor of high rank, but his readings are *readings*: they are not

acting. By themselves they are certainly not theatre. This became particularly apparent to me as I listened to a speech from *Measure for Measure*. I had seen Gielgud as Angelo in this play some years ago at Stratford-on-Avon and was much impressed by the insidious, worm-eaten, crabbed "medievalism"—half anguished conscience, half sadistic hypocrisy—which informed his impersonation. In the reading only the verbal sense and the inspiration of language were communicated.

In theatre, words are gestures—gestures of the spirit and the body in one organic whole of action, so that a truly acted play may be largely understood by a person unfamiliar with the language. I agree that very few performances are ever brought to the degree of perfection where this becomes literally true. But that only signifies that what we usually

see on the stage is only partially realized theatre. Gielgud's reading is thin compared to his acting at its best. For the text of a play, I repeat and it cannot be repeated too often, is the mental material, the immediate impetus, the germ and the scaffolding of the theatrical life which may finally emerge from it.

This is not to say that *Ages of Man* is not an unalloyed boon and many, many times more rewarding than what often passes for a good show. Shakespeare's words are inspiring music and humane wisdom in one—though even as music their instrumentation suffers when

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they are not acted and made part of the whole context of drama.

THE Old Vic productions are often hardly more than illustrated readings—most charmingly illustrated in *Twelfth Night*—more meagerly in *Hamlet* and *Henry V*. (Young English leading men are very much influenced by their seniors: thus John Neville's Hamlet seems humbly and sympathetically to follow Gielgud's, while Laurence Harvey as Henry V probably takes Laurence Olivier's Henry as his model.) So powerful and rich are the foundations for these productions—I refer to Shakespeare's plays—and so loyal the spirit in which the Old Vic Company undertakes them that one is glad to see them—if only because they recall the magnificence of the "originales."

Less injury is done to *Henry V* than to *Hamlet* in such productions. For *Henry V* is a comparatively slight play—an artful bit of propaganda written with amiable grace and fairy-tale simplicity, as if addressed to children or to adults in a sentimentally complacent mood. This is especially true of the acting version employed here which omits certain canny observations on the tricky rationalizations Henry is fed to induce him to go to war with France.

A PLAY on the stage lives through its various organs. Sometimes it is the actors who chiefly count, sometimes direction may project a play to an effective meaning and on many occasions the text itself triumphs, although always there is an interplay of elements, each of which in some particular way sustains the others.

When I belatedly saw O'Casey's *The Shadow of a Gunman* at the Bijou I was aware of a certain overstressing of characterization in the first act which made the progress of the story slow and

the atmosphere somewhat heavy. But as the performance went on I was caught up by the characters, and the situation, the rich, rough humor and pathos of O'Casey's conception and what they reveal of the pitiful foibles and follies of little people in moments of historical stress. The sum of it all was funny, touching, painful and sobering.

recording of it in 1957, sung in German by the composer's widow, Lotte Lenya, I was astounded and intrigued by the work's clever and cynical distortion of values. It was a morality tale in reverse. In the staged performance, however, with the text translated into English by W. H. Auden and Chester Kallman, and with choreography by Balanchine (who had composed the dance for the original Paris production), the wry fable seemed to have lost its bitter edge. Weill's music, jazzy and tart on the recording, sounded weaker and more diffuse in the City Center auditorium. And, in short, the whole apparatus was less effective than I had expected it to be.

Part of this opening-night reaction was caused, I am sure, by the fact that the inner workings of the show had not been smoothed to the fine balance they later displayed. Conductor Robert Irving's tempi were not as apt and vivacious as they were to become, while Lotte Lenya, who took again her singing role in the new production, seemed uncomfortable with the English text. As a result, one strained to follow the progress of the fable.

NOW, though, these elements have been polished to a sheen, and *The Seven Deadly Sins* is as spanking-bright a show as you are likely to find in the city. It is a show, however, and not a ballet. And there is still a question in my mind as to whether the singing-dancing-acting medium is really successful. Balanchine's choreography, unlike that in most of his works, falls into the category of miming rather than of dance. For instance, one whole vignette has the impractical Anna simply doing limbering-up exercises, which illustrate the story perfectly well at that point, but are hardly interesting as dance. Weill's music is evocative of a tired-jazzy atmosphere which must have been characteristic of European cabarets in the twenties. It does its job efficiently. But in a large theatre, it sounds a little weak and lacking in spice. A small hall or a recording studio would, I suspect, flatter it more adequately. The text is splendid (save for one passage near the end which continues to sound illogical). But with the viewer's attention constantly shifting between the beautiful mime-dance movements of Allegra Kent, the pronouncements of the male quartet, the stage business by supporting characters, and the singing-acting of Lotte Lenya, it is sometimes difficult to know just where to look or listen. In the long run, I wonder if each element in such an extravaganza does not subtract potency from the others.

## MUSIC

### Lester Trimble

THE New York City Ballet, now in the second half of its tenth-anniversary season, has created a sensation with its American première of the Weill-Brecht-Balanchine "ballet with song," *The Seven Deadly Sins*. The public response to this work has been such that a large number of extra performances has been scheduled, and judging by the evenings on which I have attended, each performance is pulling in a crowd.

*The Seven Deadly Sins* was the first work composed by Kurt Weill after his flight from the Nazis in 1933, and represented his original conception of a drama which could be acted, danced and sung. The Bertholt Brecht text presents a character named Anna, whose dual personality is portrayed on stage by two actresses, one who sings and one who dances. The singer is the practical Anna, and her ideas govern. The ballerina is the impractical, idealistic Anna, who does all the dirty work. In her travels to Memphis, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore and San Francisco, the dual character falls into a plethora of evil situations, always in search of money with which her family can build a little home in Louisiana. The family, a male quartet in which Mama is a basso, sits upon a platform at the left of the stage. Around it, piece by piece, the walls of the house rise higher and higher as Anna commits each sin and sends more money home. The family contributes sanctimonious sentiments from its platform; on the main body of the stage, the dually personified Anna sings and dances her way through a series of vignettes, each of which has a fanciful stage setting and employs a corps of subsidiary, generally faceless (masked) actor-dancers.

I must admit to some surprise at the fervor with which the City Center audiences have taken this work to their bosoms, for my own opening-night reaction to it was one of mild disappointment. When Columbia Records issued a

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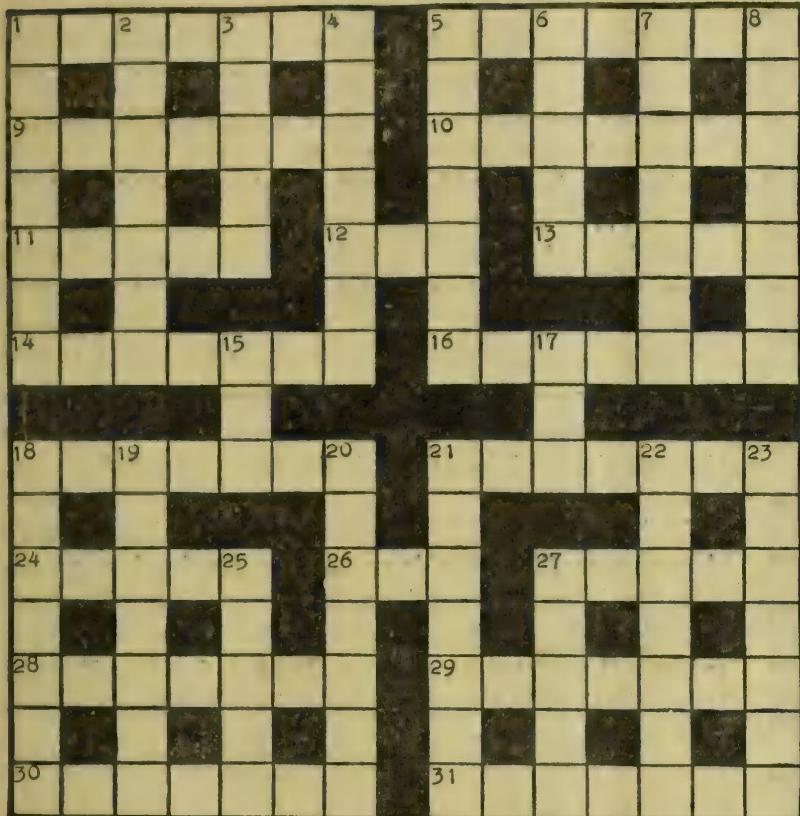
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# Crossword Puzzle No. 802

By FRANK W. LEWIS



## ACROSS:

- 1 and 5 What the "Quiet One" keeps as a suitor makes one cry at the bar. (7, 2, 5)
- 9 Putting on or taking off? (7)
- 10 Not a captive Benedictine, with a second of worship. (7)
- 11 Immoderate. (5)
- 13 Cut in the right direction for most people. (5)
- 14 and 16 Indicative of a note of happiness on the Golden Horn, yet with good taste. (7, 7)
- 24 Famished without his sort of well-known make-up? (5)
- 26, 18 across and 7 down Literary lament of a mad dog or an Englishman, or an American woman? (3, 3, 2, 2, 7)
- 27 Given a good one, would you say "what a relief"? (5)
- 28 His magpie was thievish. (7)
- 29 Felt sorry for the First Lady in the network? (7)
- 30 Medicine sometimes associated with old mare? (7)
- 31 What a thimblerigger might do. (7)

## DOWN:

- 1 Noticed dirt and wood fragments? (7)
- 2 Nothing off the dogbane for the early channel swimmer! (7)
- 3 The antithesis of 1 across. (5)

## PUBLICATIONS

You'll find it in **POLITICAL AFFAIRS**. January: Post-Election Perspectives, by EUGENE DENNIS; The Two-Party System, by W. Z. FOSTER; On the Negro Question, by J. E. JACKSON; The Economic Outlook Today, by H. LUMER; Pasternak and Freedom, by H. APTHEKER; Letter to Howard Fast, by V. J. JEROME, and more. Price 35¢ a copy; subscription \$4. **NEW CENTURY PUBLISHERS**, 832 Broadway, New York 3.

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# WHEN Is Truth?



"WHAT IS under discussion is a mathematical theory called the theory of sampling. The time has come when the individual in a democracy had better understand the rudiments of this theory, because [its] monopolists are perfectly capable of saying, 'Why bother with elections? We can tell you what you think much more cheaply....?' So wrote David Cort in *The Nation* of June 14, last year. Ten weeks later Richard C. Butler, attorney for the Little Rock School Board, brandished before the U. S. Supreme Court a public-opinion sampling purporting to show that 54 per cent of the country favored a two-and-a-half years' delay in Little Rock's integration program. Justice Felix Frankfurter leaned forward from the bench. "I sometimes wonder," he commented acidly, "why we have elections and do not turn it all over to the polls."

IT'S A HABIT of *Nation* writers to utter truths long before they become generally acceptable or are given sanction from some national or international platform. *When* is truth? For *The Nation*, truth is *always*: popular or unpopular, acceptable or unacceptable—whether the pollsters agree or not. The fact that we will conform to nothing but the truth sometimes makes our readers very angry, but it keeps them loyal.

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## CUBA: REVOLUTION WITHOUT GENERALS

*by Carleton Beals*



## THE KISSING CASE

*by George L. Weissman*

## EAST OF MAGNA CHARTA

*by David Thomson*



# LETTERS

## The Letter but Not the Spirit

Dear Sirs: Thank you for printing our letter on the regrettable practice of the three Washington newspapers follow of listing real estate ads by race [see December 27 issue]. I said then that the papers had refused to print any discussion of the problem. I think it is only fair, therefore, to tell you that since you ran the letter, the Washington *Post-Times-Herald* has accepted and printed a letter of protest from our group. I have no way of knowing if publication in *The Nation* prompted publication in the *Post*, but I am very ready to give you all the credit.

MARVIN CAPLAN  
Pres., Neighbors, Inc.

P.S. Unfortunately, the *Post* and the others still segregate the ads.

Washington, D.C.

## Faked Signature

Dear Sirs: It has been brought to my attention that someone with a poor sense of humor has written a letter to your magazine to which the name "Norma H. Hobson" was signed. This is my name except that the final "n" has been dropped from "Norman." The letter published in your issue of December 3, related to the revealing article by Margaret L. Coit, "An Incident in Massachusetts," which appeared in your magazine on November 15. May I take this opportunity to salute Miss Coit for her courageous article and *The Nation* for publishing it.

Upon my oath as Town Clerk of West Newbury, I swear there is no such person in West Newbury as "Norma H. Hobson." I will not waste my time or your space trying to characterize the type of person who would distort a name and attempt to mislead the public. It is unfortunate that such a fraud was perpetrated on this national magazine.

The reason for the fraud? Perhaps Mr. Warburton's backers are still "burned up" over a letter I wrote to the local press during the final days of the campaign of Warburton vs. Elwell. It brought into the open something which Warburton and his cronies wanted forgotten for all time.

The charges contained in the fraudulently signed letter to you are ridiculous. Far from being a "formidable opponent" of school and zoning programs, Mr. Elwell, as the Town Record shows, was a

member of the original Regional School Planning Committee, and advocated zoning as far back as 1937.

Primary day figures showed that 40 per cent of the total West Newbury voting populace turned out for Mr. Elwell, while in Mr. Warburton's home town only 17 per cent came out for "Buzz."

Mr. Elwell's achievements in behalf of the Town of West Newbury are all a matter of record available to any citizen in the Town Clerk's office in Town Hall. As Town Clerk I can attest to the fact that his record is a good one. Mr. Warburton's record at the State House is sad by comparison. In her article, Miss Coit represented these records truthfully and properly. It is unfortunate that every voter in the Second Essex District could not read Miss Coit's story prior to Primary Day. If they had, the race between Warburton and Elwell might have had a different outcome.

NORMAN H. HOBSON, Town Clerk  
West Newbury, Mass.

## Sacco and Vanzetti

Dear Sirs: I couldn't imagine a better way of starting the New Year than by reading Ralph Colp's article on Vanzetti entitled "Bitter Christmas," which appeared in your issue of December 27. The article, combined with the same author's essay on Sacco which appeared in your August 16 issue, would make an admirable pamphlet. I hope that such a pamphlet will one day be published.

LARRY SPERBER  
Beverly Hills, Calif.

## Banner Weeks

Dear Sirs: The last week of November and all of December was a banner period for *The Nation*. I can't remember so many consecutive issues that I found so consistently interesting. At best, they were a good deal better than interesting.

For example, Robert Hatch's review [December 20] of *The Voyages of Joshua Slocum* is one of the few reviews I have ever read that made me want to go out and buy the book. I did, and having bought it, bought copies for some other people. I expect this book will simplify my shopping for some time to come. It is an education to read it.

Kenneth Rexroth's review [December 13] of *The Complete Letters of Vincent Van Gogh* equally aroused my curiosity, though whether enough to overcome the obstacle of a \$50 tab, time will tell.

Carl Dreher ["Missile Madness," De-

cember 13] was good as always. This is an original and stimulating writer, with some of the pungency that, for me, makes Milton Mayer worth reading and saving. Dan Wakefield ["Heading Into Space," December 6] was good. David Cort ["All Alone in the Super-Market," November 22] was at his best. Other articles were excellent.

JOHN HOLT  
Boston, Mass.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1959  
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# THE NATION

## EDITORIALS

### Communications in the Cold War

It is now revealed (by Chalmers M. Roberts in the *Washington Post*) that Anastas I. Mikoyan's visit to the United States was already in Khrushchev's mind during the eight-hour Humphrey-Khrushchev conversation of last December. At one point during the talk, Khrushchev called in Mikoyan and suggested that he might go to the United States. Humphrey was careful at the time to give no sign of approval or disapproval, but undoubtedly he passed this information on to the President.

Khrushchev's choice of Mikoyan as a forerunner was a shrewd one. That Mikoyan has something to say is proved by the length of his interview with Secretary Dulles — ninety minutes, despite the fact that the Secretary was ill. The conversation with Nixon appears to have been as cordial as could be expected under the circumstances. In Cleveland, Mikoyan spoke under the sponsorship of Cyrus S. Eaton and seems to have been extraordinarily effective. *The New York Times* reports that one industrialist said with feeling, "There is a real salesman." Another, describing himself as "just about the most anti-Communist businessman you can find," said, "I have been following his arguments, trying to tear them to pieces. But I have decided he is telling the truth." Indeed the one churlish note came, as might be expected, from George Meany, who can always be relied upon to give a demonstration of bad manners, stupid thinking and rough rhetoric on such occasions.

The specific items Khrushchev is interested in — negotiations on Germany, a summit meeting of some sort, rapprochement through trade — are only beginning to emerge. But the over-all significance of his visit is already clear. It is an attempt to improve communications between Moscow and Washington. And, once again, the initiative had to come from Moscow. It may turn out to be a sensible idea. For scientists, teachers, businessmen, farmers, to visit back and forth is excellent, but one member of the Central Committee or the top bureaucracy has more influence (and often more ingrained dogmatism) than any number of ordinary citizens. Once convinced, a top man can do proportionately more to improve communications, and do it

faster. It might not be a bad plan to invite *all* the members of the top Communist hierarchy to see what the United States is really like — provided, of course, that they come one at a time.

### Testing the Climate

The die-hard, static, conservative view is that relations between the Soviet Union and the West cannot and should not be improved. This attitude is strongly influenced by military considerations; as George Kennan has pointed out, the ideal military posture is one of intransigence. It is also influenced by commercial considerations: in general, armaments take up the slack of the Western economies, while imposing a heavy burden on the less advanced economies of the East. All this adds up to opposing attitudes regarding the potentialities of East-West trade. The would-be peacemakers, such as Cyrus Eaton (now customarily referred to as the "controversial industrialist"), are bullish on trade between the two blocs, while respectable, non-controversial Western businessmen consider it a snare, a delusion and a Red plot.

The present facts support the "respectable" view. In the first nine months of 1958, American imports from the Soviet Union came to less than \$14 million and exports to a little over \$1 million. But it is preposterous that two countries as large and diversified as the United States and the USSR should have nothing to gain, mutually, by commercial intercourse. The existing condition is not natural, but artificial — a by-product of the Cold War. Professor Harold J. Berman, in a letter in *The New York Times* of January 8, criticizes "our inability to think in terms of mutual advantage — our propensity to assume that anything which helps the Russians hurts us." With our usual negativism, we turned down Khrushchev's overtures of last June for an expansion of trade.

Whether the West can afford to keep up these insurmountable barriers is questionable. The fact is that Eastern European output is increasing, while that of the West is lagging. The year-end survey of the United Nations Economic Commission for Europe makes depressing reading on this side of the Iron Curtain. The

case of West Germany is especially illustrative. The "economic miracle" of the Federal Republic produced only a 3 per cent increase in industrial output in 1958, as compared with a 5.7 per cent gain in 1957 and a phenomenal jump of 15 per cent in 1955. In the United States a leading economic prognosticator, the *Wall Street Journal's* George Shea, describes the whole picture as one "of an economic system which for the fourth or fifth year in succession is going to show no growth." It may be that the Russians will prove themselves able to stand economic apartheid better than we can. This surmise may have been in the minds of the Cleveland industrialists who listened to First Deputy Premier Mikoyan so attentively.

## Lunik and Troika

The Russians esteem themselves as great innovators, but in diplomacy they have scarcely emerged from the nineteenth century. In the art of combining threat, propaganda, exploratory maneuver and invitation to negotiate, they show all the subtlety of a halfback plunging through center from the one-yard line. Or, not to vary the metaphor too much, in launching lunik, now sunik, at the precise time when Anastas Mikoyan was exercising his Armenian blandishments, they threw a forward pass into the outstretched arms of Lyndon Johnson, who will surely carry it for a few billions in appropriations for military research in aeronautics.

Lunik-sunik does demonstrate anew that the USSR remains ahead of the United States in missilery, and so it may impress some of the neutrals. It also gives Russian engineers and military men a pleasant feeling of omnipotence. But everyone knows, also, that the use of nuclear-nosed rockets in war will result in general annihilation; Mikoyan himself said as much in one of his speeches. And everyone who knows anything about technology knows that the lead constantly changes. The margin between the two contenders in the technological war is not very wide; the resources of both are so great that neither can be defeated. Thus, whatever the Russians gained by being first in orbit around the sun, they lost in giving new strength to our we-can-afford-whatever-we-have-to military spenders.

In contrast, Khrushchev's presentation of a troika to Cyrus Eaton is good propaganda and good diplomacy. Almost every American newspaper printed a picture of the carriage and the three splendid stallions. To older Americans it recalls the horse-drawn fire engines of the century's teens, while the young who have never seen a horse show on television will be introduced to a quadruped they may have thought to be extinct. The attendant publicity has been enormous and pleasant all around. As between luniks and troikas, we'll take a troika every time, and if Senator Johnson should wish to purchase a few for the Air Force, we shall not object.

## The Shaky Dictatorships

The flight of Batista before Castro's bearded hosts (see page 43) throws a bizarre light on a recent bit of Caribbean diplomacy — the anti-Communist pact signed on the Dominican-Haitian border by the area's two remaining dictators, Trujillo and Duvalier. The meeting of these chieftains, who between them control the island of Hispaniola, is not without musical-comedy aspects, but there are serious overtones. Among the many who flocked to Castro's banner are some Dominican revolutionaries, exiled from their own country, who are reported to have received Castro's promise that, in due time, he would help them against Trujillo. The "soft underbelly" of the Dominican Republic is undoubtedly neighboring Haiti; by signing a pact with Duvalier, Trujillo laid the groundwork for bolstering the enfeebled Haitian Army with his own troops to prevent landings from Cuba.

The next few months may be momentous for the Caribbean, and especially for Hispaniola. Neither Duvalier nor Trujillo will be able to withstand any thrust against their dictatorships that enlists the active backing of the Cuban people.

## A Mischievous Formula

In a brief filed in the case of William L. Greene, now pending before the Supreme Court, the American Civil Liberties Union has taken a position on the vexing problem of anonymous informers that, in our view, ducks the central issue. A former vice president of a Maryland corporation engaged in defense work, Greene lost his job when the government took away his security clearance. The charges largely concerned his former wife, who was accused of having had some left-wing associations.

At the hearing the government produced no witnesses but quoted at some length from reports of informants who were identified only as "friends" and "neighbors." Counsel for Greene argues that the finding against his client should be set aside, since he never had a chance to confront and cross-examine the witnesses against him. The government argues that it should not be forced to make a choice between clearing Greene and disclosing highly secret information. As friend of the court, the ACLU suggests that it is only where the informants are professional government witnesses, and not, as in this case, mere "amateurs," that their identity need be concealed.

But there is no reason why this mischievous exception should be conceded, even by inference. The ACLU argument may help Greene secure a reversal in the particular case, but a vital issue is at stake. The right of cross-examination is based on the theory that even the most truthful person can be mistaken. The proposed rationale suggests that if a witness is engaged in the

business of informing, then the presumption is that he is both truthful and accurate. But the presumption is exactly the opposite; surely the testimony of the paid informer should be accepted with greater caution than that of the amateur, who may be truly disinterested. The records in security and similar proceedings of the last decade are replete with instances in which the unreliability of testimony given by professional informers has been demonstrated.

The ACLU should reconsider its proposed formula before it is accepted; the FBI, however much it might like to protect the identity of all informers, would probably be delighted to settle for a rule that protected the identity of the professional. In addition to being spurious, the distinction for which the ACLU contends sidesteps the main issue. It has yet to be demonstrated that the price of security necessarily includes the calculated risk that innocent citizens may be done a lasting injustice without due process of law. And if that were the price, it would be too high.

## Is Gossip News?

Marie Torre, the New York *Herald Tribune* television columnist, has gone to jail for ten days rather than reveal the source of a statement allegedly made to her by a CBS official, which statement became the basis

for libel action against the broadcasting corporation.

We salute Miss Torre for upholding a basic tenet of journalism — that freedom of the press implies the right of a reporter to protect the source of his information. We wish, however, that she were taking her stand on a more edifying example of her craft.

What happened last October was as follows: CBS was known to be having a dispute with Judy Garland. Miss Torre, on a fishing expedition, phoned someone at Columbia to ask what cooked. And this individual popped off to the effect that Miss Garland was "known for a highly developed inferiority complex" and that she "did not want to work because something is bothering her." When this was published, Miss Garland felt that her professional reputation had been damaged, and she sued.

What Miss Torre printed was not news; it was a bad-tempered personal evaluation of a sort not subject to proof. It offered at least good grounds for a libel action, and yet the plaintiff is frustrated in her suit because she cannot discover who maligned her. Reporters enjoy their "privilege" by analogy with doctors, lawyers and priests; they do not hold it by law. And, although freedom of the press is always a persuasive defense, they will not hold it in fact unless they exercise enough self-restraint to avoid becoming the shields of community gossips and common scolds.

# REVOLUTION WITHOUT GENERALS.. *Carleton Beals*

Carleton Beals, veteran correspondent, lecturer and author of a score of books on South America and the islands of the Caribbean, is now in Havana to cover the Castro revolution and the new era which it presages for Cuba. Old-time readers of *The Nation* will recall Mr. Beals's outstanding articles in this magazine on the invasion of Nicaragua by the U.S. Marines in 1927; thirty years later (June 29, 1957), he reported from Havana on the early stages of the Castro revolt. In the intervening years, Mr. Beals has covered every major event in the continuing struggle of Latin Americans for freedom and independence. — ED.

*Havana, January 9*  
FIDEL CASTRO, completing his triumphant tour of Cuba, entered this capital not on the traditional white horse, but herding a captured fleet of tanks along the edge of the city. The long parade avoided the city's center and the National Palace, where President Urrutia and his Cabinet have been working day and night. The noisy vehicles were herded into Camp Columbia, Castro's new residence; and there his first official act was to receive the mothers of boys who had been killed, under his

command, in the battle for the Moncada Barracks in Santiago more than five years ago.

Neither police nor soldiers were on the line of march — only the July 26 youth who, with their long, black beards made this city look as if it were a Mecca for Biblical prophets. These are the "People's Militia" who have taken over from Batista's army, many of whose officers now languish in jail pending trial. "The military caste has been eliminated," Castro has announced. "This revolution hasn't produced one general, nor will

it. Within days we will use our planes to rain shoes, clothing, food and pledges of land reform upon the peasants of Oriente Province. Our planes will be symbols of love and not of terror."

Of the U.S. Military Mission to Batista, Cuba's new leader said: "Nothing it taught the Cuban Army had any value; it merely assured the triumph of the revolution."

And meanwhile the revolution sweeps on in many directions. Pro-Batista labor leaders have been ousted from the unions and democratic elections have been promised the rank-and-file. The judges of Batista's Emergency Court have been jailed pending trial. These are days of great promises and great hopes.

CASTRO's prolonged Messianic resistance against the military tyrant enjoying military aid (except for the

last few months) from the United States has inflamed the hearts not only of his own people, but of people all around the globe. Not since Sandino resisted the American Marines for six years in the Nicaraguan mountains, has any Latin American figure so caught the imagination of the world as Fidel Castro. Sandino's revolt, marking the beginning of the end of an imperialistic era, gave courage to national independence movements everywhere, revitalized Latin American solidarity, and brought about important changes in our relations with the rest of the hemisphere, eventually putting an end to armed interventions. Castro's success is also likely to alter our relations with the countries to the south and to usher in a new phase of fuller Latin American independence. The pronouncements of the July 26 Movement make little reference to the United States, beyond indicating that treaties harmful to Cuba must be abrogated; but the Castro program stresses at great length future relations with Latin America: elimination of dictatorship, increased economic and cultural interchange, the achievement of true democratic Latin American solidarity, and a more effective role for Latin America in the United Nations and international affairs.

ALREADY the echoes. On January 2, *The New York Times* editorialized: "Americans should not delude themselves. The policy followed by the State Department, the Pentagon, the American Embassy in Havana, and a large part of the American business community has built up an antagonism that will make the situation difficult." Two days after Batista fled, Dr. Milton Eisenhower came out favoring a tougher policy toward dictators to the south: no more medals and warm embraces. He could well have added: Give them less money and fewer arms, for our so-called "defense policy," which has entrenched the military everywhere, has set democratic evolution back many decades in Latin America. Dr. Eisenhower does stress that serious consideration be given to various Latin American demands made repeatedly, and in vain, ever since World War II.

Only a few years ago, this country broke up an effort by Argentina, Brazil and Chile to set up a common market area, in spite of our earlier agreement that trade and travel barriers should be lowered. Dr. Eisenhower now advocates such a plan for Panama and Central America "as a pilot model for other Latin American regions."

All this smacks a bit of locking the stable door too late. The Cuban rebels doubt that our reiterations of neutrality in their civil war were sincere. Our military men were advisers and trainers of the Cuban Army, which was fighting the people with modern methods and with arms supplied by the United States. Our commanders in the area decorated the worst killers of the Cuban Army. Diplomatic and army banquets with the dictator were frequent and lavish. When we did belatedly declare an arms embargo (but did not remove our military men from the scene), England rushed in to fill the gap. Cubans simply do not believe that England would have suddenly meddled in Cuban affairs by sending weapons to the dictator except at the behest of our State Department. They recall similar subterfuges on our part in the shipment of arms to North Africa and the Middle East.

American big business has been exceedingly close to Batista, partly because it had no other choice, but frequently because of the rich concessions—and outright cash—he had been handing out, obtained by skyrocketing the Cuban debt to unprecedented levels. Batista has close business contacts, particularly in Florida, where he owns a great mansion in Daytona Beach and has made heavy investments with money appropriated from the Cuban people. Nor has it been merely Batista and his henchmen who are partners with American underworld gangsters in running the world's greatest gambling enterprises.

Cuban resentment also runs deep because of our harassment of refugees from Batista's tyranny who have sought asylum in the United States—probably some 50,000 in Miami alone. The new Castro consul in Miami, Oscar Ramírez, has publicly

charged that "The [Miami] police and immigration and customs people for the United States did whatever he [the Batista consul] asked." Cubans particularly resent the way in which outstanding leaders of the July 26 Movement, such as heads of the student organizations and exiled labor leaders, and even ex-President Prio, have been badgered by U. S. authorities and thrown into jail. Fidel Castro's own sister was deported to Havana.

FOR SOME months now, the State Department knew that Batista was doomed, but apparently it did not relish Castro and the July 26 Movement as his successor. U. S. Ambassador Smith plugged for free elections—something quite impossible under existing conditions: army and police terror, censorship, press suppression and civil war. All opposition parties by that time had been wiped out, except for small, splinter factions willing to play it Batista's way. Opposition leaders were in jail, in exile or had been killed. Besides, a new law had been rushed through which would make Batista head of the army under any new government. Naturally, Batista's enemies considered Ambassador Smith's efforts as constituting flagrant meddling in behalf of Batista's tyranny.

At the fall of Machado in September, 1933, as a result of Batista's quick shower-bath coup, Ambassador Sumner Welles tried to set up the De Céspedes provisional government. It lasted ten days. The recent attempt to undercut the Castro victory by installing Supreme Court Judge Carlos Piedra as President did not even get off the ground. Cubans now charge that this effort emanated from the American Embassy. "We have been betrayed," Castro has announced. "Now the revolution begins." Apparently the "betrayal" was of a secret arrangement made between Castro himself and the Batista General, Eulogio Castillo, to set up a temporary military junta and prevent the escape of Batista and his top military and cabinet officials. General Castillo is now behind bars.

The fate of Cuba is now in Castro's hands. He enters as the conquering hero at the head of a fanati-

cally loyal following. The new President, Dr. Manuel Urrutia, is Castro's choice, picked and installed by him alone. Urrutia won this high honor because, as a Santiago judge, he refused to convict captured July 26 attackers of the Santiago Moncada barracks on the grounds that the Batista Government had seized power by force in violation of the constitution. Urrutia had to flee the country with his family. He returned in November, joining Castro in Oriente Province. He is a man of great learning and probity. But Castro remains the arbiter of affairs.

The hero comes into power at the head of seasoned young veteran *guerrilleros* whose ranks were augmented only at the last moment by adhesions of rank-and-file soldiers and minor officers. He comes in at the head of a youth movement inspired with the ideal of a new free Cuba—youths recklessly willing to face torture and death, who have fought in the streets of every city and hamlet in Cuba for six long years. He comes in at the head of a student movement which has seen Cuba's schools closed for years, which lost leader after leader to Batista's police. He comes in at a time when every professional and civic group in Cuba—from sports clubs to the Rotary clubs—had broken with Batista. He comes in with the good will of a large sector of the Church hierarchy and certainly with the active backing of the Catholic Youth move-

ment, the two leaders of which were recently taken out of their homes, brutally tortured and killed. He takes over a war-scarred country that yearns for peace, in which tens of thousands of homes have lost loved ones or seen them driven into exile.

All in all, those who might have made serious trouble for Castro in his hour of victory have fled the country in utter panic because of the hatred and bitterness they had created. The head of Batista's murderous strong-arm squads, the top bureaucrats, the heads of his police and the army leaders—all have fled. Probably never in history have so many generals taken such precipitate and ignominious flight from their commands.

Thus, the vaunted Batista army has been drastically purged and will be further purged. Its prestige has been destroyed; it was beaten not by a soldier, but by a civilian making no claims to military ability, a civilian who rallied other civilians. The arm-bands of the July 26 Movement are now the ruling force of the country. Here is the hard core of Castro's strength—ideologically as well as militarily. For this has been a civil war, not a mere military coup such as those of Batista in overthrowing Machado and, later, Prío. It has been a civilian war against a well-trained military force enjoying the latest arms, tanks, machine-guns, some of the fastest war planes available anywhere, and with plenty of money. Yet it went down; it crumbled away before the moral fact of a people willing to die for freedom. We hailed the fighters for freedom in Hungary. Can we do less toward the fighters for freedom in Cuba, a fight more prolonged and quite as savage?

THERE IS one gap in the general picture of support for Castro—and it is a serious gap. Organized labor did not participate in the struggle; it has not debated the issues. Yet Cuba's General Confederation of Labor is two million strong—large for a country of six million.

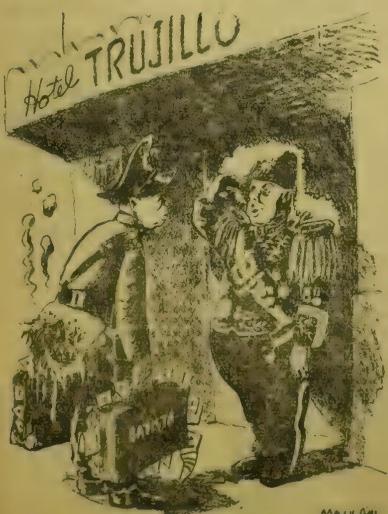
This passivity is a new phenomenon in Cuba; heretofore, labor was active in political events. It played

a heroic part in the overthrow of dictator Gerardo Machado two decades ago. It was then betrayed by Batista—its leaders jailed or killed, its strikes put down by the army. Yet it kept on fighting valiantly during the bloody terror imposed by Carlos Mendieta and Batista.

Subsequently Batista, looking ahead to the day when he might be elected President, began making his peace with labor and even wooed Communist support. During his administration in 1944-48, an uncommonly prosperous period, he made extensive concessions to labor. But in his attempt to return to power in 1952, he received little labor support, and when he realized he wouldn't be elected and staged his coup against Prío, he was opposed and denounced by union leaders. But he managed to patch up a truce with Eusebio Mujol, one of the most treacherous and self-seeking labor chiefs, and from then on he worked to gain full control over the confederation. Its leaders were given lush concessions and became his partners in gambling, hotel and public-works enterprises. The few honest and recalcitrant leaders were killed off or run out of the country and their places taken by men chosen through army-run elections. Except for its corrupt pro-Batista leaders, the voice of labor was thus silenced. By terrorism and pork-barrel corruption, Batista took away labor's independence, its dignity and its moral fiber.

THE failure of Castro's appeal for labor support and, in particular, labor's refusal to go along with his plea, some months ago, for a general strike against Batista, may have been due in part to rank-and-file suspicion of Castro's labor aims, and in part to Batista's threats of the firing squad. A striker is somewhat more vulnerable than a rebel in the hills. The Castro labor program has included the right to strike, social security, democratic unionism, a progressive increase of present wages, a 30 per cent profit-sharing package, and new industry to provide more jobs and better living standards. It calls for labor-capital cooperation to achieve these ends.

Once Castro was victorious, he



was able to secure an effective general strike "to clean up the anarchy left by Batista." But labor's initiative in this display is somewhat doubtful. Obedience was imposed by the roving armed July 26 brigades and by employers. It merely proved that Castro is the new master of labor, not that labor has retaken its place as a moral factor in political and economic life.

IN matters of land reform, Castro at one time advocated the expropriation of foreign-owned holdings — a position from which he has receded. But as late as 1957 he stated, as reported in a bulletin published by his July 26 Movement in Costa Rica: "More than half of our best arable land is in foreign hands; in Oriente, the most extensive province of Cuba, the lands of the United Fruit Company and the West Indies Fruit Company stretch unbroken from the north to the south shores." [A full translation of Castro's statement was carried in *The Nation* of November 30, 1957.] He has called for re-examination of all land titles, a guaranteed minimum acreage to all farmers, restriction of the size of individual holdings. In some areas

his forces took over during the civil war, land was distributed to the peasants.

But beyond all other Cuban problems is the plight of the agricultural worker, especially in the sweat-shop sugar industry, the main source of Cuban wealth. Here low wages, poor housing and short-term employment create a restless, semi-starved *Lumpenproletariat* living at close to coolie standards. Cuba has become greatly diversified compared to a few decades ago, but it is still a one-crop land, hence exposed to a one-crop type of government-dictatorship.

Hence the formality of free elections, as promised by Castro, will not in itself remove the basic evils and corruption so long entrenched under the dictatorship. The basis for Cuban democracy scarcely exists. Education, health, improved earning power, sufficient industry to take up the off-season slack in the sugar industry, a degree of economic security for the people — in short, far-reaching social and economic reforms are urgently needed if the freedom won on New Year's Day is to have any meaning. Some of these basic reforms are going to seem unpleasant to absentee capital, and it

may be necessary to revise the whole status of foreign capital in the country so that proper living conditions can be guaranteed.

Much of the course of events in the near future will depend upon the official American attitude toward Castro. Will our government be as lavishly helpful with him as it was with Batista? That has never happened before in similar circumstances. Maybe this time it will be different. And will Castro himself measure up to the great tasks that await him?

Unlike previous upheavals in Cuba, largely determined by military elements, the prolonged struggle to get rid of Batista has awakened the people and released deep and violent social forces. A revolution has been set in motion and there is little likelihood that it can be stopped short of its objectives either by outside interference or by incompetent or recalcitrant leadership. Thus far Castro has shown the finest qualities of true leadership: self-sacrifice, dedication, patience, confidence and ready pliability in meeting the most difficult situations. He may indeed come to rank with that other great Cuban, José Martí, who carved out the shape of Cuban independence.

## THE KISSING CASE . . . by George L. Weissman

*Monroe, North Carolina*

IN THIS seat of Union County, during the late afternoon of October 28, last year, a searching police car finally spotted its quarry—two Negro boys on a bicycle: James Hanover Thompson, nine, and David "Fuzzy" Simpson, eight. The boys were put in the county jail and held incomunicado for six days. Then on November 4, the boys' mothers—\$15-a-week domestic workers and the sole supports of large families—were told by the police to get down to the courthouse where their sons were to go on trial in a half-hour.

The women sent word to Robert

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F. Williams, president of the Union County branch of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, to join them in court, as they needed his help. But when he arrived at the courthouse, a few minutes after proceedings had begun, he was not admitted to the courtroom.

The two boys were charged with assault upon three white females, ages six and seven. Juvenile Court Judge J. Hampton Price outlined the facts of the case as he had obtained them, earlier in the day, from the white girls and their parents, none of whom was in the courtroom during any part of the trial. The judge said that the two young defendants had gone into a white

neighborhood, climbed down uninvited into a culvert ditch where three little white girls were playing, and set a kiss from each of the girls as the price of getting out. Two of the girls got out without paying the price, but the third, a seven-year-old, had kissed Hanover Thompson. There being no defense counsel, and the defendants proving too frightened to talk much, the proceedings were brief. Judge Price found the boys guilty and committed them to indeterminate terms in reform school with the admonition that if they behaved well they might be released before they reached twenty-one.

The boys' version of what had happened was not learned till more than a month later, when the writer

of this article accompanied Williams and Conrad Lynn, a civil-rights attorney from New York who had just entered the case, to the reform school for Negro boys at Hoffman, North Carolina. Since the arrest, the mothers had seen the boys only briefly during the trial, and then under circumstances which did not allow any private conversation. No visiting had been permitted at the county jail or, for the first month, at the reform school. Our visit, then, gave the boys their first opportunity to tell their version of the story to friendly ears, and in privacy.

Hanover and Fuzzy admitted to us that they had been walking down the street in a white neighborhood (Monroe is a crazy-quilt of colored and white districts; the boys live in an area completely surrounded by white neighborhoods which they must traverse going to and from the Negro school). They told us that they saw a group of white boys playing cowboys, and joined in. Watching from the sidelines were the three little girls. When the game broke up, the little girls were playing in the culvert ditch. With one or more white boys, the Negro youngsters went into the ditch and played. Finally only one white boy remained. He suggested a kissing game—that each girl sit on a boy's lap and give him a kiss "like in the movies or TV." Hanover claimed that both he and the white boy were kissed, but that Fuzzy wouldn't play because he was too busy inside the culvert "killing grand-daddy spiders." Shortly after, the Negro boys left.

THE PARENTS of the white girl who was kissed understandably don't want their child pestered by reporters, but will themselves discuss the case quite freely. The husband, a solemn man, is a skilled worker. The mother, attractive and intelligent, is a housewife. They hold very strong views on race issues, more extreme than the average Southerner. For example, the mother declares categorically that even prior to the "horrible experience" in the ditch, the daughter had been under rigid orders never to play with Negro children. Yet it is common in the South for Negro and white children to play

together, particularly when they are of pre-school age.

The mother learned about the kissing by chance. She was busy and only half-listening to her daughter's rambling talk when, with a shock, she realized that the story she was hearing was not imaginary, or about other children, but a personal experience of her own child. She immediately sat down with the girl and elicited the "whole" story. Lest she do the child any psychological damage, she relates, she controlled her voice and uttered no reproaches. On the contrary, she praised the girl "for having used her head to escape from such a dangerous situation." Then she took the little girl, she says, and thoroughly washed "her sweet little face."

The mother denies that her husband, after learning of the incident, armed himself with a shotgun and went looking for the boys and their mothers. She admits that she herself went to Mrs. Thompson's home, but only to order her to "get out." A week after my own talk with the white mother, a British newspaper-woman interviewed her and quoted her as saying: "I was furious. I would have killed Hanover myself if I had the chance."

Negro residents of the street on which the Thompsons and Simpsons live state that white people—at least one of whom carried a gun—came looking for the boys' mothers. The mothers were so terrified that they hid with neighbors and for a week

dared not sleep in their own homes.

A week after the boys had been sent to reform school, Mayor Fred Wilson told a Charlotte, N. C., newspaperman that racial tension "seems cooled off now." While denying that he had heard talk of a lynching, he insisted that the boys should not be permitted to stay within reach of the girl's parents. Indeed, from the time of the arrest until just before the trial, the police were telling Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Simpson and the NAACP leaders that the boys were being held in jail only for their own protection and that there were no charges against them. That is why no lawyer had been retained for the trial, which came as a surprise to the Negro community.

EXACTLY what happened in that ditch is now beyond determination. To what extent did the white-supremacist feelings of the parents affect the story drawn out of the little girl? How leading were their questions? Did the mother's applied psychology reassure, or alarm, the child? And as for the boys, it was clear to us, when we saw them, that they felt from what had happened to them that they were caught up in some monstrous crime. Would not their six days in jail, plus the month in reform school, have given them time and reason to fix responsibility on the white boy for suggesting the kissing game—or even to invent the white boy altogether? Adults who have tried to unravel the truth about an incident from stories told by children hours after the event will appreciate how, in this case, the stories told by both the white girl and the Negro boys must have been influenced by the strong and varied emotions of the adults around them.

But the basic fact is clear—a seven-year-old white girl kissed a nine-year-old Negro boy, voluntarily or involuntarily. The violent reaction of the white parents can be explained in terms of their individual psychological make-up. What is perhaps not so easily explained is that white opinion throughout Union County unanimously endorses the parents' attitude and the judge's ruling. Ask a white resident of Monroe what he



thinks about the case, and he will likely answer with a question of his own: "How would you feel if your daughter was trapped in a ditch?" Negro citizens report that some white officials are implying that what was really involved was an attempt at rape.

The local press at first suppressed the story, but Ted Poston broke it in the *New York Post*. Now it is generally known throughout the state. But to my knowledge only one white person in North Carolina has publicly criticized Union County. The editor of the *Cheraw Chronicle* wrote, in mild terms, of the "mis-handling" of a "racial incident," and reminded his readers that it is against North Carolina practice to put children under twelve in reform school. But even this editor recanted a few weeks later, when Governor Hodges issued a statement justifying the boys' commitment and endorsing a fantastic report from the Juvenile Court judge picturing the boys as delinquents with long records of theft (the incidents cited involve a ham, a bicycle and a lawn mower; the boys insist that two of the incidents did not involve thievery).

THE CASE CAN be understood only against the background of events in the county during the past couple of years. A branch of the NAACP on the verge of dissolution—it had six members, only one in good standing—was taken in hand in 1956 by Williams, a young Negro war veteran. Unable to enlist the cadre traditional to any effective NAACP branch—the thin layer of local Negro professionals and white-collar workers—he recruited laborers, domestics and young war veterans like himself (some of whom he signed up in pool halls). The branch's first success came when it achieved the desegregation of the "white" town library after the Monroe officials had refused to rebuild the colored library, which had been destroyed by fire.

In the summer of 1957, the Negro community was aroused over the drowning of several children in unsafe swimming holes. Monroe has a municipal swimming pool (located

on the grounds of a tax-supported country club), but for the use of whites only. Negroes asked for a pool for their own children. It was refused on grounds of economy even when a Negro citizen offered to donate a site. A request that Negroes be given use of the municipal pool one day a week also was rejected for economic reasons by the city fathers—they said the pool would have to be drained and refilled with fresh water after each time the Negroes used it.

At this point the NAACP branch intervened. Williams and Dr. A. E. Perry, the NAACP vice president, led eight Negro youngsters with bathing suits and towels to the white pool. They were refused admission on the racial grounds that the NAACP needed for a test case in the courts.

UNION COUNTY has a Ku Klux Klan tradition and active Klan units. The swimming-pool incident galvanized the Klansmen into a campaign of night-riding, cross-burning and "evangelical rallies." Local papers report that one KKK rally was attended by 7,500 people. Motorcades of hooded riders drove through Monroe's Negro districts, blowing horns, shouting and sometimes firing pistols. Dr. Perry, a successful young physician who had built himself a large, ranch-type home (in itself considered an affront by racists), seemed to be a special target. When the Klansmen got to his house on one occasion, they found that groups of Negro volunteers with rifles had rushed there ahead of them. The KKK motorcade, horns blowing, curses echoing, drove away.

Anti-Negro incidents multiplied. Bottles were thrown from cars speeding through the Negro neighborhoods. Negroes complained of white automobilists trying to run them down in the streets. The NAACP asked the city authorities to ban Klan activities; the authorities insisted that they were powerless to act. The Negroes began to arm themselves. A regular night guard was established around Perry's home. An alert system was established which brought armed Negro men to the scene of reported incidents even be-

fore the police. When the police tried to seize the rifles and shotguns at Perry's home, the NAACP leaders, threatening law suits, forced their return.

In the fall of 1957, the KKK staged another raid against Dr. Perry's home, this time with a sixty-car motorcade. The Klansmen found a veritable fortress. A sand-bagged line of defense protected the front and flanks; a heavy chain across a side road prevented envelopment. Steel-helmeted men with rifles and shotguns manned the defenses and when the Klansmen fired from the cars, the fire was returned. Not conditioned for this kind of reception, the motorcade ignominiously took off. This example of standing up to the Klan appears in large measure to have encouraged the Indians in nearby Robeson County, weeks later, to meet the same KKK units with their celebrated counterattack.

Immediately after the fight in front of Dr. Perry's home, Williams sent a telegram to President Eisenhower demanding an investigation of the Klan and of the city administration, three of whose police cars had escorted the motorcade. No action from the White House resulted, but the city officials, after verbal blasts against Williams and Perry, did pass an ordinance against unlicensed motorcades.

Racists lost interest in the Klan—at least in those of its activities which included dodging bullets—and the hooded order began to dwindle in Union County. But the attack on the NAACP took new forms.

Dr. Perry was harassed in petty ways. His house was searched. Suddenly he was arrested and indicted on charges of performing an abortion on a white woman. Sole evidence against him was the uncorroborated statement of the woman, who testified that she had visited him three times requesting the abortion, had twice been turned down, but that on the third occasion he had acquiesced. Dr. Perry (who happens to be the county's leading Catholic layman—another source of his unpopularity with white Protestants) denied the charge. Convicted at his first trial, he won a reversal in the North Caro-

lina Supreme Court on the refusal of the trial judge to admit evidence on the barring of Negroes from the grand jury. A second trial in an adjacent county, on a change of venue, again brought in a verdict of guilty. Negroes in Union County consider the case a frame-up designed to inflame public opinion. It seems to have worked. Thousands of whites signed a petition demanding that "with all deliberate speed and due process of law," Williams and Dr. Perry, "both office holders in the Communist-inspired NAACP," be run out of the county for good.

UNDER THESE circumstances, one can imagine the reaction last October when Williams applied for the transfer of his two sons to Monroe's white public school. In several of North Carolina's big cities, a token integration—involving in all a dozen Negro children—has taken place.

But the rulers of Monroe (12,000 population) will have none of it.

The "kissing case" broke only a short time after Williams' attempt to get his children into the white school. Clearly, the "kissing case" falls into the general pattern of vindictive pressure which Union County has been applying to its increasingly militant Negroes.

Will Williams and Dr. Perry, together with their young followers who form the core of the local branch, be able to hold on? Economic pressure against them is strong. Williams cannot get a job, was even fired from a job in another county when a deputation went to visit his boss. Dr. Perry's resources are being drained by the interminable appeals which alone keep him from three years on the road gang. Mrs. Simpson has lost part of her work, Mrs. Thompson all, since the kissing incident. Mrs. Thompson, saved last

month from eviction by the attorney for the Committee to Combat Racial Injustice, has been served with another eviction notice.

The Committee to Combat Racial Injustice represents Williams' and Perry's attempt to solve their problem and that of other Negroes similarly persecuted. The two men recently joined with L. E. Austin, editor of the *Carolina Times*, one of the South's most militant Negro newspapers, the Rev. C. K. Steele, leader of the Tallahassee bus boycott, and others—white and Negro, both in the North and the South—to build an organization for emergency aid to civil-rights fighters in situations where established institutions are unable to function.

Agreement has now been reached between the committee and the NAACP to collaborate in seeking release of the Thompson and Simpson boys.

## EAST of MAGNA CHARTA . . . by David Thomson

In an article entitled "The Zone of Hunger," which appeared in The Nation of January 10, David Thomson dealt with the military take-over which has occurred in many of the world's newly independent countries. In the following article, he discusses the broader implications of this phenomenon in terms of contrasting basic attitudes of East and West toward government.

Mr. Thomson is a lecturer in history at Cambridge University and the author, among other books, of Europe Since Napoleon. — Ed.

THE THICKEST barrier between East and West is no longer—if it ever was—the Iron Curtain. It is the inability of Western man to break through the conceptual framework of his own thinking. We contemplate the events and problems of Asia today with minds hedged in by generalizations and assumptions about society and government that have long been truisms of our own experience in Western civilization. They seem applicable because Asiatic peoples are being in so many ways

"Westernized." But it is a blinding and dangerous fallacy to hold these truths as being self-evident for other civilizations.

Take the hoariest of these generalizations, repeated scores of times by Western political thinkers: that a central aim of political activity is to reconcile freedom with organization, progress with order. Often enough, in the history of Western civilization, this issue has appeared central. It has been reasonable to equate progress with freedom, to bracket order with organization, and to define the task of good government as discovery of a workable balance between liberty and law as the path to "ordered progress." To question the universality of this idea seems, to liberal-minded men of the West, almost a political heresy.

Yet this whole mode of thought rests on a series of concepts and assumptions, broadly true for the growth of Western civilization, which are by no means equally true for the history of Asia, or indeed for

any other part of the world outside the "European" world of the European continent, the Americas and the white-settled lands of the Commonwealth.

The concept presupposes that individual freedom and established law are roughly equal human values, and that both involve activities and arrangements which must ultimately be compatible one with the other. It assumes that progress springs mainly from individual exertion and free enterprise, and not mainly from individual discipline, obedience and mass organization. It takes for granted, therefore, that although progress is itself highly desirable and attainable, it is a purpose to be pursued only with due regard to the dictates of justice as embodied in the rule of law, and subject only to the regulations of a state whose *raison d'être* is to safeguard existing rights and public order much more than it is to promote progress.

This conceptual framework of our whole Western approach to political

and economic development has been built up by generations of historians who have taught that social and cultural benefits flow from the free initiative of pioneers, that an establishment best survives by timely yielding to the pressures of new social classes, that material progress is a boon to be won by hard work and advanced skills. It is alien to our ways of thought that material progress should demand a shrinkage of individual freedom, that established authority should itself be the pioneer of progress, or that efficiency and democratic rights should openly conflict. But these ideas are almost commonplaces in the experience of Eastern peoples. In tackling these crucial issues of our time the Chinese, Japanese, Indians, Indonesians and most peoples of the Near East, start from preconceptions totally different from ours. Just as national emancipation stands higher in priority of purpose than delicate regard for individual rights, so economic progress takes precedence over social justice. One major reason why the Soviet Union can exert a strong appeal in Asia is that Russians share such assumptions with most Asiatic peoples, but none share them with the West.

WHENEVER the new-forged machinery of democratic government jams somewhere in Asia or the Near East, and makes way for a more authoritarian or militaristic regime, the cry goes up that democracy is in retreat. The moral is again drawn that it is useless to transplant Western parliamentary methods or democratic ideals without the appropriate Western substructure of mass literacy, habits of compromise and attitudes of tolerance. All of which, though doubtless true, is discouraging and fruitless. Eastern peoples have usually adopted a democratic apparatus of government less because they are inspired by democratic ideals or have faith in its procedures (though many individuals have), than because they are deeply impressed by its economic and military triumphs in the West, and because they associate with it the great material advantages and economic prosperity which they de-



sire. Let democratic regimes or parliamentary systems once appear as impediments, not aids, to the achievement of material strength and economic prosperity, and they will be abandoned without great regrets. Replacing them will be the more natural and indigenous presuppositions that the communal good is achieved most quickly by reorganization imposed from above through mass discipline and obedience, with whatever sacrifice of individual freedom may be necessary. Even powerful contrary influences, like that of Gandhi in India, have hardly held their own against this trend. Vinoba Bhave's voluntarist land-reform movements (Bhoodan and Gramdan) tackle the root problems of India's landless masses, but on a relatively small scale and in uneasy harmony with Nehru's ambitious projects for industrialization.

Behind the fluctuations of political fashion, so perturbing to the West, lie profounder issues of economic adjustment, more perturbing to the East. Western economic methods are even more difficult to transplant than are Western political systems. The real Asiatic revolution of our time springs not from communism, but from industrialism. Even in Russia itself, the consequences of the Five-Year Plans, so revolutionary for the lives of the masses, will surely rank in history as more momentous than Marxism. Economic planning was in origin an idea alien and repulsive to Marxist ideology — for how, on strict theories of dialectical materialism, can the mere "political superstructure" of even proletarian dictatorship have the power to

change so fundamentally its "economic substructure"? In the same way, the introduction of Western industrial technology and Western science into Asia will have much more permanent and revolutionary consequences than the importation of Western political forms, procedures or ideals.

As in most great historic cultural borrowings between peoples, the East is adopting the fruits without the roots. Politically, it has adopted the ideals of national liberation and sovereign independence without first insuring that social cohesion and homogeneity which made sense of national independence in Europe. Economically, it has adopted the advanced techniques of production without the basis of widespread technical skill and education which made possible the success of such techniques in the West. Most serious of all, it is erecting a new social order upon modern science, born of the rationalistic, empirical, secular culture of Western Europe, and such an order conflicts over a very large surface with the most deep-rooted and instinctive elements in oriental culture. From the whole complex of frictions and tensions that arise, for individual and community alike, from this vast change, we must expect upheavals of great variety. Among such upheavals, the rise and fall of political regimes may be among the first, but are unlikely to be among the most profound, manifestations of ferment.

WHAT follows, if the above analysis be true, or even mainly true? It does not follow, as is assumed more readily in the United States than it is in Britain or France, that the outcome in China or India or Indonesia will be what it was in Russia — though the existence of the Communist regime in Russia is, of course, an important factor in the whole situation, and one of immediate military and economic significance. Observation and experience of Russian Bolshevism are as likely to be a warning as an example, and the character of Bolshevism has been shaped by circumstances peculiar to Russia and to the timing of the Bolshevik Revolution. Given the strength of feeling

in Asia in favor of national autonomy and self-determination, there is little reason to expect slavish imitation or spontaneous conformity to patterns set by others.

Given also, however, the propensity for the West and the Communist world to bid against one another in offering financial and technical assistance to the less developed countries, it is to be expected that their material advance will not lack whatever means can be got from outside. Technological "Westernization" will continue rapidly, even while political "Westernization" recedes. But, since most of the peoples concerned are increasing faster than their food-supplies, such technological advance will be slow to yield positive gains in the form of a rising standard of living. So high are the nationalistic expectations of material gains that considerable disillusionment and unrest are likely to ensue; already, indeed, there are signs of this reaction in China and India. It may mean no eventual loss to democratic ideas that they are out of vogue during this phase of excessive expectations and disillusionment. Amid the steadily increasing pressure of population on food supplies, nationalistic and

militarist movements — with their familiar dilemma of "guns or butter" — may come to suffer discredit. Industrial developments that are not geared closely to producing more food are unlikely to attract indefinitely the loyalty of Asians.

For all these reasons, the West is not justified in expecting technology, science, nationalism or even democracy to produce effects in Asia at all similar to their familiar effects in Europe or America. The whole context of tradition, popular mentality, spiritual values and material circumstances is too dissimilar for that. The East is more likely to be influenced by contemporary trends in the West: by its capacity to prevent a world economic recession which would have incalculable but profound repercussions on the economies of Asia; by the success or failure of its own experiments in the development of backward areas still under its control, especially in Africa; by its ability to build a social order less marked by frustration, crime and vice than it has hitherto succeeded in building; and by its ingenuity in making democracy effective as a form of government suited to modern needs. If, for ex-

ample, the Fifth Republic of France proves able to end the disheartening combination of instability with *immobilisme* that haunted the Fourth, and at the same time to reach a settlement in Algeria by means of the far-reaching Saharan economic development visualized by General de Gaulle, then the moral and psychological effects throughout both Africa and Asia would be immense.

The only force stronger than that of European example remains that of Asiatic example. If India, with its strong infusion of Western influences, succeeds more spectacularly than China in her plans of economic advance, then Asiatic attitudes would probably veer sharply against communism. Perhaps the main requisite for insuring better Western approaches—and more favorable Eastern reactions to them—is a mood of greater humility in the West. The destiny of the East will be shaped, in the end, more decisively by what happens at the pivotal points of China, India and Russia—probably in that order—than by anything planned in Washington, London or Paris. Maybe it should be a New Year resolution to start reshaping our policy from this starting point.

## A ROMP WITH POP... *by Edward P. J. Corbett*

ALL OF US are familiar with those magazine ads which picture a father and his son engaged in some joint activity: father and son are fishing together in a rural creek, or cutting the front lawn, or washing the family car, or building a tree-house. One variation on this theme that I remember seeing is the picture of a father and son, both clad in their bathrobes, making a midnight raid on the refrigerator. Father has thrown a brotherly arm over his son's

shoulder, and the boy is returning his father's conspiratorial wink as he reaches for the refrigerator handle. Mother is not to know of this; the foray on the larder is for "us men-folk." But the adman has supplied the final bit of folksy irony: mother is pictured standing at the top of the stairs in her pin-curls and quilted robe—with a knowing smile on her face. Won't the "boys" be surprised when she tiptoes in and catches them red-handed?

Would that this picture were only a Madison Avenue dream! But I am afraid that it is a prevalent, maybe even permanent, bit of modern Americana. It is one facet of this great Age of the Palsy-Walsy. *Filial piety* has given place to *camaraderie*.

The boy has become father of the man.

I realize that it requires some temerity to challenge the status quo, especially when it involves the Great American Dream. To call into question the Good Life as it is envisioned by the majority of the people is to risk being branded with epithets that run the range from "outré" to "square." As a friend of mine is fond of saying, in a bit of forced alliteration, "The sneering snob will be snared by his own snarl." But I see something essentially unnatural, and therefore unhealthy, in our passion for the palsy-walsy. In any case, it will do no harm to assay the gold in them thar dreams.

Sociologists of the twenty-first

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century will look back on family life in America and see that it passed through three cycles: the patriarchal, the matriarchal and the child-centered. The child was no less loved and cherished in the first cycle than he was in the other two; it was just that, gradually, the child moved into a position of greater dominance in the family. A European visitor once remarked about family life in America, "How well the parents obey their children here!" In truth, the stern Victorian *pater* has been replaced in the home by the affable adult pal, who likely as not can be found on Saturday afternoons skipping down the garden path with his son. One of the funniest charades imaginable would be an impersonation of Clarence Day's father in the role of a modern father.

ALL OF US are grateful, of course, that some of the starch has been taken out of Father. The extravagant salaaming that used to go on in the presence of Himself sometimes produced a pompous, arrogant bully. Charles Dickens has given us some memorable portraits of the Lord and Master who ruled over the Victorian ménage. Father normally holed up in the library, which was redolent of cigar smoke, port wine and leather bindings, and the child approached this sanctum sanctorum with fear and trembling. A timid knock at the thick oaken door elicited a thunderous bellow from the den. The child tiptoed across the long room to the throne of Father Zeus; Father Zeus looked up from his copy of the *Times* and glared for long minutes at the quivering lad before him as though he were struggling to recall which one of his twelve olive plants this was. The fulminations from the throne were punctuated by occasional bleats of "Yes, sir" and "No, sir."

The daguerreotype just projected for review is likely to send a shiver down the spine of the modern parent. And indeed there is something forbidding about the scene. But forbidding as it may be, it does not have about it the air of the ridiculous that the Romp-with-Father scene has. If we retain anything of the notion of the Great Chain of Being, of the familial hierarchy, we

realize that any *rapprochement* which threatens to upset the delicate balance that God intended to exist between the authority of the father and the subjection of the child ultimately diminishes the mutual respect that both parties should entertain.

Father must never condescend to being a friend to his child, much less a pal. Friendship implies a relationship between equals, and there can be no equality between father and son. Father must forever remain on some kind of eminence—an eminence that the child must approach with eyes upraised. The first-name rapport that exists between some parents and their children is nothing short of blasphemy. Whenever I hear a child address his parent by the first name, I shudder in the same way that I do when I hear a clergyman urge his congregation to make "friends of the Man Upstairs." The depths of this kind of irreverence were reached a few years ago when a prominent movie actress referred to Our Lord as "a living doll."

THE irony of this experiment in the palsy-walsy is that fathers have never been held in such low esteem as they are now. To be convinced of this, one has only to view any one of the situation comedies now appearing on television. Father is invariably portrayed as the good-natured oaf who can't even change a fuse without absorbing ten thousand volts. Father, of course, pays for the ten thousand volts that run all the household appliances; and for the faithful performance of that function, he is regarded by his family with a benign tolerance. Mother knows best, and Father knows nothing at all. It is not that father has ceased to be loved (I think that he is still loved by his family); it is rather that he has lost something of his prestige, something of his authority. Where he was once the chairman of the steering committee, he is now just a voting member. Life with Father, as it is pictured on TV, has become, despite all the factitious fuss and fret, a serene affair wreathed in smiles. Just once I'd like to see all hell break loose, with father throwing his weight around like a bull in a china shop. "Dad"

would become Father once again, and those obnoxious TV children would be seen and not heard.

Nor is the palsy-walsy mood confined to the home. "Buddy-buddies" are extending the glad-hand in several areas of our social life, and extending it with a liberality that would make Babbitt look like a curmudgeon. One instance where the palsy-walsy mood is dominant is the playtime of our children. It used to be that children were expected to make their own fun. As Robert Paul Smith has reminded us, the child simply went "out" and did "nothing." Mr. Smith's nostalgia may have pictured that era as more halcyon than it really was, but he was certainly right about one thing: children really don't appreciate having adults around during playtime. For all their good intentions, adults serve only to put a damper on juvenile fun.

But today the adult, not content with being a friend to man, feels that he must be a confrere of the stripling. The mark of the adult is all over the playground. In addition to the signs that read "Don't Run," "Don't Climb," "No Bikes," "No Ball Playing in This Area," we have the ubiquitous Adult with a Whistle. Poor Junior has been regimented. He lines up to play baseball, to visit the drinking fountain, to climb the jungle gym. And worst of all, he does all these things according to a rigid time-schedule that is plotted out on the playground director's clipboard.

IT IS no wonder that our municipal playgrounds have been deserted—kids just don't take to all this Planned Childhood. This summer I had an assignment from a local radio station to go about the city interviewing the youngsters. The crew of our mobile unit naturally expected that the place to find huge congregations of boys and girls would be the parks and playgrounds. But as we cruised about, we found public playground after public playground completely deserted. We eventually found the youngsters—in housing projects, in vacant lots, in the streets in front of their homes. I heartily applaud the youngsters' rebellion

against this regimented fun. The next time you witness one of those scenes of mass recalcitrance that take place every year in railroad stations across the country as children assemble for shipment to summer camp, you might reflect that the only ones who are happy about the prospect of summer camp are the parents—and the camp owners.

ADULTS are well-meaning, of course, in their concern for the child. They feel that a planned program of recreation will keep the child occupied and out of mischief. So we have had a great proliferation of Little Leagues, Day Camps and Cub Scout Dens. Supervised Group Activity is the awesome watchword. The outgrowth of all this directed recreation is that our children are losing their initiative, that they are expecting everything to be provided for them. Young boys are no longer drifting off to a rock-strewn corner lot with a cracked bat and a broken-at-the-seams ball to play a bickering game of "scrubs." No, today the boys must have miniature replicas of big-league parks, pint-sized editions of Ted Williams' bat, and official umpires complete with dark-blue suits and pneumatic chest-protectors. I dare say that when we finally tot up the fruits of all this adult-inspired activity, we'll find that the old choose-up-sides brand of baseball produced six times as many real ballplayers as all the highly-organized, richly-endowed Little Leagues.

The palsy-walsy has also crept into our treatment of the juvenile delinquent. Social workers operate on the theory that delinquency can be cured, not by stern punitive measures but by benevolence. Much can be said in favor of the modern approach to delinquency. The careful studies that sociologists have made of the environmental conditions which breed delinquency have given us a clearer understanding of why young people act the way they do than we had twenty-five years ago. This gain is all to the good. Improved methods and enlightened attitudes, however, when applied by overzealous, injudicious people, often work more harm than good, and I'm

afraid that too many people imbued with a disposition to the palsy-walsy have gravitated to social work. The result has been a rather widespread tendency to sentimentalize about the criminal. The glint-eyed wielder of the switch-blade is not really a bad boy; he's just a victim of society. He must not be rapped over the knuckles; that kind of treatment would only agitate his simmering resentment. Rather, he must be invited to sit down with the soft-spoken, cordial social worker and talk out his problem. In a word, he



must be rehabilitated, not punished. The unfortunate consequence of this approach to the problem is, I'm afraid, that we are shifting more and more of the blame for delinquency from the individual to society. In our laudable attempt to understand and to rehabilitate the criminal, we have well-nigh lost sight of the notion that a man is morally and legally responsible for his actions. The criminal has been rendered incapable or unwilling to whisper the phrase, *mea culpa*. Let the sociologist's dossier serve to explain the delinquent's actions; but let it not be used to excuse his actions—nor to mitigate the punishment that justice as well as prudence demands.

The explanation for the modern disposition to the palsy-walsy is not far to seek. The palsy-walsy has been a concomitant, if not a by-product, of the process of democratization, with a powerful assist from the

Shaftesburian doctrine of benevolence. Alexis de Tocqueville foresaw the tendency in his classic study of American Democracy, and Walt Whitman became the eloquent spokesman of the mood as he swung down the open road, chanting his song of the O, Camerado. The gradual improvement in the economic status of the lower classes and the continuing equalization of political and social opportunities eventually blurred class lines. This movement toward equivalence might have been all gain if we had not lost, somewhere along the line, the passion for individuality and personality that characterized our pioneer days. The demands for conformity, however, increased the pressures on the individual to integrate with the group; and in order to integrate, the individual had, willy-nilly, to become friendly. The spirit of bonhomie enveloped us all. The educational philosophy which took the sting out of the schoolmaster's ferule, watered down the curriculum, and beat the tub for Life Adjustment, further enhanced the general climate of *Gemütlichkeit*, and a period of unparalleled prosperity has insured its continuance. Strangely enough, while this passion for comradeship has grown within the immediate community, on the international scale we have been losing friends at a frightening rate.

What is pernicious about this trend toward the palsy-walsy is that it threatens the loss of some basic values in our society: respect for authority, toleration of differences, admiration for superiority and acceptance of responsibility. The trend would not be so ominous if this disposition to palsy-walsy were motivated by real love—by *caritas*. But it can never be said of the palsy-walsy groups what was said of the early Christians: "See how they love one another." The situation has come to such a pass that one begins to suspect even the use of that beautiful word and the profession of that noble concept—brotherhood. And what I fear most about the Age of the Palsy-Walsy is that it can so easily lead to the Era of the Big Brother.

# BOOKS and the ARTS

## Color, Class and Letters

**Edgar Mittelholzer**

IF I WERE asked to write about British Caribbean literature for a public in, say, Trinidad, all I should need to do would be to plunge straight into my subject—name and discuss the few poets who have come into being within the past three decades or so and comment on the works of the novelists who, all in a rush, tumbled into the literary world of Britain during the past eight years. If I said that John Hearne's purpose seems to be to concentrate solely on portraying colored middle-class life in Jamaica and that Samuel Selvon has a special flair for depicting East Indian peasant life in Trinidad, it would be necessary for me to elaborate on these statements purely on a literary basis. For an English or American audience, however, I should first of all have to make it clear what I meant by "colored middle-class," and I can well imagine somebody asking: "Why do you say *East Indian* peasant life? Aren't you talking about West Indians?"

I am always stressing this: before anyone in Britain or North America can understand the literature being produced in the British Caribbean, the social and ethnological history of the region must first be examined and grasped. And I say "examined" with deliberation, for I don't think it essential that a deep study

of the subject should be made. A mere outline picture ought to be quite sufficient, and this is what I should like to give before turning to the literary side of things.

The original inhabitants of the Caribbean islands and mainland territories were Indians—Caribs, Arawaks, Macusi, Warraus, Wipsiani, to name the chief tribes. The Spaniards who first established themselves in the region slaughtered the Indians wholesale. Some records say that they treated the Indians as big game hunters in Africa today treat lions and zebra; they hunted and killed them for the sport of it. The Caribs and Macusi, the most war-like of the tribes, in turn hunted and killed or captured the peaceable Arawaks, Warraus and Wapsiani. Sometimes the Caribs were hired as mercenaries by European governors or military men. Later, the Dutch in Guiana frequently called upon the Indians to aid the military in putting down rebellions staged by the Negro slaves on the plantations, and also to pursue runaway slaves. The Indians were never made slaves in the Dutch and British colonies. Apart from keeping the Negroes in order in times of crisis, they hunted and fished and kept the planters supplied with *labba* and tapir and venison and the freshwater fish of the rivers. But they dwindled rapidly, especially in the islands. Their own internal wars helped in this process, and the Europeans continued to massacre them. By the nineteenth century the Indians were almost extinct in the islands, and in Guiana only a few straggling tribes persisted far in the interior.

AS IN the American states, the Europeans and their Negro slaves took over as the principal inhabitants of the islands and the mainland territories whose coasts had been put under cultivation. The West Indies became known as the Sugar Islands,

though coffee and cotton were also cultivated, especially in Guiana. The French and the Dutch and the English fought to retain their hold on the territories won in the earlier days, the French sometimes wresting a colony or two from the Dutch, the English wresting it away from the French, and then the Dutch receiving it back through some treaty signed in Europe, only perhaps a year or two later having to surrender it to a British Naval squadron.

Meanwhile, the planters lived in high style, not much bothered by the frequent changes of national status. Their Negro serfs, though sometimes rebellious, imbibed the language and ways of the Europeans. When slavery was abolished in the British Empire in 1838, the Negroes of the British Caribbean were primitives only insofar as education and economic status were concerned. Socially, they were European in outlook; they dressed like their planter masters, ate the same food, and had the same ambitions of possessing land and making their way up in the world.

Both the Dutch and the British in the Caribbean acknowledged the value of the white blood in the veins of mulattoes, and invariably such people had received their freedom without much trouble long before 1838. The result was that society acquired a middle stratum of people of mixed blood. These "free people," proud of their infusion of white blood, set themselves up as hucksters, peddlers and artisans, and insisted on being known as "colored," as distinct from "Negro" or "black." They cultivated a snobbery of their own, looked up with awe at the whites and looked down upon the black men, strove to better themselves socially and economically and culturally. The whites, though regarding them as inferiors, supported and encouraged the notion that they were above the Negroes in status—an attitude quite different from that of the whites of America, who dubbed as Negro every individual known to possess a drop of Negro blood, no matter how fair-

**EDGAR MITTELHOLZER** was born in New Amsterdam, British Guiana, of a family that has lived there at least since 1750. His father's family was originally Swiss-German, his mother came of French and English stock. And, far back, there has been some Negro blood on both sides, so that Mr. Mittelholzer was brought up in the "colored middle-class" and as a novelist has written of that group, whether in British Guiana, Barbados or Trinidad. In recent years, Mr. Mittelholzer has lived in England.

complexioned he was, or European in appearance. In the Caribbean a colored man could hope to graduate out of the ranks of the colored and marry into a white family and so forget his "dark" past, despite the fact that his pedigree might be known to all. Prejudice has always existed in the Caribbean, and still exists, but it is covert rather than overt. Only the utterly vulgar would raise his voice to discuss the racial origins of his neighbor.

WHEN emancipation came in 1838, the planters faced the urgent problem of labor. The Negroes had acquired a deep antipathy for field work; now freed, they turned to the towns and sought work as porters, stevedores and house servants. Some began to compete with the colored hucksters and set up roadside provision barrows, or stalls in the market-place; some learned trades and became carpenters, masons and tinsmiths; some simply squatted on the land and attempted to live like ladies and gentlemen of leisure, in imitation of their old planter masters.

After many tumults and setbacks, and quarrels with the Home Government, the planters eventually were allowed to bring in Portuguese from Madeira. Few of these, however, could stand up to field labor, and yellow fever mowed them down. The survivors deserted the fields and set themselves up as peddlers and small shopkeepers. Their living standards were low, and their readiness to accept small profits made them hated. Soon they had entrenched themselves in commerce, and were becoming wealthy as rum-shop owners and pawnbrokers. The truth is that they were a hard-working people, and lacked the grandiose notions of high-style living that the Negroes and colored people had absorbed from the Dutch and English planters.

Next to come were the Chinese, also a practical, hard-working people, and soon these, too, were prospering in commerce, though not in quite the same style as the Portuguese; they mostly remained small shopkeepers, and ran gambling-houses-cum-opium-dens and cook-shops (as slum restaurants are called).

Both the Chinese and Portuguese

kept to themselves, the individuals within each group supporting one another loyally. The Chinese, too, were hated by Negroes and colored, but not with the same intensity. The Portuguese were hated for a double reason — their cut-throat commerce and their Roman Catholicism.

Between 1845 and 1917 hundreds of thousands of immigrants poured in from India. Today more than 40 per cent of the population of British Guiana is Indian, and nearly 40 per cent of Trinidad's population is of the same stock. (To differentiate between them and the aboriginal Indians, they are called *East Indians*.) Poor, uneducated, cringing, these Indians formed another group looked down upon by the older inhabitants — white, Negro and colored. They were dubbed "coolies," and to this day are called coolies, even though, like the Portuguese and Chinese, they eventually insinuated their way into commerce and the professions and even into politics. (The leading political figure today in British Guiana is Dr. Cheddi Jagan, a Communist-minded East Indian.)

To the hotch-potch of races and nationalities was added another little group — the Syrians, who came in fairly large numbers to Jamaica, Trinidad and British Guiana during the early part of the present century. They came as peddlers and tradesmen in textiles, and today are as wealthy as the Portuguese.

The Negroes and colored people have struggled along in their soap-bubble tradition of planter-grandiosity, and today most of the Negroes are still artisans and laborers and messenger-boys, postmen and policemen; the colored middle-class continue to be accountants, doctors, lawyers, business executives, shop-assistants, merchants and typists.

In 1954, the book-critic of *Time*, reviewing a novel of mine, said: "It shows what happens when the laws of the jungle are replaced by the codes of the suburbs, and it portrays with grimness the lives of colored people whose worship of ancestral jujus has changed into keeping up with the Joneses." It was obvious that this writer knew little of Caribbean colored people, otherwise he could not have implied that the colored society

of this region has only recently forgotten "the laws of the jungle."

Travel writers from the north have taken pains to highlight the "superstitions" of the natives, giving such practices as *voodoo* and *obeah* far more importance than they deserve. So far as I am aware, only in Haiti is *voodoo* strongly rooted. In other territories *obeah* is something heard of as, in England and America, the average citizen would hear of, say, quack spiritualists or fortune-tellers. Only a few ignorant peasants believe in it — and, with education, these are becoming fewer and fewer.

THERE is no one national tradition among British West Indians. Each island or territory developed socially in accordance with the strongest of the conflicting European influences at work within it. Thus St. Lucia is markedly French, not only in the patois French spoken by most of its peasants but also in its religious and secular attitudes. Trinidad is strongly Catholic, too, but not to the same extent as St. Lucia; and its Gallic flavor is considerably diluted by Spanish and Anglo-Saxon elements. Further, the East Indians and Portuguese and Chinese complicated matters; they brought new foods, new customs, new outlooks — and new conflicts. British Guiana should be Dutch in outlook, but British ideas swamped those of the Dutch, and the result is something British but not quite. For, again, the influx of East Indians, Portuguese and Chinese produced modifications and nuances. Barbados has been uninterrupted British since 1625, and because of this — also because no East Indians, Portuguese or Chinese went there — it is the most English of the islands. Many of the peasants still make use of Elizabethan expressions like "brave" (for "handsome") and "peradventure." You hear: "Very well, mistress," instead of "Very well, ma'am." In Trinidad every servant says: "Madam" — and it sounds like "Madame."

Why, the northerner might ask, since the British West Indies has been for so long in the civilized melting pot, has literature been so slow to emerge? The answer is easy: economics. Talent in all the arts has

always been there, but has never blossomed because of poor financial support. Writers, painters, musicians, sculptors have all had to be content to give their talents second place, and earn livings as shop assistants, office clerks or government servants. There has never been (and there still is not) a publishing concern to which an aspiring novelist could send his book; the London publishers are 4,000 miles away and those in New York, much nearer, learn of Caribbean writers only when they appear in England. There has never been an orchestra to perform the works of a promising composer, no picture gallery (or group of private individuals) to support the efforts of an embryo Gauguin or Rodin. The daring few who felt they must make good as artists left their Caribbean homes and went to Britain. Those who compromised and remained home have made their mark in a restricted way, despite the shackles of their bread-and-butter jobs, but their success will be appreciated only by the small circle of those who know them through intimate local contact.

UP TO 1942, there was only one poet in the region of any worth — Arthur J. Seymour, a civil servant of British Guiana — then suddenly came Frank Collymore, a schoolmaster of Barbados, who has produced some of the most lyrical atmospheric verse featuring the Barbados scene that has ever appeared in print. Then Derek Walcott, a schoolteacher of St. Lucia, startled us all by pouring out in quick succession two volumes of strong, stark poetry bearing the undoubted stamp of genius—and this at the age of nineteen.

The first novels of any significance appeared in the nineteen-thirties — C. L. R. James's *Minty Alley*, which treated lyrically of barrack-yard (slum-yard) life of Port of Spain, and Alfred Mendes' *Pitch Lake*, a picture of Portuguese family intrigues within a creole frame, and *Black Fauns*, by the same author, which, like *Minty Alley*, treated of the slum scene in Port of Spain. All three works were brought out in England. Neither James nor Mendes has produced anything more. The Trini-

dad civil service claimed Mendes, and James entered politics.

James, a Negro, wrote in English, his mother tongue. There was no language difficulty for him, for he had been brought up in a British colony under British influences. Mendes, though a Portuguese, spoke only English, and received a thoroughly British education, so of necessity had to write in English. There is no "native" language in Trinidad, though a few of the peasants do speak a patois French not dissimilar to that spoken in St. Lucia.

No other novel by a West Indian

### Some Caribbean Writers

Ian Carew. *Black Midas*. Secker & Warburg.

First novel by a British Guianese. It describes the diamond mines in the interior of British Guiana, as well as the low-life of Georgetown, the capital.

John Hearne. *Stranger at the Gate*. Faber & Faber.

A novel of middle-class life in Jamaica.

George Lamming. *In the Castle of My Skin*. The Viking Press.

The author is a Barbadian (half white and half Negro). His book is a combination of autobiography and fiction, written in poetic prose.

Roger Mais. *The Hills Were Joyful Together*. Jonathan Cape.

A story of low-life in Jamaica by a writer of near-white stock. Roger Mais died in 1955.

Edgar Mittelholzer. *Children of Kaywana*. John Day. *Hubertus*. John Day. *The Old Blood*. Doubleday.

A family saga incorporating the history of British Guiana from 1611 to 1953.

V. S. Naipaul. *The Mystic Masseur*. Deutsch.

A comic novel about East Indians in Trinidad. The author, himself a Trinidad East Indian of peasant stock, is a graduate of Oxford and now lives in England.

Samuel Selvon. *Brighter Sun*. The Viking Press.

Novel about East Indian peasant life in Trinidad by an East Indian brought up in the creole tradition.

V. S. Reid. *New Day*. Alfred A. Knopf. Novel treating of a nineteenth century historical event in Jamaica. The author, a journalist, writes in Jamaican dialect.

writer appeared until 1941 when my own *Corentyne Thunder* was published in London amidst the chaos of the blitz. In those days no British Guianese would have cared to be called a "West Indian." British Guiana is a mainland colony, and therefore, felt the Guianese (and some still feel so), not to be classed with "a mere string of little islands in the Caribbean." Nevertheless, the colony's background, both politically and socially, is extremely close to that of the Caribbean islands, and it has never bothered me that I have been classed a West Indian writer. *Corentyne Thunder* was about the poor East Indian peasants who farmed and kept cows on the Corentyne Coast (extending west from the mouth of the Corentyne River). The reviews were good, but the book was smothered by the war—so much so that when my second novel, *A Morning at the Office*, appeared in 1950 it was greeted as "a first novel."

TWO years before, in 1948, had come Victor Reid's *New Day*. Reid, a Jamaican journalist, wrote this historical novel in Jamaican dialect. It is a lyrical dialect, and Reid has an excellent poetic fancy, but to readers unfamiliar with Jamaican dialect (and only Jamaicans are familiar with it) *New Day* proved difficult.

The appearance of *A Morning at the Office*, a study of Trinidad society, seemed to trigger a chain reaction. In swift succession came not only one novel a year by myself but also two works by George Lamming, *In the Castle of My Skin* and *The Emigrants*, which were part fiction and part autobiography (Lamming is from Barbados). Then followed Samuel Selvon's *A Brighter Sun* and *An Island Is a World*, both of which are pungent, down-to-earth stories dealing with East Indian peasant life in Trinidad. Selvon comes of Trinidad peasant East Indian stock.

Roger Mais of Jamaica died in 1955, but left behind him at least two powerful novels published in the early fifties — *The Hills Were Joyful Together* and *Brother Man*. His work is strongly dramatic, and he knew how to tell a story that could hold the interest from beginning to end. His characters, all peasant types,

are clearly drawn and entirely real. Space does not remain in this article to discuss in detail the aims (or apparent aims) of all the Caribbean writers who have suddenly whizzed into the British literary scene within the past eight years, but this can be said of them: as might be expected from their background, they are by no means a single-purpose group. As one English critic put it recently: "They are as varied technically as they are racially. It is their variety,

their vigor, their individual treatment of unhackneyed material, which distinguish them from many of the more superficially accomplished but less adventurous and less promising of their English contemporaries."

To this I can add only that it is the complex nature of their social origins, and the conflicting loyalties involved in the scheme of their race, class and economic status, which dictate that each must tread his own lone-wolf path of literary expression.

## The Over-Worked Frontier

*THE AMERICANS: The Colonial Experience.* By Daniel J. Boorstin. Random House. 434 pp. \$6.

### William Appleman Williams

SEVERAL years ago, when many intellectuals were embracing the America of the Cold War as a neglected utopia, Professor Boorstin celebrated *The Genius of American Politics*. He defined the genius as that of having no political theory. We get along so well because we just go ahead and do things without getting sidetracked down the byways of organized, rigorous, speculative thought. No "whys" or "what ifs" for us—just the "how" and "let's go." Having in such manner restated and touched-up a very old theory (it is a variation on Frederick Jackson Turner's frontier thesis), Boorstin has now applied it to the colonial period of American history.

As might be expected, Boorstin is at his best discussing the law. He spends most of the rest of his time squeezing old ideas into new sentences. Deciding that we have heard too much of witchcraft and associated neuroses, he does not discuss them. His Puritans are merely moderate men who turn from doctrine to community—but whose community is an issue he glosses over rather quickly. A bit more of this kind of respectability and there won't be anything left of the Founding Fathers but well-adjusted pragmatists.

Boorstin implies that conclusion when he explains America's propensity for total war as the result of the experiences and necessities of fighting the Indians. While a case can be made for blaming the barbarians for all our troubles, he seems to overlook the proba-

bility that his favored Puritans had as much to do with the American attitude toward war as did the evil Red Man. He claims the Puritans wanted nothing more than to be left alone, and were thus very mild-mannered, democratic folk. He even explains their act of banishing Roger Williams within this context. But in fact they can be called mild only because Williams had a place to go and was willing to stay there. The Indians were not so—so sensible, one supposes Boorstin would say: they refused to be banished without a fight. At that point, the man who wants only to be left alone can (and did) become a crusading advocate of total war—his self-asserted right to be left alone can be exercised only by exterminating the intruder. As Joseph Schumpeter once observed, the American Dream is to become "a world unto itself"; but this is not as isolationist a policy as we have liked to think.

THERE are two principal weaknesses in Boorstin's use of the frontier thesis. Though he does offer various arguments to prove the modification of old ideas by changed conditions, he does little with the interaction of such new ideas. Hence his picture of America is curiously static. Whatever else may be said of the frontier thesis as a tool for understanding America, it is capable of providing an exciting sense of men making history. But there is little of this in Boorstin's volume, a loss which cannot be altogether explained away by the fact that the approach itself is rather ancient. Nor can it be attributed to Boorstin's conservatism — many early American conservatives were exciting men.

Perhaps the answer lies in the second point at issue in connection with the frontier thesis, namely: Frontier of what? Though it undoubtedly affected them, the frontier did not stop the

colonists from using established ideas and practices in grappling with new conditions. Risking the triteness of the phrase and the exaggeration in the thesis, let us just go ahead and assert that Americans took existing ideas and literally drove them into the ground. The frontier was nothing more than a vacant lot taken over for the "experiment."

Indeed, this is what Boorstin himself implies about the Puritans. But if this is what they did, then what they produced was not uniqueness but caricature — or *reductio ad absurdum*. A good argument can be made, for example, and in opposition to Boorstin, that the colonists ended up more mercantilistic than the England against which they revolted. After all, the new states refused to establish a national government; and one of the first things they did was to pass Navigation Acts aimed at one another. The case becomes even more obvious when one considers the American version of *laissez faire*.

The point of all this is rather simple. If one wants a late afternoon shot of the frontier thesis, then there is not much point in choosing Boorstin's blended. Old granddad Turner is the stuff with the kick.

## The Juggler

*ANATOMY OF CRITICISM.* Four Essays. By Northrop Frye. Princeton University Press. 383 pp. \$6.

### Thomas Vance

THIS is a brilliant but bristling book, an important though thoroughly controversial attempt to establish order in a disorderly field. For a decade to come, scholars and critics will be borrowing, improving and attacking Mr. Frye's ideas. The unprofessional reader, even the highly literate one, may at first be put off by a work which looks and is strenuous from beginning to end. But with a little persistence and good will, he too may find his way past the bristles to the points of brilliance. In the process, he will meet an odd and arresting mixture of qualities in the author—qualities which have to be appreciated before the book can be either judged or enjoyed.

Mr. Frye has wit, style, audacity, immense learning, a gift for opening up new and unexpected perspectives in the

THOMAS VANCE is on the English faculty of Dartmouth College. His poetry has appeared in *The Yale Review*, *Poetry*, *The New Yorker* and elsewhere.

study of literature. At the same time he is a formidable classifier and system-builder. When the fit is on him, he can pull categories out of his sleeve like a scholastic magician. This streak of exuberant pedantry can't be entirely separated from what is exciting and creative in his work. It relates him, curiously but refreshingly, to the great jugglers of literature—from Rabelais through Swift and Sterne to Joyce—whom he has clearly read with special relish. It relates him also, in a different but complementary way, to the great architects of intricate poetic universes: Dante, Spenser, Milton, the Blake of the Prophetic Works, the Yeats of *A Vision* (Blake was the subject of Mr. Frye's earlier volume, *Fearful Symmetry*). A breath from the world of these grave or ironic masters blows through Mr. Frye's book, bringing with it something of their bent for mystification, of their disdain for the casual reader's comfort, and something, too, of their tonic vitality. In short, for all his talk about making criticism into a science or a "systematic structure of knowledge," Mr. Frye's work has in it a touch of the mythopoetic boldness which excites him in his favorite authors. Accordingly, some of his more elaborate flights are to be taken with a sprinkling of salt; then his work will show its true savor.

IT WOULD be hopeless to attempt a brief summary of Mr. Frye's dazzlingly counterpointed classifications. Let us simplify, and go to the heart of his critical thought. His first and radical assumption is that literature is a universe—not a "huge aggregate or miscellaneous pile" of separate works, but a single world, infinitely various yet self-contained and marked by an intelligible order. Here he sets himself against the whole movement of modern scholarship and criticism toward the specialized and the fragmented. Most scholars are imprisoned in their cubicles; most contemporary critics are caught in the provincialism of the "ironic mode," as Mr. Frye calls the dominant tendency of high literary culture in the twentieth century. He himself is an expert performer in the ironic mode. He knows all about Freudian complexes and Jungian archetypes, about Existentialist absurdity and semantic ambiguity. He has fully mastered the methods of the New Critics, and can outdo most of them in tracing the modulations of a sonnet by Wyatt or in explicating an episode from *Ulysses*. But his originality lies in his largeness of perspective. While he experiences the irony-centered writing of our time from within, he also perceives it from without,

as one aspect of an infinitely wider world of literature.

Mr. Frye clearly owes a good deal to Eliot's notion, which he echoes with approval, that the literature of Europe from Homer has a simultaneous existence and composes a simultaneous order. But he goes beyond Eliot. He sees Eliot's "order" as the universal structure of literature, in which every single work participates. That structure is mythic at the center, though it may show any degree of realism on the surface. The principle of metaphoric identification, absolute in myth, is attenuated or rationalized in more realistic modes; but its influence is still central and vital. "In myth," Mr. Frye writes, "we see the structural principles of literature isolated; in realism we see the same structural principles (not similar ones) fitting into a context of plausibility." That may seem to slight realism, and perhaps Mr. Frye does favor the poets. Yet he shows himself a true admirer of Fielding, Tolstoy, Proust. He is merely

attempting to see their creations as participants in the world's body of literature.

In this simplified account I have left out Mr. Frye's treatment of rhythm, his supersubtle but provocative theory of genres, his brilliant insight—suggested by Aristotle's categories but going far beyond them—into the shifting relation between plot and theme or thought in various literary forms. I have left out his labyrinths of schematic detail, for he himself, in his more self-critical moments, acknowledges them to be expendable. But perhaps I have said enough to suggest that his book has a value that outweighs its extravagances. Perhaps his view of a world of myth at the heart of literature is itself a myth. If so, it is a myth that is very much worth exploring, even in its more tedious-looking ramifications. For Mr. Frye's subtlety can be deceptive. When he seems to be splitting hairs, he is sometimes actually splitting atoms, and releasing a new measure of imaginative energy.

## ART

### Maurice Grosser

IN ADDITION to its celebrated international exhibition of contemporary art, the Carnegie Institute of Pittsburgh is holding this year (until February 8) a retrospective exhibit chosen from previous Internationals. The Institute itself is a large, formal, somber building in one of the Renaissance styles. Properly speaking, it is not an art museum but a library to which has been added a concert hall, a museum of natural history and a fine arts department. The warm and old-fashioned decoration of its lobbies, its pleasantly informal attendants, its displays of mounted dinosaurs and habitat groups, its cafeteria full of young people with books and parents with children, make it like some well-ordered, easy-going municipal club. It has none of the stiffness of a museum on guard over its treasures. Its small collection of old masters—not now on view—is an accidental, unforeseen accretion. Carnegie was not a collector of antiquities; he was an educator who planned to expose Pittsburgh to contemporary art and to encourage contemporary painting. His Institute was probably the first of modern museums.

From the beginning the Institute's exhibitions were international and had enormous—even international—prestige. The first, of 1896, showed Degas; showed and bought Whistler, Sisley, Sargent,

Mary Cassatt and Boudin. Raffaelli, a minor French Impressionist, won second prize, the jury being the art committee of the Institute. For some years thereafter, the jury was made up of ten painters elected by the contributing artists and the shows became somewhat more conventional. Except for Eakins, who won a prize in 1907, no top-class names occur in any of these first years' awards, and prizes usually went either to second-string practitioners of Manet's style of brushwork or to second-string Impressionists.

In 1922, under the new director, Homer Saint-Gaudens, the system was revamped. The prize jury, consisting of painters and occasionally of museum people, was appointed by the director himself, who also, as now, selected the contributing artists and, most probably, the particular works. Contrary to what one would expect, perhaps because a certain amount of log rolling was eliminated, shows under Saint-Gaudens became more up to date. They reflected the advanced styles of representational painting one associates with the Whitney Museum of those years, and many of the more famous European moderns—Derain, Matisse, Picasso, Bonnard and Dali—were honored with awards. Since 1950, with the appointment of Gordon Washburn as director, the character of the exhibi-

tion has again changed to become now almost entirely non-objective.

The 95 canvases of the retrospective summarize this progress. Of the pictures, part were actually exhibited here, part are stand-ins for pictures now unavailable by the exhibiting painters. There has been, naturally, a certain amount of editing. The more unfortunate side of the nineties is represented by only two examples—a horrid *Little Red Riding Hood* by George Frederick Watts and *American Beauties*, a girl dreaming over roses in the worst calendar style. Two large pictures by Abbey and Lucien Simon, which won prizes in 1901 and 1905 and now hang in the Institute's library wing, have not been brought into the exhibition rooms. Like so much fashionable painting of the time they no longer seem very serious. To compensate, there are many fine Impressionists.

Beginning with 1922, the selection is more varied. Almost every famous name is represented and with particularly well-chosen works. There are three beautiful Bonnards, three characteristic Picassos of which two are the finest possible (one a synthetic Cubist and one a pink), a 1926 *Odalisque* by Matisse in stained glass color, the most convincing examples of German Expressionism I have yet seen, one of the best of Klee and one of the best of Rouault. There is an extraordinary work—a full-length portrait of an elegant black man in full dress uniform (*The Haitian Ambassador*)—by Kees van Dongen, a fine painter one unfortunately never sees. It is a brilliant and praiseworthy show.

THE contemporary international exhibition is even more brilliant, but more difficult to remember. It is enormous—almost 500 pieces, of which one-fourth are sculpture—and very successful as to sales. Even this early there are ninety-four gold stars. The pictures themselves are almost all large and showy. Very little of the work is representational (though the gold stars occur in much higher proportion on these) and almost none of it offers a conventionally recognizable image. Every imaginable device of pattern, texture, color, or even association is employed for attracting the attention: A black-and-white checkerboard, distorted as if by superposed lenses, dazzles the eyes until it seems to move. Adjoining it is another picture, white with black spots, which does move because the spots are motorized. One canvas offers a regular sequence of the ten digits cut from newspapers and half covered with gray paint. A Picasso donkey brays at three Van Gogh sunflowers. All the prize-winners are non-objective,

although the fourth prize, *Changeable Weather*, by Vicira da Silva, might conceivably represent a street in a drizzle of rain. The first and third prizes, each of more than thirty-six square feet, are respectively a low bas-relief in gray-painted *papier-pâte*, and a loosely attached assemblage of strips of wood veneer.

The non-objective style is clearly international; thirty-one nations are represented. The Japanese seem most consistently successful in it—not surprising since calligraphy and texture are the fundamentals of their classical painting. The Italians have fine paint quality, the Spaniards show frequently a brutal brush stroke, while the Americans seem fond of the incontinent drooling characteristic of Hans Hoffman's studio school; the French try out a little of everything. Amid such exuberance, even the brashest representational painting in the show—John Brathy's huge bright *Interior with Monopoly Board* with child and nude and higgledy-piggledy furnishings—seems tender and restrained, and the more conservative painting of Wyeth and Kokoschka looks distinctly out of place.

THE character of an exhibition like this—since the world is full of painters and all sorts of pictures—depends principally on who does the choosing. A group of painters picking out a show is likely to favor immediate associates. However catholic their professional judgment may be and however strict their respect for technical excellence, practicing artists will not actively champion work very different from their own. A group of collectors will be more liberal. They will tend to sponsor all the various kinds of work they would themselves collect. Their selection, based on estimations of a picture's permanent value, will be inclusive though conservative. An exhibition director, on the other hand, has neither the painter's narrow professional loyalties nor the collector's interest in solid acquisitions. He wishes above all to make an effective show. And the high brilliance and visibility of the present International characterizes it at once as a director's choice. A director of Burlington House once explained to me, and only half jokingly, that the aims of a modern painter should be two—to out-shout any other picture in an exhibition and to look well by electric light. A director of the present Institute, no more interested than the Royal Academy in permanent collection, cannot but have a similar point of view. His aim is brilliance and he will accept anything that is newsworthy.

In the present case he has been enormously successful. The exhibit here presents the most extreme the world has to offer in the way of visibility and novelty. But visibility and novelty are now academic qualities. The techniques of high visibility now form the principal study in the most conservative art schools. And—since the serious painting of the last eighty years has for the most part revolted against conservative standards—the students learn as academic dogma that art can exist only as a progression from one novelty to another. Visibility emptied of all content, even sexual, and novelty that no longer surprises can make a show dazzling and diverting, but they make it at the same time almost impossible to remember from one day to the next. One wonders whether any of it will keep our affection even as long as the Zuloaga and Sorolla, still hanging in the library entrance hall, which were so visible and shocking forty years ago.

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# FILMS

## Robert Hatch

IT REQUIRES great intelligence and great taste to construct a modern story within the symbolism of Christ's Passion. Nikos Kazantzakis, the late novelist, succeeded memorably in *The Greek Passion* and Jules Dassin, with a company of French actors working in Crete, has brought it beautifully to the screen in a picture which is here called *He Who Must Die*.

I regret the American title because I fear it will put people off this fine movie and because it suggests a parallel with the Christian story much more exact than Kazantzakis intends. Anyone who attempts to "re-tell" Christ's experience in modern context is fated either to sacrilege or bathos; Kazantzakis, a scholar and a poet, had nothing of the sort in mind. His story is of Greek opposed to Greek in the time of the Turkish oppression; he has set it in a town preparing to offer its traditional Passion play because he wants to throw specific political and social events into the permanent ethical form of a fable. The villagers are assigned their roles with some approximate suitability (thus, the leather worker who is dubbed Judas is "such a man" — black, impulsive, self-destructive), and their momentary preoccupation with the great legend does strengthen their response to the crisis which envelops them. But, though the luxurious Turks suggest the Romans, and though a shepherd dies to save his people, the persuasive equivalents are in the spirit of the story, not in its events.

The quality evoked is one of un-

stressed profundity, and Dassin conveys it to the screen in images that are dramatically uncluttered and visually beautiful. The bone-clean setting helps him immeasurably (the direct photography is a joy) and he guides his cast through the narrative as though they were truly Greek villagers, peasant and patrician, beset by a humane dilemma. Despite the overtones of the picture, the actors remain flexibly human and specific, never stiffening into presentations of allegory. In style and narrative the picture has the simplicity of real elegance, a courage to deal with moral absolutes as being the business of men. There is great feeling in it, a mature bitterness that scorns despair, but there is no touch of bombast.

Virtue in our day has become a public-relations commodity; it is packaged and promoted and made remarkable by manipulators who understand its market value. Every time Hollywood takes up a "cause," it calls on the angels to witness. Therefore it is moving to be reminded by the creators and performers of *He Who Must Die* that man in his natural state can choose between good and evil without striking attitudes.

MY EXPECTATIONS for *A Night to Remember* were perhaps too high, but the sinking of the *Titanic* ought to have made a brilliant melodramatic spectacle. In fact, it seemed a little tedious.

Technically, the picture is ingenious and the large cast carries out its work with polished verisimilitude — I am

convinced that this is very much what it was like when the great Cunarder sank. But in theatre terms the picture lacks drama — it offers only action. That is because there is no struggle. The vessel will sink in a stated number of hours, there is room in the life-boats for a stated number of people — the plot works out to a problem in logistics.

Off on the horizon lies the *California*, whose officers see the distress flares but think them some sort of tomfoolery. These slack mariners, second-rate men on a second-rate ship, convey a kind of passive villainy, and in their scenes the heat of anger animates the picture.

But otherwise, and despite the vigorous performance of Kenneth More as the *Titanic*'s second officer, the movie settles down into a disaster machine. It is not just that the end is known — great theatre often works toward a foregone conclusion — it is that no one lifts his fist against the inevitable.

ANOTHER, much less elaborate, re-enactment of desperate true adventure is the Norwegian film, *Nine Lives*, made by Arne Skoten from the book, *We Die Alone*, by David Howarth. It describes the dreadful experiences of Jan Baalsrud, a Norwegian commando fighter who was the sole survivor of a raid into a northern fiord and who escaped across country to Sweden. Baalsrud was wounded, snow-blinded; he suffered gangrene and became crazed by hardship and loneliness (for days he lay alone in a mountain crevice).

When the escaping man could no longer move a step on his own, he was carried forward in a litter by fishermen and mountaineers who risked their lives by merely knowing of him. The mountain and sea panoramas of this picture are glorious, the agile skills of the climbers and sailors are brilliant and exciting. It is accurate and not disrespectful to say that *Nine Lives* is a sports film—with a life the stake, and time always running out.

In places the imported print seemed to have been cut, or perhaps the captions fail to make clear certain essential points in the struggle to outwit and outrun the Germans. At any rate, some of the mishaps and delays were perplexing and it was a puzzle how the patriot groups were able to communicate back and forth across mountains and water. However, the main drive and the central agony are clear as ice. The picture is an account, told in laconic, documentary style, of endurance and courage so improbable that they would never serve in fiction.

## We Who Are Civilized Salute Ourselves

Strangers in the mob of our resemblances  
we posture for one another, greedy  
for bravos and the rainy noise  
of handclaps

set up the cross on hill or lawn  
blaspheme each other's holies, cauterize  
the foreigner in the flesh and cramp  
the unassenting mind

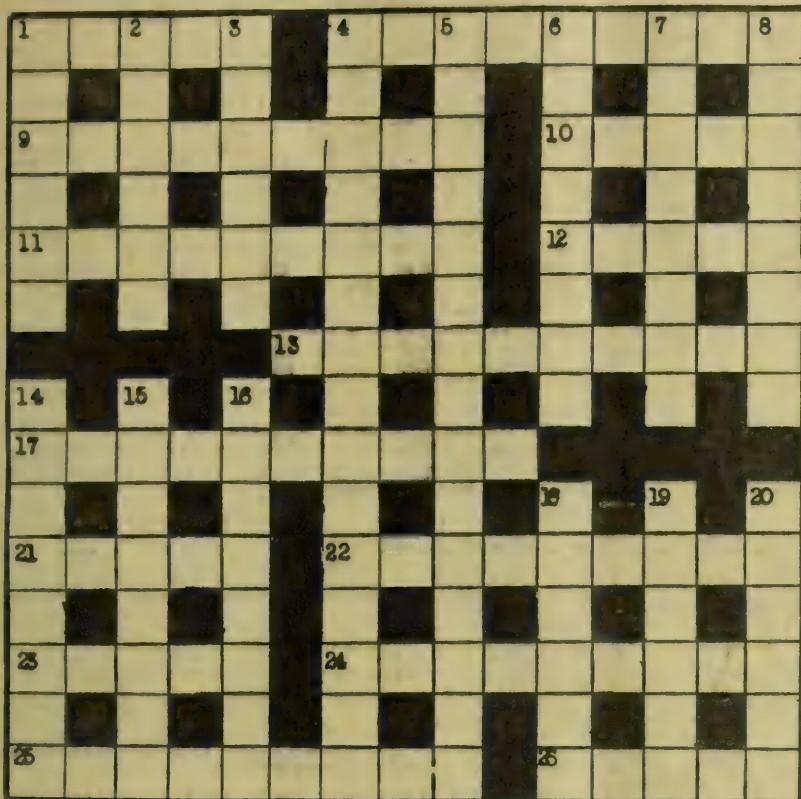
Unlike the brutal infant who hams  
for his concentric self and roars at his own  
pratfalls, we are involved with audiences  
and enemies

The baby is a little milky beast  
battering the five-barred playpen of the senses  
while we suck one another's thumb and are not  
self regardant.

DILYS LAING

# Crossword Puzzle No. 803

By FRANK W. LEWIS



## ACROSS:

- 1 Runs smoothly, like an expensive car? (5)
- 4 See 26 across
- 9 Notice away up there? One is rather pretentious (4-5)
- 10 Bank on 1 across, if you want to see what contains these. (5)
- 11 A fast idea of an anti-spasmodic. (9)
- 12 Descriptive of that scared look — like "chicken"! (5)
- 13 If Old Gunn's disturbed, so are some of Gilbert's babes! (10)
- 17 Reputedly used to be Mother-in-law's position. (6, 4)
- 21 If he were very soft-hearted, the sportsman would become skipper. (5)
- 22 Lies entangled with the weeds growing where the 21 might go (9)
- 23 Addle-pated Irishman? (5)
- 24 Repeaters might be in the process. (9)
- 25 Tent-wires on the stage—logically for the Christmas play? (9)
- 26 and 4 across The general idea of what one might draw on? (5, 2, 7)

## DOWN:

- 1 Are the fixings for what you might do with left-overs? (6)
- 2 Associated with press and mangle. (6)
- 3 Allow bad feeling if you do. (6)
- 4 Cause of a sort! (6, 2, 7)

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BY the travel editor of *The Christian Science Monitor*:

Many fascinating travel booklets pass over this desk in the course of a year but the one that arrived the other day so interested this department that it cost the office several hours of work in order that we might absorb its contents. The booklet is entitled "Travel Routes Around the World" and is the traveler's directory to passenger-carrying freighters and liners. In no time at all you find yourself far out to sea cruising along under tropical skies without a care in the world. You find yourself docking at strange ports and taking land tours to those places you long have read about. Most interesting of the vast listings of ships are the freighters which carry a limited number of passengers in quarters comparable to the luxury offered in the so-called big cruise ships which devote most of their space for passengers.

The booklet first of all answers the question: What is a freighter? The modern freighter, says the booklet, ranks with the deluxe passenger vessels so far as comfort and accommodations are concerned.

### LARGE ROOMS WITH BEDS

It is important to realize that in most cases today, freighter passengers are considered first-class passengers, although the rates charged are generally not par with either cabin or tourist-class fare. Most passenger-carrying freighters, to quote the booklet, have their private bath and shower, and these cabins offer beds, not bunks. The rooms are generally larger than equivalent accommodations aboard passenger ships, and the cabin of a modern freighter is sometimes even twice as large as first-class cabins on some of the older passenger ships. It goes without saying that your room is on the outside, and amidships, the most expensive of all locations, for which you are usually charged a premium over the advertised minimum fares on passenger ships.

This booklet points out that it is frequently astonishing how low freighter fares are as compared with passenger ship fares; for example, less than one-half of the passenger ship fare to California is the amount asked on freighters. On most of the longer runs, the difference in favor of the freighters is regularly from a third to half of the passenger ship fare.

### SERVICE AND MEALS RATED EXCELLENT

Service and meals on a freighter leave little to be desired. You will be treated with consideration. Stewards will go out of their way to make your voyage pleasant. On ships with East Indian stewards you will be waited on almost hand and foot, in a manner that is completely unknown to Americans and most Europeans.

Foreign ships offer their own specialties says the booklet. Thus vessels in the East Indian trade serve Rijksstaafel, the East Indian dish which can run to as many as 50 different courses. Scandinavian ships serve Smorgasbord every day and some of their desserts (like strawberries smothered in a huge bowl of whipped cream) are never forgotten. Another feature of freighter travel is its informality. No formal clothes are needed. Sport clothes are enough.

Other valuable information such as how to tip, shipboard activities and costs are covered in the booklet, "Travel Routes Around the World." Some of the trips listed include a trip to England for \$160, a 12-day Caribbean cruise for \$240, or a leisurely three-month Mediterranean voyage.

The booklet is published by Harlan Publications, Greenlawn, New York, and may be obtained by sending to the publisher. So, when it arrives all you need to do is sit down and take your choice. The booklet lists literally hundreds of ocean trips.

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# THE NATION

JANUARY 24, 1959 . . 25c



*Havana:*

## TERROR IN CUBA?

*Carleton Beals*

*Washington:*

## A FOOT IN THE FUTURE

*Frederic W. Collins*

*Bonn:*

## THE KEYS TO BERLIN

*Jakob Altmaier*

# LETTERS

## The Newspaper Strike: Pros and Cons

### The Union's Case

Dear Sirs: Some of my friends have introduced me to Mr. Fred J. Cook's article, immodestly and untruthfully labeled by *The Nation* "The Truth About New York's Newspaper Strike," in its January 3, 1959, issue. I refer to his defamatory opening, "A racket-ridden newspaper deliverers union . . ." and the like. While Mr. Cook dissociates President Sam Feldman and myself, counsel to the union, from his sensational "disclosures," both President Feldman and I condemn Mr. Cook and *The Nation's* publishers for abusing the pages of an otherwise long respected and important journal with such shocking deception.

His charges against the Deliverers' Union and what he reports in connection with the motives behind this strike are false. The picture which he portrays is horribly distorted and tainted either with vicious partiality, ignorance or gullibility.

The clue to Mr. Cook's article seems to me to rest in his too obvious concern for the financial disaster suffered by the newspaper publishers. He pictures them, who are among the more affluent and powerful publishers in the world, as having been helpless, "on an unenviable spot," "saddled with a tough union inherited from the brawling past." "What could the publishers have done about it?" he asks rhetorically and hopelessly.

I have no quarrel with Mr. Cook's sympathies with the publishers, with his criticism of the demands of the union, with his concern for the substantial effects of the strike upon the public, and with his views on all matters pertaining to this problem as a labor dispute, even though my views may be, and to a large extent are, quite different. I do quarrel, however, with his use of your pages as a medium for publicizing, with a spurious claim of objectivity and knowledge, an impeachment of the union's objectives through a smear technique which the representatives of the publishers, and their friends and allies, have been peddling about town ever since the strike started and possibly before. They have sought, during and since the strike, to convince the public and their publisher-owners that they are not to blame for the damages suffered by the newspaper industry and the public. They are so embarrassed by their

atrociously inept and arrogant labor-relations program and by their deliberate use of the privilege of a "free" press to conceal the existence of the real issues between them and their union employees, that they have ignominiously resorted to the tale of a "dead horse."

The publishers have also resorted to an attempt to bring discredit upon President Sam Feldman individually, and upon the other officers of the union, by openly questioning his and their ability to lead his union, as does Mr. Cook; and by misleading the membership into believing that Feldman and the official union family are especially responsible for a strike which was costly to them and their families. The publishers will never forgive what they have always considered to be Feldman's impertinence in publicly challenging the inadequacy of the "\$7.00" Guild Package, and the form of it, and in openly expressing the dissatisfaction of the publishing industry's employees in that connection. They never undertook to respond intelligently to that expression of dissatisfaction, because of their arrogant belief that their decisions, once made, had to remain final. They are determined to show every worker in the publishing industry, by making an example of Feldman, that no union leader in their industry can successfully balk them once they have made up their minds on a settlement. Mr. Cook is serving these purposes well, whatever his intentions may be.

These very same scurrilous and smearing tales were told not only to Mr. Cook but to many newspaper, radio and television reporters and to writers for weekly and monthly magazines. Reporters who had the intellectual integrity as journalists to discuss these charges with representatives or an authorized spokesman for the union found, in most cases, that their good offices were being abused by informants who would not disclose their identities to avoid exposure as liars. Among these confidential informants have been certain administrative employees and ex-representatives of the publishers; officials of other unions in awkward, uncomfortable positions; ex-participants in the affairs of the union, and disgruntled members of it with axes to grind.

I have been told, like Mr. Cook, of union members with criminal records, and I have heard "facts" from people "in the know" of alleged "pay-offs" for

union cards. These tales may have had some foundation in the past, and perhaps still do with regard to some of the persons who are now members of the union but who are no longer in office or with influence in union affairs. I know, however, that the overwhelming majority of the members today have no criminal records, are men of decent moral character, hard-working, conscientious and valuable employees of the publishing industry, as well as good, honest union members. The owners of the news companies and the circulation managers

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## EDITORIALS

### Cloture Is Not the Issue

Senator Johnson has scored another of his easy biennial triumphs over the Senate's feckless liberals and, once again, the main point at issue has been overlooked. The issue is not the filibuster, but a hoary collection of rotten boroughs in the South that are grossly overrepresented in Washington in terms of the percentage of qualified citizens permitted to vote. These rotten boroughs continue to exist, not because of the filibuster, but because of a tacit bipartisan accord. Both parties, for different reasons, find them useful. If the Administration did not approve of them, it would not have refrained, as it did this year, from entering a candidate against Senator Byrd. If the Republican leadership were really opposed to the Dixiecrat bloc, it would long since have built an authentic Republican organization at every level, in every Southern state. Men like Senator Bridges much prefer to deal with Southern Senators, who are not subject to genuine democratic discipline: a national trend does not disturb the Dixiecrats; if one dies or retires, he will be replaced by another, often worse, specimen of the same breed. Now and then a Dixiecrat is defeated at the primary, but the power of the bloc remains virtually intact from session to session. The Dixiecrats can make deals and keep them; they face no real political competition, on the basis of issues, so long as they do not permit themselves to be outflanked on the racial issue, nor are they responsible to the full constituency they fraudulently purport to represent.

On the other hand, the Democratic Party has its own reasons for being pleased by the rotten-borough system. Over the years this system has assured the Democrats a safe bloc of electoral votes, for which they do not have to campaign, as well as a strong Democratic contingent in Congress.

Leaders of both parties may huff and puff, and the liberals of both parties can continue to play politics with civil rights and exhort against the filibuster, but the fact is that there is little will in either party to undercut the Dixiecrat bloc. Filibusters or cloture, the rotten boroughs can be eliminated if the general public, North and South, East and West, will keep its attention fixed

on the main issue. This issue, as always, stems from the fact that a vote in Yoknapatawpha—which is to say, a white vote—is worth many times the value of a vote in Yonkers. This is the issue that continues to be obscured by the biennial twin clamors: "Lyndon is a genius" and "Lyndon is a dog." The electorate should let the leadership of both parties know that it is aware of their joint responsibility for the continued tolerance of these rotten boroughs and it should insist that the bipartisan accord which sanctions them be terminated. Nowadays even the natives of Kenya and the Congo will not tolerate a system whereby "white" representatives speak for non-voting blacks.

### Madisonless Mikoyan

A number of magazine, newspaper and radio stories had Boris Krylov, cultural attaché of the Soviet Embassy, shopping around for a New York public-relations firm to handle the visit of Deputy Premier Anatas Mikoyan. Queried by this paper, Mr. Krylov called the story "absolutely false." Subsequent events have demonstrated that, whatever Mr. Mikoyan's motives and strategy may be, he doesn't need a press agent. Witness a few of the items in his cross-country tour: (1) visit to a supermarket (Mikoyan photographed pushing a shopping cart through the aisles and to the checkout counter); (2) presentation of the troika to Cyrus Eaton and riding on the running board, in automotive terminology, for the photographers; (3) visit to the home of a veteran of the Battle of the Bulge in Chicago and holding the veteran's 15-month-old daughter on his lap (Associated Press Wirephoto); (4) Truman-like repartee with the news photographers and reporters everywhere; (5) meeting with Governor Brown of California under the state flag, which providentially displays an amiable-looking bear; (6) embracing the ten-year-old daughter of the San Francisco police captain who escorted him around the town; (7) embracing Dina Merrill, a delectable actress, and kissing Jerry Lewis on a movie set; (8) bearing with equanimity the boos and missiles of Hungarian demonstrators (including also Robert Morris, former counsel

for the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee); (9) casually dropping a hint that Molotov was to be partially rehabilitated as ambassador to The Hague; (10) cadging an invitation to address the Economic Club of New York, which many a banker pines for in vain.

And the end is not yet. "My Armenian rug salesman," as Khrushchev calls him, doesn't need Madison Avenue. Madison Avenue needs him.

## Sadder but Braver

The Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences is getting out of the political-police business. At a meeting last week it voted to revoke the amendment to its by-laws which forbids the presentation of an Oscar (Oscar-presentation being the primary business of the Academy) to anyone who declines to swear that he is not a Communist.

The Academy has not become an agent of Moscow; it is just tired of looking silly. Last year it handed an Oscar to one Robert Rich, listed as having written *The Brave One*. Mr. Rich could not be found when the time for statuette distribution came around and was darkly suspected of being a "Fifth Amendment" writer in disguise. As we recall, a fellow named Robert Rich did put in for the Oscar, but his only connection with the picture appeared to be the slight one that nobody had ever asked him whether he was a Communist.

This year, it seems likely, Oscars will go to various people associated with *The Defiant Ones*, a picture written by two men, one of whom has invoked the same malodorous amendment. Could the Academy give an Oscar (or perhaps half an Oscar) to half a writing team? This prospect was potentially so ludicrous that the Academy's governors have issued a statement saying that, since they don't hire picture personnel, they cannot be responsible for the political aberrations of such personnel and will in future "honor achievements as presented." Some people have to learn the hard way.

## Labor Policy and Race Policy

The NAACP has publicly censured the go-slow race policy of the AFL-CIO. According to an NAACP report, "All too often there is a significant disparity between the declared policy of the national AFL-CIO and the day-to-day reality as experienced by Negro earners in the North as well as in the South." The declared policy of the labor federation is total opposition to bias; the reality is that, despite a reduction in the number of unions which have Jim Crow clauses in their constitutions, discriminatory practices continue. Even before the NAACP made public its complaint, Herbert Hill, the association's labor secretary, had turned over to the AFL-CIO a memorandum documenting nine instances of racial discrimination by federation affiliates. The memorandum was not rendered more

palatable by the fact that two of the unions it cites are headed respectively by George Harrison, a member of the AFL-CIO Civil Rights Committee, and George Meany, the AFL-CIO president.

To close observers of the labor scene, the only surprise in the NAACP's public censure of the labor movement is that it has been so long in coming. James Carey recognized the situation two years ago, and as a gesture of protest resigned as first chairman of the federation Civil Rights Committee. It is true, but hardly relevant, that most of the bias is found in the former A.F. of L. craft unions; in today's merged federation, every union head is his brother's keeper—or should be. The truth is that the AFL-CIO leadership is acting like Senator Lyndon Johnson, and on precisely the same theory: unity must prevail. Unity is supposed to mean strength, but where is the strength in a policy that violates common decency and makes an enemy of a large segment of the labor force? And how can organized labor escape the charge of hypocrisy when it argues for integration in the classroom while condoning segregation in the union hall?

## Group Think: About What?

In its issue of January 19, *Newsweek* reveals a great boon that Providence has seen fit to bestow on the country. "The Fabulous 'Think' Companies" is *Newsweek's* name for it, and under the caption there is a picture of the Rand Corporation's square-block headquarters in Santa Monica, California, a graceful creation of modern architecture set off by petticoat palms and other flora of the island in the sun. Within these walls "the enemy surrenders, bombs fall, and satellites whirl." Not literally, of course: Rand's 800 employees, of whom 141 are Ph.D.'s, merely think about these pleasant things, on an annual budget of \$13 million which is provided by the Air Force. Other think-factories are Johns Hopkins University Operations Research Office, with a staff of 450 and a \$4.5 million budget. Johns Hopkins thinks for the Army. Stanford Research Institute (budget \$17 million), does the bulk of its thinking for a variety of government agencies.

All these outfits think on a non-profit basis, but others are impelled by the profit urge as well as patriotic zeal. *Newsweek* estimates that hiring brains accounted for \$1.4 billion of the nation's outlay for research and development.

What are the thinkers like? One is depicted as a "blackboard brooder"—the blackboard, which used to be associated with the 3-A primary class, having become the indispensable prop of the modern Athenaeum. Another, "watcher of the shape of war," is scanning a map studded with missiles and simultaneously making notes and dictating into a microphone. Still another, having done his thinking for the day, is playing chess for relaxation. Although these thinkers are depicted in

solitude, the final act of creation, like movie-writing in Hollywood, is done in collaboration. It pays pretty well: \$15,000 salaries are not uncommon, and a non-executive thinker may earn up to \$25,000. If he is an executive and a thinker, he can really get some jack for himself.

There is, however, one absolute prohibition, and that is thinking which would tend toward what Veblen (an outdated thinker) called the enhancement of life. The Rand-type thinkman thinks only about death and how to inflict it on a supergargantuan scale. Daily he faces the horrors of nuclear conflict, of course to the end that these horrors shall never come to pass. But, come or not, that is the one thing he is permitted to juggle in his mind. Such topics as cancer research, how to take up the slack in employment if peace should break out, the problems of juvenile delinquency and the galloping spread of neuroses—these are not for the group intellectual. Hopkins O.R.O. did indeed do a job on race prejudice, but it was only to integrate Negro troops for combat in Korea. The men of the brain centers do not rove aimlessly over the intellectual terrain, or devote themselves to quaint good works; they go in space suits, holding the Strategic Air Command by the hand. And at Rand alone they consume 40,000 gallons of coffee yearly, which figures out to four cups per man per day and no doubt in some cases an ulcer or two.

## More Precious Than Gold

Preston Moore, national commander of the American Legion, declares that the legion is "seriously alarmed about the internal security of the United States" and even more alarmed by the "scrimping" on external defense. He said a \$41.2 billion defense budget (\$47 billion with AEC and military assistance) was not enough and that at least \$5 billion more should be spent. The President's plaintive rejoinder was that 60 per cent of the budget is already going for defense and that certain bombers literally cost their weight in gold. This inspired the Washington bureau of the New York *News* to do some figuring. Gold is priced at \$35 an ounce or \$420 for a troy-weight (12-ounce) pound. The Air Force B-58, recently cut back, weighs 47,000 pounds without crew, fuel or bombs. It costs \$26,700,000, or \$567 a pound. The Navy goes this one better. Its A-3J bomber weighs 27,000 pounds and costs \$17,600,000, or over \$650 a pound.

Concerning itself with missiles rather than bombers, *Business Week* (January 10) found that an Atlas ICBM, in production cost alone, is worth its weight in solid silver. If the cost of research and development be added, plus that of the necessary supporting equipment, then the Atlas is worth its weight in gold, synthetic sapphires, or industrial diamonds.

So it goes. The President and George Humphrey, the former Secretary of the Treasury, may beat their breasts, but the bombers and rockets are going to cost

still more. An article by Alfred R. Zipser in *The New York Times* (January 12) begins, "Many defense contractors pressed the Government hard last year for bigger profits and it looks as if they may get them this year." One of the chief agitators for "incentives" was Ralph J. Cordiner, chairman of the General Electric Company, who generally gets what he goes after. The Air Force and Navy are initiating "incentive programs" under which re-negotiation proceedings will be nullified. The time is fast approaching when no one will say that such-and-such is worth its weight in gold. They will say that it is worth, pound for pound, as much as a missile, and everyone will understand.

## Lion Feuchtwanger

It is often said of writers who suffer exile that the tearing of roots they experience destroys their future energy. It may often be true — it was not true of Lion Feuchtwanger, author of *Success*, *The Oppermanns*, *Jew Suss*, the *Josephus* trilogy and a host of other novels, who died late last month at his home in Pacific Palisades.

Under Wilhelm and under Hitler, Feuchtwanger wrote as the implacable enemy of irresponsible power. In America he carried on precisely the same war. In recent years, he had denounced atomic testing and segregation; he assumed his place as an American by generously applauding the country for its virtues and sturdily scolding it for its faults. More important, he never doubted his allegiance to humanity at large. A few days before his death he told a visitor: "I believe in the future of mankind, and I think I can prove it. There's a law of evolution that life goes random but directed and, despite all detours, the history of mankind goes directed toward reason." A man animated by that credo is not uprooted — either in his short life or in his long fame.

## ACLU on Security Cases

In last week's issue of *The Nation*, we commented editorially (page 42) on a brief filed by the American Civil Liberties Union in the case of William L. Greene. In the editorial, we criticized the ACLU for taking the position that defendants in security cases are entitled to confront witnesses against them only when the witnesses are professional informers. Our comment was based on a story by Anthony Lewis in *The New York Times*; we now learn that while Mr. Lewis' account in an earlier edition of that newspaper was correct, the version in the Late City Edition, which we read, had been distorted by condensation. The truth is that the ACLU brief argued that defendants in security cases should have opportunity to confront *all* witnesses against them, whether professional informers or not. We are delighted to be advised of the ACLU's real position.

# TERROR IN CUBA? . . by Carleton Beals

Havana, Jan. 16

IN LESS THAN a week after the flight of Batista and his generals, the great city of Havana resumed its normal busy routine. It is more peaceful now than it was for years under Batista's rule, when scarcely a night went by without fighting, bombing or the murder of citizens by the army and the police.

The wrecked gambling machines have been carted away; the casinos and hotels housing them have been boarded up. The mountains of garbage that piled up during the four days' general strike have been shovelled into garbage trucks which moved through the night. This afternoon a sound truck, with scantily-attired show girls and huge signs advertising a new night club, nosed through the streets. The last stubborn revolutionary splinter group, defiantly holding the university, has reluctantly surrendered its arms and tanks, and the July 26 militiamen have had to do the same, except when on duty. Fewer armed men are to be seen in the streets than in Batista's day, though they stand out more because of their precocious beards.

Not all of Cuba can present such a quick, smiling outcome. This city suffered more from confusion, due to the broken line of authority, than from actual violence. But Santa Clara bears the scars of three days of battle—one whole block of homes leveled by planes, buildings damaged by bombing and artillery, bazookas and tank fighting. Much of Oriente Province is in a sad state.

But the sugar will get harvested. Though bridges are out and tracks torn up the length and breadth of Cuba, the Government is confident it can patch up transportation well enough so that the *zafra*, or cane-cutting and grinding, can begin almost at once. In liberated Cuba, machinery for damaged mills is already coming in, and repairs elsewhere are under way. Eighty im-

portant bridges have been rebuilt. If the war had continued another three months, the sugar crop would almost surely have been largely lost, and the prospect would have been bad even for next year. As it is, though perhaps close to a fourth of the cane fields have been burned, production promises to reach nearly six million tons, a near-record.

Deeper than any physical scars are the human scars. Families have been

pitiful queues of weeping relatives hoping to identify a loved one who has vanished. I have seen deposits of human fingernails and toenails, yanked out of live victims, and human eyes that were gouged out. It is almost a Buchenwald story, the crimes committed by this clever little dictator so pampered by our State Department in both Democratic and Republican days.

The restraint of the Cuban people, who have suffered these indignities and terrors for so long, is indeed remarkable. The treatment accorded some of the worst criminals in uniform by Castro's militia has, with exceptions, been considerate. I was not unduly upset, however, to learn that Jacinto Menocal, one of the worst, had been killed in Pinar del Rio Province trying to escape. The stories vary: he was killed by his two subordinates because of the money he was carrying; he was killed in the attempt to capture him. His method, followed by his underlings, had been to pour gasoline on his victims and set them on fire. There is considerable evidence that he is the one who burned my friend Octavio Seigle alive twenty-five years ago — for all of Batista's crimes are not recent.

It is impossible to check all cases, but so far as I have been able to ascertain, the number of such persons executed without trial has not been large and occurred during the first few days after Batista fled. Some militiamen have been jailed for shooting prisoners. In all other cases, even in the stress of battle conditions, prisoners have been given a trial with a defense attorney, have been confronted with witnesses. This may not be ideal, but in general the people of Cuba and the rebel forces seem to be aware that if they commit the same crimes as Batista, they will have gained nothing, that the revolution will have been lost.

Dissimilar to Batista days, the names of all prisoners are given to the public at once. On request, the authorities have permitted representatives of the press to see them and talk with them. That is not



Drawing by Berger

broken up; approximately 100,000 Cubans had to flee into exile during the Batista regime. They are returning now from nearly every country on the globe. Some will find their homes burned down or their families tortured and killed because of their opposition to the dictatorship. The actual fighting may have cost five thousand lives. It is estimated that fifteen thousand more were killed (and usually tortured horribly) by Batista's soldiers, police and the hoodlums of Senator Rolando Masferrer, who struck murderous in the dark at anyone supposed to have looked cross-eyed at the dictator.

The story is almost too gruesome to be told. I have looked at the torture instruments in police stations and barracks; I have seen the mangled bodies of unknown persons being dug up in barracks and the

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done if you have been torturing somebody, and is all the more remarkable in that victory has been assured only a few days, that the horizon is still dark, the revolution far from cemented. It seems that most Cubans really want liberty and law, which have been denied them for so many years. And peace! It is perhaps indicative that signs of mourning in dress, usually a prolonged business in Latin countries, are rarely seen, as though people here believe that death has not been in vain.

NOTHING reveals lack of American understanding of social forces in Latin America, or the immediate situation, better than the false statement in a recent issue of *Time*: "Castro . . . the biggest voice in the land . . . gave signs of capricious temper. On his order Havana was closed down until early this week by a pointless general strike that cut food supplies and kept nerves on edge." Actually the strike was necessary to save the revolution, to provide popular discipline, to prevent worse chaos; and it was one instrument which may have shortened the fighting by many months. The order was issued New Year's Day after Batista had fled during the night. Castro did not yet control Santiago. He had dickered with General Eulogio Cantillo to deliver the plaza peacefully on December 31 at three p.m. Instead, Cantillo high-tailed it to Havana and tried to double-cross the revolution. He permitted Batista and his cohorts to escape, set up a military junta which included General Pedraza—for twenty-five years the worst killer of the

Batista regime—and sought to install Manuel Piedra, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, a bitter enemy of everything representing justice, as president. It was gross treachery, and if such a bayonet regime had consolidated itself in Havana even for a few days, it might have meant months of fighting.

Havana was man-bait, the most corrupt city on the continent. The gangsters and gamblers and Batista had fled, but many Batista supporters remained. "The Tigers," the killers of Masferrer, were still on the loose, though their leader had fled in his private yacht to Key West. Camp Columbia was in Cantillo's hands. La Cabaña, the other strong point of Havana, was still held by Batista forces. There were other enemies, even more subtle. In Havana was the head of a U.S. oil company which had arranged for the planes, bombs and munitions from England to wipe out the rebels. And here in this city was the pivot of all the behind-scenes sugar and mining and banking and public-utility magnates who had grown fat at the Batista pie-counter. Here was Ambassador Smith, whose great crony in Havana was Porfirio Rubirosa, Ambassador for Trujillo. Castro did not venture into Havana until after President Urrutia and his Cabinet had transferred the Government from Santiago and loyalties had been tested. The new President's installation on Monday, January 5, was delayed five hours, while Castro's commander dickered the Directorate out of the Palace. Nor did Castro come until he had rallied the whole island behind him. By then he had made his

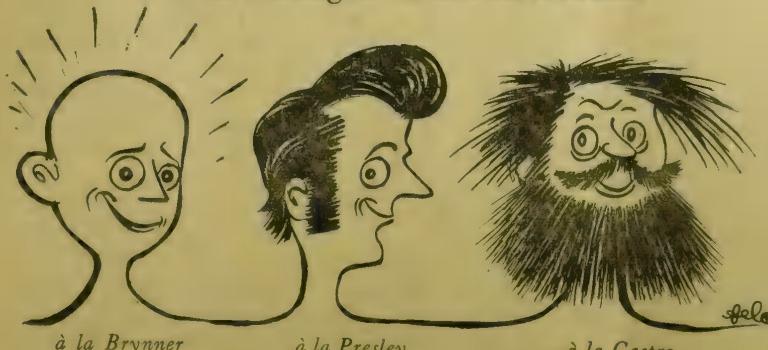
position clear in repeated speeches en route; by then he had become the one overpowering figure on the island; by then Havana was anxious to receive him, turned out in the greatest demonstration in its history, as he rolled in with his tanks and his veterans from the Sierra Maestra.

THE TWO major goals of the revolution appear to be, aside from educational projects, organization of the people's army and land reform. Ninety per cent of Castro's forces are peasants. His first notable act on landing on Oriente Province from the *Gamma* in 1956 had been to shoot a land-grabber who had been killing peasants, and he followed this at once by restoring the land of those ousted and giving land to others as territory was liberated. His October military decree for land distribution has just been published, and will doubtless soon be made a law by the Urrutia Government. It provides for free land to all sharecroppers, tenants and *colonos*, land to be acquired either from large landowners or the public domain. Land has also been promised to all veterans of the revolution who wish to cultivate it and to all farm workers who wish to be independent. Castro expects to take care of more than 150,000 families. The law provides also for assistance to new landowners with government loans, supplies and technical assistance. A main objective will be to diversify farming, for it is absurd that a country with so rich a soil should be obliged to import foodstuffs at such high rates, especially as farm workers, tied to the sweat-shop sugar industry, earn scarcely enough to survive, let alone buy imported food.

His symbolic airplane raid over Oriente Province—to drop food and clothing for the suffering population—is scheduled to take place soon. The raid will coincide with a delayed celebration—the postponement was due to the revolution—of Twelfth Night, which for Cuban children replaces Christmas as gift-giving time. Lately, trucks loaded with toys and bicycles have been racing through Havana toward the military airport.

Good will, romance and glory are not lacking here.

### Cuban Sidelight on the Revolution



"How fashions change!" notes *Actualidad de Havana*.

# THE KEYS TO BERLIN . . by Jakob Altmaier

Bonn, Germany

THE EXPLOSIVE Russian note of November 27, 1958, presented as an ultimatum and couched in the usual bombastic phrases of propaganda, speaks of Berlin as the "historic" capital of Germany. But this, like much of the rest of the note, is only a half-truth. Such German cities as Frankfurt, Nuremberg, Leipzig, Hamburg and Cologne—not to mention Vienna—were already powerful economic and political centers at a time when Berlin was no more than the administrative seat of a military colony off in a sandy wilderness. In the course of the centuries it spawned the Hohenzollern-ruled kingdom of Prussia, of which Mirabeau said that it was the only country in the world owned by an army.

Through wars and foreign military alliances, through conquests and annexations, this Prussia, ruled by feudal Junkers, chauvinistic generals and arbitrary princes, succeeded in expanding its borders from the Memel and Oder rivers to the Rhine and in conquering all North Germany to the Main. When Bismarck, himself a Prussian Junker, annexed Schleswig in 1864, defeated South Germany and the Vienna of the Hapsburgs, as well as the France of Napoleon III in 1870, he bestowed upon the king of Prussia the title of emperor of the newly founded German Reich. In Versailles, German unity was dictated from the top, and Berlin became the capital.

UP TO THE turn of the century, however, the city was known colloquially—and derogatively—as "Prussian Berlin." To the South Germans and Rhinelanders, Paris was closer and more familiar. Actually, the great German unifying factor lay in the economic development of the individual German states, in the industrial revolution with its resultant labor movement and in its struggle for political and social equality. Until the end of the First World War, Prussia, which dominated the German

empire, was the bulwark of German reactionaries, the domain of the Junker nobility and the militarists—the three-class state which did not even have a free, equal and secret ballot. Berlin, a constantly expanding city with a democratically-oriented bourgeoisie and a Social Democratic working class, which together formed the majority of the population, became the backbone of the young German democracy. But this did not happen until November, 1918, when the monarchs and generals were overthrown and the empire was turned into a democratic republic. That was when the people were truly unified, with Berlin as their capital.

It was only then that this straggler among the great cities of Europe became an equal among equals. Freed from all reactionary and military chains, this new and democratic Berlin brought unsuspected forces to the surface. From 1919 to 1924, Communist as well as monarchist-militaristic attempts to subject the city to their domination were frustrated by the Social Democratic labor movement, often in bloody street battles. Berlin became the most freedom-loving, the most tolerant, socially the most progressive city in Europe.

EVEN AFTER 1929, in the years of economic crises and mass unemployment, Hitler's National Socialist movement had a difficult time getting a foothold in Berlin. For the Jews, whose constructive contribution to the German capital's development can only be correctly assessed today, Berlin remained a haven up until the first war years. Hitler died a wretched death in Berlin, but he never lived there. It was the Hitlers, Goebbelses and Görings who very nearly razed the city, drew in the Russians and were responsible for the tragic fate and continuous suffering of its population—and no one in Germany knew this better than the Berliners. As last December's elections have shown, the overwhelming majority of them remained Social Democratic. Courageous toward the East, they remain skeptical

of the West and its "policy of strength."

In West Germany, many muffled protests are heard against the authoritarian-minded Rhenish Catholic, Dr. Adenauer, whose most important political experience, in youth, was the struggle he witnessed of Bismarck and Protestant-ruled Prussia against the Catholic Church. People are saying that the Federal Chancellor's concern for Berlin and Germany's reunification is no more than lip service, that his heart has never been in it. It is now a year ago—January 23, 1958, to be exact—that this complaint was turned into an open and dramatic accusation. Dr. Dehler and Dr. Heinemann, two of his former Cabinet Ministers and among Germany's sharpest political thinkers, told him to his face that they were resigning from their posts because they had come to the conclusion that his policy had prevented Germany's reunification. Twice, in 1952 and 1955, Soviet Russia offered reunification. Bonn had disregarded these offers and influenced the Western powers to do likewise. Adenauer had chosen the "policy of strength" to bring Russia to its knees.

SILENT and pale, the Chancellor sat facing his accusers. Neither he nor any of his supporters dared to voice a denial. If anything is at all certain, it is that the "policy of strength" has ended in a fiasco. Russia has not been weakened throughout the cold war; on the contrary. If further proof were needed, it is the recent Berlin note with its ultimatum and threatening language. The Western powers were right when they unanimously rejected the Russian ultimatum, and if Moscow thought it could split the West by conjuring up the catastrophe of global war it made an error in calculation. However, merely by saying "No!" the West cannot solve the Berlin crisis. The German capital is still in danger, and so is peace. Nothing can be accomplished with useless notes, with an exchange of Homeric tirades and accusations. Behind the angry words, the armies are drawn up in battle formation: there is the

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rattling of armor, atomic warheads stand ready. To solve the Berlin situation, together with the tension-charged German question, will require practical proposals to heal what Khrushchev described as the "festering sore."

IT WAS a good thing that the Western powers did not follow the initial reaction of West Germany's chief, who declared: "First of all, let us do away with the ultimatum." In their reply to Moscow, the Western powers and the Bonn Government reached the conclusion that Berlin is an integral part of German reunification which, in turn, can only be achieved within the framework of a European security pact. Not everything that is said about certain conditions in Berlin and West Germany in the Russian note of November 27, 1958, can be dismissed as stuff and nonsense. Neither is there any point in either of the parties insisting on certain old treaties and clauses. Since Alexander the Great cut the Gordian knot, no great power has ever allowed itself to founder on legalistic phrases and paragraphs.

Russia will never surrender its German pawn nor permit reunification so long as there is any danger that the West's bases for atomic artillery and atomic rockets will be advanced from the Rhine to the Elbe, so long as West Germany remains a military deployment area for the march against Russia and her satellites in Eastern Europe. Furthermore, the West German Army, at present 180,000 strong, will soon be equipped with nuclear weapons. It won't be long until it is again the strongest army in Western Europe. Even Senator Humphrey, who certainly cannot be accused of ignorance of the world situation and the balance of military strength, regards the atomic rearmament of West German forces as "inadvisable."

There can be no doubt about the existence of Soviet imperialism, no matter its disguise. But whatever Russia's blame in the current state of world affairs, the Western powers might do well to consider the experiences and sufferings of the Russian people, particularly with Hitler Germany, in two world wars. And if there is any single assertion that one

dares to make in this context, it is that Russia will not tolerate a great German power, armed to the teeth and associated with NATO.

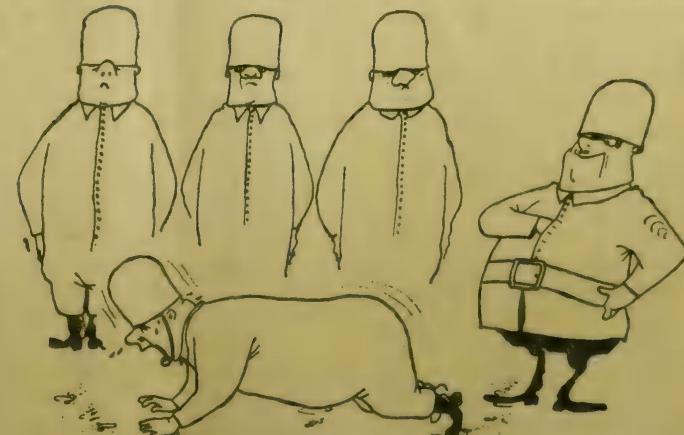
With respect to the technical advancements of our time, *Newsweek* of December 10, 1958, quoted Khrushchev as saying: "All military alliances are obsolete. The same is true for the Warsaw Pact. We are ready to throw it on the junk heap." We ought to take Khrushchev at his word, instead of acting like General Norstad—personally a likable man—when he reported to the NATO parliament, of which I am the German member. Last December, in Paris, when I asked him if Western Europe could be militarily secured against Russian attack, provided there was a demilitarized zone in the heart of Europe as suggested by Rapacki or Kennan, Norstad's "No" boomed like a gunshot into the deep silence of the assembly. If this is the unshakable opinion of the United States and the Western Allies, there will be no European security pact, and certainly no reunification of Germany and, of course, no solution of the Berlin crisis.

Rearmament continues; France is about to become an active member of the atomic suicide club; the cold war goes on—but how much longer until there is a catastrophe? The clock is ticking away. We cannot ignore, as is done in the case of Red China, the existence of an East German satellite state known as the "German Democratic Republic." So

long as East and West cannot reach a global agreement, at least the local tensions which might trigger a general cataclysm must be eliminated. In their reply to Moscow, the Western powers did not slam the door on the Berlin conflict, but five months will soon be over, and therefore it is of immediate urgency to put out the smoldering flames of Berlin if only for the sake of all Germany and Europe.

THE CONFLICT of Berlin is not merely a problem of foreign policy: it shows also a strong German domestic coloration. It is true that Dr. Adenauer received an increasing number of votes in successive elections. But does this reflect a West German majority in favor of German rearmament? I think not. The voters were merely affirming the miracle of West German economic recovery. In 1945, whoever had no roof over his head, no bed, no chair, no clothes, no work and scarcely anything to eat, thought mainly in terms of gratifying his material needs: the loss of national unity was of secondary nature. Today the national question is beginning to take its proper place in people's minds. The effect of Berlin has been like a thunderclap, and the masses can feel the reverberations. Democracy must prove that it is the honest trustee of German unity and peace. "If strategic military expediency is put before political necessity," Fritz Erler recently said—and he is one of the most intelligent

### A West German Artist Looks at His New Army



Halbritter (Baermeier & Nikel Verlag, Frankfurt am Main)  
"I'm glad to be a soldier . . . glad to be a soldier . . . glad to be a soldier."

minds of the Adenauer opposition in the Bonn parliament—"then German democracy has once more no prospect for a future."

Strategic expediency of the Norstad type is bound to lead to Germany's rearming with atomic weapons, with consequences easily predictable. Fortunately, the West Germans themselves take a sinister view of nuclear armament, and I am not exaggerating when I say that, if a referendum were held, 80 per cent of the people, including pro-Adenauer voters, would be against atomic

weapons. So why this artificial stimulation of militaristic instincts lying dormant in the German people?

If the West is seriously interested in furthering a military disengagement, the pursuit of strategic expediencies and the pointless provocation of the Soviet Union must stop. This is the only way toward unifying Germany and solving the Berlin crisis; and these accomplishments, in turn, would inevitably result in loosening the ties between the Soviet bloc and its Eastern bloc. The German people, whose own ties with the West

are now closer than ever before, would exuberantly welcome such a policy. Disengagement and a corresponding military status for all Germany would banish the fear of Russia, as well as that of Poland and Czechoslovakia, of a German danger. Strategic expediency and military power can only result in a relapse into the era of Bismarck and the Kaiser. For the sake of German unity, German democracy and peace in general, let us abandon strategic and military expediency in favor of constructive diplomacy.

## A FOOT IN THE FUTURE . . . by Frederic W. Collins

*Washington*

ACCORDING to the strict usages of score-keeping, wherein there is only victory or defeat, the opening days of Congress did not seem like a very good time for insurrectionists. The only contest in which they really got across the goal line was the one in which Charles Halleck usurped the House GOP leadership, sending Joseph Martin into exile. House insurgents against the oligarchy of the Rules Committee faltered and gave up, and those opposing the seating of Dale Alford, the independent sticker-man from Little Rock, were routed. In the Senate, the established Republican regime, symbolized by Styles Bridges, turned back the challenge of a new order, symbolized by John Sherman Cooper, in a quarrel over the Republican leadership; and liberals of both parties seeking a change in Senate rules dashed their hearts out against the Lyndon Johnson autocracy. To survey such an array of battles and find Halleck as the sole victor is discouraging.

Yet in other than box-score terms there is encouragement to be had from these opening battles. Indeed, the very fact that they occurred is encouraging, and any appraisal going beyond the strict tallies of votes or the fact of the continuing power

of Messrs. Rayburn and Johnson suggests that the forces of change did actually make some headway. In no recent Congress have they made such bold and open efforts as in this one, and because of that, the Congress — and the national direction — are going to be in some measure different.

The elevation of Mr. Halleck may be dismissed as almost meaningless. In their defeat and frustration, the House Republicans made a perhaps natural decision that what they needed was an operator instead of an institution, an angle-shooter instead of a parliamentary classicist, and they sure got one. It is to be hoped, for the sake of the memory of Joe Martin, a gentleman and a scholar in Congressional politics and a good friend of Sam Rayburn, that they will be desperately unhappy with Mr. Halleck. But the GOP minority in that branch of Congress, at this moment in history, is not going to accomplish much or even fail greatly, however led.

In the other battles, the case is different. If the House opponents of the arbitrary power of the Rules Committee won no change in procedure, and got nothing of any kind in writing, they did get Speaker Rayburn's word that he will do his best to bring issues to a vote in the House if the Rules Committee sets up its roadblocks. This is not going to be easy. Dissidents are still asking

how Mr. Rayburn expects to persuade Howard Smith, committee chairman, not to go fishing for several weeks when measures he does not like come before his group. In principle, there is not much to be applauded in substituting the arbitrary benevolence of Mr. Rayburn for the arbitrary obstructionism of Mr. Smith. But Mr. Rayburn has nonetheless been required by the pressure for change to give a solemn engagement that issues can be decided on their merits by the whole membership of the House, and that must be scored as a significant gain.

As for Mr. Alford, he still faces an investigation of his election, which is bound to be educative either on the subject of the election itself or on the political morality of the investigating body.

THE FORCES of change scored even stronger gains in the Senate, within the Republican Party and within the Senate as a whole. In the Senate Republican leadership fight, Senator Bridges managed to install his man, Senator Dirksen, but Messrs. Bridges and Dirksen are not going to be the people they would have been had not Senator Aiken and Senator Cooper and the others made their fight. For one thing, the cherished theory that anything is better for the Republican Party than an open family fight was destroyed. That was the theory which enabled

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Senator Taft and Senator Knowland to win leadership in their time (even such a parliamentary tactician as the late Arthur Vandenberg had shied away from a fight he wished very much he could bring himself to make against Mr. Taft). This time the fight took place, and Mr. Bridges and Mr. Dirksen now know that fourteen out of their delegation of thirty-four differ with them strongly enough to say so and do so publicly. The newer minds of the party won more than the election of Senator Kuchel as whip (and as such, one of the weekly group calling on the President). At one point in the Republican caucus, when Senator Bridges was trying to squeeze too much out of his slim majority, George Aiken told him, "If you want open war, we'll give it to you." He still can, and a boss working under such a threat is no longer an absolute monarch.

THE bipartisan liberal group seeking a change in the rules fell far short of what it wanted, but it, too, made some gains in the compromise revision of rules promulgated by Senator Johnson. The unhappy truth is that the liberals wanted more than they had a right to, judged by reasonable standards of common sense, political ethics and practicality. They made the fatal error of not having the votes — or, really, of shaping a cause for which they couldn't get enough votes. The votes against them registered a majority's judgments on the almost intangible issues of sound parliamentary practice which were involved. Some day, when they are in a minority on some fundamental issue, they will have occasion to be thankful that they didn't get all they wanted, although they may continue to be regretful that they didn't get somewhat more. But conceivably the most useful lesson of their experience, if they learned it, is that idealism needs skillful politics to make it effective. Beyond any question, Paul Douglas and his group lost votes rather than gained them as the fight progressed, and the fault was not Lyndon Johnson's, but their own. Two days before the decisive roll call on opening day they had forty-three votes. They showed up with thirty-six on the tally. From

then on, bad generalship cost them their hope of recouping.

But even the substantial moral victories here described would be mere transitory exercises of minor significance if they did not display a rather close connection with an evident trend of political thought in the country at large. What happened in the House and Senate at the opening of the new Congress had its roots in the last election. If the forces of change did not succeed in completing the tasks to which they were directed by the electorate, they at least set the effort in motion. To call them the forces of change is not to resort to an easy and casual description. It is certainly quite in order that a people standing on the threshold of space should stir to urgings for changes just as, standing on the threshold of a new world, they stirred in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Senator Aiken and Senator Cooper and the others may not think in quite these terms, but they at least know something is going on. The period of rest, tranquillity and harmony which Mr. Eisenhower was summoned to preside over has run its course, and the signal is again forward.

THIS THE PRESIDENT does not seem to grasp. His 1959 State of the Union message is a call for nothing more than some internal improvements in the status quo. Looking at the message, and looking at what has been happening in Congress these opening days, it is necessary to revise the estimates of a month ago ["Can Congress Assume Leadership?" by Frederic W. Collins, *The Nation*, December 13, 1958] and look forward to a much greater Congressional initiative than had been expected. It was not until Mr. Eisenhower defined so precisely his own commitment to the present — and wistfully, to the past — that it became possible to realize the extent to which the initiative must in truth be forced upon Congress. No one seems yet to have caught up with the cosmic joke Mr. Eisenhower got off in his promise to appoint a committee of non-political persons to define goals for the nation, and the means of reaching them. The joke does not lie simply in the fact that



St. Louis Post-Dispatch

"Don't Go Getting Any Ideas, Son."

Mr. Eisenhower, since 1953, has had more than 2,000,000 people working for him in the Executive Branch who should have been able to supply him with all the goals his heart desired. It does not lie in his implicit rejection of politicians as authors of national goals. It does not lie in the irony of this proposal from the leader of the party which hounded the National Resources Planning Board as a hotbed of "thinkers." It does not lie in the grotesque resemblance of his project to one of Mr. Khrushchev's Seven Year Plans. The greatest dimensions of the joke lie in the fact that by this device, which was editorially hailed as forward-looking and imaginative, Mr. Eisenhower can guarantee that any bother with national goals and the efforts to meet them will be postponed until he is safely out of the White House. No more ingenious means of staving off the future while retaining credit for acknowledging its inevitability could possibly have been devised.

But this is not going to be enough for Congress: not for the Democrats, who wish to make space their constituency, nor for those restive Republicans who have learned that the status quo does not win elections. In general, the order of business promises to be the submission by Mr. Eisenhower of a series of proposals for managing the present, and a series of alterations by Congress designed to give national policy the forward look the voters called for back in 1958.

# THE RIBICOFF REMEDY . . by David Cort

IT WILL BE generally agreed that the foremost enemy of Man is himself. But here I would like to isolate this strange schizophrenia in a single area. Two small examples:

On a quiet Saturday afternoon, a distinguished and well-loved lawyer and his wife were walking across an avenue, *at the intersection and with the green light*, when a neighboring lady, driving across in the opposite direction in some haste, fearing that the light would soon turn red, made a left turn directly into the faces of these two pedestrians. They were unrecognizable and dead. In the newspaper stories, there being at that time in New York City a campaign against "jaywalking," the couple were naturally described as "jaywalkers," because they were dead.

On another evening a delivery driver for the New York *Daily News* ran directly across the path of an oncoming, screaming fire engine and didn't quite, *qui-i-i-te*, make it. Two firemen were badly hurt, one nearly lost his sight, the truck driver was slightly jarred. The driver had a record of countless traffic violations and five convictions. This incident was absolutely ignored, not only by the *News* but by every other New York City newspaper. Why? Because this union, which has lately gone further and shut down the whole New York press for nineteen days, wouldn't have liked it.

The news driver and the lady were not going anywhere very urgent; indeed, in their whole lives, it may be doubted whether they are going anywhere much. They were sorry to have hurt anybody, though they may have hurt others. Both were far less important to the whole society than the people they maimed or killed. Better to have maimed or killed them than their victims. And both are still busily on the business of maiming and killing, always with the tears streaming, and the remorse, which little by little diminishes.

DAVID CORT, former Time-Life editor and author of *The Big Picture* and *The Calm Man*, is a frequent contributor.

A sort of concern, very largely ineffectual or hypocritical, over this slaughter is a condition of the present American society. We will now briefly review, while we still have our hats off out of respect for the lawyer and his wife and the two firemen, some of these rich and powerful expressions of concern.

1. *Fortune*, September, 1958, in "The Nonsense About Safe Driving," John D. Williams, head of the Math division of the Rand Corporation, says tartly: "I am sure that there is, in effect, a desirable level of automobile accidents — desirable, that is, from a broad point of view; in the sense that it is a necessary concomitant of things of greater value to society." Mr. Williams' greater value is buying automobiles; his lesser value is killing people. These values can be respectfully noted.

2. National Safety Council estimate of people injured by motor vehicles in 1957: 1,400,000.

3. Insurance companies' estimate: 2,500,000.

4. U.S. Public Health Service estimate: 4,500,000.

5. Guy E. Mann, vice president of Actna Casualty and Surety Company, addressing the International Association of Chiefs of Police, Miami Beach, October 28, 1958: "It takes a few minutes for the significance of those discrepancies to penetrate human understanding, it is so shocking." (The reference is to the discrepancies shown above.) "... Approximately 12,000,000 motor vehicle accidents in the country each year . . . the figure keeps going up and up and up . . . economic loss from \$5,200,000,000 to \$7,250,000,000 per year. . . . The only thing we are sure of is that the figures we possess are

pure minima, including deaths. . . . At heart, the people of this country want traffic safety. Every opinion poll ever taken proves that beyond question. But these same polls show that nine out of ten Americans believe they are above-average drivers. And, curiously enough, all of those with a record of traffic violations rated themselves above average."

6. Several universities, including Cornell and California, are doing crash-injury research. Cornell has produced an exhibition car which can stand a head-on collision at fifty miles an hour without injuring the people inside, in contrast to the superb killing and maiming characteristics of the cars on sale. Harvard is beginning a five-year study of accidents with a team that will get to the scene right after the accident (but not, unfortunately, before).

7. And then, of course, there is Governor Ribicoff of Connecticut, who means business. In 1956 he took the hair-raising political risk of ordering that the licenses of all convicted speeders, *without exception*, be revoked for 30 days, those of second offenders for 60 days, third offenders indefinitely and, later, fourth offenders (without a license) be fined \$500 and/or jailed six months. Ribicoff had to refuse to intervene in the license-suspensions of friends and big politicians. One man wrote him, "Is it your policy to make bums out of solid citizens?" But the deaths dropped by thirty-eight that year and have kept on dropping. And Ribicoff was handsomely re-elected. A poll showed that Ribicoff's program was favored by 60 per cent of the people, but overwhelmingly opposed by drivers who had ever been stopped for speeding.

"It appears that the 1959 cars will be wider than this year's, which were wider than last year's. It does not appear, however, that any thought was given to the number of people who will be killed or injured as a result of the extra four inches of car space that will be occupied by two passing cars. . . ."—New York State Traffic Safety Policy Coordination Committee, 1958 Report.

BUT EVEN Ribicoff's program is far from enough. All thinking about traffic accidents is crippled by two ineradicable difficulties. First, it is impossible, in non-mathematical terms, to describe an accident, which is a continually changing, but mutually influenced, set of relationships in space and time. Witnesses never see it all, or see it the same way. Even a

"We have learned an ironic thing. People will not slow down to save their lives. But they will slow down to save their drivers' licenses." — Governor Ribicoff of Connecticut.

movie would not adequately show all the elements in an accident.

The critical elements are in the brains of the various drivers and pedestrians. And this is a subject far trickier than nuclear physics.

As a human being slides behind the wheel of a car, he actually begins to feel brave. At the wheel, a man is reminded of his manhood, a woman of her virtue and rightness. The custom is to smile gently at such vanity and folly. Stop smiling. That folly is a killer.

A sensible young lady was actually heard to say on Monday, while driving rather aggressively, "I'm sick and tired of these pedestrians," and on the following Friday, while walking rather recklessly, "I'm sick and tired of these drivers."

This schizophrenia is, however, universally shared, and the second, pedestrian half of it is dominant when we are walking in the areas near our home or working-place — the areas where we feel safe and authoritative and where most pedestrians are hit.

The driver, intent on his superior and momentous business, feels toward a pedestrian a good deal like a soldier in combat toward a civilian native who gets into the line of fire. A feudal mounted knight may have felt so toward a heavy-footed serf. But in the modern case, knight and serf are the same person at different times. But generally he prefers to forget the serf-time and to think of himself in his knight-time.

Two real solutions are available for the traffic slaughter. The first is inevitable, the second volitional.

First, the automobile has flooded the courts with 75 per cent of the cases now on the calendar — personal-injury cases. A few records have been compiled for the years between 1940-41 and 1956-57. Between those years, in the Supreme Court of New York's Brooklyn and Staten Island, the average jury award in personal-injury cases rose from \$3,740 to \$16,957. In the Bronx and

Manhattan, it went from \$6,518 to \$20,499. In the five counties just north of New York City, it went from \$2,876 to \$16,808. For the Supreme Courts of all the counties of the state, it rose from \$3,490 to \$11,188, up 321 per cent.

These astonishing figures naturally made the Association of Casualty and Surety Companies, whose members had paid most of these bills, turn a deathly green.

AND SO they tried two more counties, Cook in Illinois and Creek in Oklahoma. In Circuit Court of Cook County, the average jury award in personal-injury cases, between 1947 and 1957, ballooned from \$7,690.06 to \$31,397.19. In Superior Court, it went from \$9,566.11 to \$21,010.70. But Creek County, Oklahoma, was the bonanza of them all. Average jury awards rocketed up, between 1947 and 1957, 3,500 per cent. In the latter year, there was one jumbo verdict of \$650,000. Eliminating that (but why?) and modifying the low 1947 figure with another, bloodier year, the rise was still 573 per cent.

Pleased for the plaintiffs as one must feel, that is not quite the whole of the matter. Insurance companies do not let themselves be plundered. In this same period auto-insurance rates have also been rising. In Connecticut the companies have just filed for a new increase averaging 19.3 per cent for the state and up to 34.7 per cent in Hartford. In Missouri the companies have been granted a new 10 per cent increase, piled on earlier raises of 63 per cent and up.

The St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* says the higher rates are required by a combination of independent evils: drivers are incorrigibly feckless; garages, doctors and hospitals are incorrigibly greedy, and manufacturers are incorrigibly irresponsible in making new cars ten times as expensive to repair. A crumpled fender which one could once hammer out oneself, now calls for half a new side-assembly; the wrap-around windshield is impossible to repair, etc.

The groups mentioned by the *Post-Dispatch* are not in conspiracy to raise insurance rates, but they might as well be. The safest possible prediction is that the rates will go up

and up and up. In that case, prediction becomes still safer and easier. Only the rich will be able to afford auto insurance. The unpropertied and young will drive without it, and when their small wages are attached for damages, will simply move away to become an itinerant labor population. The propertied laboring and middle classes, who cannot meet insurance payments but can be bankrupted by damage claims, will either have to do without cars or be pauperized.

This is the first solution to traffic promised earlier. It involves a strictly up-to-date, 100 per cent American version of the decline and fall of Ancient Rome. I hope there is somebody who will make a profit out of it but I can't see who, unless he would be the Gibbon of a future civilization.

To get to the second possible solution, let us look at an example of the reality: an intersection I know, a northbound one-way avenue crossed by a westbound one-way street which serves as an exit from a throughway. The lights on the avenue are staggered. Say the lights on the avenue turn red. What happens? The first row of cars and trucks goes through the red light. The second row reflects, "Why not me too?" and goes through. One or two of the third row follow along, naturally at increased speeds. The pedestrians meanwhile are inching out, and the cars on the side street are pushing forward, blowing their horns, because the cars behind them are blowing theirs.

Now the first side-street car comes sweeping in a sharp right turn into the avenue, blowing the pedestrians back. One man makes a dash across his front and is stopped by the second car making a wide right turn. The later cars put on speed to stay right on the tails of the cars ahead. Finally the pedestrians — all "natives" of this intersection: a mother and baby-carriage, a crippled old man, a young man with a heel blister — manage to get into the middle of the avenue.

"Engineering improvement in [car] safety design and restraining devices would materially reduce the injury and fatality rate (estimates range from 20,000 to 30,000 lives saved annually)." — Harvard Law Record, December 11, 1958.

Whereupon the lights, naturally, change. This is the open hunting season on people. They can now be legally killed, though not legally taken home. The immediate danger, however, is from the last side-street cars speeding through the light at up to forty miles an hour, and from the cars moving up from a block south on the avenue, also roaring at speed through the breaks in the line ahead.

This is the scene at the intersection with the lights.

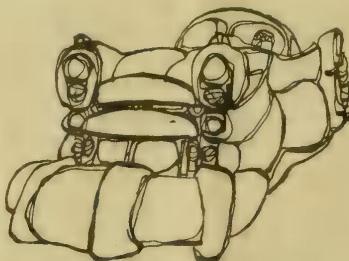
Dreadful as it is in fact, in operation, hour after hour, day after day, every step is perfectly human and understandable. One step leads to another; and the last step is 38,000 quick deaths a year, at least that many slow deaths, hundreds of thousands of cripples — and higher insurance rates.

The original, causative guilt in any accident is almost impossible to find, retroactively, but to the bystander the dangerous, unconsciously wicked driver is all too obvious. The first car that caused the second car to do the killing is a block away by the time of the accident, and nobody even remembers it. The only conceivable answer in this dilemma is that the guilt for every accident lies on all the drivers of all the cars on all the streets and roads. This is the truth that is totally unacceptable, the confession that can never be made, the little margin of folly and evil that resides even in saints. For of the saint in an automobile, one must demand not even a dozen saintly acts a day, but an unbroken continuum, without exception, year after year. Since this is far too much to ask, we must fall back on other measures.

"Good" people try to find others who are demonstrably worse than themselves, such as drunken boys. "Efficient" people blame pedestrians for getting killed. Such a crusade is now under way in New York City, against "jaywalkers." Pedestrians are given tickets for jaywalking and,

as a modest rider to the ordinance, drivers are directed to give pedestrians the right of way at the intersection with the lights. The rider turns out to be the key part of the campaign, at least at the heavily populated, policed intersections. The drivers, to their amazement, have to slow down and even stop before making a turn. A humorous columnist headlined his column: "Drivers Must Yield (Hey, Wanna Bet?)."

After a little of this, a perpetually virile tabloid, the New York *Daily Mirror*, editorialized: "The anti-jaywalking picture is not so rosy. Traffic has been decidedly slowed. Pedestrians get the green light first ahead of motorists making turns, and the result has been pileups and spillovers and agonizing delays." (Italics mine.) "Agonizing" is normally the suitable word for death and



maiming and grief and life-long loneliness, but to the *Daily Mirror* it is just the right word for being held up ten seconds on one's obsessive rounds.

TRAFFIC safety requires a very different tone of voice, that of good manners and human respect. The opposite (un-American?) attitude is to be seen in its finest flower on the streets of Moscow. A year ago, Moscow removed all speed limits and replaced the regulation that only four lanes of traffic could move abreast. Now the law of the jungle obtains. Cars rush at full speed at groups of pedestrians caught between curbs. Right turns are permitted on red lights. The only pedestrians able to cross the very wide downtown intersections, before the light changes, are those in perfect physical condition.

Here the voice of the pedestrian is not heard at all. Our second solution, therefore, is aimed at giving the pedestrian a greater voice.

The American citizen, as pedes-

trian, lives in a climate of half-conscious fear, impotence and frustration, as if he were a subject race. This is reflected in his general manners and morals and, in turn, his own tyrannous conduct when he becomes a motorist. The American, as motorist, is having his moral sense atrophied. After he has killed or maimed a fellow-citizen, he should impose his own penance and revoke his own license. But he never will.

The driver who will ultimately maim or kill is driving now in a way predictably calculated to do so, or to force someone else to do so. A hundred times a day he betrays himself to any observer, and leaves a wake of infuriated people behind him (or her). But no laws and no police force can stop this driver until he (she) has finally committed his (her) dreadful crime.

The solution is to enlist the American citizen, as pedestrian, to detect himself, as motorist.

Technically, it is easily done. The newspapers would announce a central office in any community where the citizen, as pedestrian, could send the noted license number of a car driven by the citizen, as motorist, that had moved in a menacing, reckless and ominous manner. This postcard (only postcards accepted) would have to give the writer's name, address and telephone number, the car's or truck's license number and the time and place of the performance. Anonymous cards would be thrown out.

Perhaps two file clerks and a good filing system would be required. This file would be reviewed at stated periods and anyone complained of by more than a determined number of pedestrians would be notified, or get a physical and psychiatric examination, or simply have his license revoked, or be given an unusually careful driver's test.

Both as pedestrian and as motorist, with such an arrangement, the American would be happier, calmer, better adjusted, and live longer.

A last word can be borrowed from Governor Ribicoff's Connecticut: no exceptions. And those two file clerks had better be unapproachable. Are there two such Americans left today? I believe there are at least three.

"Motor vehicles have destroyed in a single decade wealth almost equivalent to the current national budget. . . . for every dollar spent [in 1957] for new cars, another fifty cents had to be paid for the cost of traffic accidents." — Guy E. Mann, Aetna Casualty and Surety Company.

## English Lives and American Scholars

Richard D. Altick

ONE indisputable fact of modern literary life is that the biggest and most authoritative studies of the great British writers are now being produced by Americans. In the last twenty years most of the new "standard" lives of English authors have come, not merely from America, but specifically from American universities. The authoritative life of Shelley is the work of the late Newman Ivey White, of Duke. Just about everything one needs to know about Dickens is contained in two engrossing volumes by Edgar Johnson, of the City College of New York. Two other volumes, by Gordon N. Ray, vice president and provost of the University of Illinois, provide the fullest available account of Thackeray. A year or so ago Leslie Marchand, a professor at Rutgers, published a three-volume life of Byron. Robert Halsband of Hunter College has recently restored Lady Mary Wortley Montagu to fame. And Edward Nehls of Illinois has completed his three-volume "composite biography" of D. H. Lawrence (volume three will be out in February), a gigantic mosaic made up entirely of the verbatim written or spoken evidence of those who knew Lawrence.

Understandably, the British are not excessively happy about all this—as they show every time an English literary paper reviews, with a mixture of annoyance and admiration, an American biography of a British author. The academic origin of these books gives one explanation for the American appropriation of the biographical department in English literary scholarship. We are simply better equipped to do the job. In England, the study of literature traditionally has been in the hands of gifted men of leisure, or men of affairs whose avocation was books. Not until relatively recent times have there been many professional students and teachers of literature. (Only in the last sixty years, as a matter of fact, have the universities recognized English literature as a legitimate subject of study.) America, however, has always been short of

- James L. Clifford. *Young Sam Johnson*. McGraw-Hill. \$5.75.  
Leon Edel. *Henry James: The Untried Years*. Lippincott. \$5.  
Robert Halsband. *Lady Mary Wortley Montagu*. Oxford. \$5.  
Edgar Johnson. *Charles Dickens*. Simon and Schuster. 2 vols. \$10.  
Leslie Marchand. *Byron*. Knopf. 3 vols. \$20.  
Edward Nehls. *D. H. Lawrence: A Composite Biography*. University of Wisconsin. Vol. 1: 1885-1919; Vol. 2: 1919-1925; Vol. 3: 1925-1930. \$7.50 each.  
Gordon N. Ray. *Thackeray*. McGraw-Hill. Vol. 1: 1811-1846; \$7. Vol. 2: 1847-1863. \$8.  
Helen Gill Viljoen. *Ruskin's Scottish Heritage*. University of Illinois. \$3.75.  
Newman Ivey White. *Shelley*. Knopf. 2 vols. \$12.50.

talented amateurs. So, more or less by default, the serious historical and biographical study of literature (and, lately, criticism as well) has been centered on our campuses. And there the reigning spirit has been the one imported, along with our whole system of graduate education, from nineteenth-century Germany: a tradition that prizes thoroughness above all, devotion to the most rigorous methods of "scientific" historical research and evaluation of materials, virtual deification of the Fact. In England, the amateur spirit, a little less dedicated to exhaustiveness of research, a little more relaxed about the distinction between proved fact and pleasant fancy, has continued to prevail. Thus it is hardly surprising that American literary biographers are, in general, better trained than their English colleagues—and by the nature of their training more disposed—to turn out the encyclopedic works on which all subsequent study of great authors must rest.

To be sure, there are a few professors in England who are just as well equipped for such enterprises. But they can't get the money that permits American writers to take time off from teaching to travel in search of material, or to

buy microfilms and hire typists. In addition to intramural funds dispensed by deans and research committees, foundation and government money is to be found, in the form of Guggenheim, American Council of Learned Societies and Fulbright research fellowships. These subsidies, wisely meant to be distributed among as many applicants as possible, do not buy a scholar any luxuries. But such aid is more than the British scholar ordinarily can hope for in the present and foreseeable state of his nation's economy.

And the American biographer profits also from the presence in this country of so much of the raw material he needs. In the last fifty years, beginning with the activities of millionaire collectors like the elder J. P. Morgan, Henry E. Huntington and Henry Clay Folger, tons of England's prized literary manuscripts and rare books—seemingly everything not nailed down forever in places like the British Museum and the Bodleian Library—have migrated over here.

For primary research on many great English authors, certain American libraries have larger resources than any single British collection, and in the case of some writers the manuscript holdings of a few American libraries are richer than those of all the British collections put together. Yale, for example, has the biggest single accumulations of the letters of George Eliot and George Meredith. Harvard has more Keats and Tennyson manuscripts than any other institution. Cornell has rich special collections of Wordsworth and James Joyce. A Dickens student can read 500 of the novelist's letters in the New York Public Library's incredibly rich Berg Collection, and then walk a few blocks down Fifth Avenue and read 1,350 more at the Morgan Library. In the Morgan, in addition to manuscripts and rare editions of important works by Milton, Pope, Scott, Byron, Ruskin, Dickens, Burns, Thackeray and others, are great caches of raw biographical material—1,400 letters by Ruskin (Yale has 1,670 more), 140 by Byron and members of his family, 118 by Burns, 67 by Browning. When we add to these the treasures of the Folger Shakespeare Library in Washington, the Huntington at San Marino, California, and scores of college and university libraries all over the country, the total effect is staggering.

America has taken the lead in literary biography for still another reason: its

RICHARD D. ALTICK, author of *The Scholar Adventurers*, *The English Common Reader*, etc., is now completing a book on literary biography.

practitioners are demons for work. They think nothing of sending out hundreds of inquiries in their quest of new facts and their anxiety to verify old ones. They arrange their stacks of notes in systematic files, and obtain microfilm copies of documents they expect to use frequently. To their own energies they add those of eager young graduate-student apprentices, who now substitute for the old-fashioned, unpaid wife in doing the routine chores of research and checking.

THIS combination of extraordinary resources and efficient operation is seen at its most spectacular in certain elaborate editorial projects, or "factories" as they are called in the trade. The most famous ones are at Yale, blessed even more extravagantly than most libraries by its possession of the celebrated Boswell hoards. There the Boswell Factory is turning out delectable volumes of the great biographer's private papers for the general reader, and will soon launch a scholarly edition of the same documents for the specialist. And a by-no-means-negligible by-product will be Frederick A. Pottle's long-awaited intimate biography of Boswell. A sister production line, meanwhile, has just issued the first volume of what will eventually be a complete edition of Dr. Johnson's works. And in the same literary-industrial complex at New Haven is the old and established Horace Walpole Factory, which thus far has published twenty-one volumes of a magnificent edition of the greatest of all eighteenth-century English correspondences. Smaller operations, with headquarters in professors' offices on American campuses, have in the last few years compiled the fullest, most reliable, and most amply annotated editions of the letters of Defoe, Pope, Keats, Coleridge, Thackeray, Trollope and George Eliot, among others. Thus, in addition to producing literary biographies themselves, the American academic industry is also busily collecting, organizing, and making accessible the raw materials that are indispensable to the writing of future ones.

Our literary biographers, being Americans, like to work on a grand scale. Marchand's life of Byron ran to a million words in manuscript, and even after it was cut in half it filled 1,264 printed pages of text and 310 of notes. The first volume of Helen Gill Viljoen's biography of Ruskin is devoted to his parentage, and barely manages to conclude with his conception. After calculating that on this scale the whole

of Ruskin's life would require 80,000 pages, one reviewer cried, with Tristram Shandy, "Heaven prosper the manufacturers of paper under this propitious reign!"

Only paper-makers and printers are unqualifiedly happy about the size of our literary biographies. It is true that nobody, not even the most jaundiced British reviewer, denies that these books contain more facts—laboriously discovered, sifted, tested, pieced-together facts—than any previous lives of their respective subjects. They are unquestionably more comprehensive and more reliable. But are they also, in the literary sense, better?

A categorical answer would be impossible. Present-day America has its share of bad biographers and its share of good ones, just as England has always had. Even our bad ones are whizzes at sheer fact-grubbing; as part of their saturation technique of research they learn everything that can possibly be discovered about an author, wedge every last fact into the book, treat the momentous and the trivial with stern impartiality, and thus make their pages virtually unreadable. The human being, the man or woman of passion and foibles and charm and genius—a Landor or an Elizabeth Browning—is lost in a welter of circumstantial detail.

Some biographers, still wedded to the now obsolete "scientific" conception of scholarship as being exclusively limited to the gathering and recital of facts, deny themselves even the mild luxury of an occasional reasonable speculation. Distressed (as, to be sure, most sensible people are) by the absurdities committed by some unlicensed psychoanalysts among biographers, they have made a dubious virtue of refusing to take a stand on psychological questions even when the evidence is abundant and fairly conclusive. Perhaps even more to be regretted is the timidity that pre-

vents some biographers—accredited professors of English literature! — from dealing, in any but the most superficial and perfunctory fashion, with the writings of their subjects. They perform as though they thought the biographer and the critic had totally separate jurisdictions, and as though the chief purpose of literary biography were something other than extending our understanding of literature through a more thorough knowledge of the people who created it. And in American universities good writers are still rarer than good researchers.

PEDESTRIAN, timid, cluttered, myopic though some of our academic biographies are, we still have many to be proud of. In the first volume, the only one yet published, of his life of Henry James, Leon Edel has shown what fruitful uses a well-informed, perceptive biographer can make of psychoanalytic techniques. In his *Young Sam Johnson*, a bold and successful attempt to trace Johnson's life in the period before Boswell took over, James L. Clifford, drawing on an extensive and minute knowledge of an epoch, adroitly demonstrates how Johnson's character and ideas were influenced by specific historical events and tendencies during his youth. In Johnson's *Dickens*, the interplay of biographical narrative and chapters of criticism brilliantly achieves that ultimate goal of the literary biographer—the vivid realization of a man's personality and the simultaneous illumination of his writings.

Obviously there is no lack of dedication or energy among our academic biographers. What many of them still need to learn (or at least to apply to their work) is the truth that literary biography is not a mere orderly presentation of meticulously tested data, but an exercise of the controlled imagination; not only a technique, but an art. They must be less reluctant to indulge their instincts, even their sensibilities. For the secret of good biography lies more in the shape than the size; and insight and vividness are more to be valued than solidity and exhaustiveness. In these essential respects, the British, with a noble biographical tradition reaching back to Walton, Boswell and Lockhart, still have a substantial lead on us. It was they, not we, who produced Lytton Strachey, whose manifold sins of distortion, prejudice and cavalier handling of evidence set scholars' teeth on edge, but who nevertheless was a piercing analyst of character and a marvelously gifted writer.

## Frog Autumn

Summer grows old, cold-blooded mother.  
The insects are scant, skinny.

In these palustral homes we only  
Croak and wither.

Mornings dissipate in somnolence.  
The sun brightens tardily  
Among the pithless reeds. Flies fail us.  
The fen sickens.

Frost drops even the spider. Clearly  
The genius of plenitude  
Houses himself elsewhere. Our folk thin  
Lamentably.

SYLVIA PLATH

# The Nature Trap

THE TERRITORY AHEAD. By Wright Morris. Harcourt, Brace & Co. 231 pp. \$4.50.

John W. Ward

THERE are at least three good reasons for reading Wright Morris' first critical work. First, he writes well. This can go without arguing: Mr. Morris is one of our best novelists. Second, when one of our best novelists addresses himself to the tradition in which he works, we have a special opportunity of seeing the way in which tradition and the individual talent do in fact meet. Third, while presenting the tradition in the shape it takes from his angle of vision, Mr. Morris argues for more than literature; he argues for the possibility of life experienced in the present. This concerns us all.

Mr. Morris takes his title from Huck Finn's determination at the end of his adventures "to light out for the Territory ahead of the rest" in order to escape the complexities of civilization. Mr. Morris sees Huck's action as symptomatic of American letters; our writers turned to "NATURE" (as D. H. Lawrence liked to write that grand abstraction) for their subject and, in so turning, looked backward in time, not ahead. American literature, Mr. Morris suggests, has been imprisoned in a great cultural cliché. While our hands have built a terrible brave new world, our minds have been fixed in nostalgia on the myth of a green world of fresh beginnings that year by year slips further back into an irrecoverable past. Along with the crippling effects of nostalgia has gone an emphasis on the "raw material" of experience, rather than the transforming power of the imagination. Our classic writers, like Thoreau and Melville, Whitman and Twain, begin by writing about how it was and, inevitably, end up writing about themselves.

Mr. Morris spends roughly half his book establishing his interpretation of the tradition, and the other half in essays on Hemingway, Wolfe, Fitzgerald and Faulkner, demonstrating the burden the tradition has imposed upon contemporary writers. Audaciously, he pairs Henry James and Norman Rockwell in the center as ways to use and abuse the past. And, understandably enough, Henry James is the hero of *The Ter-*

*ritory Ahead* because he embodies Mr. Morris' double plea: for a judgment sensitive to, but not crippled by, the past and for an imagination which will create the meaning the present must have if we are to live in it.

*The Territory Ahead* is a personal book—not only because its opinions are Wright Morris' opinions, but, one feels, because it is a writer's challenge to himself as writer. From this point of view, one can easily ignore some of its curious readings and even flat contradictions. But, even from a more sober and academic point of view, one can still ignore them, because *The Territory Ahead* is deeply right about one thing. Literary tradition is not simply literary, it is cultural. When Americans turned away from human nature to the world of nature which history had given them, they not only turned away from complexity to simplicity, they turned in the belief that meaning was there, in nature, not in human civilization. The distance we have come from that cultural turning is that we can no longer believe that order is simply given us to discover. We must create our own order, if we are to have any order at all. In this sense, Emerson's "Nature" is no longer possible for us, and not because we live in cities. When Mr. Morris pleads for an expanded consciousness in the present, he pleads for and with us all, even when he places the blame on some of the wrong figures in the past. At a time when the imagination is held inferior to the laboratory, when, as Mr. Morris says, "the hallmark of the true agony is that extinction is preferable to self-examination," then literature has ■ special value.

## Second Impressions

### Review of Paperbacks

Robert M. Wallace

#### Literature

*The Symbolist Movement in Literature* by Arthur Symons (Everyman, \$1.15) is described in *The Background of Modern Poetry* by J. Isaacs (Everyman, 95c) as "forgotten and no longer necessary, but in its time epoch-making." It has indeed lost its original use as a guide and leaven, but Mr. Isaacs still quotes from it at length. Symons' personal acquaintance with the French symbolists gives his book permanent vitality, and his style gives it charm. Some of Symons' statements have been corrected: Rimbaud did not destroy the Brussels

JOHN W. WARD is author of Andrew Jackson: Symbol for an Age. A member of the English faculty at Princeton University, Mr. Ward is at present in Rome on a Guggenheim fellowship.

## On the Edge

How much I should like to begin a poem with And—presupposing the hardest said—

the moss cleared off the stone,  
the letters plain.

How the round moon  
would shine into all the corners  
of such a poem, and show  
the words! Moths and dazzled  
awakened birds  
would freeze in its light!

The lines would be  
an outbreak of bells  
and I swinging on the rope!

Yet, not desiring apocrypha  
but true revelation,  
what use to pretend the stone discovered,  
anything visible?

That poem indeed  
may not be carved there, may lie  
— the quick of mystery —  
in animal eyes gazing  
from the thicket,  
a creature of unknown size,  
fierce, terrified, having teeth or  
no defense, but whom  
no And may approach suddenly.

DENISE LEVERTOV

edition of *Une Saison en Enfer*, for example; but his judgments are still interesting and valuable and he deserves re-reading in his own right. Richard Ellmann's introduction and bibliography are helpful. Mr. Isaacs' six essays are lucid, perceptive and a good introduction to modern poetry.

Also: *The Literary Symbol* by William York Tindall (Indiana-Midland, \$1.75), especially concerned with prose and poetry since Proust, Joyce and Hopkins.

*Yeats: The Man and the Masks* by Richard Ellmann (Everyman, \$1.55) draws on a great mass of previously unused Yeats manuscripts. The poet's tremendous energy, his artistic conscience, his interest in Irish nationalism, the occult and all the artistic movements of his time come brilliantly to life. Mr. Ellmann is unusually successful in uniting biography with criticism.

*Marcel Proust and Deliverance from Time* by Germaine Brée, translated by C. J. Richards and A. D. Truitt (Evergreen, \$1.45), argues that Proust freed the novel from "servitude to realism" and in pursuit of that thesis supplies an enormous amount of information about Proust, techniques of the novel and aesthetic theory.

*Proust, a Biography* by André Maurois (Meridian, \$1.45), a lively and knowledgeable conventional biography, is not notably original but uses previous-

ly withheld memoranda, notebooks and letters.

*The Donne Tradition* by George Williamson (Noonday, \$1.45). The best study of Donne's influence in the seventeenth century, hence illuminating for much twentieth-century poetry.

#### The Orient

*Man and His Becoming According to the Vedanta* by René Guénon (Noonday, \$1.45) studies the nature and constitution of the human being as understood in Hindu metaphysics, concluding with "delivery in this life" and realization of the "supreme identity."

*An Introduction to Haiku* by Harold G. Henderson (Anchor, \$1.25) draws on two and a half centuries for nearly four hundred finished translations. Commentaries, Japanese originals and literal translations elucidate individual haiku and the convention.

*The Poetry of Living Japan*, introduction and translations by Takamichi Nino-miya and D. J. Enright (Evergreen, \$1.25; cloth, \$2.75), sensitive recreations of "new poetry" largely of this century, preserves the mixed native and Western strains of the originals.

*A Treasury of Asian Literature*, John D. Yohannan, editor (Mentor, 50c), is a surprisingly comprehensive sampling of story, drama, song and scripture from Arabia, Iran, India, China and Japan with useful bibliographies and chronological tables. Standard translations.

#### Cultural History

*The Greek View of Life* by G. Lowes Dickinson (Michigan-Ann Arbor, \$1.75), though outdated in some details by recent scholarship, remains a perceptive, gripping introduction to ancient concepts of religion, the state, the individual and art.

*Roman Society in the Last Century of the Western Empire* by Samuel Dill (Meridian, \$1.95), an erudite, brilliant and judicious evaluation of the decadence of a great civilization, is remarkable for its recognition of the cultural contributions of the passing aristocratic pagan minority. Delightful literary style.

*The Man of the Renaissance* by Ralph Roeder (Meridian, \$1.95), with great vitality recreates the times through the life and work of Savonarola, Machiavelli, Castiglione and Aretino.

#### Biology

*The Fitness of the Environment* by L. J. Henderson (Beacon, \$1.95) is as gripping and pertinent as it was in 1912, despite the vastly supplemented store of fact. The problem in which it issues, that the mutual fitness of the environment and life should be explained and

not merely celebrated, remains as a challenge to scientific thought.

*The Voyage of the Beagle* by Charles Darwin (Bantam Classics, 50c). A fresh and lively journal of the five-year voyage around the world that laid the groundwork for *On the Origin of Species*.

Also: Darwin's *Origin of Species* (Mentor, 50c), with an introduction by Julian Huxley and *Religion Without Revelation* by Julian Huxley (Mentor, 50c), extensively revised from editions before 1957 to include essays on "Science and God: The Naturalistic Approach" and "Evolutionary Humanism as a Developed Religion."

#### Miscellaneous

*New World Writing No. 14* (Mentor, 75c), a particularly successful issue, includes two Soviet short stories, one from the period of "the thaw" satirizing a bureaucrat immobilized by timidity. Robert Graves chose two dozen new poems; William Carlos Williams, Dudley Fitts and Lysander Kemp translated parts of a substantial Latin American section. Dan Wakefield discusses J. D. Salinger and Kenneth Rexroth, jazz.

*A Short History of Russia* by P. D. Charques (Everyman, \$1.35), only sketches the Soviet period, but shows throughout the rapid narrative a continuity of autocracy and a persistence of the peasant problem.

*Poland: Its People, Its Society, Its Culture* by Clifford R. Barnett and others (Evergreen, \$2.45) is not a history but collaborative sociology. Today-oriented.

*The Exploding Metropolis* by William H. Whyte, Jr. and other editors of *Fortune* (Anchor, 95c), a sympathetic study of urbanism, explores problems of transportation, government, slums, suburbia and the constantly changing center of cities above 500,000 and evaluates proposed solutions. Illustrated.

*At Your Druggist's: The Aztec: Man and Tribe* by Victor W. von Hagen (Mentor, 50c); *Eugénie Grandet* by Honoré de Balzac (Bantam, 35c), new translation by Lowell Bair; *Four Short Novels: Bartleby, The Encantadas, Benito Cereno, Billy Budd* by Herman Melville (Bantam, 50c); *The Prisoners of Combine D* by Len Giovannitti (Bantam, 50c).

## THEATRE

### Harold Clurman

THE THEATRE, if you look at it honestly, is a most paradoxical place. When I speak of looking at it "honestly," I refer to a reaction which is immediate and direct and not one based on a pre-conceived rationale of what we ought or ought not to like and why.

Last week in an effort to catch up on my retarded schedule of play-going I saw *The World of Suzie Wong*, Paul Osborn's dramatization of a novel by Richard Mason (Broadhurst) and John Ford's *Tis Pity She's a Whore* (Players' Theatre), a play written shortly after Shakespeare's death. The first play has been thoroughly drubbed by the press—and no doubt deservedly—while the second is, I suppose, a masterpiece, if only through its endurance in anthologies. But I had a better time with the chaff than with the wheat.

It is easy to discern that the Ford play is tightly written in admirably muscular verse, that its story is arresting (unapologetic incest provides the pivot of the plot), that its author was fascinated by the anarchy of human passions. It is just as easy to detect the slick sentimentality in the story of the whore named Wong. But in the actual circumstances of the theatre I am left cold by

the performance of passions by children who have none, and held by the tenacious charm which emanates from lovely France Nuyen who plays the Hong Kong bad girl in Broadway's package of oriental corn.

It may be reprehensible to be anesthetized by the inexpressive bareness of the setting employed for the English classic and to be as bemused as a kid at a sideshow by the colorful hokus-pokus of Jo Mielziner's settings which, as reproduction of an environment, are probably bogus. But it is important to note that in the theatre this is the kind of thing that frequently happens to the greater part of the play-going public. We are not to conclude from this that the public is necessarily a lout. It means that in the beginning (of the theatre) was not the word.

This contradiction or paradox may be more complex than my first illustration indicates. If the audience at *Suzie Wong* responds to its color and more especially to the presence of Miss Nuyen and at *Tis Pity* to the boldness of its story and speech (all these related to a sex stimulus), why did I find so little to enjoy at *The Marriage-Go-Round*, Leslie Stevens' comedy (Plymouth) which stars such

engaging actors as Charles Boyer and Claudette Colbert and definitely features that sumptuous lady, Julie Newmar.

For me at least—the play is a tremendous success—Charles Boyer and Claudette Colbert remain on a rather facile level of conventional polish (not particularly novel or scintillating) and even the luscious exaggeration of Miss Newmar's physique is not sufficient to supersede the commonplace humors and writing in this play of marital relations. Its attitude toward sex—part Peeping Tom archness, part chromium sophistication, part fake candor, part uncertain virility—makes an embarrassing composite worth sociological study.

BETTY COMDEN and Adolph Green are giving *A Party* (Golden) which consists of a performance of their own comedy and musical numbers. Their fun-making is captivating for a special and again theatrically interesting reason. The numbers from the musical comedies are—as we all had previously known—very good, but Betty and Adolph (a familiarity which seems to fit them) are not, technically speaking, expert performers. In fact, as performers, they are marked by an amateur touch. Adolph is not handsome, Betty is not immediately

alluring. Yet Adolph ends by appearing almost glamorous, Betty a true beauty.

The reason for their triumph over their superficial disabilities is, as one of their songs proclaims, that they are "carried away." They are absolutely entranced by what they are doing—entranced not simply by the "ideas" contained in their material but in the frolic of its theatrical point. The little joke, the little sentiment, the little satire each number conveys seem to delight them so much, they are so innocently and wholeheartedly immersed in their "party"—as if relishing it for their audience as well as for themselves—that their little festivity is transformed into theatre in almost its primitive sense—a folk ritual. And the folk they celebrate, the source and object of their inspiration is "New York! New York!"

*Editors' Note:* Harold Clurman is perhaps the only New York theatre critic who has not had an enthusiastic word to say for *The Cold Wind and the Warm*, the play adapted by S. N. Behrman from his volume of sketches, *The Worcester Account*, and starring Maureen Stapleton and Eli Wallach. Mr. Clurman is disqualified on this occasion by the fact that he directed the play.

## MUSIC

### Lester Trimble

THE Fromm Music Foundation has been performing an admirable service to music by its commissioning, recording and publishing of new scores. Recently, adding to its functions, it gave a concert in tribute to Igor Stravinsky (Town Hall), in which the composer's latest opus, *Threni: Lamentations of the Prophet Jeremiah*, was first presented in America. Commissioned by the North German Radio (Hamburg), and performed at the 1958 Venice Festival under the composer's direction, *Threni* is perhaps as dour and uncompromising a work as Stravinsky has ever composed. It employs a moderately large orchestra, of which only a handful of instruments ever plays simultaneously; a small chorus; and six solo singers. Among these performers, the emphasis falls most heavily upon the soloists, and even these are used with such Spartan economy that the communicative burden of the work seems finally to rest upon the shoulders of only one or two of them, who sing either individually, in long stretches of unaccompanied monody, or together, in

stark, two-part canonic form. The chorus sings very little. A good part of its contribution is in the form of rhythmical, whispered choruses, with an occasional sung interjection so brief that it constitutes less of a musical phrase than a punctuation mark.

The youthful protégé and disciple of Stravinsky, Robert Craft (the Sunday *Herald Tribune* captioned a photograph of the two men as The Maestro and His Apostle) conducted the concert and wrote interesting, though occasionally precious, program notes. His remarks, contrasting the *Canticum Sacrum*, the religious choral-orchestral work with which Stravinsky first flung down the 12-tone gauntlet a couple of years ago, and *Threni* were especially evocative. They described the *Canticum* as a sacred "concert," invoking the spirit of praise; *Threni* as a sacred "service," liturgical in temper and form, and embodying the ideas of penitence and prayer. Craft also pointed out, what is certainly true, that from the series of canonic dialogues which comprise *Threni* no portion could

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be excerpted and made to stand on its own. The work is a continuum, each part depending upon the others, which builds to a distinct but modest climax a few moments before its end. To my mind, the authority with which Stravinsky holds his auditors throughout an undramatic span of roughly half an hour is perhaps the strongest indication that the work is a masterpiece.

At the same time, and realizing that this may be beside the point, I cannot say that I really *liked* the new work. By its authority, it forced one to trace the carefully etched lines of its voices; to bear witness to each artful mark of the composer's pen. And yet I came from Town Hall asking myself whether Stravinsky's canons are *really* so much more thrilling than anybody else's. Is it possible to distill into a line of monody or into immediately perceptible canons something so spiritually elevated that the ends justify the means? Certainly, if the composer is endeavoring to transmit his personal religious sentiments, he has transmitted ones which seem on first contact to have a coldness and ■

rigidity possessed by none of the ancient religious music which has presumably influenced him.

It is only fair to state, however, that my reaction to the "coldness" and "rigidity" of Stravinsky's *Threni* is partly subjective. I find something anomalous in a situation where spiritual feelings are transmitted through a style whose high artifice and rigidity makes the composer's personality, his ego, seem to obtrude beyond the message. Such music, it seems to me, may lack humility of spirit and, indeed, can approach sacrilege. That was my reaction to the *Canticum Sacrum*, and my response to *Threni* has been similar, although in this case based more on the feeling of coldness and possible spiritual arrogance than of any sacrilege.

But a piece of music changes with the passage of time. What seems at first like coldness may prove, finally, to be clarity of thought. It would be foolhardy to assert that Stravinsky's last two choral works will never warm up and grow humane. It would be equally daring to claim that they will.

Davies or Prendergast, or a subject for caricature, as in Hart, March, or Glackens. This, of course, is not unexceptionally true, but compared to the rich humanity of French Impressionism, the American wing seems more than a little remote.

ABSENCE of humanity cannot be charged against the twenty-seven paintings in the nude by Jules Pascin, on view at Perls until February 7. This is Pascin at his best and on his favorite subject—*la petite femme* of Paris artist and café life, presented true to life: tough, young, impersonal, professional and available. Girls like these, but prettified, are the standard theme of the frivolous French painters from Boucher to the illustrators for *La Vie Parisienne*. Pascin had the extraordinary quality to take them seriously, seeing their strong little bodies without sentiment or glamour, with only understanding and perhaps desire. His pictures of them are touching and human, erotic and at the same time curiously noble. These are single or double figures, or rather portraits, the faces firmly characterized but without expression, the flesh soft and roundly modeled without any stylization whatever. The painting is very thin—washes of color that scarcely cover the rapid shorthand outlines by which the pictures were begun. The hand is astonishingly sure, the drawing solid, expert and easy. In spite of the limited subject, this is some of the finest work the School of Paris has produced. And it is a pleasure in a time of lofty, aesthetic theories and high-style abstraction to be faced with a painter who had a taste for the routine and more commonly appreciated things of life.

## ART

### Maurice Grosser

THE American Academy of Arts and Letters is showing, until February 15, eighty-five canvases, ranging from Whistler to Marin, chosen to illustrate the Impressionist Mood in American Painting. Childe Hassam, the most fecund of these painters, is represented by only three canvases, the large collection owned by the Academy itself not having been gone into. But the show includes a number of paintings by Theodore Robinson, a charming and quite unknown contemporary of Hassam's who died before the end of the century. They are gray-green pictures in sober taste, of which a moonlight scene of 1892 is one of the handsomest canvases shown. In addition, there are: a black and white sketch by Sargent of an orchestra rehearsing, done in 1876 when the painter was twenty; a number of Twachtmans, two of which are unexpectedly fine; two beautiful Bellowses; a John Sloan, of New York seen from the Palisades, in rich and harmonious color; two brilliant beach scenes by Gifford Beal; a Glackens and a Marsh, both of crowds, hung side by side, which turn out to be extraordinarily alike except that the Glackens is red and blue while the Marsh is tan and brown. A charming Abbott Thayer

watercolor of Mount Monadnock hangs along with his large, somber and rather empty oil of the same hill at sunset in a style half way between Impressionism and Hudson River. The group also contains two limpid, open views of Long Island seaside by William M. Chase; and a particularly good Cubist still life by Alfred Maurer.

The tenor of the show is gentle and pastoral. The pictures are well chosen, the painting straightforward and expressive. One feels little of the breath-taking grandeur to be found in French Impressionism; on the other hand, there is none of the corn and sentiment of German and Italian Impressionism and none of the restless virtuosity that Impressionism acquired when transplanted to Spain. The pictures seem to have been done with pleasure. One can see in them the enormous liberation offered to painters by these new methods of systematic improvisation. If on the whole the effect is somewhat dry, that is principally, I think, because the painters seem so little interested in people. In these pictures nature is the principal actor. Man, when he appears, is either a characterizing local coloration, as in the beach scenes by Beal; a decorative motif, as in

THE highest of the high-style abstraction I have yet encountered is the group of paintings by Adolph Gottlieb on view at the André Emmerich Gallery until the end of the month. This show consists of seven large, vertical and unframed canvases, each, as nearly as I could judge, some five feet broad by nine feet high and each a slight variation on the identical theme. The canvas is white. In the top section a roughly oval spot is painted in some rich dark color, while the lower section contains a more irregular splotch in another dark color or in black. The effect is extremely stylish. When I was there the place was empty except for one other visitor, an elegantly dressed, handsome and rather worried-looking woman as impatient as a model waiting for the photographer. Perhaps she was. The pictures would be perfect as backgrounds for fashion

## LETTERS

(Continued from inside cover)

photography. It is difficult to conceive of other use for them. Almost no house has so large a vertical area of wall whose lower part is not already occupied by fireplace, chair or table. This sort of problem seems to bother even the Betty Parsons Gallery whose present exhibition of similar, though not vertical, pictures, is entitled—Paintings for Unlimited Space.

THE most entertaining exhibit in town is the Kinetic Sculpture of George Rickey shown at Kraushaar through January 24. These are elaborately and beautifully made machines for doing nothing. Constructed of aluminum, brass and piano wire, balanced and counterbalanced with watchmakers' precision, they spin and turn and dip at the slightest breath or touch. Some are even activated by air currents set up by the spectator's approach. I have never seen among the artmobiles such pretty toys. Another amusing exhibit is the group of twelve collages and constructions by various artists at the Alan Gallery, also on show until the 24th. They are witty, elaborate and surprisingly varied. *Hotel de l'Etoile*, for example, by Joseph Cornell in his usual impeccable workmanship is a little white peep-show with a background of a sky and stars; Jasper Johns presents *Three Flags*, all American and superimposed in diminishing sizes; *The Walk* by Bruce Gilchrist is a plaque of tar in which is embedded precious-seeming objects such as opened-up beer cans with the golden insides showing and discarded radio tubes; and Bruce Conner's *Collage* has two surfaces, the front covered with assorted textures and materials, the back with pin-up girls and cut-out photographs of nudes. The title of the show is Beyond Painting.

Whether the work is beyond painting in the sense that it has surpassed it, I would not venture to decide. But certainly the three exhibitions I have mentioned (Rickey's work is sculpture) have nothing in common with painting except the occasional presence of paint. Painting and this are different games, played with quite different rules. The basis of painting is visual ideas; deprived of images it does not exist. This other practice has no need for images whatever. It uses the motor and visceral emotions aroused by texture, hand work and the visible evidence of muscular effort, to generate the sentiments of luxury, elegance and surprise. I have no objection to calling it an art. It is the work of talented and dedicated people. But I do not see how by any stretch of the imagination it can be classed with painting.

January 24, 1959

and directors of the publishers, many of whom are still union members today by tradition in the industry, are men of unquestionable integrity. Each alleged report of a pay-off which has come to our attention has been tracked down and proved to be the chattering of loose and imaginative tongues. Union membership is determined by regular situation-holder status under the contract, which is fixed by the publishers, and by family relationship as provided in the union by-laws, and upon Executive Board approval, and nothing else. The application of union membership to employment in the industry, however, is governed by the terms of the collective-bargaining agreement, the Taft-Hartley Act, and by applicable court and arbitration decisions.

Amazingly, Mr. Cook ignores completely:

(1) The refusal of the publishers to make any answer to the union's demands on wages and working conditions until forty minutes before the end of the two-year contract, making the union leadership's task of negotiating acceptable terms and convincing the union membership that they should be accepted practically impossible before a strike;

(2) The refusal of the publishers to permit one word of the dispute and of the imminence of a possible strike to be printed in their newspapers, even in those issues which were printed on December 7, the last day of the contract.

(3) The publishers' spurning of mediation efforts until the last few days of the old contract's existence;

(4) The publishers' insistence on living up to self-imposed commitments made by them to other unions without the knowledge or assent of the Deliverers' Union leadership;

(5) The melodramatic, unannounced appearance of the new president of the Pressmen's Union promising his union's support of the Deliverers' picket line, if they went on strike (on which his union reneged); and

(6) The normal differences of opinion which exist in any democratic union in which the membership has the right effectively to vote and decide on any agreement governing their wages and working conditions. (In this union, not only is there a full ratification discussion but, immedi-

ately upon the signing of a publishers' agreement, every member personally receives a printed copy of the agreement through the mail.)

The valiant attempt of the union leadership to save the union and the public from a strike costly to the membership, the newspapers and the public, was beset by the above factors, not by the subversive acts of criminals and racketeers. The opposition to the union leadership in this strike—and there was organized opposition, a healthy sign of democratic procedures—actually came from younger men in the union, inexperienced in labor-union negotiations, though possibly with some book learning, who were determined to win a shorter work week, sick leave, additional holidays and the like. They not only rejected the advice of the union leadership but they were also able temporarily to swing the majority over by their bold pressure tactics. They made their influence felt through word of mouth, through a loud and well-organized opposition to the leadership at the first two membership meetings, with prepared picket signs and the usual legitimate forms of persuasion which are accepted in any democratic community. In the judgment of more experienced and more

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practical minds, they may have been wrong, but they were not prompted by criminal racketeering or other insidious motives as alleged by Mr. Cook in *The Nation*.

If the publishers had not been, by the nature of things, in so strong a public-relations position, had they been compelled to bargain in good faith with this independent union, as they claim to have done with the Newspaper Guild, there would have been a bargaining atmosphere in which a contract could have been realized which was acceptable to the leadership and salable to the membership. The severe consequences of the newspaper publishers' strike were not inevitable. They came from the publishers' insistence—like Mr. Cook's—on looking under the table instead of talking over it.

Please believe me that I do not wish to be harsh personally with Mr. Cook or angrily critical of *The Nation*, al-

though we certainly have reason to be. . . . I am well aware of the strong feelings which many members of the innocent public have about this situation. But I am also cognizant of the inept and disastrous handling of negotiations by the publishers and of their efforts to fix the blame on some "dead horse." These matters may perhaps have been unknown to Mr. Cook because he did not take the trouble to inquire into them, but he should have inquired into them instead of relying on the false and malicious rumors which make a hoax out of his article.

ASHER W. SCHWARTZ  
O'Donnell & Schwartz, Counsel to  
the Newspaper and Mail Deliverers'  
Union of New York and Vicinity  
*New York City*

### Author's Reply

Dear Sirs: Shortly after my article appeared in *The Nation*, a couple of deliverers showed it to a friend of mine. They commented that it was pretty rough, but correct. One of them put it this way: "He's got it absolutely right." This verdict, coming from members of the union, carries more weight than the sweeping denunciation by Mr. Schwartz who, as counsel for the Deliverers' Union, can hardly be termed the most dispassionate of critics. I might also call attention to the fact that other publications, in research completely independent from mine, agree with my conclusions.

Wrote *Time* (December 29, 1958): "The union's an anarchy," said Stephen Vladeck, former union counsel. "It's riven with politics." . . . There was little sympathy in any quarter for the deliverers, who can gross as much as \$250 a week—against a base pay of \$104—by taking extra jobs, working extra shifts, and by charging newsstand dealers for "insurance" against such hazards as truck damage to their kiosks or bundles dropped in the gutter."

And Edward F. Folliard of *The Washington Post and Times Herald* (who can hardly be said to be under the influence of the New York publishers) wrote on January 5, 1959: "A man . . . thoroughly familiar with the workings of the union . . . said that two things were behind the power struggle within the union—'status' and 'pickings.' A business agent's office in this union," he said, "can be worth anywhere from \$25,000 to \$75,000 a year, depending upon the pickings." . . . The record would indicate that the union does not require virtue or a clean police record of its officers. On the contrary, it shows that two former convicts were re-elected as business

agents after their release from Sing Sing. . . ."

Mr. Schwartz tries to picture the union as clean and honest; he says the "pay-offs" are past history and the criminal element is a minor one of no influence. Yet even as I write this, three officials of the union and a deliverer have been indicted by a Nassau County grand jury on charges of slashing tires and threatening drivers to prevent deliveries of the *Long Island Newsday*.

Mr. Schwartz's pitch is that the publishers peddled stories to discredit the union and deceived me and *The Nation*. Let me say that much of the information in my article came from members of his own union and from officials of other unions, not from the publishers. Furthermore, Mr. Feldman and Mr. Schwartz pleaded their case with the officials of the New York Newspaper Guild and the craft unions, asking for support of their strike. These other union officials turned them down cold, and I doubt if even Mr. Schwartz can sell the idea that all of these union leaders are stooges of the publishers.

Many of Mr. Schwartz's arguments are inconsistent on their face. At one point, he says the publishers refused to "make any answer to the union's demands . . . until forty minutes before the end of the two-year contract"; at another point, he scolds the publishers for not having agreed to mediation "until the last few days" of the contract. Both statements cannot be true. Another contradiction: Mr. Schwartz argues that it was the stubborn stand of the publishers which precipitated the strike, but in the very same paragraph he blames the strike on the "inexperienced" younger men of the union who revolted against the leadership. And I might add that young and uninformed elements of a union do not organize so well; the "bold pressure tactics" (Mr. Schwartz's own term) are the hallmark of tough and veteran agitators.

Mr. Schwartz complains that I am too obviously concerned with the financial plight of the publishers in New York. As a working newspaperman I do have a vital concern—as Mr. Schwartz and the deliverers should have—in seeing that the already limited New York newspaper field does not shrink still further, with a consequent loss of jobs in every line of newspaper activity. And every working newspaperman in this city must know that the financial condition of several New York newspapers could only be described as precarious even before the strike.

FRIN J. COOK  
*New York City*

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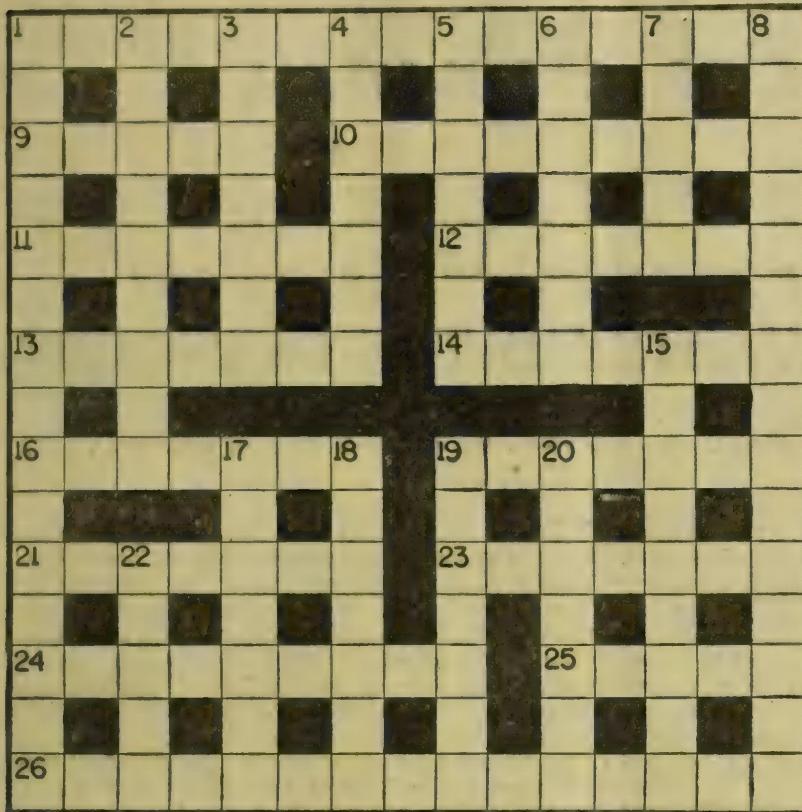
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# Crossword Puzzle No. 804

By FRANK W. LEWIS



## ACROSS:

- Such artistic presentation may not be detailed. (15)
- Shoot, suggesting the season of the hay-fever sufferer. (5)
- Rare metal found in the Ural mountains. (9)
- Moved fast when it comes to wine and plunder. (7)
- Somewhat less than honest, which is pitiful! (7)
- Having one case, in another case I take a slider! (7)
- This part of the army should be closed up. (7)
- It's necessary, but the leading lady of 10 might to become 12. (7)
- Accomplish something symptomatic of trouble, that is with five on the inside. (7)
- Entertaining a suggestion of study? (7)
- Something traditionally won by getting praise in mine? (7)
- In little Leo, a high point of artificial motherhood. (9)
- See 26
- and 25 Putting the cause of this as a matter of course? (3, 7, 2, 3, 5)

## DOWN:

- Player needing a roll to go on the piano, for example. (15)
- A rip in the leaf, relating to the immediately preceding. (9)

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# A PLEA . . .

## *for executive clemency.*

**IF YOU AGREE with these  
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*(The following is the complete text of a letter sent to President Eisenhower by the undersigned, among others, and released to the press on Sept. 23, 1958)*

Dear Mr. President:

This letter is a respectful plea to you to exercise executive clemency in behalf of Messrs. Gilbert Green and Henry Winston. Of the many Communists indicted and convicted under the Smith Act, they only are still in jail. They were members of the first group convicted in Judge Harold Medina's court. However, they jumped bail pending appeal and did not surrender, voluntarily, until 1956. They then received three-year contempt terms added to their original five year sentence under the Smith Act. Of this they have served more than two years, sufficient punishment, one would think, for jumping bail.

If Messrs. Green and Winston had not earlier been tried and convicted, one can hazard the guess that they would not today even be indicted. The Supreme Court in the Yates case limited in fact, if not in express language, its earlier decision in the Dennis case (governing Green and

Winston as well) so that the Act now applies only to advocacy or conspiracy to advocate specific acts of violence against the government of the United States. Of this offense there was no more evidence submitted against Green and Winston than against six of their comrades whose convictions were on August 4, 1958, unanimously reversed by the Court of Appeals. That tribunal ruled that the Supreme Court had held "that it must be clear in some fashion that the teaching and advocacy was directed to some sort of action, not merely devoted to some abstract doctrine."

Would it not be in the spirit of this decision for you to extend clemency to Messrs. Green and Winston? In so doing, we are persuaded, you could illustrate to our own people and the world the strength and sincerity of America's faith in civil liberties.

Sincerely yours,

NORMAN THOMAS, N.Y.C.  
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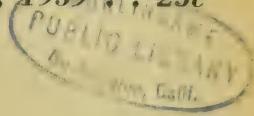
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*(Publication of this advertisement was made possible by friends of Mrs. Henry Winston—Box 113, Williamsbridge Station, New York 67, N.Y.)*

FEB -2 1959

# THE NATION

JANUARY 31, 1959, 25c



## CYRUS EATON Merchant of Peace

*by John Barden*



AS CUBA SEES IT . . *Carleton Beals*

ARE HOUSEWIVES NECESSARY? . . *Eve Merriam*

# LETTERS

The letter which appears below is one of many we have received in praise of Ralph Colp, Jr.'s study of Vanzetti in our December 27, 1958, issue. But there has also been some interesting adverse comment, particularly with regard to that part of Dr. Colp's article which dealt in psychiatric terms with Vanzetti's personality. Next week we will publish two such critical letters (one from a psychologist, and the second from a distinguished jurist who once served as Vanzetti's attorney), together with Dr. Colp's reply.—EDITORS

## Perspective on Vanzetti

Dear Sirs: *The Nation* is to be commended for publishing Ralph Colp, Jr.'s "A Biographical Inquiry into the Life of Bartolomeo Vanzetti" [*The Nation*, December 27]. As Colp rightly points out, most thinking about Vanzetti is dominated by a portrait of him that is more legendary and heroic than clearly defined and realistic. The three most widely known works of literature that deal with the Sacco-Vanzetti case—the two plays, *Winterset* and *The Male Animal* and Dos Passos' *U.S.A.*—do not misrepresent Vanzetti. But nevertheless they have helped to disseminate a one-sided, incomplete view of the man.

The Vanzetti who emerges from the poetic mists of *Winterset* is a god-like figure whose every word during the trial "was sweet and tolerant." The real Vanzetti interrupted the testimony of a policeman during the trial to shout, "You are a liar!" Both *The Male Animal* and *U.S.A.* rely on a single piece of evidence to characterize Vanzetti: his memorable statement to a newspaper reporter that begins "If it had not been for these things, I might have lived out my life talking at street corners to scorning men." Dos Passos rewrites part of this passage and deletes a sentence, presumably to improve it; Thurber and Nugent make comparable changes. But it is not this tinkering with Vanzetti's admirable prose that gives us a distorted view of him; it is the fact that the image of the man that we derive from these works of literature is an epical one fashioned in concrete and fifty feet high. It is like the impression one would have of Lincoln if his only source of information were Whitman's poetry.

The measure of Colp's success is that he has reduced Vanzetti to life-size without making him any less interesting, significant, or admirable. He has also

succeeded in pointing up the need for a balanced, full-length study of Vanzetti. Ideally, such a study would combine, among other things, Colp's insight into Vanzetti's personality, Louis Joughin's penetrating analysis of Vanzetti's thought (in *The Legacy of Sacco and Vanzetti*) and Dos Passos' moving compassion in *Facing the Chair*. These are demanding specifications, but certainly worthy of the subject.

ROBERT P. WEEKS  
University of Michigan  
Ann Arbor, Mich.

## The 'Doctor Business'

Dear Sirs: Congratulations on the excellent review by Doctor George Silver of Richard Carter's *The Doctor Business* in *The Nation* for January 3. Would that all reviewers were as temperate and constructive.

In his review, Doctor Silver says "The disadvantages of Negro doctors and Negro patients today in America need indignant retelling." On this point, I would recommend to your readers Dietrich Reitzes' *Negroes and Medicine*, published in 1958 by the Harvard University Press for The Commonwealth Fund. This is a carefully detailed study on Negro medical education and practice in the United States. The tone is rigorously investigative, and the picture hopeful, but the reader with a conscience will not find his reaction lacking in indignation.

DAVID BISHOP  
Los Angeles, Calif.

## The Demoralizing Draft

Dear Sirs: Having recently been drafted for two years, I read John C. Esty's article, "Draft-Dodger or Patriot?" in your January 10 issue with particular relish. My own case is an example of the waste and demoralizing effect of our present rules. I graduated from college at twenty, majoring in a "non-vital" subject. At the time I could either have requested induction or waited. I waited, in the hope that our draft laws would change.

Finding a job is not an easy task under normal circumstances, but with a 1A classification it is difficult indeed. I blush at the number of personnel directors who think I have a trick knee.

After two years of waiting, the Army gave me a physical examination and told me I could expect induction immediately. I tried to enlist in a reserve unit, but in New York City this is nearly an impossibility. The reserve units find it taxing merely to place returning service-

men. Almost the only way to join the reserves is through influence — a lovely and enlightening phenomenon for our youths to encounter. My induction came ten months after the physical examination.

During this period of nearly three  
(Continued on Page 108)

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## EDITORIALS

### The "Political" Budget

It certainly is political. But the politics is on both sides. On the Republican side, the absurd and hypocritical nature of the performance is demonstrated by two factors, among others. First, here is a "balanced" or "hold the line" budget in the amount of \$77 billion—let's not bother with that \$30 million in small change appended to the billions. But the "surplus" is of a scarcely greater order of magnitude: \$70 million. The ratio of \$70 million to \$77 billion is about 1 to 1,000. One would think that a budget is a precision instrument. Actually, a first approximation to a budget with serious pretensions to balance would require a margin of say, at least, 1 per cent, or in the case of this budget, about \$800 million. Even that would be skating on thin ice, since to achieve his "balance" General Eisenhower has included in receipts new tax and postal revenues which by all indications he isn't going to get.

Bipartisan hypocrisy is ably demonstrated by Senators Byrd and Keating, among others. Senator Byrd, the eminent tightwad of so many Congresses that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, is against spending, except in Virginia. When the Navy decided to close down its air station at Chincoteague Island because of a decrease in fleet operations, Byrd joined the neighboring chambers of commerce in anguished protest. This was before the budget was presented to the Congress. Likewise in the pre-budgetary politicking, Senator Keating announced that he was making a major effort to obtain a "greater and more equitable" share of government "defense" contracts for New York State.

A cursory survey shows that the 1960 budget is practically the same as its predecessors. As always, a silver dollar (or a pie) is cut into slices, of which "national security" takes about 60 per cent. Added to the monetary cost of future wars, there is some 15 per cent in payments on the national debt and veterans' benefits, that is to say the continuing monetary cost of past wars. All this is sacred. No one, least of all the Democrats, thinks of criticizing the President for spending too much on the military; in fact, the President is parsimonious in this field: the ghosts of George Humphrey and Charlie Wilson are not laid. The Democrats will demand greater military spending, not less. The only comfort is that while the Congress is free to appro-

priate additional funds, there is no way to force the Executive to spend them.

Ever vigilant against the menace of inflation, the President in his economic report, issued on the heels of the budget, stresses the "particularly critical role" of union leaders in keeping prices stable. Excessive wage increases, "not justified by the productivity performance of the economy," endanger jobs and produce inflation, he points out. This is a selected part of the truth. Inflation is built into the swollen military budget, to which we have become so accustomed that everyone takes it for granted in perpetuity. In short, the start of the budget wrangle affords little prospect of any serious debate on a serious topic, and the public will be offered the usual choice between Tweedledum and Tweedledee.

### Adding Up the Score

In its closing days, Anastas Mikoyan's unofficial barnstorming tour of the United States ran into stormy emotional weather. Mr. Mikoyan, who had proved himself adept at extending the American political custom of baby-kissing to embrace industrialists and financiers, suddenly found himself faced by an overtly hostile panel on a nation-wide television program. He engaged in two Washington conversations which proved so unprofitable that he was moved to angry accusations. He also read a *New York Times* article by Harry S. Truman which deplored any hobnobbing between foreign dignitaries and American private citizens.

On the "Meet the Press" incident, we side with Mr. Mikoyan. Newspapermen understand clearly the difference between questions designed to elicit information and those intended to put a man on the spot. The panel that Sunday afternoon asked questions which they knew their guest could not answer, and which were meant to produce an appearance of evasion. The fact that Mr. Mikoyan kept his poise and good humor under the ordeal was a victory in politeness for his side.

On the final Washington meetings, during which he talked trade and got nowhere, we think he lost his sense of perspective. He had been insisting for two weeks that he had no axes to grind and no schemes to sell. Certainly he came here with no bargains to offer and he

cannot really have been surprised that he was given no bargains to take home. His cross remarks about the cold war sounded as though meant for publication in *Pravda*.

As for Harry Truman's view that only officials should talk to officials, it is a symptom of the widespread inferiority complex which plagues this country in Soviet matters. We fear that a Russian politician is too smart for an American businessman; that a pat on the back by a Deputy Premier is enough to make a Detroit industrialist wag his tail. It's a view to make David Harum turn in his grave (and one which can scarcely be entertained in view of Mr. Barden's study of Cyrus Eaton in this issue). No one has suggested that a Russian smile is as good as money in the bank. Smiles should be met with smiles, gestures with gestures, arms reductions with arms reductions. Mr. Mikoyan says the smiles will make the reductions easier; it costs nothing to try.

In his last few minutes before boarding his plane, Mr. Mikoyan recovered his good humor, reiterated his view that American industrial power and prosperity were impressive, urged that at this time, when a major war is relatively unlikely, every effort should be made to assure that it can never become likely. We know that these views are correct; why should we assume that Mr. Mikoyan believes them lies? He came here to build up good will; it would be suspicious to the point of paranoia to complain that he seems to have succeeded.

## The Plough and the Stars

Let us waive the anthropocidal potentialities of the rocket race, on the shaky premise that the missiles will never be fired in anger. Let us assume that only beneficial results will flow from what is undoubtedly the most ambitious technological enterprise mankind has yet engaged in: transportation from any point on the earth's surface to any other at speeds not in the hundreds, but in the thousands of miles; flight to the other planets of the solar system; and corollary profits beyond the present scope of imagination. The question still remains: do our present investments in missilery make sense by any recognizable human criterion? While reaching for the stars in heaven, are we not preparing for mankind a social and economic hell on earth?

The world is not static. Nearly five years ago, P. M. S. Blackett wrote in *The Nation* that the average per capita income of the 300 million people of the "rich" countries of the West was about \$1,000 a year, while at the other end of the scale the 900 million inhabitants of Africa, the Middle East and Asia (excluding China) were each living, if that is the word, on about \$60 a year. Blackett went on to point out that the gap was actually widening, with the relatively rich countries improving their position at the rate of about 3 per cent a year, and the poor countries standing sub-

stantially still. The reason is, of course, that the poor countries have no surplus to invest in order to increase production.

Recently, the Population Reference Bureau in Washington published some figures which should send a chill down the spine of any statesman who has mastered the theory of compound interest. In 1958, the world's population rose by 47 million. In 1959, the increase will be 50 million. World food production is not keeping pace, except perhaps in Communist China. The likely outcome is global convulsion.

But the only convulsion which gets any kind of publicity in the United States is the missiles race. New gimmicks are constantly being developed to boost spending for missiles. The latest one is the widely publicized missile-gap. Somewhere around 1961 or 1963, the theory runs, the Russians will be producing a few thousand ICBMs a year, while our production will be in the hundreds. *The New York Times* has pointed out that these prognostications were based on pure guesses as to Soviet productive capacity and the assumption that our output would remain static.

The real peril is the hunger-gap, not the missile-gap. The missile-gap can be exorcised by agreement among the Great Powers, which is difficult but not impossible. Any other mode of dealing with it can only increase the hunger-gap. Utterly oblivious of this fundamental discrepancy, experts like William C. Foster, our chief negotiator in the surprise-attack conference in Geneva, have proposed *doubling* our expenditures for armament. The Russians will then be forced to do likewise, the argument runs, which will make more of a dent in their standard of living and economic aid to underdeveloped countries than in ours. Dr. Philip E. Mosely, director of studies for the influential Council on Foreign Relations, sounds the same note: "If we were to cut our defense expenditures by \$10 billion . . . the Soviet Union . . . would have that much more leeway . . . to experiment with aid to backward countries. . . ." Therefore, more missiles! The sky has become the rich man's road to suicide.

## Labor Forecast for 1959

As far as the labor scene is concerned, 1959 came in like a lion and is likely to go out the same way. Joseph E. Finnegan, chief federal mediator, predicts a "tough year" at the bargaining table as 155 major contracts, covering 3,000,000 workers, are due to expire. He foresees the danger of strikes in the oil, electrical, steel, meat-packing and longshore industries. The December unemployment figure jumped 300,000 to 4,100,000, the biggest monthly rise since last June. The United Auto Workers, suffering from a loss of income as its members lose jobs, has had to make its own contribution to the list of jobless: union personnel have been discharged in sufficient numbers to save \$400,000 a year in salaries.

And all these immediate and urgent matters must be considered in conjunction with Bernard Karsh's description (page 93) of technology's accelerating adverse effects on organized labor.

In truth, the AFL-CIO has every reason to be jumpy; and the extent of its nervousness may be gauged by the reversals it seems almost ready to make on its attitude toward those two noisy orphans, the International Longshoremen's Association and the Teamsters Union. A year ago, the ouster of the two unions seemed to many observers a healthy development and a sign of "real" labor unity. With due regard to the moral issues involved, *The Nation* never thought any such thing. And today the I.L.A.'s petition for readmission to the federation has been promised "full and sympathetic consideration" by the AFL-CIO Executive Board, while the Teamsters Union has found a champion for readmission in Harry Van Arsdale, president of New York's Central Trades and Labor Council. "It's time," said Mr. Van Arsdale, "to call back every union into one solid labor block." It's time, in other words, for the inevitable to happen.

## Massive Collapse

The double blow inflicted last week on Virginia's "massive resistance" laws — one by the state's Supreme Court of Appeals, the other by a federal court — could have surprised no one who has been following the pattern of litigation evolving since the Supreme Court's school-segregation verdict of 1954. Of the two decisions, the state court's is the more dramatic, since it sets Virginia justice — and not any "alien" Yankee justice — against Virginia practices. But it is the federal court's verdict which will have the broader and more lasting significance. The state court based its anti-segregation rulings on Virginia's constitutional provision for a "free system of public schools"; wipe out the provision — as could be done by a state constitutional amendment — and the rulings fall to the ground. The federal de-

cision cannot be so out-flanked. Based on the "equal rights" clause of the federal Constitution, it says, in effect, that for a state to close some schools in order to prevent integration, while permitting other (segregated) schools to remain open, constitutes illegal discrimination. (The closed school, the court noted, discriminates not only against Negro children, but also against white children who might be willing to attend an integrated school.) In other words, either all schools in the state must remain open, or all must shut down. The decision is as valid for Little Rock's Central High as it is for the closed Norfolk, Virginia, schools immediately involved.

What will Virginia do now? The state already has a pupil-placement law, similar to Alabama's and that of other Southern states, which indirectly led to last week's important decisions. This law sets up a series of qualifications for admission to the public schools: the moral character of the applicant, his home environment, transport conditions to and from school, friction in the school which his admission might engender, etc. In Alabama, a federal court has already ruled such a law to be Constitutional *per se*, but warned that it must be applied in good faith, and not for the purpose of perpetuating segregation. Because only its method of application can hereafter be challenged, Virginia could now proceed to enforce the law — argues Arthur Krock of *The New York Times* — with the comfortable feeling that opponents would have to make a separate case out of every Negro child turned away from a public school.

But is the outlook really so comfortable for Virginia? The exhaustion and expense involved in endless litigation cut both ways: they must be borne by state and county treasuries, or by school boards, as well as by the NAACP or other plaintiff. Or does Virginia think it can afford a private-school system (itself of doubtful legality)? With every bastion of segregation that falls, it becomes increasingly expensive to erect another in its place. One day the South will run out of money, if not of prejudices.

---

## AS CUBA SEES IT . . . by Carleton Beals

Havana

NOTHING has done more to solidify the Cuban people behind the revolutionary Government than the "bath of blood" statements by our Congressmen, the veiled threats of

intervention, the possible cutting off of trade, the imposition of sanctions, the proposal that American tourists be prevented from going to Cuba. From end to end of this island, the cry goes up, "*Unidad! Unidad!*" and it sounds forth from the Communists to the extreme Catholic Right. On every corner, in every bar and restaurant, on every autobus, comes a bitter anti-American reproach.

CARLETON BEALS is a veteran correspondent and author of a score of books on South America. This is his third dispatch from Havana.

At a monster labor demonstration in front of the Palace, where Fidel Castro and President Urrutia spoke from the balcony, the waving signs had only two themes: "Justice"—by which is meant the punishment of Batista's army officers and police—and anti-American slogans: "We don't need American ideas and opinions," "No more foreign meddling in Cuban affairs." And Castro

really took off the gloves in his denunciation of the United States and its policies for the past half century: "They will never establish good relations with free Cuba by starting with threats."

It may be that the American people are not really as critical of the Castro regime as statements emanating from Washington, and from the editorial columns of certain American newspapers, would make it appear. All the Cubans know about American attitudes is what they read in their own newspapers, and this has shocked them beyond measure.

I can attest that there has been no mass massacre in Cuba, only the trial and execution of those guilty of mass massacres. According to Castro, and this is the general opinion in Cuba, the American Congressmen were ignorant of the facts; much of the news dished out to the American people during the Batista regime, and since, has been twisted. The Cubans point to the conduct of a representative of one of the American news agencies here. The various departments of the new Government have been sending the names of

"Botelleros" to the courts for possible prosecution. A "bottle," in Cuban slang, is a sinecure—the acceptance of a salary for work not performed, which is forbidden under Cuban law. This particular news-agency man was long on the Batista payroll as an assistant commercial attaché. Cubans believe that this may explain in part why recent dispatches of Cuban events and statements made by Castro have been grossly twisted.

IT IS the belief of many Cubans, friendly to the United States, that in "meddling" in Cuban affairs, Congressmen in Washington are serving their country badly. Cuba is the sixth largest market of the United States, but it can sell its sugar elsewhere, it can buy its goods elsewhere—with injury, of course, to both countries. If the Cuban people are aroused much further against the United States, then the Government will be pushed willy-nilly to the extreme of confiscating the billion dollars worth of American property in Cuba. For all the large industries and most of the best arable land of the country

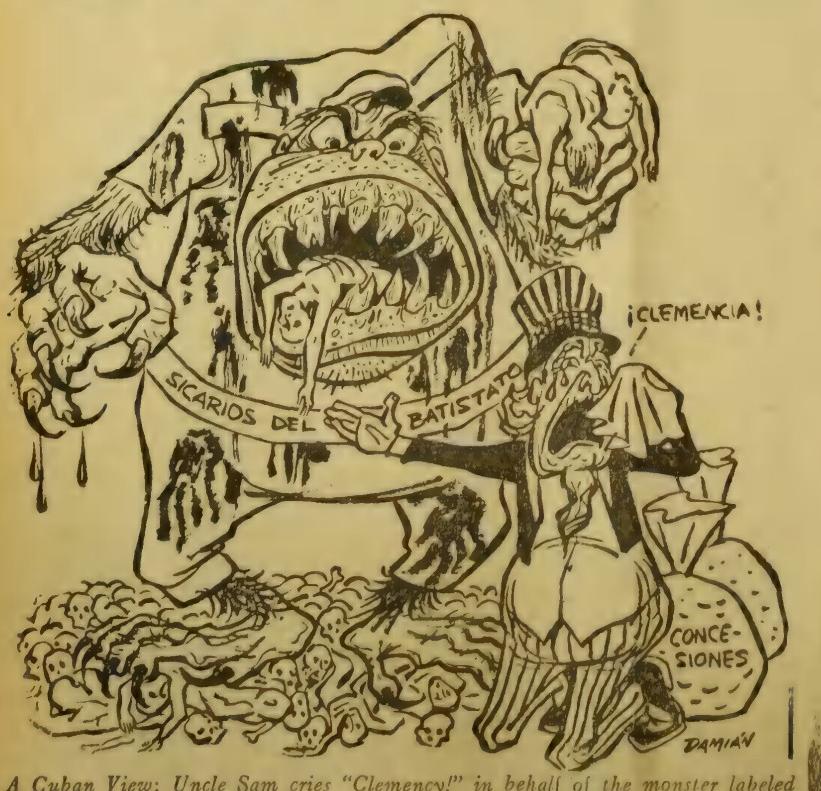
are owned by American corporations, not by Cubans.

These American officials, Castro said at the Palace, who are beating their breasts over the execution of a few of Batista's thugs, showed no concern over the 20,000 Cubans slaughtered during the last six years. "The fact is"—here I quote directly from notes taken at the Palace—"these gentlemen are not interested in human life, and would not be even if the executed criminals were innocent. They are interested only in meddling in Cuban affairs, in attempting to besmirch the revolution in their own country and throughout the world. . . . They are afraid of the effect that a free Cuba will have upon the rest of Latin America, which has suffered so many indignities for so long."

Castro estimated that the number of militarists and police who would be found guilty might reach four hundred or so, but he pointed out that one of those just executed had killed more than four hundred defenseless men, women and children in a single day. "Did Congressman Wayne Hayes ever protest about that?"

Castro promised that not one innocent person would be executed. But the question involved was not Cuban justice, but Cuban sovereignty, the right of the Cuban people to rule in their own house. As for the military trials, let the American correspondents attend them, Castro has suggested, so they may send correct information. Let Wayne Hayes attend them. It is pertinent to quote the editor of *La Quincena*, a leading Catholic magazine here:

The revolutionary tribunals have been active in Santiago de Cuba and in general in the interior provinces. These tribunals began functioning in campaign days in accordance with the previously elaborated military code. The trials held in Santiago and in other interior localities, although summary, have taken into account all the formalities and guarantees to insure that the sentence be in conformity with strict justice. Those sentenced were clearly guilty of grave crimes, the proving of which was not difficult [since] the chain of assassinations, of tortures, has been so extended and the men who committed them so well known. . . .



A Cuban View: Uncle Sam cries "Clemency!" in behalf of the monster labeled "Stooges of Batista."

The crimes of the Batista Government were not merely against the persons and property of Cuban citizens. As I dig deeper and talk to labor and business leaders, the cesspool of corruption under Batista proves to be immeasurable. Scarcely a transaction, a contract or a concession was negotiated here without incredibly large percentages going to Batista and his entourage. The telephone company (American-owned) got its rates raised with a pay-off to the regime of \$3,000,000, according to documents found in the office of Edmund Chester, Batista's press agent and go-between. Also found was a sickeningly adulatory letter from the top officer of the company: "Thank you, Mr. President." No wonder the populace on November 1 smashed up telephone coin-boxes.

And now a U.S. Ambassador who once worked for this same telephone company! And in a revolutionary situation such as exists here!

For nearly fifty years, the United States has scarcely ever had a true diplomatic representative in Cuba. Nearly every man sent down has been closely connected with American business concerns operating in Cuba. The new Ambassador, Philip Bonsal, is probably one of our ablest

diplomats, but why in the name of common sense send him here? For much of his life, he was an officer of this same Cuban Telephone Company, which is currently under grave attack, the latest scandal being the theft from the national archives of all documents relating to the company's relations with Batista. Even if Bonsal acts in the most upright manner, he is going to be crucified before long by the Cuban press, and relations between the two countries will be worsened once more. This is more Dulles blundering.

THE THEFTS of the Batista regime run not into millions, but billions. In the light of examination of government records the past two weeks, it is estimated that Batista's take alone was more than \$400 million. Cubans say that is a drop in the bucket of what he milked out of the country in other ways.

Besides demanding a cash graft for granting concessions or permitting the formation of new companies, he took 50 per cent of the stock. In cooperation with the dictator, labor leaders have gone into business in a big way. Large amounts of tax money were funneled into union pension and benefit funds; these were then

used to promote new industries, the labor funds being replaced by stocks and bonds. The unions have financed big hotels, radio stations, construction enterprises, plantations. But for each dollar they paid out, they got only ninety cents in paper; the remaining ten cents were divided up among Batista and the labor chiefs. The unions have promoted about \$800,000,000 of such new enterprises, which means that \$80,000,000 have stuck to corrupt fingers. Besides that, Batista usually exacted a 50 per cent share of each undertaking. One of the most shocking stories of all is that of the deals to set up two atomic-energy plants on the island.

As sad as is the story of the Cuban situation, it is perhaps even sadder that at no time was the American public told the truth about affairs. Apparently—or so the Cubans believe—it was to the interest of the Pentagon, the State Department, American business *not* to have the truth told. Honest newsmen could not tell the truth and stay in business on the island. The failure even now to present the Cuban picture properly, plus the lack of knowledge of what went on previously, have led to these outbursts in Congress against the new Cuban Government.

## CYRUS EATON: Merchant of Peace . . . by John Barden

CYRUS S. EATON of the United States and Canada, the dominant figure in enterprises worth at least \$2 billion, has set his formidable abilities to bringing peace to the world and composure to the United States. The project has the earmarks of an Eaton operation, though larger and more public than any heretofore undertaken. There is a plan which sets out the objectives and the practical action calculated to reach them. The mere utterance of sentiments, how-

ever wise and experienced, is a frivolity to which Eaton is not addicted. His approach to peace in the world and composure for the United States is about as frivolous as the organization of Republic Steel Corporation, one of his youthful accomplishments.

An Eaton operation is one in which Eaton generally has his way. Major and minimal objectives of both a public and private character are postulated. The opposition seems always to be overwhelming, a situation which brings assiduity to Eaton's work and joy to eventual victory. The choice of weapons is always Eaton's, and he knows the value of surprise. Wonderful coincidences occur, so favoring the Eaton operation at hand that in retrospect it is plain

that Eaton coincided them. Powerful allies, well-motivated by their interests, suddenly appear from unexpected quarters; opponents are likely to spend time on frolics and detours especially arranged for them.

Eaton assesses the possibilities of defeat as carefully as the potentialities of victory. New situations are estimated from a constant flow of information from reliable sources and skillfully exploited. Last ditches to fight from are constructed in advance; all retreats are tactical; all losses salvageable. The worse his situation, the more formidable he becomes. Even when suffering staggering losses at the outset of the Great Depression, he kept the Kuhn-Loeb bank's Bethlehem Steel Cor-

JOHN BARDEN, former newspaperman and now on the administrative staff of Fenn College in Cleveland, Ohio, has had a long but (until recently) distant acquaintance with Cyrus S. Eaton.

poration from merging with Youngstown Sheet & Tube Company — a twenty-eight-year-old precedent the federal courts are still enforcing today. The results of an Eaton operation are likely to have remarkable permanence.

Though a reader, writer and thinker, Eaton's characteristic mode of expression is action — and no public talking. He works seven days a week, and it would take a better man working seven days a week to beat him, but this has never happened. Eaton has been down (though not out) just once. It took the 1929 Depression to do it. That catastrophe only added strength to impressive talent.

In international politics, talking is a weapon, and so for a quiet man Eaton has been doing a great deal of unaccustomed public talking. He has been described as courtly, courteous, austere, dignified, assured, white-haired, tough-minded, intellectual. It's all true, but does not explain his hold upon even hostile audiences. What makes them sit up and listen is the nonconformity of a man plainly answerable only to God. Convincing moral indignation runs through his talk like the denunciations of the prophets. He keeps it convincing by getting down to cases. Eaton's program for the peace of the world and the composure of the United States is specific and barbed. [See opposite page. — Ed.]

Although most of Eaton's stated objectives have an oddly left-wing ring in right-wing ears, and a few ring wrong bells in left-wing ears, the right-and-left distinctions, however usefully applied to the French Chamber of Deputies, have no sensible application to Eaton. He believes productive people are the most important people in any society. His audience, as he sees it, is composed of industrialists, labor leaders, farmers and intellectuals. He knows the constituencies they influence constitute a workable majority. When this majority, doing the world's work, sees that the world is unsafe for its interests — human productivity in every form — they will change it. Eaton is sure they can if only they will, and he has set out to make them see their danger.



Cyrus Eaton

These notions are basically conservative, though tintured with the radically democratic assumptions that any man is entitled to ask people to change things and that the people, if persuaded, are entitled to do so. Just how Eaton proposes to do this is becoming clear.

"The United States of America," he told the Third Pugwash Conference of Scientists in Vienna, "has reached greatness, not through its soldiers or statesmen, but through the genius of its scientists, industrialists, agricultural experts, and labor leaders." He closed the brief speech with this statement of the Eaton strategy:

The eighteen influential conference participants from the United States come from the great universities and institutions that have played a major part in the development of atomic energy. I am particularly anxious that they and their colleagues in the powerful institutions with which

they are associated will raise their voices boldly and loudly so that superlative achievements of science, industry, agriculture and labor in America will not be destroyed by the lack of wisdom of statesmen.

The scientists understand Eaton. He is trying to make scientists help make the world safer for scientists.

He said the same thing, differently, to a blue-chip industrialist group, The Economic Club of Detroit, last November. The industrialists understand Eaton, too. His support in his own constituency will be scattered and quiet, but it will be there, and it will be effective.

Eaton will restate his theses to conventions of labor and farm groups when invited, and he will be invited when the time is right. This has not yet occurred because the emergence of powerful allies from unexpected quarters gets careful advance planning in every Eaton operation.

The decisions Eaton has made as

# 'For World Peace and the Composure of the United States'

Here are Cyrus S. Eaton's proposals for an American foreign and domestic policy as outlined to John Barden for The Nation.—Ed.

## Foreign Policy

### 1. Dismiss Secretary of State John Foster Dulles.

"Mr. Dulles goes gaily on gambling with the destiny of the world without restraint from any quarter. He evidently is impervious to the 1958 election returns, which his inflammatory activities helped render catastrophic for the Republican Party. He blithely courts the ultimate world catastrophe of the bomb without consulting even the Senate Foreign Relations Committee and the House Foreign Affairs Committee."

### 2. Have President Eisenhower visit the Soviet Union and Premier Khrushchev visit the United States.

"Mr. Khrushchev told me he would like to see for himself the great cities, industrial companies, railroads and agriculture of the United States and Canada. With America spending \$50 billion annually for defense and the fate of humanity at stake, surely the head of our government, with his fine personality and his infinite capacity for friendship, can afford to make an attempt to deal directly with his Russian counterpart on the Russians' own ground."

### 3. Recognize Communist China and admit her to the United Nations.

"We have elected to invite the enemy of the 600,000,000 Chinese on the mainland and have substituted for our old friendship with that proud and powerful nation a futile alliance with Chiang Kai-shek, an exiled has-been whom we have installed and maintained on a neighboring island at fantastic expense to the American taxpayer."

### 4. Strike a treaty of peace and friendship with the Soviet Union.

"Certainly the risk in such a treaty is fraught with far less hazard to humanity than the cold or a hot war."

### 5. Halt the nuclear arms race.

"Present stockpiles are enough to put to death every human being on earth. Any day, by accident or design, some fool, some fanatic, even some fumbler may touch off the explosion that will cause the holocaust."

### 6. Quit meddling in the affairs of other nations.

"The newspapers of such countries as Denmark, France, Germany, Austria, and England are unanimously critical of our policies. Our high government officials can no longer visit the republics of South America without inciting riots. In Canada, our near neighbor and best customer, the latest federal election was won by the party that proclaimed its lack of warmth, if not its downright hostility, to the United States."

### 7. Bring the influence of the world's scientists and scholars to bear on their governments in the interests of peace.

Since 1955, Eaton has been host or sponsor of twelve Pugwash conferences of intellectuals working in a variety of fields at great institutions throughout the world. The last, composed of eighty nuclear scientists from twenty-two nations—the largest delegations coming from the United States and the Soviet Union—met in Vienna last September. "These conferences cannot be held in the United States," Eaton declares. "The Chinese would not be permitted to enter and the Russians could enter only by subjecting themselves to humiliations no self-respecting scientist or scholar would submit to."

## Domestic Policy

### 1. Abolish the secretive practices of American police organizations and confine them to legitimate police work.

"Blackmail" is Eaton's word for the purpose of the FBI dossiers on every prominent American in or out of government, not to mention those of city, county, state and other federal police including Congressional committees. "There are no secrets in the industrial or scientific worlds. Investigating and fingerprinting, surveillance and wire tapping, espionage and counterespionage—these keep alive the spirit of suspicion which is one of the evils that plague us. I am just as sure as I am alive that one of these days there will be an enormous reaction against secret police in the United States."

Eaton cited with praise Fred J. Cook's article, "The FBI" (*Nation*, Special Issue, Oct. 18, 1958), exposing the myth of that organization's infallibility.

### 2. Forget anti-communism as a security measure.

"All this is folly," says Eaton. "We are the only major nation that doesn't have a single Socialist in its national legislature, the only nation without a large parliamentary representation of people who believe in government ownership of everything. I disagree with the police and politicians whose careers are based on the lunatic belief that the American people are so stupid as to embrace communism unknowingly. Our proper posture is not anti-communism, but enlightened capitalism."

### 3. Establish a warmer understanding between capital and labor.

"In every important industry in the United States there should be a meeting at least once a month between top management and labor leaders to discuss their mutual problems in a friendly spirit. Wisdom and restraint are required on both sides. The business leaders responsible for putting right-to-work legislation on the ticket last year hopefully learned some lesson from the defeat not only of this phony measure, but also of the candidates who went down with it."

### 4. Strengthen our banking system.

"In the financial panics of 1907, 1914, 1921 and the depression which began in 1929, the banks fell over one another to see which could sell out their customers fastest in an effort to keep liquid. I am not saying there would have been no 1929 readjustment if our banking system had been stronger, but I firmly believe we could have avoided the depths to which the combination of weak banks and our own emotionalism carried us. We need larger, more powerful banks, established regionally and competitively."

### 5. Find new leadership toward an enlightened capitalism.

"With all due credit to the politician, who must be elected, and to the editor, who cannot get too far ahead of his constituency, I think we must look beyond these old sources of leadership. I nominate the industrialist, the labor leader and the farmer as representing the indispensable elements of dynamic capitalism. Let the teacher, the preacher and the scholar add their best thinking, and I know we can look forward to a new era of enlightened capitalism that will excite the admiration of the entire world."

chairman of the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway Company, and the simple hospitality of his Acadia Farms near Cleveland, have won important friends like Guy L. Brown and W. P. Kennedy in the powerful railroad brotherhoods. He also has a friend in the United Mine Workers, a fellow named John L. Lewis, to whom he lent effective help in the 1946 coal strike. As for the AFL-CIO, there is not much in Walter Reuther's public statements to which Eaton would object, and what there is may also be unacceptable to George Meany.

By persistently exerting quiet influence favoring open-minded and expeditious bargaining in the steel industry, Eaton has an important friend in David J. McDonald, president of the United Steelworkers. Those interested in how to make friends with labor leaders on the basis of labor's prime interests ("What have you done for us lately?") could do worse than watch the Eaton approach to the AFL-CIO.

A gentleman-farmer, Eaton is the son of a prosperous merchant-farmer in Nova Scotia. Yet the "country squire" aspect of Eaton's Scotch Shorthorn cattle-breeding at Acadia Farms and Deep Cove Farm near Chester, Nova Scotia, is not irritating to plain farmers. He knows cattle-breeding. He has shown PS Troubadour, the Shorthorn calf which took the 1956 International Grand Championship over all breeds, throughout eleven states and Eastern Canada. The trip covered 100,000 miles. More than 75 million people came to see the memorable Troubadour, among them most of the agricultural experts and farm leaders of both countries. Since Troubadour can't talk, they talked with Eaton who, what with one thing and another, chanced to be there when they were. They were likely to learn, among other things, that he had been invited by the Soviet Government to bring Troubadour and representative cattle from his Shorthorn herds to Moscow for an agricultural exhibition. Editor Earl W. McMunn, after meeting Soviet Ambassador Mikhail Men-

shikov at Acadia Farms, went back to his influential *Ohio Farmer* and wrote an editorial in support of mutual understanding with Russia. Whatever the gambit, agricultural experts and farm leaders understand Eaton is trying to make the world safer for farmers.

EATON's conclusions about the world — the place is unsafe and the needed repairs, though not easy, are obvious — come as a shock to the politicians. He has moved in on their territory, and they are frankly at a loss to know how to deal with him. After his attack on the FBI on the Mike Wallace TV show last May, the House Committee on Un-American Activities moved against him. Eaton was only too eager to use the committee as a national sounding board for his views. Though its chief snooper, Richard Arens, stated May 19 on ABC-TV that a subpoena had been issued for Eaton, the subpoena was never served. The hard-nosed politicians who might have been expected to lead the secret-police bureaucracies and the jingoists against Eaton, didn't feel up to it.

The newspapers, with some notable exceptions, are in a quandary about Eaton. He enjoys influential and accurate reporting from the *Washington Post*, *Louisville Courier-Journal*, *Milwaukee Journal*, *Cleveland Press* and the *Knight* newspapers. The rest cannot ignore him. He is news. He stands at the top of a class the press most admires — businessmen and industrialists. His deviations from the American line have to be explained to the public. This cannot be done by calling him a fool, since it is axiomatic that anybody who makes a fortune in industry has brains or luck, and in Eaton's case it wasn't luck. He's done it twice.

Some papers would like to call him a Communist and let it go at that, but too many people traveling in the same circles as the editors and publishers know enough about Eaton to laugh that charge out of the papers. So the standard journalistic approach is to cover the Eaton rhetoric without the substance, then write him off as a well-intentioned

tycoon lost in the fog of higher politics through which we see so clearly.

A recent example was the favorable Cleveland *Plain Dealer* story (Dec. 14, 1958) on an Eaton talk before the Men's City Club. The sharp questions from the audience, duly answered, and a standing ovation for Eaton, were fairly reported. But in reporting the speech, the *Plain Dealer* quoted Eaton's reference to John Foster Dulles as an "insane fanatic" without quoting the evidence Eaton brought to its support, of which there was a wide assortment. One was a discussion of the recognition of Red China. Eaton fairly stated the Dulles argument that to recognize Red China would dismay our friends, the non-Communist nations of Asia, then proceeded: "Who are these friends? Well, the biggest one is India. India recognized China long ago. . . . Pakistan, Ceylon, Burma, and Indonesia have recognized China. Japan is the only major nation in the Far East which hasn't and it has been restrained from doing so only by pressure from the United States. The whole Dulles argument is misrepresentation almost beyond belief. . . ."

THE assessment of Eaton's capabilities, motives and prospects in bringing peace to the world and composure to the United States is not easy. According to Eaton, his capabilities are modest, his motives altruistic, his prospects excellent.

Enough has been said, perhaps, of the Eaton capabilities to establish that the only modest thing about them is his disclaimer. He brings to his present objectives fifty years' experience in international commerce, industry and finance. It is reasonable to suppose that a man who put together \$5 million in U.S. public funds and \$5 million in Canadian public funds with about \$5 million in private funds and emerged in full private control of the fabulous Steep Rock Iron Mines, Ltd., understands the basic principles of treaty-making.

Eaton's German industrialist partners in the development of his Canadian iron-ore properties on Ungava Bay — as shrewd and hard-

headed a lot as there are in the world — would be surprised to hear Eaton charged with amateurism in international negotiations.

John Foster Dulles, even with a State Department commission, is just another New York bankers' lawyer to Eaton. He has defeated platoons of lawyers like Dulles on their home grounds, the federal courts and commissions. He did it to Newton D. Baker's firm in the Bethlehem-Youngstown merger case and to Robert A. Taft's firm in the Cincinnati Union Terminal case establishing competitive bidding for the issuance of railroad securities.

He has no high opinion, either, of potential adversaries like generals and admirals. "One who reads their memoirs," he says, "cannot help but wonder at their vanity."

It has been laughingly asserted that Eaton thinks Khrushchev can be trusted. What Eaton thinks is that any man, or group of men, can be bound by their own interests. He believes that the Soviet Union, if relieved of our inimical encirclement, could be bound by its interests in building up its own economy to a consistent policy of friendship and trade with the United States. Coming from one who has had exceptional success in binding men by their interests to his own enterprises, this opinion seems worth serious examination.

EATON IS, of course, just one man opposing the policies of large governments. His case depends in the main on his persuasive abilities. Though these are considerable, he is operating in a field of public relations and politics in which he is supposed to be an amateur. This argument overlooks what Eaton did to the political careers of Newton D. Baker, Wendell Willkie and Robert A. Taft.

Baker came into the 1932 Democratic convention as the candidate who could win the Presidential nomination in the event of a deadlock between Franklin D. Roosevelt and Al Smith. Eaton came to the convention with a solid victory over Baker in the Youngstown case and a natural reluctance to see him made President. He joined forces with

James A. Farley and helped persuade William G. McAdoo's California delegation that Roosevelt was their man. The result was that Baker's opportunity never came up.

Wendell Willkie's political life would have been much happier had he not tangled with Eaton. Their relationship went far back into the 1920s. Eaton had known Willkie, somewhat intolerantly, as a cigar-chompin', whiskey-drinkin' public-relations man and lawyer-lobbyist for the Ohio Edison Company, which serves the Acadia Farms.

IN 1939 the New York financial community, its eye on the control of the Presidency, found or invented a Galahad in Wendell Willkie, president of the Commonwealth Southern Corporation, a public-utility holding company. Eaton watched this process gloomily, then caught wind of a deal in which Commonwealth Southern was about to buy 125,000 shares of common stock in its wholly owned Michigan subsidiary, Consumers Power Company, at \$28.25 a share, the book value. The idea was to fatten up Consumers' equity so it could simultaneously float a \$28 million bond issue. Willkie had arranged the underwriting with the usual gentlemanly syndicate of investment banking houses. There was to be no raucous competitive bidding. The underwriters would make \$500,000. The deal was classic New York banking practice and was approved by the SEC and the Michigan Public Utilities Commission.

Eaton, who believed in competitive bidding, offered in writing to pay "substantially in excess of \$28.25 a share" for the Consumers' stock, politely noting Willkie's oft-repeated complaint that the public wasn't buying utility stocks. If Willkie accepted, the gentleman bankers might walk out on the deal; if the presumptive Republican Galahad rejected the offer — well, his deal was something less than a quest for the Holy Grail.

Willkie rejected the offer, and both sides took to the newspapers. In the end, not only did Willkie have to drop the deal, but the SEC promulgated Rule U-50 establishing

competitive bidding for all utility issues under SEC jurisdiction.

Willkie turned to easier things like getting to be President. Eaton never let go. He turned pamphleteer and wrote "The Third Term Tradition" for the Oct. 5, 1940, issue of the *New York Post* in support of Roosevelt's third term. When all three Cleveland papers came out for Willkie, Eaton wrote Secretary of Interior Harold Ickes an open but widely unpublished letter. Cleveland, he said, badly needed another newspaper. Since Eaton could afford the expense personally, this sentiment gave pause to the Forest City Publishing Company, which owned the *Plain Dealer* and the *News*, and to the *Press*, the prosperous keystone of the Scripps-Howard organization. They decided Willkie was not much of a Republican anyway, a feeling which gradually spread among influential Republicans.

Willkie's political career came to an abrupt close in the Wisconsin primaries of 1944, a state in which Eaton had numerous friends engaged in the business (and politics) of utilities, iron ore and shipping. Willkie ran last in a field of six.

The disappointments of Robert A. Taft, a perennial Presidential aspirant, clinched the rule that no serious Eaton adversaries ever become President. Taft, who had told Eaton his application to enter a competitive bid for the \$12 million Cincinnati Union Terminal bond issue was "preposterous," twice came so close to the GOP nomination he could taste it. Each time a small windfall of delegates could have put him over, but he found the Eaton influence carefully marshaled against him, and there were no windfalls.

THIS RECORD surely jeopardizes Eaton's amateur status in the field of politics. It suggests the Eaton objectives of peace and composure are in the realm of the possible, and this raises the next question: What are the Eaton motives?

The motives in typical Eaton operations are apt to be a deft combination of public and private interests. In 1952, Eaton financing enabled the Cincinnati *Enquirer* employees to outbid the Taft family,

which already owned one of the city's other two papers, in a probate court sale of the *Enquirer*. Eaton's Portsmouth Steel Corporation, which put up the \$7,600,000 purchase price, made \$250,000 as a fee for Eaton's time in less than four months. Eaton's time also covered arrangements for common-stock financing of the *Enquirer* and the sale of *Enquirer* debentures to the public. The proceeds paid off the \$7,600,000 purchase price and the \$250,000 fee. This account oversimplifies a series of complex transactions, but is a fair statement of the results.

Eaton, when asked, explained that most businessmen act from some combination of public and private considerations and that the money involved in the *Enquirer* transaction was of no great importance. Though modesty well becomes Eaton, this is not an analytical statement. What he did was stop a possible newspaper monopoly, hand a newspaper to its employees, defeat an old enemy, and make a quarter of a million dollars. Without these elements, the opportunity might not have interested him. Certainly the \$250,000 was just one factor.

"What's money?" asks Eaton. "A man can wear only one suit of clothes at a time."

IT would be a mistake, in assessing Eaton's present operations, to become so engrossed looking for private motives as to lose sight of his public ones. As the controlling figure in iron ore, coal, steel, lake shipping and railroad companies, Eaton would surely face a period of readjustment for his enterprises were the cold war and the armaments race suddenly to cease, as he advocates. He also knows, though, that he would lose everything permanently in a hot war and that cold war and armaments are heading straight for a hot war. Beyond this, any fair appraisal must grant him the altruism of worrying about the fate of others in such a world.

Eaton has had a hard, first-hand look at the Soviet Union (200,000,000 people), a distant look at Red China (600,000,000 people), and has been heard to say, "If installment buying is ever introduced — and my

bunch is that it will come eventually — the increase in demand for consumer products will create a mass market well worth American attention."

Coming from a man with substantial interests in the steel, electrical utilities, rubber, paint, oil refining and chemical industries, this means business — more business, Eaton believes, than American and Canadian industry will ever make in the cold war and armaments. It means business without the risks of death and total destruction now being taken.

With more confidence in his fellow-industrialists than most other observers can summon up, Eaton stated the case to Khrushchev: "I told Mr. Khrushchev that anyone who pictured the American businessman as encouraging war preparation in order to sell more iron ore, coal and steel misunderstood the United States. I expressed the view that we ought to reach friendship and understanding, and that we should trade with each other."

It can be positively asserted that Eaton did not negotiate, begin to negotiate, or even suggest to Khrushchev or any other Russian official any transaction which might benefit the Eaton enterprises in any specific way. He didn't have to.

If his efforts enjoy even limited success in opening up trade between the United States and the Soviet Union, the big foot in the door everybody will suddenly see will be Eaton's. Powerful and well-motivated allies have a way of appearing from unexpected quarters in every Eaton operation. If this was among the things in the back of his mind in his talks with the Russian leaders, it underlines rather than denies Eaton's belief that trade with Russia would benefit the United States as a whole and that the fate of humanity may well rest on which way this decision goes.

The lesser private motives detectable in any study of the Eaton career can be very easily exaggerated. He has in his time been harried by New York banks, politicians, newspapers, law firms, State Department embargoes on trade and travel, and Congressional committees. From them he's taken an unusual amount

of punishment: he has been investigated, subjected to surveillance, sold out, libeled, threatened with contempt proceedings, boxed and sandbagged with legal documents and court orders. He has scores to pay off, and he's just the man to do it provided the retributions can be arranged pursuant to bigger operations aimed at larger considerations. Many an Eaton sortie has sideswiped an eye or a tooth from somebody who once took an eye or a tooth from him, but no Eaton operation has ever been wholly devoted to this Old Testament pastime — with the possible exception of the last days of his association with Henry Kaiser. That one Eaton fought with his back to the wall, a fight ending in courtroom victories for Eaton and the closing of Kaiser's career as manufacturer of Kaiser-Frazer automobiles. The Kaiser lawyers, it is worth noting, were the New York firm of Willkie, Owen, Otis & Bailey, assisted by the usual correspondents, in this case the Baker firm in Cleveland and the Taft firm in Cincinnati. Eaton's instrument in the battle, Otis & Company, is still doing business as a private bank.

A well-read student of the Christian tradition, Eaton loves his individual, corporate, police and political enemies, though not with a love that surpasseth understanding. He is always willing to devote time to the improvement of their characters through adversity, but only incidentally and only when they get in the way. At the moment Dulles and his State Department are in the way. The David-and-Goliath aspect of this encounter pleases rather than dismays Eaton, but he isn't much interested in Goliath. He's after the Philistines.

THERE IS something of the stiff-necked prophet in the Eaton character. In September, 1958, he uttered two prophecies to Khrushchev. "I ventured to suggest that, in due course, the American industrialist, the American labor leader, and the American farmer would demonstrate that they agree with me on friendship, understanding and trade with the Soviet Union. Meanwhile I suggested patience and forbearance on

the Russian part. I also invited Mr. Khrushchev to watch the election returns carefully in November to see if the American voters did not express strong sentiment in favor of fresher and wiser foreign policies." Eaton was surer of the first prophecy, which Mikoyan's visit tends to confirm, than he was of the second, which has been wholly confirmed.

Any estimate of Eaton's prospects for peace in the world and composure in the United States must begin with some definition of what would constitute his failure. World War III would constitute the failure, but who's going to judge it? Short of this, his prospects seem excellent for some measure of success. Muddling through more decades of brink-

manship with the successors of Dulles is not a reasonable alternative. No two great powers about equally balanced in military capability and mutual official hatred can maintain so hostile a balance for long. No great powers ever have.

Eaton is taking his case to the productive people of the world. They will judge him and it.

## THE CLERGYMAN and the SLUMS . . . by Dan Wakefield

THE OTHER DAY I came across the story of a New York City family of twelve who lived in two rooms in a slum apartment and took in six boarders to help pay the rent. The report did not emerge, as might be expected, from beneath the headlines of the recent scandals concerning housing conditions and corruption in New York, the largest and richest city of the most affluent nation in the history of man. It came from the pages of *How the Other Half Lives*, the classic report of the New York slums written by Jacob Riis nearly seventy years ago. The Riis book chronicled the unsafe, unsanitary, overcrowded conditions that he found on the Lower East Side of Manhattan, and its grim revelations initiated the first great drive to clean up the slums of New York. Since that time, the main changes in the picture seem to be that there are more slums now than ever before and more agencies, both public and private, to eliminate them. The war on the slums has become bureaucratized and specialized, and one of its most frustrating and exhausting battles is that of the private agencies' constant fight to make the public agencies do the minimum job they were created to do.

The latest campaign in this running battle is being conducted by a thirty-five-year-old rector of an

Episcopal church on Manhattan's Upper West Side. The Rev. James Gusweller came to the Church of St. Matthew and St. Timothy three years ago, and quickly found that miserable housing conditions were one of the major plagues on the people of his parish neighborhood, which as recently as ten years ago was still a comfortable middle-class domain. Since then, many of the buildings have been divided into smaller, often one-room, apartments, or turned into furnished rooms, and a great many Puerto Rican newcomers have been stuffed into them. It is not unusual for a family of six people to occupy a single room, with a toilet in the hall, for \$100 a month.

One recent afternoon, Pastor Gusweller sat in the basement of his church on West 84th Street and took time out between the unlimited assortment of problems being brought to him (the minister is one of the last remaining members of our society who can't afford specialization) to explain his story to a visitor. A young boy who didn't speak English and had been dispensed a pair of glasses that he couldn't see out of was waiting for the pastor to arrange an appointment with an oculist. Pastor Gusweller mentioned, between phone calls, that the faulty glasses were not the boy's only problem: "He lives in one of those one-room apartments with a family of six — and it's a very small room."

After sending the boy off to the doctor and answering phone calls from a newspaper reporter and a member of the district attorney's

staff, the clergyman took time out and began the story of his own education in the housing war. When he came to the West Side church in 1956, he began immediately to try to help the people of his parish and neighborhood get the minimum standards of decent housing to which they were entitled by law. When the people heard of this, they began to come in greater numbers (now as many as fifty people a week come to the church for help in housing) and a weekly "housing clinic" was set up.

"We soon found out," the pastor said, "that we couldn't get much help from the city Department of Buildings. About the only thing they would act on was 'overcrowding' complaints." This meant that when building inspectors were called to investigate complaints, they would often merely file complaints of illegal occupancy of small rooms by large families. The result was not an improvement of the building, but rather the eviction of the complaining tenants. Others, of course, would soon move in, and things would be back where they started. Landlords exploit this situation by threatening tenants in crowded rooms with eviction for illegal tenancy if they complain about the building's condition.

"We started calling on the Department of Health, whenever possible, instead of the buildings department," the clergyman said, "and found we could get action from them in cases where sanitary laws were being violated."

In addition to help from the health authorities, the pastor was some-

DAN WAKEFIELD, a staff contributor, is the author of *Island in the City*, the story of a New York Puerto Rican community, to be published next month by Houghton Mifflin.

times able to get results by having private lawyers take landlords to court. One landlord was given the maximum fine for building violations, which is \$500. This outcome is unusual, however, and most landlords of slum buildings find it more profitable to pay the fines than to do anything about repairing their property. A more typical case was one in which the owners of a building on West 85th Street had accumulated 144 violations between February, 1957, and December, 1958, and were convicted four times. The resulting fines ranged from \$5 to \$25. The landlords can class this as "overhead" and carry on business as usual.

With the expensive method of direct court action, which often produces no results, and the help from cases in which the Department of Health could claim jurisdiction, Pastor Gusweller continued to fight for better housing. He knew, however, that one of the basic obstacles was the buildings department. It was common gossip in this, as it is in other, slum neighborhoods that building inspectors, as well as police

and fire inspectors, took pay-offs from landlords in return for not enforcing housing regulations.

"We had realized for a long time that there were irregularities," he said, "but we had no evidence."

Last fall the evidence came in from an unexpected source. A local real-estate financier had been cheated by one of the building owners in the pastor's neighborhood and wanted revenge. He had heard about the church's campaign for better housing and so he went to Pastor Gusweller with a "pay-off list" of the building owner who had cheated him. The list was alleged to be a record, kept by the building superintendent, of "routine" bribes paid to city officials in behalf of the landlord. The list, which covers a period of five weeks for a single building, records payments ranging from \$4 to \$60 to safety inspectors, fire inspectors, garbage inspectors, housing inspectors and policemen.

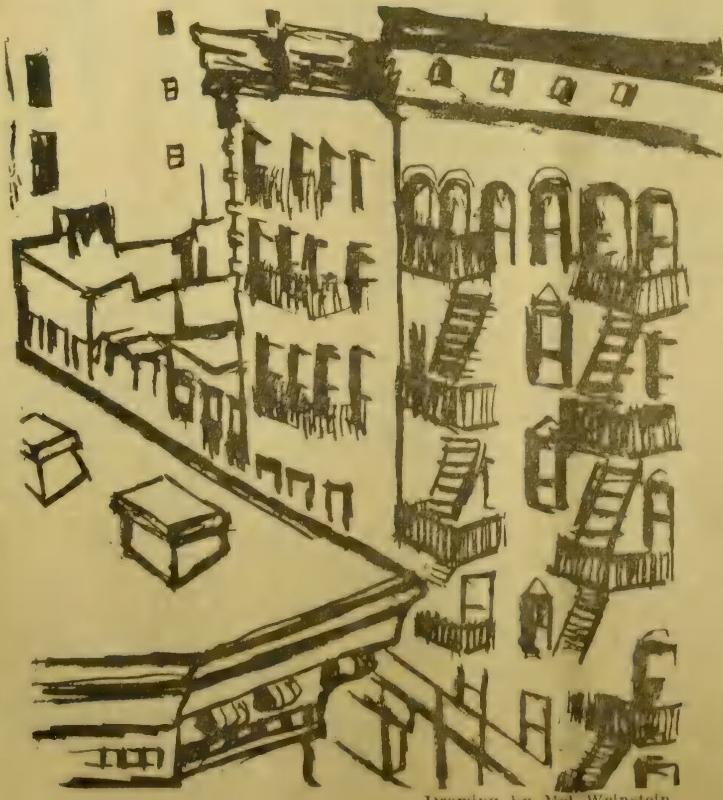
This information, followed by another superintendent's pay-off list, plus tape-recorded interviews with local residents of eyewitness accounts of pay-offs, was turned over by the

clergyman to District Attorney Frank Hogan, who has been investigating corruption in the Department of Buildings for more than a year. The Hogan investigation, prompted by local newspaper exposés of graft, had largely faded out of the headlines and public concern, but the Gusweller charges have brought it back to the front page and started another "parallel" investigation by Louis I. Kaplan, city Commissioner of Investigations.

SO FAR Pastor Gusweller's revelations have produced no direct action on the specific charges, but indirectly they have caused a major upheaval in the buildings department and stirred at least a verbal volcano in the city administration's formerly stagnant attitude toward the problem of housing. When Gusweller's charges of corruption and pay-offs hit the headlines, the city "rediscovered" the slums.

In a classic expedition that should go down in New York City history as the local version of "Let them eat cake," high officials of the city government, led by Mrs. Bernice Rogers, then Deputy Commissioner of the Department of Buildings went into the jungles of some of the city's more notable slums and came out to express their "shock." Evidently, it was the first time that these officials, who are responsible for watching over housing conditions in the slums, had ever seen the slums. Mrs. Rogers told the press that "This type of living may be legal, but it's wrong morally, socially and ethically." One of her thoughts on remedying the matter was to ban family occupancy of single rooms. She evidently didn't consider the question of where the occupants would live when evicted. But Mrs. Rogers' notions on the slums are no longer of any relevance except to history, since a month after her trip she resigned from office. How the Other Half Lives is always a shock, whether it comes in 1890 or 1959.

When Mrs. Rogers resigned, she gave as her main reason a staff shortage in her department. She claimed no knowledge of the charges of graft, and expressed certainty that there was no reason why the District



Drawing by Mel Weinstein

Attorney should call her to testify.

That the rot of corruption in the buildings department is no mere fantasy, and goes much higher in its structure than \$5 pay-offs to inspectors whose beginning salaries are \$65 a week, was proved again by the indictment, on January 7, of Frank P. Berardi, \$5,800-a-year Acting Chief Inspector of the Manhattan Department of Buildings, on two counts of criminal contempt when he failed to answer questions on the removal from his office of official records containing building complaints.

Berardi's indictment was only the third in thirteen months of the District Attorney's investigation, however, and the new probe by Commissioner Kaplan has so far brought no charges against anyone. Mr. Kaplan was recently granted up to \$100,000 to carry out his work, and he has announced that he was taking on seven lawyers, three engineers, and additional clerical aids. He has taken the position that the Gusweller evidence was only "hearsay," but he says that he is "looking into it."

The Kaplan investigation is part of what City Hall has named its "massive new attack on slums." The

biggest part of the attack are Mayor Wagner's proposals for city and state laws designed to make it more difficult for landlords to escape punishment for violations. But below the headlines, the reality of misery and squalor in the city's slums remains unchanged and will remain so unless real enforcement replaces the age-old pay-off system. Two weeks ago the Rev. John Purnell, who joined Dr. Gusweller last mid-summer as curate of the Church of St. Matthew and St. Timothy, sat in the room which serves as the church's "housing clinic" and faced the same problems and complaints that were faced before all the headlines. A visitor asked if any positive action had been taken to improve neighborhood housing since the church had turned in its evidence and Pastor Gusweller had met with the District Attorney, the Mayor and Mr. Kaplan. The Rev. Purnell reflected that things on the block were pretty much the same. For example, one of thirteen especially bad buildings which the church had listed for Commissioner Kaplan to investigate on grounds that no violations had been corrected, although the inspectors continued to inspect, was still as it was before.

Father Purnell said that in this particular building, 102 W. 89th Street, the toilets were not working and the children had to get up and go to school as soon as it opens in the morning in order to use the school toilet.

Having tried every other recourse, more neighborhood leaders are turning to newspapers to fight the housing battle. Last week the Rev. George Coll of the St. Benedict the Moor Roman Catholic Church called a press conference for a visit to a tenement at 422 W. 53rd Street. The priest told the reporters that "Dozens of inspectors have been here — from the Fire Department, the Department of Health, the buildings department — and still these people are freezing. They have no water in the toilets. The pipes are leaking, the plaster is falling. The tenants don't know what to do. I don't know what to do."

It seems to be the enduring reality of the story of the slums that in the midst of plans for new legislation, \$100,000 investigations, launching of new studies and formation of new committees, there was no one to go down to 422 W. 53rd Street and turn on the heat and water.

## WHITE-COLLAR LABOR... *by Bernard Karsh*

A FEW WEEKS ago, the news services carried a story about another addition to the bewildering new array of many-armed monsters and electronic hardware that goes by the name of "automation." This gadget, at moderate cost, can be hitched to most of the 1,500,000 machine tools now in America's factories and machine shops and in every case is guaranteed to replace at least one old-fashioned two-armed operator. One was put to work for a business-machine maker who needed a 600 per cent increase in a certain manu-

facturing process. The new gadget produced twice that.

Almost the same day, 17,000 New York longshoremen took a "long" lunch period in Madison Square Garden to pass resolutions boycotting the increased use of automation on the piers of the world's busiest port. And meanwhile, two of the country's biggest airlines were struck by pilots and flight engineers whose discontent was rooted in issues arising, as we shall see, from the technological advancement of their industry.

Indeed, in innumerable factories, offices, union halls and executive suites, "automation" — interpreted to mean almost any kind of technological innovation which alters existing work routines — is talked about

with increasing intensity, hopefully by some and ruefully by others.

Technological progress is as old as man. The history of all societies is a history of invention. But if inventions and changes in industry are not new, what is new is the increasing rate at which they are occurring.

J. Lewis Powell describes this acceleration in interesting terms. For the sake of graphic presentation, he compressed the 50,000 years of mankind's recorded history into fifty years, and on this basis develops the following chronology: (1) Ten years ago, man left his cave for some other kind of dwelling; (2) Five years ago, some genius invented the first writing; (3) Two years ago, Christianity appeared; (4) Fifteen months ago,

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Gutenberg developed the printing press; (5) Ten days ago, electricity was discovered; (6) Yesterday morning, the airplane was invented; (7) Last night, radio; (8) This morning, television; (9) The jet airplane was invented less than a minute ago.

Scientific and technical research and development, government- as well as industry-sponsored, has been growing at about 10 per cent per year over the last decade—about three times as fast as the national product. Ten billion dollars, it is estimated, were spent on technical research and development during 1958; about 10 per cent of this was spent on basic projects with no immediate industrial application. All of this suggests that the rate of technological change follows an exponential curve rather than a straight line of growth; when twenty inventions are added to twenty others, the total possible new combinations of tools are 400 rather than forty. And the larger the scientific and technical fund of knowledge, the more sharply the curve turns upward.

THE SECOND industrial revolution, as many call it, is having profound effects on the structure of American labor and on the trade-union movement. I intend to deal here with two of these effects, which I consider primary: (1) Because technological advancement has been most rapid in production processes, the blue-collar element in the labor force is growing steadily smaller, while the white-collar element — the office worker — grows larger; (2) all workers, whether in the office or on the assembly line, feel the need for safeguarding their future against the growing competition of the automated machine.

Let us deal first with the changing structure of the labor force. During the past decade, the United States became the first industrial country in which the traditional working class is no longer the major element in the total labor force. In 1956, according to the Bureau of Labor Statistics, the number of white-collar workers exceeded, for the first time in our history, the number of blue-collar work-

ers. And the gap will widen over the next decade.

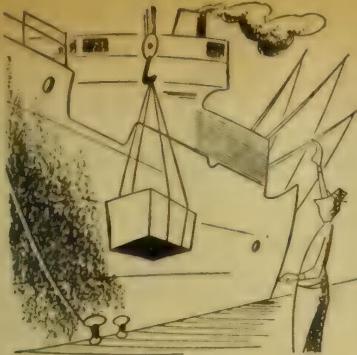
American industry now employs almost 18 million non-supervisory white-collar workers, of which 8.5 million clerical workers comprise the largest group. These are the stenographers, secretaries, bookkeepers, typists, receiving and shipping clerks, telephone and office-machine operators. The next largest group is composed of professional and technical workers — engineers, accountants, auditors and the like. The importance of white-collar workers in manufacturing industries has grown dramatically. While the number of production workers increased by approximately 1 per cent between 1947 and 1956, the number of non-production workers, most of them white-collar, increased by 55 per cent. In the chemical industry (which is particularly subject to automation), production workers increased 6 per cent, non-production workers 67 per cent; in steel, production workers increased about 3 per cent, non-production 37 per cent. In the automobile industry, production workers actually decreased by about 3.5 per cent, while non-production workers increased about 24 per cent. Changes of a similar magnitude have occurred in food, textile, fabricated metals, aircraft manufacturing, oil refining and transportation.

ALL OF THIS has crucial import for the trade-union movement, which by tradition has its roots in the blue-collar workers. And until now, the labor movement has hardly begun to touch the vast potential represented by the white-collar workers. There is evidence that it may not even know how to tap it. A union organizer who learned his trade unionism during the upheavals of the 1930s, or during the bloody coalmine wars which spread over an even longer period, will not recruit a status-conscious computer controller, an office secretary or a frustrated engineer by trying to convince him that his problems are the same as those of the man in overalls who works on the shop floor or on the shipping dock. As long as the white-collar worker *thinks* that he is dif-

ferent, for organizing purposes he is, in fact, different; and this has to be reckoned with in laying out an organizing strategy. Some sections of the union movement are beginning to understand the problem and to search for solutions. It seems quite clear that unless ways are found to appeal successfully to the increasing numbers of white-collar and professional workers, the trade-union movement will progressively disappear as a factor in American life.

TURNING NOW to the threat which the new technology represents to the worker — and thereby to the trade union — the position of the longshoremen on both coasts furnishes a dramatic example. Longshore work has some things in common in every port in the world. It is hard, dirty, hazardous and, worst of all, insecure. And longshore unions everywhere have reacted in similar ways to this insecurity. Trying to protect their members, they have sought to impose all sorts of restrictions upon the industry: restrictions on the hiring of new men, on the size of loads and of the work gangs which handle them, on the introduction of labor-saving devices and other kinds of technological innovations. The purpose of these restrictions is to spread the available work, to reduce the threat of unemployment and to improve the living conditions of the longshoremen. Longshore unions in New York, Melbourne, Southampton, Naples, Amsterdam and San Francisco have followed this path.

The 17,000 New York longshoremen who filled Madison Square Garden for a stop-work meeting were protesting the use of conveyor belts for loading ships through openings in the ships' sides, and the use of shipboard elevators in place of the usual deck-hatch loading. The shipping companies want to use six-to ten-man gangs instead of the usual twenty-one-man loading crews. Already in operation in some ports is a "container" system that can handle twelve tons of freight in four minutes — fifteen times faster than normal stowage. Under this system, truck trailers and other large containers are loaded away from the



piers and then lifted bodily aboard ship. The International Longshoremen's Union top leadership agrees that such devices speed shipments and save money for ship lines. But, they insist, the shipping companies have some obligations to the men whose job opportunities are eliminated by the new technology. The only real solution, said one top union leader, is a six-hour day without loss of pay. Since ships are loaded and unloaded around the clock, additional job opportunities would be available for as many as one-quarter of the working longshoremen — enough to offset, says the union, the layoffs created by the new methods.

A DIFFERENT version of the same question — increased productivity as a result of technological change — is faced by the airlines. Here the problem becomes further complicated by a jurisdictional struggle between two unions. Following a recommendation of a government fact-finding board, Eastern Airlines agreed with the pilots' union that the engineer aboard the new jets should also be a qualified pilot. The company was willing to give its engineers pilot training at its own expense. The engineers' union denounced the plan. Their members, they said, will be at the bottom of the seniority lists as pilots. Were the airline to reduce the number of crews because of the greater carrying capacity of the jets, the pilot-trained engineers would be the first to go. The issue is even more involved than this. The new jets can carry more passengers at almost double the speed of conventional propeller-driven planes. Unless the volume of passenger and freight traffic in-

creases substantially, a good many seasoned pilots are going to be laid off. The pilots' union is asking for a share of this increased "pilot productivity" — control over the "third man" in the cockpit (i.e., the engineer) to increase job opportunities; more pay to compensate for what it calls added pilot responsibility; shorter hours, more retirement benefits, and other related demands all calculated to secure the pilots' position in the face of the threat posed by the new flying machines. Two years of negotiations with the major airlines have not settled the problem. Even though Pan American, American Airlines and TWA previously signed contracts with the engineers' union awarding the "third man" job to them, the pilots are threatening to refuse to fly the new jets of any airline unless the third man is a qualified pilot. As airplanes have become larger, faster and more complicated, the pilots' fear of technological unemployment increases.

No major industry or union is immune from these kinds of problems. Even the trucking industry is rapidly adopting a new technology. Teletype-billing can tell a customer in a few minutes whether his freight is on the way; more and more truckers are using radio-equipped intra-city pickup and delivery trucks to speed service; some operators are putting in direct telephone communication between terminals to expedite space reservation and dispatching. Tractor units — the front-end trucks that haul the trailers — are now being built of new light-weight metals permitting the operator to pile on more than a ton of extra freight with every load. The Teamsters Union has already embarked on an organizing drive to bring in the white-collar workers who man much of the new equipment.

The United Auto Workers have attacked the automation problem with great vigor. Walter Reuther has said on numerous occasions that the union which he heads welcomes automation and technological change. But he stresses the need for an expanding economy built on full employment and the broadest possible purchasing-power base. The guaran-

teed annual wage was put forward as a means of dealing, in part, with technological unemployment in his industry. "It will affect management decisions concerning both the timing and the placing of new automation installations so that those decisions will be tempered by a degree of social consciousness," he has said. And if automation should result in the displacement of some workers, severance pay would cushion the shock and give them a breather to find other jobs. Training and re-training at company expense, the broadest possible seniority groupings, inter-plant transfers and the shorter work-week are among the basic methods urged by the U.A.W. to protect its membership against the encroachment of automation and machine displacement.

The union is persisting in its efforts to seek legislative solutions: increase of the federal minimum wage, the expansion of national vocational training, earlier retirement under the Social Security Act, improvement in unemployment compensation and the implementing of educational, cultural and recreational programs.

SOME unions have less to say about automation. The machinists tend to be critical of what some of its spokesmen have called the "exaggerated attention" given to the subject. They regard automatic equipment as just another phase of technological progress which has been going on since the beginning of time; workers should welcome it, they say, while unions should protect the rank and file against dislocations and unemployment. Like the auto union, the machinists want the benefits of improved production to be distributed to all sections of the economy. They stress shorter hours, increased pensions, increased social-security benefits, severance pay and increased opportunities for training and education. The machinists differ from the U.A.W. in one major respect — they do not consider rapid technological change to be any different from what it has been in the past. If there is a challenge in automation, say the machinists, the way for the union to meet it is to become more flexible

and adaptable without sacrificing past gains.

The steelworkers take another, slightly different, tack. They see the principal task as one of finding a new job for the displaced worker or drastically reducing the number of hours of work, while simultaneously increasing the worker's purchasing power. The real problem, says the steelworkers' President McDonald, is solving the antiquated means of distribution in the face of the needs of American workers.

James Carey's International Union of Electrical Workers approaches automation as a mixed blessing. Rapid expansion of electronic- and automatic-equipment production has increased job opportunities for tens of thousands of his members. But equal numbers, particularly in radio and television assembly, have seen their jobs completely eliminated by the introduction of printed circuits, solder baths and automatic inspection. This is a particularly complicated matter for the I.U.E., because one segment of its members makes the new technology while another is displaced by it. Carey's proposals closely parallel the auto workers'.

The printing industry situation is an interesting one. The industry has seen an enormous rash of new labor-saving machines in recent years. Following the example set by the printing pressmen years ago, the Typo-

graphical Union has installed in its own headquarters the latest photographic-composition equipment. Under union instructions, journeymen printers from all over the country have been trained in the use of the machinery, and are returning to set up local training centers in their home communities. At the San Francisco school, three-hour classes are held with both day and night sessions to give shift workers opportunities to learn the new techniques. Considerable jurisdictional competition goes on among the typographers, the pressmen, the photo-engravers and the photographers.

WHATEVER the industry, a common set of union approaches to technological change can be noted. Unions are concerned with the problem of layoffs, with getting a share of the increased profits resulting from increased productivity, with protecting the earnings of workers whose output can no longer be measured in time units but are now measured by the built-in machine controls. The Packinghouse Workers, the Chemical Workers, the Textile and Communications Workers, no less than the Auto Workers and Air Line Pilots, are worried about the effects of the new processes, methods and machines on their members' job security and the continued existence of their union. Job-evaluation, job-

classification, seniority, re-training, transfer rights and severance pay, reductions of hours, wage increases, price reductions and profit-sharing are all among the proposals advanced by these unions.

As a whole, organized labor recognizes the futility of trying to stop technological innovation. Responsible leaders remember the classic example of the Cigar Makers' Union when it fought the specialization of the hand worker and, later, the introduction of cigar-making machines. The union lost almost 50 per cent of its members in this struggle during a period when the number of workers in the industry increased by 10 per cent. The union has ceased to exist as an important factor in the industry. The National Window Glass Workers had a like experience; they fought the introduction of machines from 1908 to 1927, when they finally disbanded. Rather than outright opposition to technological change, the labor movement is committed to finding ways to cushion its adverse effects.

The most urgent need of the labor movement is to find ways to organize the white-collar, technical and professional workers who are rapidly replacing the present union membership. Unless this is done, and done soon, there may not be many other problems to be worried about, or much union strength to worry about them.

## ARE HOUSEWIVES NECESSARY? . . . by Eve Merriam

THE latest U.S. labor bulletins report another increase in the number of working mothers. As gadgets take over so many of the old housewifely functions, more and more women need to be home less and less. The automatic timer can mind the stewpot. Irons convert to ivy-holders as

wrinkle-shed fabrics improve. The children grow up and go off to school, and mother does not want to be left presiding over a ghost town. Clearly, staying home full-time is no fit occupation for a full-grown woman.

What is surprising is not that so many housewives leave home, but that 50 per cent of them prefer to remain housewives. Is home the most human place for mother to be? Is it best for family life that she be there?

Agnes Meyer, keynoting a vocational conference at Barnard College,

notes that by the time most women reach their middle thirties, their nursemaid and domestic functions are no longer essential. Reminding her audience that the average life expectancy of women is now seventy-two years, she asks: "Now, what are you going to do for the remaining forty years of your life?"

We have only to glance at the housewives on our block to observe with Mrs. Meyer that "there is a greater waste of womanpower in this country than in any other." We see these housewives' energies drained

EVE MERRIAM is at work on a study of prevailing myths about the sexes (see her article, "The Matriarchal Myth," in *The Nation* of Nov. 8, 1958). Her latest book is a collection of poems, *The Double Bed*.

by unproductive chores without even benefit of pay check, and we see their leisure hours played out in mean-sized, nibbling fashion. They trundle along, feeling rather like a superfluous wheel on the roll-away vacuum cleaner.

But what about the children's emotional needs? Mothers should be prepared to sacrifice their own well-being for the sake of the family.

It appears that total housewifery is no better for the children than it is for mother. Professor Ivan Nye of Bucknell gives the results of his seven-year study of the subject: thousands of junior high and high school students in Michigan prefer that mother not be so available. Staying home all the time, she is too prone to live vicariously through her offspring. They feel that she tends to pry over-much into their affairs, and they are not permitted to exercise independent judgments. The study concludes that mothers who work part-time make the best parent-adolescent adjustment. This is one study, and Michigan does not represent the entire state of the nation to be sure, but it is definitely part of the union.

If the housewife's functions have been displaced, and if her own interests and the children's do not require her to stay put, then why is she still behind the kitchen curtain?

THERE IS one more member of the family to consider: her husband. Dancer Agnes De Mille claims that he is the culprit. It is his old-fashioned, male supremacy that is keeping so many women from fulfilling themselves. She argues that so long as he remains the sole provider, he can be the selfish ruler of the roost.

I think that this is a gross feminist distortion. Most men are relieved to have their wives share the burden of support; and they do not feel castrated by the competition of another grown-sized personality in the household. Of course, male supremacy does exist (along with its less-effectual feminine counterpart), but the hostilities marked His and Hers are merely embroidery on the fabric underneath.

Technologically, there is no reason for so many women to stay home.

Ideologically, however, there is every reason under the capitalist sun. There are simply not enough jobs to go around.

During the war, it was a different story. Then women were needed to power the production line. And in many cases, child-care centers and family-aid services were provided by government and even by private industry. Today, our national needs are different. Our economy is booming, but it is not so booming that it has a place for all the housewives who are ready, willing and able to leave home. Household automation has released mothers for work; unfortunately, automation in industry is releasing fathers from work. And where private production for private profit continues to be the main item on the agenda, there cannot be much left over for public works that might benefit all members of the human community.

As for part-time jobs, they would accommodate best to women's family responsibilities, but not to private industry's requirements. Where private profit has to come first, can the individual's welfare be far behind? The answer is Very.

WE'VE GOT to convince women all over again that their place is in the home, because frankly we haven't much room in any other place for them. One of the first acts of the incoming Eisenhower Administration was to eliminate the Women's Bureau in the Department of Labor. Child care, health and welfare were all lumped together in one agency—with a reduced appropriation.

This past year, *Charm*, the lone publication that offered itself as "the magazine for women who work," dropped the identification from its masthead and is now concentrating on fashion, home furnishings and food.

We're treading back, but we've got to do it in such a way that we don't step too hard on women's sensitive toes. For the system can continue satisfactorily only so long as we have satisfied customers for it. Now if we can just make the little lady happy at home — ! It's a challenge to the genius of American inventiveness to convince her that her dis-

pensable household services are truly indispensable.

We're going to get her to enact the myth of the necessary housewife. Certain approaches have already been tried — without much success. Hal Borland proclaimed in his syndicated column that "the greatest woman in history is — the American housewife." Not content with this one perfect flower of a remark, Br. Borland went on to gild it:

. . . But too often she has an inferiority complex. At cocktail parties, particularly if there are career women present, she is likely to murmur when introduced, "Oh, I'm nobody. I don't do anything. I'm just a housewife." Actually, of course, she is proud of being a housewife. But she feels that nobody else thinks her job is either important or thrilling. Too often she is right. I don't deny myself that the shop talk of wives is not always as interesting as the reminiscences of actresses or lady wrestlers. But few professional career women live a life one-half as exciting or satisfying as that of the ordinary housewife. Motherhood, the art of raising children, is an endless drama, a ceaseless adventure.

*Life* dubs the housewife a "home executive," a "household engineer." A pretty word-picture was painted of her running her mechanical aids the way a captain of industry runs his empire. The picture didn't take. "A housewife is a housewife is a non-essential," she complained.

Madison Avenue then tried plumbing the depths. On the conscious level, the housewife thinks of herself as a vestigial appendix; but what about her inner, deeper emotions? A double-spread advertisement for Acrilan shows a young woman dreaming, with clothes-basket in hand. "She hates her title of housewife," confides the copy, "but loves her job." Nice try, but no cash registers ring, as it turns out that her subconscious is in cahoots with her conscious.

These females are a stubborn lot. No longer content with a gift from the sea, they want to realize their own gifts here on land. They are cold to the warm prose-poetry of Jessamyn West, who confides in her journal: "I love the motions of sweeping, the push and swoop of

body and arms, as much as I love shining floors. Is there anything more beautiful than a room you have cleaned yourself? A shining, harmonious light-filled and light-reflecting room, made that way by your own dance with a broomstick?" All very well for her to carry on, they reflect sourly, while she's broomless in Hollywood, making a movie out of the novel she's written. Just let her try that push-and-swoop bit all year round; she'd soon want an electric sweeper.

The National Broom Association responds more enthusiastically, noting that "the busy homemaker, rushing uneasily about, goading her automatic servants into doing their duties, finds little time for idle daydreaming," and they suggest switching once in a while to the sweet silence of dust and a broom "which does not whirr, put-put or clang." Unfortunately, they are selling brooms, not buying them. Ah! says the inelegant homemaker, they must have an overstock of brooms. Really, gracious living is hard put these days.

Well, let's appeal to her patriotism. Your country needs you. Now don't get excited and start changing from your housecoat into something more practical; we don't mean for you to go *out* to work. Stay right here indoors, because there's nothing wrong with our economy that a full-blooded housewife can't fix. As household-products manufacturer Howard S. Cohoon of Jackson, Missouri, recently explained to the New York City Federation of Women's Clubs, "If homemakers loosened their purse strings to buy now what they needed and could afford, the country would be headed back to prosperity." In appreciation of this instant-mix solution, the federation presented him with an award — the first to a man — for "promoting the best interests of American homemakers."

It is precisely here that we have a clue to the housewife's essential role. Consumer spending accounts for nearly two-thirds of all purchases in the country. Close to two million tubes of beauty products are sold every week, and we've got to go on selling them next week and the week

after next. There has to be a maw to cram all these products into, and Mrs. Total Housewife can provide it. As our Number One, all-purpose, conspicuous consumer, the full-time housewife is not the queen mother of our economy. She is the patsy.

She is the lucky little lady on whom we unload our products. And as we can't dump the stuff onto Iraq and other unmentionable areas any more, and as the blanketed-out areas increase, she becomes ever more vital to our way of life. It is all very well for Henry Dreyfus to sneer that "the American housewife is nothing but a gadget-minded mammal." Without her, his income would be a lot less. Where does he think he's designing, anyway? Where obsolescence is the only thing planned in our economy, we need the myth of the necessary housewife to help us plan it better.

Let her use soap powder: that leaves a messy ring around the glassware. Then let her use detergent to take away that messy ring. Then, because some detergents have a tendency to remove the ring-finger quite messily from her hand, she can use soft, harshless, lanolized liquid Joy.

IS THE housewife necessary? She's an absolute must for Arthur Godfrey and his tea-bags. Somebody's got to stay home and listen to the *Story of Helen Kent, Girl Woman*, and somebody's got to have the time on her hands to go to the stores and



turn in all the coupons and box-tops. Somebody's got to peruse the silverware patterns and decide between lovely, wistful Wisteria and dramatic, dynamic Dahlia. Somebody's got to sample the fifty-nine varieties of the same basic formula.

The housewife's task is not to be a loving helpmeet, a ministering nurse in time of trouble; we've got Band-Aids in stars and stripes for that. Her job—and it takes energy and staying power—is to keep pushing so that more products can be disposed of. The era of *Craig's Wife* is gone, thank heavens; lay off that compulsive dusting, lay on the compulsive consuming. Our prize-winning delineation comes from the pen of Sales Products, Inc., where the wives of men selling kitchen appliances are told how to behave. "Please check one: I will (help) (assist) (push) (shove) my husband to surpass this month's sales quota." Another firm, specializing in ethical [sic] drugs, offers a playlet to be enacted at home, take it Stanislavsky or straight. "Gee, honey," says the husband, "I wish I knew how to win some of those bonuses the company is offering." Pause. The wife then answers quietly, "Yes, dear? I think I know how you can." Coming closer to him, she advises, "Get in there and sell — sell — SELL!"

Behind the myth of the necessary housewife stands the fact of our needy economy.

STILL, OUR guardians toss uneasily in their Rest-Ezy beds. True, we have more housewives than any other country in the world, but all of us would sleep a lot better if we had them under lock and key. For even with all the obstacles put in their way, more and more of them keep trying to slip out into the fresh air of productive activity. So let's scare them into staying home by bringing on the old guilt complex. Do you see all the juvenile delinquency? And do you see all the divorces? And do you know who is responsible for the Disintegration of Family Life? The runaway housewife, that's who. So now you won't try slipping out any more, will you?

Staying home, of course, doesn't solve anything. Harrison Salisbury

points out in *The Shook-Up Generation* that juvenile delinquency in middle-class homes and in suburban areas is rising steeply. It is in exactly such homes that we find the greatest number of full-time housewives. Obviously, the presence of mother alone is not enough to protect, as her absence alone is not enough to neglect. Juvenile delinquency is more closely aligned with the trigger of the H-bomb than with mother's tight or loose pull on the apron strings — and the threat of the H-bomb is merely one in a long, disturbing list of relationships. The many problems we have to face about delinquency and divorce cannot be fully confronted until we have a complete examination and overhaul of our entire family structure, which would mean an examination and possible overhaul of the whole social structure and economic system it is hitched to — and we're in no mood to shake up that.

Meanwhile, stay home, Americaness. So what if juvenile delinquency is increasing in homes where mother is right there on the spot? Well, but look at it this way. Junior is merely shoving other people's grandmas down the stairs. If you don't remain a full-time mother-consumer, he'll shove his own grandma down. Things are never so bad that they can't become worse.

THE MYTH of the necessary housewife stretches out for all the years of her life. She's got to stay put where the pre-teens can find her, the teens, and even the post-teens. For now that so many young people marry while they're still in college (and some in high school) and can't afford to set up housekeeping on their own, they keep right on being mother's responsibility and requiring her radar eye until she's a built-in, baby-sitting grandmother.

Thus the woman who walks out of full-time housewifery is forsaking generations to come. Such a lurid picture is presented of abandoned children, unattended husbands, cold suppers and uncleared ashtrays that the load stacked into the emotional dishwasher is too much to take. Accustomed as she is to being the patsy, sometimes it gets to be too much

even for her culpable shoulders and she breaks down. It is the housewife more than the working woman who is smoking more, drinking more, having more extra-marital affairs, developing ulcers and other ailments previously uncommon to women. Small wonder, since so many problems of the community are blamed on her: from the lay-offs in the automobile industry to the rise of the communes in China. If she were *enjoying* staying home, these things would not be happening.

No Superman could cope individually with what she is asked to do. The problems of the family are the problems of our national family. There can be no simple-minded solution labeled "Mother." But, we've appointed her as the blamee, and so long as she accepts the blame, she is behaving irresponsibly. Until she points the finger of *J'accuse* in the proper direction, the myth of the necessary housewife will go on inflating. It is easy to blow up, because it is designed expressly for that purpose.

UNLIKE OTHER myths, this one is brand new, because no society before was ever in a position to waste one-quarter of its adult population. The notion that women throughout earlier periods of history were full-time consumer-mothers is part of the myth. At one time, women had socially necessary work to do in the household. Furthermore, the family pattern was not an isolated one such as ours; it was an extended grouping in which the role of "mother" was shared by older children, aunts, grandmothers, cousins—and fathers, grandfathers, uncles and male cousins as well. In addition, in more instances than we think, there were slaves, nursemaids and tutors sharing the responsibility and concern for the children's upbringing.

The situation of the single family with a single mother-figure as protector, guide, be-all and end-all is a contemporary phenomenon most common in a single country — ours. In the light of past and future history, it may come to be viewed as a passing phase, taking its long-range place along with the hula hoop and the sack dress.

Until then, the myth of the necessary housewife goes on making mischief for unwillingly idle hands. The negative image of the delinquent, runaway mother is what we are given to develop. So insidious is the myth that even those in a position to know better speak up but faintly. The recently published national manpower report from Columbia University, *Work in the Lives of Married Women*, is an important and valuable document. The educators and sociologists contributing to it are all on the side of family and individual welfare, and their sympathies are with the working mother. Yet they are forced to bow before the myth. They assert: "There is no doubt that many families pay a penalty if the wife works. Such children not only need the mother at home when the child is, but they need also the security of knowing she is there even when the child is not." (What manufacturer of time-saving and labor-saving devices could ask for sweeter territory to move in on?) The report states further that "The results for the children will be on the positive side only if the mother derives some satisfaction out of working, and if her relationships with the children have consistency, affection, warmth and understanding."

It is interesting that such high demands are not put upon the full-time housewife. Like the Negro and the Jew, the working mother must be of gold in order to pass for silver. However, seeing the rising tide of working mothers all about, the report declares that "in addition to their roles of wives and mothers, some women need to enter other fields of activity for complete satisfaction."

Some women indeed need to enter fields of activity beyond the household. They need to extend their horizons into social and political realms for their own mental health and well-being, for their family's, and for the nation's; and these many women, and more, are needed to share the world's burdens thoughtfully with men. As such women and men move forward, the myth of the necessary housewife will fall back to the rear where it belongs.

# BOOKS and the ARTS

## The Promise of the Blue Eagle

*THE COMING OF THE NEW DEAL.*  
By Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. Houghton Mifflin Company. 669 pp. \$6.75.

**George Dangerfield**

THE exhilarating arrival of the New Deal; its introduction to the public at large of so many able, energetic, controversial, eccentric and brilliant figures; its vitality; the dramatic, visible, audieble gallantry of the President himself — all of these are here, as might be expected. Schlesinger's previous books assure the reader in advance that the personalities behind those names once so familiar — Roosevelt, Wallace, Ickes, Johnson, Tugwell, Hopkins, Richberg, Perkins, Morgenthau, Douglas and all — will be brilliantly presented. The author is a master of historical characterization, which is, to be sure, the easiest kind of writing if one has a flair for it; he is also good at narrative, at compressing dense and resisting material into a formal and intelligible sequence, and that is by no means so easy.

Readability is important, literary skill is valuable; but history has been known to get along without either. What matters, obviously and finally, is the author's interpretation of the New Deal as a transforming force. The present volume deals chiefly with the years 1933 and 1934, when the New Deal was in its first phase, still searching in all directions for possible solutions, not yet in open conflict with the Court. Here a reviewer is in some difficulty: this is a work in progress, and in his final evaluation the author may well modify his conclusions on any phase of the Age of Roosevelt in terms of its relation to the period as a whole. So far Schlesinger appears to take the conventional view that the New Deal at this stage should be judged as much by its promises as by its performances; and that the more questionable of its performances — the National Recovery Administration is the most obvious of them — are to be examined by the light of the promises contained in them. I see no reason to cavil at this view: to be

conventional in these days sometimes requires a strong mind.

But what were the promises? Here one is obliged to do a little guessing. *The Coming of the New Deal* implies that the New Deal did not at any time hold out the promise of a radical reorganization. It might have done so. In all our history, no reforming party had hitherto come to power at a time of economic collapse. But the legislation exacted from an obedient Congress during the Hundred Days, though profuse and exciting, could all be traced back to precedents in American history. What was breath-taking was the speed and the scope of the performance. There followed a long search for the restoration of Demand — of consumers' purchasing power — and this gave the opposition time to shake itself back into what might be called respectable shape.

Sackcloth is not a robe banking and business wear with pleasure, still less with distinction; and the season of repentance was brief. Once it was over, the old ritualistic cries, the mating calls of sterile ideas, were heard again: back to the gold standard — a balanced budget — economy in government — hands off business. It was not here, however, that the really dangerous criticism lay. The really dangerous criticism was directed toward the relief aspects of the emerging program. At its most strident, this criticism sounds absurd today; it did not sound absurd then: such is the abyss which the New Deal has dug between the present and the immediate past.

When someone asked him about homeless boys riding the rails in search of employment, Henry Ford said equably, "Why, it's the best education in the world for those boys, that traveling around. They get more experience in a few months than they would in years at school." Even a liberal businessman like Robert E. Woods of Sears, Roebuck could identify relief as the New Deal's "one serious mistake." "While it is probably true that we cannot allow everyone to starve (although I personally disagree with this philosophy of the city social worker)," Wood wrote, "we should tighten up relief all along the line. . . ."

The old equation between starvation

and genius, or that infinite capacity for taking pains which was sometimes held to have something to do with genius, was handily transferred to the economic scene and easily related to national character. For the federal government to save people from starvation and intolerable anxiety was to destroy initiative, and so on and so forth. One need not trouble oneself with these primitive cries, uttered by comic millionaires who went to the Translux to hiss Roosevelt. Submarginal living might produce an Andrew Carnegie or a Jack Dempsey; the whole experience of America said that it had never, for example, produced a good farmer. What is significant is that this kind of thinking was not confined to primitive minds; men like Hopkins were troubled by it; the President was too. What is important is that these men never succumbed to their uneasiness.

INDEED, the later criticism that Roosevelt was an "enemy to his class" was only superficially (if savagely) concerned with banking reform or civilizing the Stock Exchange or soaking the rich: it was always directed toward the objectives for which the rich were being soaked. The rich, in any case, were not Roosevelt's class, though he had lived with them all his life and had little respect and certainly no veneration for them: he belonged to the Hudson River squirearchy. Far back in the past of this squirearchy there was a tradition of scientific farming and quasi-feudal landowning; so that Roosevelt's soil conservation program, in the history of which he was deeply read, did not spring only from the example of his cousin T. R.; it was quite in the tradition of the Hudson River squires. What was not in this tradition was his concern for the people who lived on the soil. And this concern, which proclaimed him a traitor to his class and which was odious to the rich who were not of his class, did not come so easily as regards the urban unemployed, whose lives could not be touched by the rehabilitation of TVA. It is of the first importance, in contemplating the changes which took place within the first New Deal, to consider that, in 1933 and 1934, it may have been difficult even for men of good will to rid themselves of the notion that there was something debilitating, something anti-historical (i.e., anti-American) about the welfare state.

Ultimately, when all the debates had

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taken place between men of conflicting philosophies inside and outside the Administration, it was the President who decided what should be the nature and speed of the New Deal. Schlesinger here takes the administrative view and, with all the limitations which such a view implies, it is the correct one: what greater, unadmitted and unrecognized pressures dictated the President's decisions we are unlikely ever to know. His direction of events is naturally best observed in the field of foreign relations, where Presidents traditionally have a free hand; and here the story of the London Economic Conference of 1933 is full of interest.

Schlesinger admits that Roosevelt's handling of this conference was "deplorable"; but, to simplify an argument which he refrains from making very complex, he sees the issues involved in these terms. On the one hand, there were the gold countries, intent upon stabilizing the exchanges and restoring the gold standard; on the other hand, there was Roosevelt's determination that nothing should hinder America's drive for recovery. At the same time the author says, rather casually, that Roosevelt did think about the possible synchronization of world spending, with a view to raising world prices. In this way, he could be said to have favored a policy of international cooperation: one could discover, lurking in the recesses of his being, a personage who resembled a Wilsonian internationalist.

The conference was, no doubt, doomed from the start: yet Roosevelt's wrecking of the conference, a deliberate act if ever there was one, does suggest that at this time he was an isolationist. The Johnson Act of 1934 almost, if not quite, hardens the suggestion into a certainty. Not that there was, at this period, anything incompatible between isolationism and old-fashioned progressivism. First things first as a national policy — at least until 1936 when Hitler re-occupied the Rhineland and Franco started his insurrection — had merit, considering what Schlesinger calls the "controlling realities," and chief among the controlling realities was America's desperate need for recovery. First things first was light years away from "America First." But Schlesinger's interpretation of Hull's tariff policies in terms of "the triumph of reciprocity" is not too persuasive. In short, it is difficult to see the New Deal in its heyday as anything but isolationist: part of the fascination of Roosevelt is his ability to change, even gradually, even if it took a war situation to change him and, incidentally, to rescue the New Deal.

A similar gradualism can be seen in Roosevelt's attitude toward NRA. Just as, at the beginning of the Hundred Days, he refrained from nationalizing the banking system, so on this larger industrial scene he persisted in the belief that recovery could be achieved through a partnership between business and government: the result was the big-business formula of scarcity and high prices. It took him some time to realize all this, and he might not have realized it as soon as he did if the Court had not ably assisted him by striking down NRA. In the same conspectus one may place his attitude toward organized labor. "He sympathized with organized labor more out of a reaction against employer primitivism than as necessarily a hopeful new development in itself. . . . Neither politically nor intellectually was the New Deal much interested in the labor movement during Roosevelt's first years." The elements necessary for a change of thinking were all there, and specifically in clause 7a of the National Industrial Recovery Act: they had not yet come together in the President's mind.

IN THE extraordinary ferment of the first Administration, and of Roosevelt's own mind, it is not surprising that so much that was cautious and conservative should have been found side by side with so much that was experimental, pragmatic and progressive. The promises of the

first New Deal, like the performances of the second, can be interpreted in terms of a conflict between reform and recovery. Roosevelt only hinted at really basic reforms of the capitalist state: he was interested in the practical means and the logical consequences of recovery. That is to say, he tried to impose upon the repellent features of the capitalist state, as he found them, the benign image of the welfare state. He did not succeed wholly; but to the extent that the image has become ineffaceable, he succeeded magnificently.

This conflict was partly responsible for the administrative confusion of the New Deal; and *The Coming of the New Deal* stresses, very rightly I think, the question of Roosevelt as an administrator. He could be called a very poor administrator or an artist in administration; poor because he was wasteful; an artist because he was flexible. He believed in bringing into his government men of all kinds of economic and political beliefs: in this sense his Administration was one prolonged debate; but the debate was so arranged that the best information was made available to him and the last word was left with him. He had himself no discernible philosophy; he knew how to put conflicting philosophies to work. In the extraordinary chaos of temporary agencies, which so often overlapped or even nullified one another, he maintained, somehow or other, some kind of posi-

## Summer Place

I think of that summer place where the catalpa flowers  
    were chock with sun,  
Tree-full, leaf-lifted over the low roof until they  
    were stormed to the grass;  
They lay like a spendthrift of gnomish orchids surfed  
    from a world too small for us to see.  
  
We walked on them. We observed in a day their brown-vein  
    stain. Shriveled, they were gone soon  
With all such flakes of light that make May and June so  
    far from bean-stretching August  
Wherein we can better remember — do begin to remember —  
    October, December, can never June or May.  
  
We were young then. Summer did not go by — it stood huge  
    on the house and in the fields  
As if, despite our remembrance, an unbudgeable heat held  
    us; and in water-scented nights  
For its brief relenting we danced our stripped-down  
    dances beneath the black plaques of the tree.  
  
But it did go. Fall flew us away. We were confused with  
    seasons, are chilled by so many years.  
I imagine the house now as I never saw it at all:  
    stark in leafless light and weathered shutters locked,  
The crackling sound of someone walking across the crinkled  
    pods strewn on the ground.

WINFIELD TOWNLEY SCOTT

tive direction. His way of pitting one man against another, of leaving everyone uncertain as to the security of his position in the government, of subjecting people to a sadistic teasing, kept his advisers on their toes; just as his warmth and his charm held them together.

It was a personal triumph, and the personality behind was complex and baffling. Schlesinger, going back to Archilochus' distinction between hedgehog and fox, says that Roosevelt was all fox. He was devious, evasive, at times untruthful. Not even his intimates could be sure that they knew anything about him; there was, at the heart of the labyrinth, a solitary reserve which could not be entered. Schlesinger believes, however, that "one cannot exhaust the Roosevelt mystery by saying that he was complicated . . . he was complicated everywhere except in his heart of hearts." In his heart of hearts lay a simple, a rather naive idealism.

It was certainly this which the public sensed, or that majority of the public which listened to him with pleasure and voted for him without pain. It was because of his idealism, not in spite of it, that Roosevelt was able to dramatize so successfully one great constitutional event — the transformation of the Presidency from an organ of government into an influence which should pervade every corner of the national life. If we

had not experienced the immanence of a Roosevelt, we might not today feel so crippled by the remoteness of an Eisenhower.

History is, in one sense, a translation. It takes the complex of the past and carries it across — makes it understandable — to those who think and live in the complex of the present. Obviously, it is an incomplete translation at best. There is a good deal in the past that is too idiomatic for a successful rendering, and a good deal more that is simply irrecoverable. Nor can any single work give more than a fragment of what is recoverable. I don't see much virtue in criticizing a book for not being what its author never intended it to be. One could remark on the absence of any intellectual history in this work; but then that may come, and presumably will come, in a later volume. What is more serious is the relative poverty of its social history — we are left with a very indistinct idea of the condition of the people under the first New Deal. But that would require another kind of book. *The Coming of the New Deal* presents an administrative and political study: not a close analysis of economic theory and political philosophy, but a detailed exposition of theory and philosophy being put to work during a highly critical period. As such it is a powerful, a memorable, an important book.

no special interest — simply anticipating as it did the Jewish version of the Reformation — were it not that it never shook itself free from certain mystical practices; and were it not that those practices — minus the Torah — would be identified today, for all the world, as psychoanalysis. So runs the not-too-subtle innuendo by which the author of this dramatic though scholarly book endeavors to bridge a hitherto implausible gap in the history of ideas.

The Kabbalists, notes Bakan, had developed the assumptions that the face value of human expressions is never its full value; that conscious awareness is but a sample of the subterranean psychic treasures that lurk beneath; that slips of the tongue, plays on words, dreams, and fantasies are all to be accorded the respect due immediate thresholds to wisdom. One was not to reason what was meant by this or that scriptural text. One was rather to employ such methods as "skipping and jumping": allowing the mind to wander freely from randomly selected phrases into whatever reaches of one's own personal experiences it was bent. The real meaning of the scriptures was then to be intuitively culled from these associative wanderings, with a kind of third ear. The greatest obstacles to the success of the exercise were expected to arise from one's own conscience. Because of its devious ways, conventional morality was never to be challenged alone but only in the confidential company of a practiced elder who knew its tactics.

## Freud's Riddle: A Speculation

*SIGMUND FREUD AND THE JEWISH MYSTICAL TRADITION.* By David Bakan. D. Van Nostrand Co. 326 pp. \$5.50.

**Richard M. Jones**

AT THE AGE of thirty-five Sigmund Freud was a struggling, very intelligent physician, showing no signs that his fantasies of immortality were anything he would put his trust in. At thirty-six he began to emerge as an intellectual colossus seriously bent on re-shaping Humanity's understanding of Itself. At his death "the psychoanalytic movement" had intimately changed the orientations of the social sciences, the arts, history, commerce, politics, education and religion — not to mention medicine, which had all along provided convenient cover.

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Great ideas simply do not spout from even the nimblest of minds without their being traceable to some up-seeping cultural reservoir. But in Freud's case the tracing has not been easy. He, himself, warned that his biographers would fail to explain his transformation by reviewing his professional training — a warning which only intensifies the mystery, for why this provocative half-silence on the subject?

David Bakan proposes a solution to the mystery by way of recalling that Freud was a Jew. With a clearly practiced eye, Bakan locates in the backyard of Judaism just such a suggestive touchstone as could have enabled Freud to turn what he sometimes called "my own private dung-heaps" into a new science. An underground movement had long ago evolved among the Jews which held that, Moses to the contrary, every man was his own law-giving Torah, to be read on the screen of his own personal meditations on the Book. The Kabbalistic movement, as it was called, would arouse

BEGINNING around the twelfth century the tradition found certain particularly gifted Kabbalists recording accumulations of truths for future generations. And here we find, carefully documented, the discovery of the uncanny power of sexual imagery as a metaphorical wedge to the underlying meanings of imagery in general; a preoccupation with the problem of incest; and a profound appreciation of the life-shaping significance of childhood experiences—most especially of what Freud was later to name the "family romance" or "oedipal" situation.

Nowhere in Freud does Bakan find a direct reference to the Kabbala (although, without raising a rumpus about it, he complains he was denied access to those unpublished documents most likely to contain such a reference). It must therefore remain an open question whether psychoanalysis does indeed represent an obscured secularization of the Kabbala. Bakan seems to believe that it does, although he is at pains to underscore the deductive nature of his brief: We are reminded that Freud spent

his whole life in a virtual ghetto, that his immediate forebears, and those of his wife, came from districts particularly dominated by the mystical impulse, that he could not have been unacquainted with the weekly preachings in Vienna of the great Rabbi Jellinek, a student of Kabbala, who was eventually succeeded by a friend of Freud. We are permitted to eavesdrop at a meeting of Freud's inner circle, held in protest against his nomination of the Swiss Jung as permanent president of the International Psychoanalytic Congress, where he is alleged to have told the faithful: "Most of you are Jews, and therefore you are incompetent to win friends for the new teaching. Jews must be content with the modest role of preparing the ground. It is absolutely essential that I should form ties in the world of general science. I am getting on in years, and am weary of being perpetually attacked. . . . The Swiss will save us. . . ." And it is brought to our attention that Freud chose the name DORA as a pseudonym for his first published case, and in a later work, underscored the fact that the Hebrew "d" is interchangeable with "t" — (TORA-H?).

Freud's possible motive for obscuring the Judaic roots of his ideas is obvious. Public acceptance of professional psychoanalysis was touch and go. To have permitted the moral indignation which he anticipated to become allied with anti-Semitism would have been to invite obscurity of another kind.

IF ONE can assume with Bakan that Freud did know of the Kabbala, and that the nuclear ideas of psychoanalysis are secularizations of Kabbalistic doctrine, and that the connection was dissembled for diplomacy's sake, then one is led to wonder how the man who labored so intently in defense of historical integrity in individuals could have kept such a secret to his own grave. Bakan's answer is that he did not; that he subtly revealed his secret where he himself had discovered a man's secrets are always subtly revealed: inside his enigmas. Accordingly, an analytic sight is set on Freud's last monograph, *Moses and Monotheism*, which has stood from its first publication as the sphinx of psychoanalytic literature.

The book's dual thesis has it that Moses was a gentile, and that he was justly murdered by the Jews because of this deception. Neither of these positions can stand the test of even cursory historical research as literal theses; both were most soundly debunked by their own author, while he nonetheless arbitrarily concluded them to be literally

true. It is only its typically impeccable prose and the characteristic pungence of its self-criticism that have deterred scholars from judging the work a product of a deteriorating mind.

If the *Moses* is not a product of senility, reasons Bakan, and if nevertheless it makes no sense, it becomes then a fit object for the psychoanalytic method. From this point of view, that Moses was a gentile, far from being a literal historical thesis, becomes a wishful symbolic reflection of Freud's own self-image. Was he not, as the creator of psychoanalysis, the arch-Kabbalist and final murderer of Moses? Had he not discovered the Mosaic law to be the ultimate cause of repression and neurosis, as had the Kabbalists in another language? And had he not also seen that it was the Christians' ambivalent adoption of Mosaic law that periodically marked his people out to be vengefully extermin-

ated by those whose hate-sharpened vision regularly found the source of society's woes? Buchenwald, however, a going concern when Freud was writing this book, becomes a revoltingly poor joke — if Moses had after all not even been a Jew. And that Moses be killed by the Jews, and Jew and gentile alike be thus freed from blindly honoring father- and mother-images — what is this but an antedated allegory of the whole psychoanalytic movement as Freud conceived it?

If Bakan's analysis is correct, and it increases this reviewer's appreciation of the concert of thought to believe that it is, an intriguing question remains: Was the *Moses* a natural or a contrived enigma? Was Freud, of all people, unaware of his own mental wellspring, or did he design his last work for the purpose of revealing his secret to scholars of a less prejudiced day?

## Pool of Desperation

*KING MOB. The Story of Lord George Gordon and the London Riots of 1780.* By Christopher Hibbert. World Publishing Co. 249 pp. \$4.95.

*THE ROAD TO TYBURN. The Story of Jack Sheppard and the 18th Century London Underworld.* By Christopher Hibbert. World Publishing Co. 251 pp. \$4.95.

*ENGLISH PEOPLE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.* By Dorothy Marshall. Longmans, Green & Co. 282 pp. \$6.75.

W. S. Merwin

OF THESE three books, *King Mob* is the occasion for mentioning the other two. Strictly speaking, neither *The Road to Tyburn* nor *English People in the Eighteenth Century* is new, since neither was published in the last year. But the events described in Mr. Hibbert's two works straddle the century so neatly—Jack Sheppard was hanged in 1724, the Gordon Riots broke out in 1780—that they gain in interest when viewed together; and both stories acquire perspective against the background of a good recent social history of the eighteenth century, such as Dorothy Marshall's.

And the books have something else in common: each provides a glimpse of the broad pool of desperation turning at the center of the Age of Reason. It is

W. S. MERWIN is a poet whose work has appeared frequently in these pages. His latest collection of verse is *Green With Beasts*.

probably this element in it, as much as anything else, which often makes the eighteenth century seem curiously and specially familiar to us. None of these books, least of all Miss Marshall's, sets out to depict the desperation of the age directly. But it is impossible to describe in detail the social structure of the century without affording some view of its peculiar unrest, and of the parts of that society—both the miserable poor and the wretched rich—which had little to lose and were growing continually more aware of it. In Mr. Hibbert's books certain features of this desperation are in the foreground: the mob is a projection of it; Lord George Gordon, breathlessly reasoning and as breathlessly irrational, is one of its few deliberate champions. And both he and Jack Sheppard figure among its many martyrs.

"Three great Curiosities as this Town at present affords," an observer in London remarked in 1780, were "viz: The two young Lyons stuff'd at the tower; the Ostrich on Ludgate Hill; and the famous John Sheppard in Newgate." Newgate Prison, even in the eighteenth century when smells had to stand up to be noticed at all, was famous for its stench; the jailers charged four shillings a head for a stare at Sheppard, and still his drawing power was such that, more than a week before the date fixed for his hanging, a journalist noted, "'Tis thought the Keepers of Newgate have got 200 pounds already by the crowds of people who flock daily to see Sheppard." What they saw (Mr. Hibbert includes a

portrait and a sketch, both by Thornhill, of that sad small face) was a slight person, hardly above five feet four if he had been standing, but he was pinned and laden by irons weighing some 300 pounds; he was twenty-two years old and looked younger, with delicate features, large, clear, wide-set, intelligent eyes, and a gentle, wistful cast to his face when it was not quickened by flashes of humor.

He had been arrested for burglary, convicted largely as a result of Jonathan Wild's sinister organization of the London underworld, and Wild's jealous abhorrence of anything like free-lance crime. He had made four spectacular escapes, including one from the condemned Hold of Newgate and one from the "Castle" of the same prison, which until then had been considered escape-proof. And having made this final escape, when sentence of death had already been passed on him, some sense of fatality apparently had got the better of him. For after fleeing no farther than Tottenham (now a part of the metropolis) he had returned disguised as a beggar, had gradually abandoned caution entirely, stolen a suit of fine clothes and flaunted himself in them recklessly at tavern after tavern until—with a large reward offered for his recapture—the inevitable had happened, and he had been carted back to Newgate in a closed carriage.

His desperation, or whatever it was that impelled him to such dramatic and hopeless rashness, was echoed pathetically fifty-six years later during the Gordon Riots. Then, in the summer of 1780, the mobs stormed, entered and burned all of the prisons of London except the New Gaol, and released the convicts. Collections were taken up for the prisoners. And yet hundreds of them, terrified, maddened, or simply bewildered by their sudden liberty, many of them no doubt half demented by misery and imprisonment, stood around the flames hopelessly waiting to be received back into the prisons which they had just left.

THE crowds that evolved into these mobs, which in turn lashed themselves up into the most horrendous riots in English history, had assembled peaceably to march across London to Parliament, carrying an enormous petition for the repeal of the Catholic Relief Act. The petitioners' particular grudge against Catholics (a grudge which they shared with a great part of the population at the time) stemmed partly from competition with cheap Irish labor which had been flooding the labor market; but it was religious—and superstitious—as well. Lord George Gordon, who headed

the Protestant Association and presented the petition in Parliament, obviously did not foresee and certainly did not desire the violent turn which events took. But so large a crowd, assembled in the cause of an overt grievance, was a fairly dangerous concoction in eighteenth-century London. The crowd gradually drew to itself a disreputable element—London could provide one with prodigal facility—and as it did so the more law-abiding petitioners withdrew in disgust and went home. By the evening the character of the assembly had changed, and so had its mood. The cry was "No Popery," but under this specific head a great deal of diffuse inflammation was gathering. That night a mob fired the chapel of the Sardinian Ambassador, in Duke Street, and the riots were on.

Before they were brought under control, or spent themselves, nearly a week later, the destruction of property had reached immense proportions; it seemed at one point that the Great Fire would be repeated and that London would be burned out entirely. Troops were brought into the city in large numbers, but it was several days before anyone would take the responsibility of ordering them to fire on the mobs. Chapels, houses and carriages of Catholics and of personages rumored to be pro-Catholic, were burned; the most spectacular single storming, apart from the assaults on the prisons themselves, occurred in Langdale's distillery, where the assailants drank raw gin from casks, from hats, from any receptacle they could find, lapped it up as it ran between the cobbles—and where many got so drunk in the cellar that they were burned to death in the collapsing building.

In the end, on the government's admission, 285 people were killed by the soldiers and 173 were wounded; dozens

of bodies were tipped into the Thames and piles of corpses lay in the streets; it is estimated that there were at least 850 dead as a result of the riots, including those sentenced to death as rioters and instigators. Many reports had told of well-dressed gentlemen leading groups of rioters, and the government was eager to discover and punish certain "very great people" whom some believed to be "at the bottom of the riots." Benjamin Franklin, American infiltration, French influence, all were blamed. But finally it was "a pathetic motley" who were hanged for their part in the riots: ". . . two gypsies, a West Indian slave, a demented cross-eyed beggar, three abcess-covered climbing boys, and a Negro prostitute."

LORD GEORGE GORDON, charged with treason, was got off only by the efforts of two of the most brilliant lawyers in England. Lord George, even in a century lavishly provided with individuals, was remarkable. A gaunt, red-haired Scot, bursting with nerves, carrying tactlessness to the point where it became dazzling or ridiculous or both, with a defective sense of the ridiculous himself, and absolute courage, he was an original and a fanatic. He opposed the slave trade, he believed in prison reform and a strict limitation of capital punishment; he became a pacifist. Any one of these would have seemed quite mad enough in the London of 1780. After his treason trial he was sued for libel for derogatory remarks about Marie Antoinette's government, and about English prisons. As the verdict, this time, was obviously going to go against him, he took advantage of being mistakenly released without bail, and disappeared. Before he was recaptured eighteen months later he had grown a beard (which was not red like

### The Third Stair

And now grown intimate with height,  
White in the very brightness she had scaled,  
The mountains all unfolding like a rose,  
Above pollution, crowned with pollen's gold,  
Careless of any consummation  
She might once have hailed,  
She to her angel in all modesty bowed  
And undertook the shroud.

But what of Dante on the third stair  
Blinded in light and limitless air,  
Witness to populous inferno and to purgatory,  
A less than human lover in his story?  
How could he see reflected in her eyes  
Only the Virgin and flowering paradise?  
Was not her curtsy that of girl to myth  
Her one time lover had embalmed her with?

EDA LOU WALTON

The NATION

his hair) and had become a Jewish convert: from under a broad black hat he gave his new name as Israel bar Abraham George Gordon. He too was confined in Newgate, where he received many visitors, played the violin to his fellow-convicts, and — a champion of liberty — died of jail-fever.

MR. HIBBERT is frankly concerned with telling the story in each of his books, and in each case the story is worth telling for its own sake. He does not pretend to lay bare the causes of action or to offer new interpretations of an era or its happenings or even of the characters he is writing about. But the great single presence that haunts both of them is the London poor of the eighteenth century—anonymous, teeming, living in misery and degradation which we hasten to describe as inconceivable. It seems remarkable, as this presence forces itself upon us detail by detail, that there was not still more crime than there was, and that riots were not commonplace.

Why the violence and desires and apathy of the age assumed the exact forms and urgencies that they did is of course finally inscrutable, but some of

the reasons are to be sought in a study of the structure of contemporary society. Dorothy Marshall's *English People in the Eighteenth Century* is precisely that —social rather than political history. It presents not only a coherent picture of eighteenth-century society as a whole, but also renders the society comprehensible by acquainting us with the elements that brought it about, and with the pressures that were changing it. A sense of the hugeness of her subject, and the small space in which she intends to get it all, leads her to offer fewer events and concrete examples than a general reader, such as I am, might desire; occasionally it leads her too into that survey style — recalling program resumés of opera plots—which seems to await unwary historians and which renders its subject dim and hopelessly unmemorable. But her learning is impressive, her grasp of the age is penetrating and lively, she has the historian's gift of leaving one with an enhanced sense of the special reality of the era she treats of: an eighteenth century poised, enlightened, practical, aspiring, sentimental, barbarous, and here and there, as change or suffering or boredom or disgust reveals, desperate.

## The Sad Amphibia

*THE SLEEP OF BABY FILBERTSON* and Other Stories. By James Leo Herlihy. E. P. Dutton & Co. 190 pp. \$3.50.

*Nelson Algren*

"WE MEET the people who go to market," Chekhov observes, "but we do not see those who suffer. What is terrible in life goes on behind the scenes." The world of James Leo Herlihy is that of the useless and unzipped, the loveless and defrauded, lost multitudes shut off from the living whose cries are never heard. It is the world of Baby Filbertson, a mountain of infantile butterfat living in a barbiturated mist, begging his mother for "just one pheeny"; to lie at last in a store-bought sleep with the sheet covering him entirely, his bed "like a slab on which lay the corpse of some giant fetus."

It is also the world of Lizzie Ballinet, aging clairvoyant and movie extra who reports daily to a studio long boarded; still carrying, in a gold-mesh handbag, the diary given her by Russ Columbo in 1932; and accosting strangers with unsolicited prophecies — "Time to tra-

*NELSON ALGREN* is the author of *The Man With the Golden Arm* and *A Walk on the Wild Side*.



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the doomed trapped between degradation and the loony-bin, dependent upon the kindness of strangers.

Herlihy writes with an edge of iron that Steinbeck lost and Saroyan never had, a real indignation at humiliation of the human spirit.

This book is not the work of a fully developed writer, for the author has not yet realized that, even in the eons of

endless rains, there were moments of sun when the tiny-headed monsters came out and purely rocked with laughter. Yet in a time when it is difficult to tell a writer from a custom tailor, it is good to discover one so old-fashioned as to believe that the business of literature is still mankind. Tom Keogh's drawings are a match for Herlihy's prose.

## The Arts from Japan

Lincoln Kirstein

THE advancement of Japan as a focus for art studies is an impressive fact of the postwar years. Not since the islands were first opened a century ago has the effect of Japanese ideas in building, painting, gardening and crafts had such interest as today. The reason is evident: many Americans, during and since the war, have had direct contact with Japanese life; and, as in time past, the conqueror is conquered. Even before the war, old Japan had vanished from easy access; today it has gone still further, except in national monuments, the topography of the countryside, and the nature of the people. But Western travelers who see Japan for the first time find so many differences from home, and enough survivals from the past, that a visit is certainly as rewarding as an initial encounter with Europe. Failing that, there are books, bundles of them, embracing every aspect of art from sword guards to theatre, tea bowls to folk toys. Many are printed in English in Tokyo; book-making there is of a high standard, often with a delicious flavor in typography and binding, and by European standards not expensive, either for black and white or color. Before briefly noticing some recent publications, one must mention three key books published in the last five years which are the indispensable basis for any small library: Paine and Soper on *Japanese Art and Architecture* in the Pelican series (\$8.50), the paperback reprint of Langdon Warner's *Enduring Art of Japan* (Evergreen Books, \$1.95), and Binyon and Sexton's *Japanese Colour Prints* (Frederick Books, \$3.).

Perhaps the most beautiful recent single book is Yukio Yashiro's *2000 Years of Japanese Art* (Abrams, \$25.). A big picture book, with fine plates in color and black and white, it is edited as consecutive history with careful captions. Yashiro is famous for his classic study on Botticelli; his easy knowledge of Western art enables him to see his

own country's entire contribution without special pleading or provincialism. To own this book is to have at hand a great choice of painting and sculpture; it does not extend to architecture, gardens or handicraft. A less expensive volume covering many of the same objects is Peter Swann's *An Introduction to the Arts of Japan* (Praeger, \$8.50). Swann, a Cambridge University orientalist, edited Yashiro's book; his own is a fully illustrated historical guide that includes building, ceramics and much background in the complicated political, social and religious history some understanding of which is essential to an appreciation of calligraphic style, wood-carving or the glaze on cups.

IF ONE can own only one book on Japanese architecture, which means the drastic exclusion of farmhouse, castle, shrine and garden, one can scarcely do better than to get *The Muro-ji: An Eighth Century Japanese Temple*, a book of photographs with commentary by Ken Domon, printed in Japan, but circulated here by Grove Press (\$12.50). Its fifty-six superb and superbly reproduced plates present one small but famous building over the span of the four seasons. The meaning of Japanese architecture, apart from its perfection in transcendent proportion and seemingly poor or ephemeral materials, is its relation to its land in the time of year. Seasons unroll like an endless scroll; architecture focuses emphasis and shows the most and least of man's imprint. This book has a deeply modest pathos. Conceived during the worst of war, with few facilities for travel or picture-taking, its achievement was an act of piety; no one can read the photographer's decent justification for the exclusion of human figures (save one tiny fisherman) without being affected by his translucent sense of the past, his unblinking acceptance of the tragic destiny of his country.

Another book with strong autobiographical flavor is James Michener's *The Hokusai Sketch-Books* (Tuttle, \$10.). His first complete draft of a complex study was lost when the plane carrying this able storyteller ditched in the Pacific. The reconstruction of such concentrated research is morally exhausting, yet Michener started all over and expresses himself as even happier with the second result. In the light of this, and recognizing the great worth of the designs reproduced, it may be ungracious to carp. When the so-called Azuma Company of classical dancers and musicians was presented on Broadway some years ago, many knowing people expressed distaste that it was palmed off as the genuine Kabuki article; others were content to see a reasonable facsimile of traditional style, however inaccurate or fragmentary. The latter response is much what one feels about Michener's choice from the fifteen volumes of block-books by one of the world's great draftsmen, particularly since the editor so frankly disavows any big claims and recognizes every shortcoming from the outset. He has generously selected from all printable portions, regrets his incapacity to include the fascinating erotica; much of his commentary is illuminating and can be found nowhere else in English.

Even so—the categories he sets up (People, Flora, Fauna, Landscape, The Past, Grotesqueries, etc.) are artificial, continually overlap and seem to provide a false apparatus for criticism. The extremely subtle blush-to flesh-pink of the original color is rendered a blank salmon-yellow; delicate wispy shadows and rich grays now read battleship-gray and flat black. In the space of the last six months it was possible to purchase in half a dozen New York second-hand bookstores, ten volumes of the block-books, in fair condition, in early printings at an average price of \$5 each. So, from the points of price and convenience it is good to have this book; but it might have been better to have paid double, have had half as many pictures, with an editorial and technical job as masterly as the Yashiro volume.

Phaidon has recently reissued Hillier's *Hokusai* (\$8.50). Printed in England, it has good black and white and fairly good color illustrations, and is an indispensable complement to Michener. Hokusai is one of those lucky artists who, without being anything ever but their own gimlet-eyed selves, inspire universal affection, specialist as well as mass public. Less "heroic," or more justly less schematic, than earlier masters, he allows our Western eye no need for transcription or translation. It is most

interesting to see Hokusai's own brush-drawings, before they were cut on wood. His craftsmen did not betray him, but they had their own formula which reduced his nervous hang-nail hooking and abrupt brush reversals to a far less resilient uniformity of thickness and structure. Gustave Doré, the only European illustrator comparable to Hokusai in energy or quality, drew directly on box-wood blocks, which explains the rarity of his originals. His correspondence is a lifelong lament at the inadequacy of his cutters, for he saw his dazzling designs reduced to gross hacking. Hokusai fared far better, particularly in the work calculated for many color-separations. But for the essential linear vitality one must see the many extant autographs.

ONE cannot begin to list all the books that Charles Tuttle of Rutland, Vermont and Tokyo continually publish "to span East and West." This firm performs an international cultural service. Meredith Weatherby, editor and designer, issues every sort of book with individual affection and ingenuity; the use of brocade or folk-fabric in binding, the sense of surprise on each title page, the invocation of long tradition in a new spirit, give evidence of the highest standards of book production. Tuttle's interesting catalogue is available by writing Rutland. Their small six-volume popular edition of *The Pageant of Japanese Art* (\$16.) is a good miniature library in itself. *The Folk Arts of Japan* by Hugo Munsterberg (\$6.75) is a very pretty object with eighteen good color plates and a sumptuous binding in folk-woven fabric. *The Samurai Sword* by John Yumoto (\$3.75) is a specialist's handbook, but anyone who has seen the new, exceedingly handsome installation of Japanese arms and armor at the Metropolitan Museum in New York will want it. Yeats's admiration for Sato's sword:

Two heavy trestles, and a board  
Where Sato's gift, a changeless sword,  
By pen and paper lies,  
That it may moralize  
My days out of their aimlessness.  
A bit of an embroidered dress  
Covers its wooden sheath.  
Chaucer had not drawn breath  
When it was forged. In Sato's house,  
Curved like new moon, moon-luminous,  
It lay five hundred years. . . .

My Table (*The Tower*, 1928)

best expresses our Western regard for the stoic perfection in medieval craft, pottery, laquer, metal, in which a sense

of feudal obligation is incarnate in wrought pieces; it is at a most abstract peak in cutting steel. We may look forward to Tuttle's imminent, definitive history of the Japanese film, by Donald Richie, *The Nation's Tokyo correspondent*.

Crown Publishers has made available at \$1.25 the first three in a long series called "Art of the East." So far, we have *Japanese Picture Scrolls*, *Hiroshige* and *Sharaku*. Printed in Japan, in larger format than the small monographs issued by the Japanese Tourist Agency or by Tuttle, they are most attractive, with many unfamiliar examples and excellent essays. The American critic, Elise Grilli, a resident of Tokyo, gives in her study of scrolls a good analysis of the conventions of time and space in that linear aesthetic which is often alien to Western eyes. The more one studies Japanese art, the more one recognizes that the main differences derive from our accelerated ideas of temporal measurement, and our unlimited (if vague) notions of spatial possibility. So much of that painting is a positive absence that it can make an untrained or impatient eye blank or even blind. If we would understand what their paintings and ceramics are not, we need at least a rudimentary background in the quality and definitions of Buddhist philosophy. One of the best introductions is *Buddha and Buddhism*, by Maurice Percheron, in

Harper's Men of Wisdom series (\$1.50) which is well written, fully illustrated and admirably presented.

It is an exercise in muscular discipline to meditate on great scrolls; it takes mental work, but the same goes for Siamese or Catalonian painting with which we assume we have all been brought up. Western art, for us, is pre-digested. Since we have slight habit of the Orient, we are sometimes faced down by it, suspicious or guilty that we are not getting the most out of a given work; often there seems less than meets the eye. But if we have done our Buddhist homework, and if we look and look (not at painting alone: at everything), there comes an increasing sense of liberation, fulfillment in the very act of making a pot or a painting, of palming the pot and brushing the paper, which the imperceptible, strokeless, miraculous machinery of the greatest old Western art usually hides. Within the constrictions which are the immutable echoes of island boundaries, poverty and lack of historical and physical possibility, there flow unlimited intellectual delights.

AND there are later masters than Hokusai. The artists of the woodblock in the Meiji period have not been canonized, but recognition cannot be far off. They worked under the first massive wave of open Western influence, and their prints of the nineties and first decade of the twentieth century are what one sees so clearly reflected in the best *art-nouveau* book illustration, and Mary Cassatt's lovely aquatints. They are not prized by the Japanese; they seem too close in time for comfort; the first steel bridge in Edo is not so glamorous as the oldest stone bridge at Nikko. But the prints made at Yokohama and Nagasaki with views of American, Portuguese and French traders in the gay quarters and trade fairs; the ritual railroad arrivals and departures of the Meiji imperial family, the series of heroic narratives inspired by the Russo-Japanese War, as well as many modern genre scenes issued for the great department stores and industrial concerns are important historically and have great independent and individual beauty.

Japan today may feel uneasy in its isolation and deprived in the compulsive competition with the West; but as far as art and ideas go, the GIs who bargained for pots, prints and samurai swords, as well as our professional architects, industrial designers and movie-makers who have seen the monuments, are active witnesses to Japan's influential future.

## Don't Tread on Us

Black shadow  
on the dirty pavement  
black shadow  
of a white man  
huge black shadow  
of a dwarf white man  
with a dirty tongue  
saying a dirty word  
  
Black shadow  
across a white house  
black shadow  
cast by an angry sun  
black shadow  
among forty-nine stars  
and the white is streaked  
with blood and fire  
  
Wavering flag  
of our union.  
A new star shines  
and other stars go out.  
Black shadow  
of the ignorant mind  
lying over  
the minds of children.

DILYS LAING

## Lester Trimble

LAST SEASON the New York Pro Musica Antiqua first presented *The Play of Daniel* in the Romanesque Hall of The Cloisters. Since I was unable to attend those performances, which were a resounding popular and critical success, I was delighted when the medieval music-drama turned up again this year, at the Chapel of the Intercession. Produced by Lincoln Kirstein, stage-directed by Niklos Psacharopoulos of the Yale School of Drama, scored and musically-directed by Noah Greenberg, it was as exquisitely wrought a theatre piece as I ever hope to see.

*The Play of Daniel* was written by the students of the Cathedral of Beauvais in the twelfth century and was apparently performed in one of the churches of that town at Christmastime during a period of a hundred years. It is an example of theatrical art at a fascinating stage of its development—precisely when it was severing its roots in the church and becoming a secular art. Pagan and secular elements had already made their appearance. Dance-like music and melodies recalling the art of the troubadours and trouvères abound in the play, while the story itself, based upon familiar episodes from the Book of Daniel in the Vulgate, was aimed at a popular audience. Considering its antiquity and the limited resources (by modern standards) of its music, *The Play of Daniel* has extraordinary immediacy of appeal, ranging in its moods from excitement and terror to passages which are almost erotically impassioned. For example, the song in which Daniel (Charles Bressler) reads the mystic handwriting on the wall of Belshazzar's palace is so surcharged with emotion that it lives on in the memory both as a melody and as a feeling-tone attached to the character himself. It is, in short, musical characterization.

The research which underlay this production must have been both extensive and sensitive. The Reverend Rembert Weakland, O.S.B., translated the ancient musical notation (which appears above the lines of Latin text in the only extant manuscript of the play) into contemporary script. Since the original could give no indication of the rhythms, this was not a simple, mechanical matter, but a job of sophisticated scholarship. Trumpet flourishes, copied from examples of fourteenth-century hunting calls, were inserted at appropriate places. These were played in the performance

on a Siennese straight-trumpet dating from 1406, a beautiful, four-foot-long instrument which had the smoothest, brightest sound imaginable. A number of other ancient instruments, part of the Pro Musica's collection, were used to accompany the actors. Recorders, rebec, vielle, hurdy-gurdy, portative organ, minstrel's harp, bell carillon, psaltery—all were delicate and intriguing in sound, to say nothing of the tiny finger-cymbals, hand bells and silver jingles, which set up a sweet, gamelan-like ringing in the air.

Pleasurable as I found the musical part of *The Play of Daniel*, however, the staging and costuming were just as impressive. The costumes designed by Robert Fletcher were incredibly luxurious and elegant. The soldiers' mail seemed thick and sturdy enough to serve in battle, and shone like gold. Robes worn by Belshazzar (Brayton Lewis) and his Queen (Betty Wilson) would have done credit to regents in any opulent period, while the little boy Angel (Ronald Frers) and a Herald Angel (Russell Oberlin) so resembled the gold-illuminated religious pictures one has seen since childhood that the very sight of them brought a catch in one's breath. Every gesture, each movement of an individual actor or of a group, carried with it drama and a sense of style.

There was also a splendid verse-narration by W. H. Auden, explaining each scene before it was played. Read by an actor playing the part of a monk, this not only clarified the story, but added a further element of handsome stylization. I think it is no exaggeration to say that Pro Musica's restoration of *The Play of Daniel* is as perfect a fusion of sensitive scholarship and imaginative, contemporary taste as one is ever likely to see. I shall be surprised if it does not become an annual Christmas event.

DECCA records has recently issued a recording of the play which, except for its omission of the W. H. Auden text, reproduces the performance exactly as I heard it at the Chapel of the Intercession. They have done an exemplary job. Included with the record are the Auden verses, the Latin text, historical essays by the musicologists Paul Henry Lang and Father Weakland, and an article by Margaret B. Freeman, Curator of The Cloisters, describing the steps by which Noah Greenberg and Lincoln Kirstein led *The Play of Daniel* to production. Lacking actors, decor and costumes, the listener must naturally exercise his imagination to envisage the play in its entirety. But the recording is vivid and evocative (Decca DL 9402).

## LETTERS

(Continued from inside cover)

years, I've naturally been storing up a great deal of resentment. I derive childish pleasure from never carrying my draft card; once I left the country without notifying my draft board. Perhaps, in addition to two years in the Army, I will serve a jail sentence. I follow Thoreau.

When I am discharged I will probably cheat on my tax returns, never vote, and call the men in Washington a bunch of crooks and grafters.

(PRIVATE) STEVEN SCHRADER  
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs: In "Draft-Doger or Patriot?" John C. Esty, Jr., writes, "Being drafted . . . currently involves two years of active service in the Army, which for a college graduate holds faint hope of useful activity (in spite of the 'round-hole—square-peg' stories)."

I spent most of my two years in the Army as a member of its Scientific and Professional Program, which attempts to utilize the specialized, civilian training of graduates for the good of the Army. As far as I was able to determine from my own experience (at two separate posts), and the experience of my friends, such events as the court-martial of the eleven scientific and professional personnel at the Army Chemical Center, Md., and the misuse of mathematicians like Shultz at Fort Lee, Va., this program is a complete failure. Many of the S & P personnel wind up as some sort of clerk-type.

Those who are assigned to "scientific" programs find them trivial, unscientific and, usually, meaningless. Trained sociologists, for example, conduct tests on socks for the Army's new Bermuda-shorts uniform; trained chemists run eighteen-months-long tests on whether one kind of material for a cap will ripple as much as another; trained geologists test closures for fifty-gallon drums. I once wrote the Adjutant General and suggested specific reasons for the program's failure: an inadequate classification system and absurd assignments. The letter was never acknowledged.

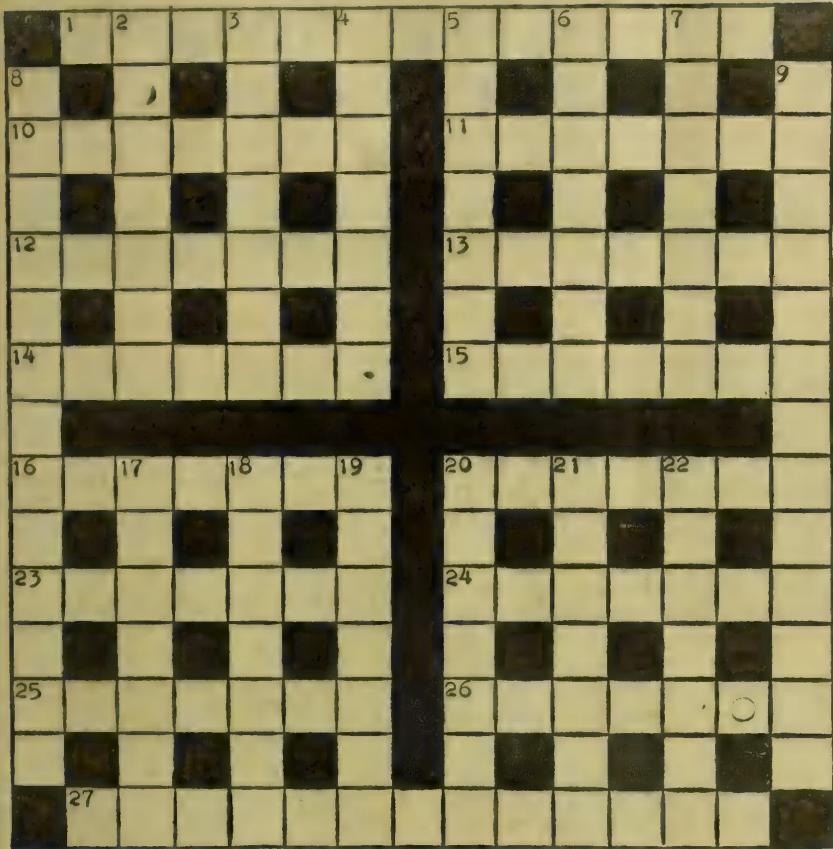
Perhaps Mr. Esty knows of other programs in which the college graduate has a better chance of being utilized. Of course, if one becomes an officer, that's probably another matter entirely.

HARRIS DIENSTFREY  
New York, N.Y.

The NATION

# Crossword Puzzle No. 805

By FRANK W. LEWIS



## ACROSS:

- Eventually Venus could have so boasted to Dione, if you don't like Hesiod's version. (4,2,2,5)
- Strip. (7)
- Backed up by a canine. (7)
- More like Old King Cole. (7)
- I disencumber one with some hesitation from one of the heaviest substances. (7)
- If I'd get sick enough, you'd see I had inner restlessness. (7)
- The root of spirits to almost half of England. (7)
- Father of Thomas, the Dupe? (4-3)
- Widen the way, when Franklin is about. (7)
- Offers attached to locomotives? (7)
- Where to find a broken strut as things might be held. (2,5)
- This is rich! (7)
- The sort preferred by some diners isn't in the race. (7)
- Concerning what expresses action with time on the right side? Rather reflective! (13)

## DOWN:

- Does some food have to be so arranged? (7)
- A prince of the silk, he divested himself. (7)
- Makes confident and certain, in rather foolish surroundings. (7)

- Supposing nothing losing vigor makes it? (7)
- It needs more than one pair of hands to get something done about the capital of Uruguay! (7)
- A version in one word. (7)
- Not the weakness of "Generation of Vipers," though some body might get all wrapped up in it! (13)
- The people who 18 in rising, promote a disturbance. (13)
- Not up to reliable clipping? (7)
- One has to have a following to do so. (7)
- In order to avoid an unwelcome ring? (Not so much associated with the board now.) (7)
- Might it be raised on the plane or the body, as a buzzer cataloger? (7)
- Certainly not in the basket marked "in" for the picket. (7)
- Thomas, according to reference. (7)

## SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 804

**ACROSS:** 1 Impressionistic; 9 Sprig; 10 Ruthenium; 11 Ransack; 12 Ruthful; 13 Measled; 14 Phalanx; 16 Needful; 19 Achieve; 21 Amusing; 23 Plaudit; 24 Incubator; 26 and 25 The Wearing of the Green. **DOWN:** 1 Instrumentalist; 2 Parentage; 3 Engrail; 4 Stroked; 5 Outcrop; 6 Inertia; 7 Thief; 8 Complex sentence; 15 Amendment; 17 Friable; 18 Lighter; 19 Aspirin; 20 Hwang Ho; 22 Uncle.

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\* \* \*  
ED. NOTE: *The Nation* wishes to thank each of the educators who has generously taken time to write us, telling of the contribution we make to the living classroom. It would require pages of space to quote them all here.

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# LETTERS

## More on Vanzetti

Dear Sirs: I appreciate your calling my attention to Dr. Ralph Colp's piece on Vanzetti in *The Nation* of December 27. You can well understand my interest in anything that is written with regard to this man, whom I defended in court, and who was cruelly done to an unjust death.

Dr. Colp has written a beautiful and touching biographical inquiry. I, who got to know the Plymouth fish peddler quite well, felt, as I read Dr. Colp's word-portrait, that I was once again in Dedham, once again talking and conferring with this wonderful man who was doomed to a tragic end.

But there are two things in Dr. Colp's article to which I must strongly object. He says: "We will probably never conclusively know whether Vanzetti was innocent of robbery and murder. . . ."

To say this is to damage seriously Dr. Colp's whole thesis. If Dr. Colp can assume that Vanzetti committed robbery and cold-blooded murder, then on what basis can he speak of Vanzetti as being kind, philosophical and tender-hearted? I know that Dr. Colp seeks to be objective, but it is obvious that he is impressed with the man, admires him, and feels keenly the injustice done him. He compares him to Mazzini and to Debs. I myself compared Vanzetti to Socrates. But I respectfully submit that no person can or should say that a person is like Mazzini and at the same time say that there is the possibility that that person could be a robber and an assassin for money.

If Dr. Colp has read the record of the Plymouth and Dedham trials, and the record of the proceedings which followed in all the courts, and has read the proceedings before Governor Fuller and the Lowell Committee, and has read the book *The Untried Case* by Herbert B. Ehrmann, he can come to no conclusion other than that Vanzetti was innocent. And if he did not read that basic material in the Sacco-Vanzetti case, he should not voice opinion on Vanzetti's innocence or guilt.

Nor can I understand what Dr. Colp means when he speaks of Vanzetti's "unconscious guilt fantasy of having killed a parent" — his mother. This is the most astounding statement I have encountered in all the literature on Sacco and Vanzetti. To say that Dr. Colp commits a non-sequitur is putting it mildly. He quotes from Vanzetti's autobiographical sketch, in which

Vanzetti writes of his mother's last illness, namely,

I remained alone to comfort her as best I could. Day and night I remained with her, tortured by the sight of her suffering. For two months I did not undress.

Science did not avail, nor love. After three months of brutal illness, she breathed her last in my arms. She died without hearing me weep. It was I who laid her in her coffin, I who accompanied her to the final resting place, I who threw the first handful of earth over her bier. And it was right that I should do so, for I was burying part of myself . . . the void left has never been filled.

And from all this, Dr. Colp comes to the conclusion that Vanzetti had the feeling that he had killed his mother! With all due respect, I can only say that this is arrant nonsense! . . .

It is too bad that Dr. Colp had to go into such flights of irresponsible fantasy. He wrote a splendid piece on Vanzetti. I believe he respects Vanzetti, even admires him, but how he can do so if he thinks there was the possibility that Vanzetti slew two innocent fathers and murdered his own mother, I cannot possibly grasp.

MICHAEL A. MUSMAMNO  
Justice of the Supreme  
Court of Pennsylvania

Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dear Sirs: Rather than an inquiry reflecting "scientific training," offering the "wisdom and friendship . . . of Bartolomeo Vanzetti," we are treated in Ralph Colp's "biographical inquiry" to a fanciful excursion into parlor psuedo-psychanalysis that cannot fail to make students of analytic psychology shudder.

What strikes one immediately about the article — even taking cognizance of its preliminary nature — is the paucity of clinical data upon which complex personality evaluations are built. From the single element of extreme grief exhibited by Vanzetti upon his mother's death, Colp postulates maternal death wishes strong enough to lead to a guilt-produced depression. This depression is then assumed to be of sufficient intensity to cause twelve years of aimless wandering. He utilizes this same force to explain Vanzetti's prison creativity as stemming, in part, from the guilt-relieving impact of punishment. And, without an additional fact, Vanzetti's final dramatic acceptance is interpreted as the ultimate longing for punishment. From Vanzetti's fears of attack while in a

transient paranoid state, Colp deduces homosexuality immediately, again without citing an additional meaningful fact. . . . It is clinically meaningless to raise, let alone develop, such complex hypotheses without intensive personal contact with a fairly co-operative subject, or access to more detailed subjective material than Vanzetti produced. . . .

If, consistent with Ocham's Razor, we eliminate most of Colp's interpolations as non-essential, significant sections of the article still remain intact. These are the sections where Colp allows the tur-

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## EDITORIALS

### Silence on Selective Service

In *The Nation's* view, the Universal Military Training and Service Act, which expires in June, is unfair, wasteful (in terms of manpower) and contrary to the best interests of American youth (see "Draft-Dodger or Patriot?" by John C. Esty, Jr., *The Nation*, January 10). But it is vulnerable on strictly military grounds as well. The Pentagon's manpower experts know that the day of the mass conscript army is over; today the need is for small, highly trained, professional armies. To recruit, and hold, personnel of the type needed, pay and status must be improved. The current re-enlistment rate is very low and it will not rise until conditions of service are improved. We are convinced, too, that the experts of the Air Force and Navy, if encouraged to testify, would agree.

But the experts of all three services are under wraps; only the voice of the top brass is heard. They, of course, are motivated by the fact that we continue to insist that our European allies maintain some form of compulsory service. Moreover, it would be difficult to reconcile requests for additional funds for "hardware" and other equipment with the admission that we might be able to dispense with compulsory service. Congress could, if it wished, by-pass the top brass and give the real experts a chance to be heard. But neither in the Senate nor the House is there a political leader who is prepared to insist on a full hearing and a debate on the merits. Critics are numerous but most of them start from the assumption that, since the act must be extended in some form, a debate on its fundamental suppositions is futile.

And to what extent is the public interested? Most of the groups that should be actively opposed to the extension of the act are either silent or indifferent. This includes organized labor, the teaching profession, college and university administrators and, above all, student groups. Only the church groups, and by no means all of these, are urging fundamental reconsideration of the problem of military manpower. Since the act will probably be extended, but for reasons which have nothing to do with its merits, the least that Congress can do is

to limit the term to two years and establish a commission—as the British did some time back—to elicit the expert opinion which is now "classified." Here is a striking illustration of how exaggerated Congressional deference to the military has the paradoxical result of obscuring expert military opinion.

### No Business Like Show Business

Unless it's the missile business. It too has glamor. Amid its insane complexities, only the gambler can hope to keep his sanity. The hours are exhausting: Lockheed's Robert Gross sleeps only five hours a night. But in one respect the outlook for the missile business is less gratifying than the military airplane business which it is superseding. There promises to be less money in it, and since the airplane magnates have complained that there never was enough money in those old-fashioned vehicles, the prospect is dolorous.

The transition from aircraft to missiles is attended by convulsions reminiscent of the change-over from silent to sound movies. The same rear-guard actions are being fought, but with greater desperation, for more is at stake. The airplane industry and the Air Force are making a stand on the near side of the "missile gap," that terrifying hiatus of the technological soothsayers during which the Soviets will have a much larger arsenal of long-range missiles than the United States. But the Air Force and its contractors will save us. In the 1960 budget they have inserted a modest request for two more wings of B-52 bombers, comprising 100 aircraft at \$10 million apiece, or \$1 billion for the aircraft alone. All in all, the missile gap won't be too bad for the manufacturers, if the Air Force has its way. And, by coincidence, the length of the missile gap is just about the time required for the airframe manufacturers to convert to missile manufacture.

Yet, from the far side of the missile gap, stretching on over the endless vistas of the cold war, the airmen and their suppliers alike may look back on the 1950s with nostalgia. Aircraft must be flown, and men and money are needed to fly them. The spare parts alone keep many a supplier alive. In the whole history of war-

sare nothing comparable to the airplane has ever been invented to facilitate military empire-building and a second and more lucrative career for the emperor when he decides to retire. Missiles are less attractive in all these respects. They obsolesce only slowly, and, as everyone knows, obsolescence is the heart of profit in all branches of durable-goods production. In a sense a missile never becomes obsolete. It may be slow, but ten years hence a well-aimed Atlas could still wipe out a city. It can sit there for years, waiting to be fired, and in the meantime the manufacturer, also waiting, can go to the wall. Even when he is called on to do his patriotic duty, there may be less for him to do, since bombers require a tremendous "over-kill" capacity to make up for attrition by the enemy offense and defense, while a few hundred or at most a few thousand long-range missiles will guarantee complete destruction on both sides. While there is death there is hope, but the military man and his brother in industry may be enjoying their best days right now.

## The Fifty-First State

Sooner or later Hawaii will be admitted to the Union as the fiftieth state and, by current signs and portents, probably sooner than later. Will there then be other applicants? Puerto Rico, of course, is a possibility but the Puerto Ricans appear to be fairly well satisfied with their anomalous status. An odd but entirely logical next applicant, if nations followed a strict calculus of economic self-interest, would be Great Britain, as two recent incidents suggest.

A British firm's bid to provide the turbines for the Greer's Ferry Dam project in Arkansas was rejected, although it was 19 per cent lower than the bid of the Baldwin-Lima-Hamilton Corporation of Philadelphia, which was awarded the contract. Moreover, the British bid was turned down in a manner that even Mr. Dulles concedes was not as "smooth" as might have been desirable. The procedure was as follows: the Office of Civil and Defense Mobilization was induced to make a finding that considerations of "national security" required that the British bid should be rejected. Specifically, if the contract were awarded to the British firm — so the rationalization went — the domestic productive capacity for making turbines of this character "would be reduced to a level inadequate for emergency requirements." What distressed Mr. Dulles about this fancy double talk — and well it might — is the circumstance that the "national security" finding was not made until *after* the bids were opened. Nor was it very "smooth" that announcement of the rejection should have come from Pennsylvania Senator Hugh Scott, who said that the word had come to him directly from the White House. *The Wall Street Journal*, which cannot rationally be accused of bias against Baldwin-Lima-Hamilton, bluntly

states the only tenable conclusion: "The real reason for the decision appears to lie in Pennsylvania politics." The contract itself was not important — \$1,750,000 for two hydraulic turbines — but the British had exactly the same experience with low bids for electrical equipment on American public projects in 1953, 1954 and 1956. After a time, even the most obdurate low-bidders can become discouraged.

Then consider the successful recent raid by which Reynolds Metal Company, in alliance with Tube Investments, Ltd., of London, acquired control of the British Aluminium Corporation, Britain's only aluminum producer and a leading fabricator of semi-finished aluminum products. Nor is this the only case in which the British have lost control of a key resource to American interests; not long ago, for example, the Texas Oil Company bought out control of Britain's important oil holdings in Trinidad.

Unlike the Greer's Ferry Dam incident, there is no implication of unfairness in the putsch by which Reynolds Metal acquired control of British Aluminium. The company needed huge capital funds badly and certain large shareholders elected to make a profit by selling their shares at an inflated price. Indeed it may well be that British Aluminium will yield larger returns to the British public in the form of wages, taxes and dividends, under the new management than under the old. But if British firms are to be unfairly jockeyed out of low bids, as in the case of the turbines, and if, at the same time, effective control of significant British industrial enterprises is to pass to American firms, then the British should seek admission to the Union in sheer economic self-protection. If Britain were represented in Washington by two Senators and a large congressional delegation it might be able to protect its economic interests more effectively than through an ambassador.

## Disarmament Can't Wait

Sir Robert Watson-Watt, who revolutionized the art of warfare by devising a workable radar system in the nick of time before Hitler's major onslaught, ascribes his success to what he calls the "Cult of the Imperfect."

"Give them the third best to go on with," he advises. "The second best comes too late, the best never comes." These words might be addressed to the obstructionists who demand a foolproof, all-encompassing detection system before they will consider an end to nuclear testing.

The obstructionists are not all on the technological side, nor are they all Americans. The Soviet negotiators are clearly wrong in their insistence on a preponderance of Soviet experts at detection stations within the Soviet Union, of American experts at American detection stations, etc. The Soviets should accede to the American proposal that there be equal representation of East and West at the control points of both sides.

The difficulties raised by the Atomic Energy Commission and the Defense Department are, however, more serious. Both have been and remain opposed to any test ban at all. Their latest argument is that small underground explosions might be undetectable. What of it? As the Federation of American Scientists points out, the vital necessity is to avoid a nuclear war by stopping the arms race. A cessation of nuclear testing is not a major step toward disarmament, but it is a first step, and the only one East and West have been able to approach seriously. A failure in this effort will not only result in further poisoning of the atmosphere, but give non-members of the atomic club a chance to force their way in. When every would-be aggressor has his atomic arsenal, the chances of averting the holocaust will be far smaller than they are now.

The initial detection system is bound to be imperfect — as imperfect as the first steam engine, the first electric telegraph, the first atomic bomb. In no other field has technological imperfection ever been made a pretext for not trying. The attitude of Jay Orear, associate professor of physics at Cornell, is in the sound tradition of making a start with the means at hand and improving the machinery in operational use. It is unnecessary, he points out, to have a vast network of manned seismographs to detect underground explosions. Unmanned slave stations could eventually be set up which would telemeter their data to master control stations. This is already done in numerous industries; the president of the American Telephone & Telegraph Company says the time is fast approaching when more data of this sort will be transmitted over the telephone network than direct visual and auditory information. Only let a start be made, and the problems will shrink in proportion to the effort applied to their solution.

## Gracious George

During a dinner at which he became an honorary son of Fordham University, Vice President Nixon delivered himself of some unimpeachable sentiments. "We should always be courteous," he told the assembled alumni, "but we should never be soft. We should never be fawning." This was Mr. Nixon in his familiar role as a boy scout emeritus. But Mr. Nixon also found material for another homily, this one addressed to the native capitalists whose hospitality Mr. Mikoyan had enjoyed. "I do not agree," he said, "with those who criticize our businessmen and bankers for entertaining Mr. Mikoyan at lunch or dinner. But I would respectfully suggest that some of them in this instance could learn a lesson from our labor leaders who had to fight to expel Communists from their unions and in the process learned how to deal with them." Apparently he was suggesting that if they could not go as far as George Meany, who rejected any intercourse whatsoever with the bloody murderer, the

bankers and businessmen should have thrown Mikoyan to the Hungarians before he could fully consume his dinner.

It must come as a surprise to blunt, outspoken George Meany to find himself thus applauded for his manners and diplomatic tact by such an impeccable arbiter in those matters as the Vice President. And it must come as something of a shock to the Ivy League-trained business executives who congregate in America's plush luncheon clubs — and who, incidentally, have been appealed to more than once by Mr. Nixon for campaign contributions — to learn that George Meany's ideas of the way to receive a visiting foreign dignitary should be their model. That Meany can teach them much with respect to negotiations they have known for a long time, but that the Vice President should believe that Meany surpasses them in the area of courtesy — or in this instance courtesy — is too much for good Republicans to tolerate.

## No Angels Encountered

It now becomes known that the impulse behind the Russian exploration of space was at least incidentally theological. Y. T. Fadeyev, head of the scientific-atheistic section of the magazine, *Science and Life*, has explained in a recent broadcast over Moscow radio that the artificial planet now in orbit convincingly disposes of the notion of God.

Mr. Fadeyev's argument has two prongs: 1. No satellite thus far launched has encountered an angel; 2. an omnipotent God (and a God less than omnipotent is scarcely conceivable) would never permit this impudent invasion of his territory. Mr. Fadeyev, it can be seen from this, approaches religious matters in the context of the cold war.

This little tale is somehow disproportionately heartening. We are so accustomed to being told that the Russians are the infallible logicians of total power that it is pleasant to discover they have their own share of human idiocy.

## Arthur Eggleston

At a time when journalistic integrity is as rare as it is sorely needed in the American press, the death of Arthur Eggleston of cancer at 59 is more than a personal loss. A newspaperman for more than a quarter of a century and the son of a crusading editor closely associated with Lincoln Steffens, Eggleston was a link to our liberal journalistic past. Readers of *The Nation* will recall his occasional pieces on labor, which was his special area of interest. Those on the West Coast will remember his daily labor column in the *San Francisco Chronicle*, the first of its kind to appear in a large metropolitan paper. It was a model of clarity and courage at a time when employers were telling the public

that San Francisco would become a "ghost town" if they had to deal with the CIO, then in the process of organizing. This contribution to honest journalism was rewarded when Eggleston was named one of the first Nieman Fellows at Harvard. During the war years he served with the Overseas Branch of the OWI in New York and London. Later he became head of the Information Control Branch of the Army of Occupation in

Germany, where his task was the re-establishment of a free press in a democratic society. A sad measure of his success is the fact that during the very week of Eggleston's death it was announced that all restrictions on the reconstitution of the Krupp cartel had been lifted, in effect wiping out the last vestiges of Allied efforts to de-Nazify German industry. Even sadder is the fact that the American press looked the other way.

## WHITE-COLLAR EXPLOSION... by Reece McGee

In "White-Collar Labor," which appeared in last week's Nation, Bernard Karsh of the University of Illinois discussed some of the effects of the technological revolution on the American labor movement. In the following article, a University of Texas sociologist discusses broader aspects of this revolution, relating it not only to the labor scene, but also to current social, political and economic patterns of American society. In an early issue we shall publish an essay on "the new rich," relating to the same broad shift in economic balance.

Mr. McGee is co-author, with Theodore Caplow, of *The Academic Marketplace*.—Ed.

THE UNITED STATES is experiencing a revolution which will occasion changes as fundamental in the social, political and economic structures of life on the North American continent as did the Industrial Revolution. That it is a quiet one, and that its origins and implications are not yet entirely clear, do not affect this dictum in the slightest. It is a revolution in class structure, and its roots lie in the changed composition of the American labor force.

Peter F. Drucker has called this change, "The Rise of the Salaried Middle Class." In a recent article in *The Listener*, he points out that this class (the "professional, technical, and managerial" class, as opposed to the "white-collar" parent group from which it springs, and which includes clerical and sales persons), has become our largest working group. This is indeed a fundamental change in American working life, which was dominated first by farmers and, until lately, by industrial labor.

The Second World War, with its forced relocations and expansions in

American technology and consequent "managerial revolution," might be said to have been the midwife of the group. (It was fathered by the Industrial Revolution and brought to birth by the First World War.) By the end of that (second) war, it had already attained some size. Since that time, industrial production in the United States has doubled and the size of the non-agricultural labor force has increased by about 30 per cent. In the same period, the size of the "professional, technical, and managerial" labor force has increased by approximately two-thirds, while the manual labor force required to sustain the nation's double production has remained relatively stationary in size. And all present indications seem to point to a further acceleration of these trends. The new "salaried middle class" now comprises roughly 8 per cent of the nation's total population and almost 20 per cent of its working force.

Andrew Hacker, of the Department of Government at Cornell University, notes that "It is the large national corporation, more than any other single social institution, that has brought about this middle-class explosion." In addition to its large size, the emergent middle class also has the characteristic of being *national* in scope; its members follow the corporations' marching orders to all parts of the country. Perhaps as a correlative of its size and transiency is the peculiar fact that it is largely propertyless. Though this is a middle-class nation in a truer sense than was Britain when Napoleon uttered his famous remark about the "nation of shopkeepers," the American middle class no longer stands on the

foundation of property traditionally associated with its political significance.

This new, salaried middle class is now the largest single productively-employed occupational grouping in the United States, and it will continue to increase in size. It is composed of persons in professional, technical and managerial positions, few of them self-employed. It is an intellectual class in that its members are usually employed for the services they offer, and these services involve primarily the manipulation of ideas and abstract concepts rather than machines or materials. Many of the manipulative techniques are learned in schools; it is a highly educated class. Due to its size and its intellectual influence (on education, on the mass media, on trends in the production and consumption of goods), it has come to characterize much of contemporary American urban life. It is, in fact, probably responsible in part for this country's increasingly rapid urbanization.

ONE OF THE most obvious immediate effects of the sudden growth of the salaried middle class has been upon the working population, and it is not surprising that the labor movement has become increasingly aware of it. The white-collar worker in this country has always been hard to unionize, and his appearance as a dominant body in the working population is viewed as a crisis by many labor advocates. Even more instructive than the over-all numerical gains registered by the white-collar over the blue-collar workers are the rates of change of some of the groups within the two broad categories.

Everett M. Kasselow, AFL-CIO research director, notes:

Between 1947 and 1957, professional and technical workers increased at a rate of 60.6 per cent and the clerical workers increased by 22.8 per cent; during the same period the number of factory operatives increased 4.4 per cent while the number of laborers went up only 4.1 per cent. . . .

Given the trends of recent years . . . the organization of the non-blue-collar worker takes on an almost life and death character for the American labor movement.

But these forecasts, forward-looking though they may be, do not fully appreciate the impact which the revolutionary shift in class structure will have upon American labor. Given that it is the professional, technical and managerial classes of the working force which are now expanding so significantly, and given that it is precisely these workers who have always most strongly resisted unionization, and given that productivity in this country continues to increase while the manual labor force remains stable in size or even decreases, it is entirely possible that the industrial unions—which have been responsible for much of the dynamism of the American labor movement—will decline, and that unionism will become a reactionary defender of past privileges rather than a harbinger of the future.

There seems no reason to believe that an increase in their numbers will change the white-collar workers' somewhat intransigent attitude toward unionism. It is always possible, of course, that the labor movement will be able to develop a new appeal, founded on radically different assumptions, which will serve to enlist white-collar workers in the way in which the old appeal enrolled the blue; in the absence of any such new appeal at the present time, I can foresee no great middle-class swing toward union membership.

The economy of the United States, as well as its labor force and its trade unions, may also be exposed to some radical changes as a result of the impact of the emergent salaried middle class. Drucker points out that some aspects of this change have already begun to be felt. One of the peculiar



and altogether new facts of the recession of 1957-58 was that while production in three of the central industries of the American economy (automobiles, home-appliances, steel) dropped 40-50 per cent in seven months, consumption dropped hardly at all, and even employment dropped much more slowly than production.

This is in part explicable by the fact that a large proportion of the labor force in these industries has come to be "professional, technical, and managerial." Assembly-line workers in heavy industry can be laid off at relatively short notice with little effect upon the industry's production capacity. This is not true of the highly skilled and ultimately necessary designers, engineers and research scientists, some of whom may be working on models which are two to four years ahead of production. What has happened is that the salaried middle class is rapidly becoming a new factor in the equation of the theoretical economist. There was a time when the teacher, and a few others in like occupations, were the only persons not significantly affected by short-run economic fluctuations. But today 20 per cent of the working force now falls into this category. This would seem to assure a certain degree of stability in the economy, a capacity to "bounce back" from short-run downturns; it simultaneously assures a sharp reduction in profit and capital expenditure as businesses meet payrolls for

people who cannot be laid off at short notice during a recession. Traditional economic theories are based on the assumption that the vast majority of the labor force will be industrial laborers; I know of no way in which these theories can be made to fit a future labor force which will no longer be primarily industrial.

I SAID earlier that the salaried middle class was a highly educated group. An ever-increasing proportion of the working population is receiving education beyond the twelve years encompassed by the elementary and secondary systems. Some of the effects of these facts are already visible, but their most significant impacts will probably be social and cultural, and can only be conjectured. One of the already apparent results is the speed with which it has been possible to introduce automation into the United States. For automation means not only the replacement of men by machines, but also the replacement of manual labor by different, more sophisticated skills which require greater education. In another twenty years the worker without formal training beyond the high-school level will be a rarity. What effect this will have upon American technology and productive processes can only be imagined. Certainly the industrial planner and personnel manager will have to make some new assumptions about the ways of dealing with, and planning for, a labor force of this nature. And since the educated

worker does not, as a rule, look forward to manual labor, no matter how highly skilled or rewarded, this too may demand a new economics of investment and profit. The assembly line is becoming socially obsolete.

It is also apparent that higher education in the United States is badly in need of overhaul in the service of this new demand for college training. Already strained and creaking, with one of every three young people of college age going to college, institutions of higher learning seem likely to collapse entirely unless educators can either devise new systems of teaching *as we know it*, or else invent an entirely different set of assumptions about what education is and does. Technical innovations, such as educational television, are essentially stop-gap measures, and will not suffice to carry the colleges through the crisis. If more flexible and ingenious theories of education and of college administration cannot be invented, it may well happen that the colleges will become essentially custodial in their functions, as many secondary systems already are.

It is difficult to imagine what results will flow from a population which is largely college-educated. We know that education is related to such biological phenomena as birth, morbidity and mortality rates; its effects on such social phenomena as religious behavior, consumption and housing patterns, uses of leisure, etc., are less well known but unquestionably significant. Even such ecological phenomena as the sprawling growth of our giant "super-cities" are related to it; people educated to cultural tastes seek a graceful way of life in ruralized suburban surroundings.

AMERICAN political behavior, too, may be expected to show some changes in response to the rise of this new middle class. As Riesman points out, to many of its members politics have become items of consumption —rather like hi-fi sets—and people are judged by their abilities and tastes in political "consumership." This is to say that one segment of the salaried middle class is essentially apathetic politically, and its members will consume whatever brand

of politics is offered to them in much the same way in which they consume cigarettes. They are influenced primarily in this consumption—since they are apathetic to the essential product—by the glamor with which it is endowed by the mass media. "The mass media act as a kind of barker for the political show. They have discovered a sovereign remedy, glamor, to combat the danger of indifference. . . ." (David Riesman, *The Lonely Crowd*.) Political participation by this group is largely restricted to the most publicized elections. Its members are likely to substitute civic activities—in the United Fund or civic-betterment societies, for example—for active interest in politics.

One reason, of course, for this is the transiency of the group. Its members move so much and so often that they are frequently not eligible to vote in the place of their residence at the time of an election. Another reason may lie in their corporate connections, which active political participation might jeopardize. (But corporations encourage civic activities as good for public relations.)

This renunciation of political participation by a significant segment of the middle class, which has always played an important role in American politics, quite clearly will have some fundamental effects. Hacker points some of them out. It will be apt, first, to create a vacuum in political leadership (already apparent in the integration crisis in the South, where the moderates, who are probably in the political majority, have been to some extent not only silenced, but disenfranchised, by the politically active extremists). Second, emerging with the new class is the phenomenon of "corporate citizenship" noted by William F. Whyte when he says that his Organization Man not only *works for* the corporation, but *belongs to* it as well. The corporation is essentially an oligarchic system, not a democratic one, and its members have little voice in its governance. It is responsible for them, but not accountable to them. As Hacker puts it, a zoo keeper does not represent the seals because he responds to their need for fish.

Third, insofar as the salaried middle class is representative of the corporation in America, corporate interests are replacing the citizens' interests in government; and as the corporation gives its employees a psychological "community" to identify with, and an immunity from the politics of the national community, it has itself obtained even more direct access to the political parties and the government. Corporate interests in government have become real interests in the Madisonian sense.

BUT perhaps the most important political result of the emergence of the salaried middle class flows from the political estrangement displayed by many of its members. This effect might almost be termed the progressive disengagement of the American public from active participation in the decision-making processes of their government. Increasingly, American citizens are being forbidden to participate in, or even to know about, important decisions made by their elected representatives. Significantly, the disengagement has occurred largely without public protest and, indeed, with the active approval of some segments of the population. Some protests have been registered throughout the post-war period. *The Bulletin of Atomic Scientists* carried on the campaign for a while. (See also Rexford G. Tugwell, *A Chronicle of Jeopardy*, and C. Wright Mills, *The Causes of World War III*.) American foreign and military policies are only the most obvious illustrations; the "Executive decision," the "closed-door session" and the trappings of "security" affect other areas as well. These manifestations of political paranoia are not, of course, solely the result of the emergence of a salaried middle class; but it may be that without it, and the peculiar political characteristics of some of its members, the manifestations would not have occurred as they did and still do.

Not all, perhaps not even most, of the new class is politically apathetic. The last Congressional elections indicate that a great many of its members went to the polls. The election results may also indicate

catastrophe for traditional party machinery, for some of the same people who produced last November's Democratic landslide unquestionably helped to produce the Eisenhower majorities of the last two Presidential elections. What this means is that many of the educated, voting members of the salaried middle class are basically political independents who vote for specific men and issues rather than for the straight party ticket. And this means that they cannot be counted on to go to the polls in any given election, or to produce any specified political re-

sult for a given candidate if they do go. It probably also accounts for the kind of candidate whom voters have seemed to approve in recent elections: young, genial and mildly liberal.

It is necessary, however, to enter a caveat here. The new middle class is new, and we do not as yet really know much about it. It is dangerous, therefore, to make predictions, especially political predictions, about its behavior, particularly in view of the fact that most of its members are young, the products of a "boom" generation who have never directly

experienced hard times. How they would behave if the society which has, generally speaking, been so good to them, should turn upon them in some great economic or political upheaval, we cannot hope to know. It might be well to recall that some of the earliest support for the Nazi movement was recruited during a depression from German members of this same class.

The coming revolution in American class structure, like a glacier in motion, will inexorably modify our familiar landscape—perhaps into altogether new configurations.

## CANADA SHELVES THE ARROW . . . by Harold Greer

Ottawa

ONE MORNING before breakfast last September, Prime Minister John Diefenbaker fished, thought and scribbled in a rowboat on Harrington Lake in the Gatineau Hills north of Ottawa. The fishing was so-so, but the meditation was dynamic: Diefenbaker was drafting a statement to scrap the Avro Arrow, a supersonic interceptor finally ready for production after over five years and almost \$400,000,000 had been spent on its development.

As the Prime Minister well knew, the CF-105 Arrow was not just another airplane. For the Royal Canadian Air Force and the Canadian aircraft industry, it was the airplane—the one domestic contribution which spelled "Canada" in the ever-growing subordination ("integration" is the official term) of this country's defense establishment to the nuclear strategy of the United States.

Unlike the Canadian Army and Navy, whose contributions to the pool of Western collective security must inevitably be numerically small, the RCAF has enjoyed a relatively independent and self-supporting role. Its air division in Europe is considered by Gen. Lauris Norstad to be the mainstay of NATO's air defenses. It operates its own air materiel air-

lift from Canada, its own microwave communications and its own radar warning system in Europe. Similarly, the RCAF Air Defense Command at home has been able to provide a reasonably adequate interceptor defense without importing U.S. squadrons (the U.S. interceptors in Labrador and Newfoundland are there under a wartime, 99-year lease arrangement which Canada honored when Newfoundland confederated in 1949).

For air-minded Canadians, this RCAF autonomy has been a healthy antidote to the top-heavy American participation in the other aspects of continental air defense. The United States built and operates well over half of the northern radar warning system, and was last year granted rights to build Strategic Air Command refueling bases at four northern airstrips, thus turning them for all practical purposes into potential nuclear targets.

But it has long been realized here that the RCAF's free-wheeling role could not go on forever. The turning-point, it was thought, would come when the United States had completed the SAGE electronic warning and guidance grid and the question of improving it (that is, extending it into Canada) would arise.

The Arrow was specifically designed to meet Canada's need for a fast, long-range interceptor. Its

flight tests showed it would be able to go 2,000 miles, hit 2,000 miles per hour. But it was also horribly expensive (it weighs thirty-four tons). The introduction of SAGE into Canada would permit the building of guided-missile bases in northern Ontario and Quebec, firing Bomarc missiles at about \$250,000 each, compared to an original estimate of \$4,500,000 per Arrow.

The RCAF, however, continued to insist it needed the Arrow. The homing guidance of the Bomarc, it was argued, could be easily spoofed by enemy counter-electronic measures, while the two-man interceptor could avoid jamming by switching radar frequencies. In addition, only the manned interceptor could identify unknown aircraft: with the guided missile, there were only two alternatives—either destroy the unknown or take a chance and let it through the defense system.

There were other factors to consider as John Diefenbaker fished and mulled over the problem. Canada's defense spending has been slowly but steadily declining over the past six years, yet the federal budget faced a \$1 billion deficit by March 31; taxes would almost certainly have to be increased just to maintain the present pace. It looked as if Canada were being priced out of the arms race. On the other hand, the aircraft industry employed 42,000 workers

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directly; interceptor airframes and engines had been its big product for almost ten years.

It was not surprising, therefore, that Diefenbaker's announcement a few days later turned out to be a masterpiece of political pole-balancing, plainly slanted against the Arrow but not so far that the political winds couldn't blow it the other way. Two initial Bomarc bases, the Prime Minister said, would be built, and SAGE would be introduced. Final decision on the Arrow was delayed to March.

THERE were three main reasons for Diefenbaker's refusal to make an irrevocable decision: cancellation would have materially increased Canada's severe winter unemployment; the Government was not sure what the country wanted; and the Government was not sure what the military have been up to and where its defense policy is leading it.

The public is confused and apprehensive on the defense question, while the military have had a field day—as Diefenbaker discovered soon after he took power in June, 1957. Confronted with a Chiefs of Staff recommendation that Canada establish a joint North American Air Defense Command (NORAD) with the United States at Colorado Springs, Colo., he quickly approved, thinking the matter a logical development of past events. So routine did the Prime Minister view the matter that he never bothered to consult the Cabinet or even to inform the Department of External Affairs.

He soon discovered there were strange, even sinister, aspects to the affair. It turned out that the NORAD negotiations had all been handled in secret by the military. More important, it developed that NORAD provided not just for co-ordination, but for integration, of Canada's air defense with that of the United States on the basis of a "concept of air defense" which meant, if it meant anything at all, that the purpose of the RCAF was no longer to guard Canadian skies and cities, but to protect the SAC retaliatory bases to the south.

Canada had got into this arrangement without public or parliamentary approval, without knowing what



Drawing by J. Ross  
John Diefenbaker

it was getting in return, and without knowing how the costs and responsibilities of the new concept were to be divided. Relations between the Government and its military advisers have been strained ever since.

It is clear that Canada can never get back what it gave away in the NORAD agreement. The best deal would have been to trade Canadian assent to the agreement for U.S. purchase of the Arrow. But with NORAD signed and sealed, Washington has bluntly turned the Arrow down, and the Pentagon is expediting work on North America's hypersonic, chemical-fueled F-108. Ottawa's unannounced intention, politics permitting, is to scrap the Arrow and wait for the F-108, whose 1,000-mile range and supplementary self-radar make it a reasonable compromise between RCAF and SAGE requirements.

Meanwhile, Ottawa is driving a hard bargain on costs of the new SAGE and the Bomarc bases, throwing a tight rein around its brass hats, and trying to figure out where it is going on defense.

THE GOVERNMENT knows—or is quickly finding out—that the Arrow is but the focal point of a much larger problem. The erection of a defense against the ICBM is only beginning. With NATO relying more and more on nuclear weapons, Ottawa has been told, Canada must either conform or withdraw.

All this will cost so much more than the one-third which Ottawa allocates to defense (between \$1.6

and \$2 billion) will seem like a drop in the bucket. Canadian officials know better than to assume the United States will simply make up the balance. Washington will help, but its own budget problems—to say nothing of its Atomic Energy Act—require that it retain the power of decision affecting not only policy but weapons, tactics, production and all the things that go into a defense structure. Canada, of course, could afford to spend more, but the Government is not at all sure it should.

The plain fact is that, after almost ten years of collective security, Canadians do not like what they see. Ever since World War II, the paramount purpose of Canadian arms has been to prevent nuclear-war situations from developing. Canada sent a large contingent to Korea in order to turn what was essentially an American operation there into a U.N. operation, and thereby keep the action limited. It joined and contributed to NATO rather than have the Western Alliance rely solely on nuclear retaliation. In Kashmir, Palestine, Indo-China and Suez, Canadian forces have been the mainstay of pacifying, supervising and policing actions. Now Canadians find themselves virtually committed to nuclear war—to protecting the deterrent at home and to participating in an alliance which will have no alternative but to use it if attacked in Europe.

It is not that Ottawa feels the deterrent can be dispensed with. But whereas the United States believes in the inevitability of a Soviet attack if Russia ever gains a decisive offensive superiority, most Canadians do not. They feel rather that an attack will result only from such a deterioration in international conditions that war will appear inevitable, whereupon either side will seize whatever advantage there may be in striking first. To put it bluntly, a nation which considered intervening in Indo-China with atomic bombs, which was willing to risk world war over Quemoy, and which looks upon nuclear explosions as "conventional" weapons, does not command the confidence which the integration of Canadian arms into the American system requires.

Canadians looked upon collective security as an avenue to negotiation and settlement of political problems. They still do. Instead, they find a massive opposition to that "disengagement" which, in Ottawa's view, is the only logical political corollary to military reliance on the nuclear weapon.

Only the most profound optimism would predict that Ottawa will find a way to use Canadian arms in support of Canadian aspirations. One possibility is that Canadian forces be placed primarily at the disposal of the U.N. It is an idea which appeals to Liberal leader Lester Pearson, as well as to External Affairs

Minister Sidney Smith—or did until lack of support for a U.N. peace force at last fall's General Assembly forced him to shelve it.

Unless that idea can be revived, it would appear that Canadians have no alternative but to go down the nuclear highway, hoping to back-seat drive and praying for the best.

## CIRCULATION UNLIMITED . . . by Carl E. Lindstrom

THE CUSTOMER is rapidly losing his freedom of choice—whether he buys food, clothing or newspapers. When a suburban housewife sought to replace what she calls cottage type curtains, she learned that the only available kind was "cafe style" (whatever that may be). Scrapple, once to be had nearly everywhere, has retreated to the citadel of Philadelphia. What comes to market these days is the article that is convenient and profitable for the producer to make and handle—which is usually, though not necessarily, the article that is convenient and profitable for the retailer to handle.

To labor the point, a well-worn pair of gray dress gloves needed to be replaced. A visit to three established haberdashers, who pride themselves on quality and services, yielded an identical style—welted seams and flared cuffs—not usually associated with dress gloves. Styles change, of course, and we must change with them, but the reason given was startling. The clerk in the third store explained: "You see, they take a survey and find out what the average man wants, and that's what they make." The compulsion is to be average, to be neuter.

The phenomenon that some of the best newspapers (if there can be a criterion) are published in monopoly cities need not be puzzling. Alone in a given community, an owner can play cards with whatever deck he

chooses; in competition he must use the same deck that is dealt to the opposition. If he is competent to run a newspaper at all, he knows what constitutes a good newspaper, a responsible one. He is stupid if he doesn't make it the best newspaper he knows how to create.

The very situation creates in him a conscience, even if he never had one before. A non-imbibing man at the wheel of a car carrying passengers home from a testimonial dinner has a much greater sense of responsibility if he knows that he alone is competent to drive.

I once heard two managing editors of newspapers in competitive territory admit that the things they liked least about their own papers were the direct result of competition. Each had run a picture, in a recent issue, of the facade of a newly opened store, in which there was only slight reader interest, merely because the advertising salesmen were out after new business. If one paper had not printed the vapid picture, the other would have.

Newspaper competition is obviously competition for the dollar. Dollar competition takes the route of circulation competition, since the one is dependent upon the other. This has crystallized the doctrine of Circulation Unlimited. There is, it is supposed, no such thing as enough circulation, no such thing as the saturation point. If the area is saturated, the problem is to find new areas. We are all involved in a mass-production economy, and it is too much to hope that journalism could escape its effect and implications.

It means that the press must find

out, as industry did, what the average man wants. If there is no average man, we must create him. We must see to it also that what the average man wants is the thing that it is convenient for newspapers to manufacture and to merchandise.

The tragedy is that this process is not impossible; it is not even very difficult. Wishes wither if they are never nourished. The man who did not want a garish two-tone car which is longer than his garage, presently ceased to want any other kind because it was impossible for him to acquire the kind he had in mind.

But in the area of journalism, we face the hard fact that it is impossible to create a newspaper to satisfy the taste of the entire population of a city of even a hundred thousand. There is no such thing as the average newspaper reader, and any survey which pretends to find him deceives itself.

It is possible to draw a pretty good silhouette, if not a portrait, of a reader of *The New Yorker*. The original prospectus put it negatively by saying it was not addressed to the Old Lady in Dubuque. The editors of *The Saturday Evening Post* must have a fair idea of the mental frontiers of *Post* readers. They might even recognize them on the street, even if only to see their people "walking as trees."

No newspaper editor has the slightest conception of what his average reader looks like or what he wants. Since there is something in the paper for everybody, it is theoretically possible to get everybody's subscription.

There is, however, no way of

CARL E. LINDSTROM, after forty-one years in journalism, retired last month as executive editor of The Hartford Times to teach journalism at the University of Michigan.

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knowing who reads what, surveys to the contrary notwithstanding. While nearly everybody gets to the comic page with a greater or lesser degree of engrossment, and while it is likely that readers of "Pogo" are probably not *aficionados* of "The Phantom" or "Joe Palooka," yet to seem to know who reads what is sheer pretense. That is only one part of the newspaper. Experience with the rest of it can hardly be any more precise. The newspaper published on the principle of Circulation Unlimited must of necessity be nondescript, a salmagundi.

The cost of publishing any kind of daily newspaper in the present technology is so high that, in order to exist at all, the ultimate in circulation must be achieved. One might postulate a man with sufficient capital sitting down quietly with his thoughts and speculating: "In this city of 100,000 population there are about 10,000 souls of a mentality and taste that I think I could satisfy. For these I shall publish a newspaper, and for no others." But such a venture would not be successful, according to the experts whose theories are failing as rapidly as only expert theories can.

Thus we all read the same kind of newspapers because that is the best kind for the most people; and it takes the most people to provide any kind of newspaper at all, just as we buy the same kinds of prepared foods and are denied the kinds it is not convenient for the manufacturer and the handler to give us.

The customer is always right—provided he likes it our way. The argot, however, sounds much as it did half a century ago. "The customer is king," it was generally agreed—according to *Editor & Publisher*—at the Chicago Tribune's eighth annual Forum on Distribu-

tion and Advertising. The customer is a very docile king and he wears his crown the way he is told, as he waits in the queue at the supermarket.

The changed American newspaper is not the result of arbitrary pattern-making. It has been a survival expedient. In the past fifty years, 1,000 American dailies have either died or lost their identity through merger. Even with this much-reduced field, life is not easy. In no other business, where so much money is made, is existence so precarious. It is cruelly competitive, but its competition now comes largely from other media of communication, mainly electronic. Broadcasting has had as vital an effect upon journalism as it has upon the entertainment business. Newspapers are still basic as a communications channel, and for entertainment, too; and the wonder of it is that there is still so much money to be made in the field and that, with so great a stream of revenue, it should be so difficult to survive in it.

JOURNALISM is having its troubles recruiting new talent, a besetting and even sinister affliction of the crafts. Perhaps the changed newspaper is less glamorous than its rauous predecessors of half a century ago. *Advertising Age* in its issue of May 13, 1957, said editorially:

Thoughtful newspaper people, in all types of newspaper work and in all sections of the country, are coming to a realization that the newspapers of America, over the past two or three decades, have allowed an extremely precious commodity to slip through their fingers. We are referring to that extremely intangible, but nonetheless valuable commodity known as Glamor.

Newspapers once had a very high degree of glamor, and a very great appeal to young men and women of

more than average intelligence and interest in the world around them. Now, while certainly some of this remains, a very considerable amount has been transferred to broadcast media, and an even greater amount has simply evaporated.

Perhaps some of the glamor went out the window with the passing of personal journalism, now a low-caste phrase used to denote an unscrupulous era of newspaper history. Actually reform did not come about through virtue, but because no newspaper could afford to appeal to only one section of the population. Personal journalism was simply that quality in an owner or editor by which you knew where you had him. Everybody knew what to expect of Colonel McCormick and a great many people cleaved to his ideas. But not all the people—and so the Chicago Tribune began to lose circulation. Today you must have Circulation Unlimited—all the people on your side—and personal journalism dies.

The changing times have changed newspapers. Whether we like it or not, government—even city government—is steadily drifting farther away from the people. This is because it has become so complex that the democratic process has of necessity been mortgaged to the more efficient methods of bureaucracy and directive. Politics has supposedly been banished (example: city managers), a fact which many will applaud without recognizing that this is also to banish discussion, check and balance, drama and excitement, which polities once thrived upon. The result is loss of interest on the part of the citizen and the voter. These circumstances are not remote from the facts of newspaper life at mid-century.

IF government is more remote from the people than formerly, it can truthfully be said that newspapers are closer to the community than ever before. Editors and reporters once prided themselves on the doubtful distinction of having no friends and belonging to no organizations. To have friends was to be beholden to them; to belong to an organization was to compromise one's objectivity.

Today it is scarcely possible for



newsroom personnel to escape community entanglements. The newspaper lives upon the town, supporting the innumerable charity drives, hospital campaigns, cultural efforts. It is the newspaper way of life today. This all makes news—or what passes for news—not the exciting, dramatic sort of news; for good news, by its very nature, is seldom dramatic. The results then are two: an inevitable loss of independence and susceptibility to pressures; and some dissipation of the glamor.

IN TIME, newspapers will face a problem in the decline of positive literacy. People can read, but they don't. The rapid increase in visual education and visual entertainment is actually menacing. Said Robert

M. Hutchins: "It may turn out that reading is an anachronism." The *Hartford Courant* editorialized on May 25, 1957:

The nation's penchant for book-reading has sagged distressingly during the past nine years. The reasons are many. Certainly there are enough books. And the heavy flow of paperbacks has made many of the world's best titles easily available at small cost. Yet the American Institute of Public Opinion, in examining the nation's reading habits, found that only 17 per cent of the American people today are reading a book, fact or fiction.

This weak reading—the lowest proportion of any English-speaking country—is particularly lamentable in a world where the voices of propaganda are ever multiplying. A

nation of mentally alert and discerning citizens is less likely to embrace the demagogue, or the blandishments of mass media and the hidden persuaders than a nation that pauses occasionally to exercise its wits with some healthy, reading diversion.

The American press is a thriving business straining toward the ultimate dynamism of Circulation Unlimited. It has all the built-in benefits of mass production—good looks, speed which is exceeded only by electronic journalism, more power than it can use, much too big for its basic functions—in other words the precise counterpart of the American automobile. It is tremendously efficient, irreproachable, garish and, as it must be to please so many people, characterless.

## THE UNLOVED CITY . . by Eugene Raskin

BY THIS TIME even the most die-hard reactionary is willing to admit that getting rid of our slums is a good idea. It's been a tough fight to get the idea accepted. Now we must take care that in carrying it out we do not also get rid of our cities. Because, to paraphrase the song, there's something about a city that is fine, fine, fine.

From ancient times, the city has been a lure, drawing to it constant streams of country folk eager to trade their pink-cheeked bucolic innocence for a sophisticated, metropolitan pallor. This rural-urban trend, as the sociologists call it, is still accelerating, despite some defections to the suburbs. In 1950, it was found that 64 per cent of America lives in cities, as against 39 per cent only fifty years ago. The figure is expected to reach 70 per cent by 1960.

Of course, one of the main reasons for this population shift is economic. With farm machinery boosting agricultural productivity, making fewer

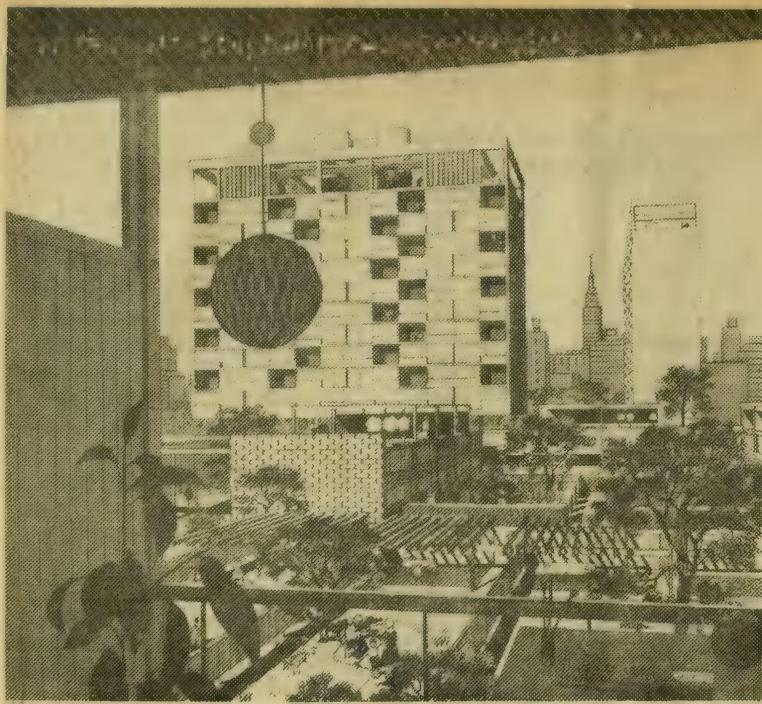
farm workers necessary, and industrial employment on the rise, it is only natural that people go where the jobs are. But over and above practical considerations, people flock to the city because they just plain like it—sin, soot and all. The green hills of home may be pretty and all that, but they're mighty dull.

The city is exciting. Or at least it was, until the housing projects got under way. The city offers three great attractions: variety, contrast and the freedom to live any way you please. Walk through the city and you see all sorts of people—Rosie the flower woman, and the be-minked lady negotiating the hazardous passage from her limousine to the theatre lobby, a turbanned Far Easterner and a Stetsoned Far Westerner, a wise-cracking taxi driver, a dignified diplomat, a dazzling dancing girl and a bearded bohemian. You see all sorts of conveyances: pushcarts, Rolls Royces, giant trucks and tiny scooters, air liners swinging in low for their landings, and (if it's a port city) great ships hooting out their glamorous greetings. You see all kinds of shops: hot-dog stands, foreign restaurants, elegant jewelers, gypsy tea rooms, auction rooms,

violin-repair shops, enormous department stores and barber shops with one chair (always waiting). Architecturally, there is contrast, too: narrow, crooked streets; wide avenues and plazas; tall, shiny, new buildings and shabby, picturesque old ones; terrace apartments and cold-water studios; neo-Renaissance museums and all-glass banks. True, the pace of the city is killing (and so are some other of its features), but there's no denying, to make a substantial understatement, that it's interesting.

THE NEW housing projects, to make another understatement, are not interesting. It's all very well to abolish our decaying, dirty and disease-ridden slums, but large sections of our once life-throbbing metropolis are now beginning to look like salmon-colored cemeteries, memorials to the dead dreams of their codified and classified inhabitants. The latest of appliances may be built in, but whatever appeal urban living might have is carefully built out. Of variety and contrast there is none, while the freedom to live according to one's own patterns is negated by the homogeneity of the project com-

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Drawn by Jacobi for **The Exploding Metropolis** (Doubleday)

Tower and Garden-Duplex Block as Projected by Architect Harry Whitney.

munity in terms of income level and conformity of behavior regulated by the management, tenants' councils, and the sheer pressure of the environment. The whole story can be read in the faces of the young mothers (so recently shiny-eyed brides) as they stare slackly at their youngsters trying desperately to get some fun out of the halved sewer pipes that masquerade as play sculpture. Or watch the men coming home from their day's toil to file themselves away for the night. In the morning, having had their due portion of laundering, rest and affection, they will be ejected, freshly fueled with corn flakes and aggressiveness, ready for the competitive fray again. This is the machine-for-living with a vengeance. In principle, it is no different from a garage for the service and storage of taxis.

Shopping facilities are provided—supermarkets and the like—but they are standardized and impersonal. What's worse, they close on time. If you've ever found yourself out of cigarettes, in apartment 1601 of the South Wing of J building at midnight, you know what an Arctic explorer feels like when his radio

goes dead. The old farm begins to look like a pretty lively spot after all.

It is significant that the streets bordering a new housing project experience a sharp revitalization. The delicatessen may be frowzy, but old Mr. Schultz, who runs it, never seems to require sleep, and doesn't know what Sunday means. Moreover, his wife makes the potato salad—a fact which, since she is a woman of impulsive temperament, lends a touch of adventure to an otherwise prosaic purchase. Mr. Tannenbaum, who has the cigar and candy store, hasn't heard of Sunday either, and though it is rumored that numbers bets are sometimes placed in the rear of his shop, one prefers not to investigate them; it's such a warm and friendly spot. As for the Shamrock Bar and Grill—it's doing great. At their last anniversary, Mr. O'Reilly presented his wife with that long-awaited operation. In other words, the "bad" side of the street is *human and urban*, while the project is neither. That way lies death to the spirit, and death to the city.

It need not be thus. A recent book, *The Exploding Metropolis*, by the

editors of Fortune, is subtitled "A book for people who like cities and a critique of the plans of people who don't." This revealing study makes it clear that our projects are not as deadly as they are for reasons of economy or practicality, but largely because their planners are ignorant of, or indifferent to, the values of urban living. A number of architects feel that a combination tower and garden-duplex scheme would not only be much pleasanter than the standard project, but would even be less costly. Henry Whitney, a New York architect, has designed one for which "the density is seventy-five families per acre—as high as in many all-tower projects. But the open space that the high buildings need for light and air is not squandered on keep-off-the-grass malls; a third of the families have private gardens or roof terraces, and in the center of the block is a play area of grass, not asphalt, for the children."

SUCH a scheme, in its constant change of scale and view, would provide the variety and contrast which visual interest demands. More important, perhaps, it would encompass people of very different living patterns, allowing at least the possibility of the kind of heterogeneity that urban living implies. (No, no, say the housing powers. Not practical.)

Victor Gruen's plan for the redevelopment of Fort Worth's downtown center is another example. While not a housing scheme, it deals with questions of view, variety and architectural scale in a way that enhances rather than destroys the charm of the city scene. (Not practical.)

Of course, to plead practicality while destroying that which you have set out to save is an idiocy unfortunately not limited to housing. It may be encountered in many areas of our activity, domestic and international, political and military. The answer may well be the one savants and saints have propounded through the centuries: love. We will have urban housing of significance to urban dwellers when architects and planners learn to love the city, and the spirit of its people.

# BOOKS and the ARTS

## The Threat of Culture

*CULTURE AND SOCIETY.* By Raymond Williams. Columbia University Press. 363 pp. \$5.

**Harold Rosenberg**

THE SAYING of Goering — if it was Goering — "When I hear the word 'culture' I reach for my revolver," had a point. Culture can be dangerous; and while a pistol is not very effective against what the anthropologists define as "a whole way of life," one may need a weapon to protect oneself against it. This was proved when the fat Air Marshall, fleeing Westward toward the immunity of military rank, fell into the arms of The Rights of Man.

Nazi brutality was a kind of culture, as are also Pan-Slavism and White Supremacy. Even "Cosmopolitanism" is a menace, apparently, since Soviet "Internationalism" found itself obliged to suppress it on the streets of Budapest. The record shows that a living connection exists between questions of form in poetry, discontent with conventions of the bedroom and assaults on police stations. The logic of his admiration for Renaissance art patronage led Ezra Pound to a decade behind bars.

Culture exposes its threat most openly in politics, that is, in the ideology and action through which it attempts to establish its "way" as the law for all. The effort to dominate the environment through administrative force is not restricted to revolutionary totalitarianism. Culture-politics is equally at work in Sabbath laws, the ban on polygamy, compulsory education. That each of us can fight in favor of some of these and against others, instead of being compelled to accept the "whole" handed down by authority, is an indication, not that our culture has no desire to subdue people to its aims, but that freedom counts for more in it than religion, marriage or learning. A culture that shunned the force of politics would be the "way" of a dilettante or play-actor. Contemporary writers who, frightened by radical politics, denounce ideologies in general — as Raymond Aron in *The Opium of the Intellectuals* — fail to

comprehend that all values, even the most liberal, are compelled to make themselves real through ideology and political struggle. Today, with cultures pressing upon one another, the *Kulturkampf* has become the rule in politics, both domestic and foreign. An appeal to style reinforces the argument of program, or even replaces it.

When culture is its subject matter, politics involves everything and forces everyone to choose. Thus modern politics is intrinsically revolutionary. Whether it be liberal, radical, conservative, it contemplates a renovation of the common life, not merely the administration of it. To this end, it attacks the *being* of social elements which its scheme cannot absorb, and works to bring about their extinction. The result may be achieved through democratic uplift, by which paupers, aristocrats, illiterates, are transformed into educated, job-holding citizens; or through race, class or cult violence, by which "enemies of the people" are physically exterminated. Or through a combination of uplift and violence, as in Soviet "rehabilitation."

RAYMOND WILLIAMS' *Culture and Society* is worth a library of literary and political tracts in that it digs into the ideological layers that envelop modern politics. Written from an independent Left standpoint, this critical history of the concept of culture in England from 1780 to 1950 is exactly to the point of contemporary discussions of value. Nor is its significance for the United States any the less for its being restricted to Britain, since Britain is the exclusive source of American conservatism. Williams' analysis of the social objectives of the great cultural figures of modern England should help Americans to re-evaluate a good deal of reactionary nonsense eagerly imported in wrappings of literature.

The idea of culture, Williams tells us, first appeared in England around the dawn of the Industrial Revolution. It is interesting that the word itself began to take on its modern meanings, as did such other words as "democracy," "art," "class," at the very moment when it turned into a polemical instrument. From Burke through T. S. Eliot, the history of the term has been a history

of exposing the evils of industrialism for the purpose of resisting change and the popular diffusion of power.

Belaboring of the British middle class, whether from the Right or the Left, has consisted in presenting the claims of inwardness and "the whole man," as against the "external and mechanical" compulsions of the factory-centered society. The critical question has been, of course: Whose inwardness? Which whole man? The merit of Williams is that, passing down the line of Burke, Coleridge, Arnold, Carlyle, the Romantic arts, the nineteenth-century novelists of industry, to the literary captains of today, he never forgets this question. His comment on the typical deplored of the industrial spectacle is worth despatching by wire to some of our recent re-examiners of liberalism: "It has passed too long for a kind of maturity and depth in experience to argue that politics and political attachments are only possible to superficial minds; and that any appreciation of the complexity of human nature necessarily involves a wise depreciation of these noisy instruments." Being "whole" in these instances is for those in a position to keep out of things.

With few exceptions — Morris, Wilde — the writers examined by Williams arrive by one road or another at the idea of a social elite, and most at an elite that rules. It is not too much to say that in England "culture" is dyed in anti-democratic passions at least as deeply as in anti-capitalist ones. Nor does the British artist or man of letters tend, like Whitman, the Russians, or the vanguard movements of the Continent, to see in the total overthrow of dead forms the beginning of creation under conditions of freedom. It may be a proof of its inherited skill in moderating social tensions, but in both art and politics modern England has played a negligible part in the radical testing of new relations — one has only to speculate about what form a history like Williams' would take in the land of Napoleon, Baudelaire and Sartre to get the measure of British assent to authority and the past.

"When in doubt," says Williams, "the English imagine a pendulum." British social vision has swung steadily between conservative theories of an "organic society" managed by its hereditary aristocracy, sometimes augmented by cultured commoners, and radical Utop-

HAROLD ROSENBERG's *The Tradition of the New, a collection of essays on literature, art and contemporary ideas in America*, will be published in March.

ian fantasies of a re-united folk. Rarely has it had the energy to hurl itself out of the anti-modernism of Burke and Cobbett.

He [Burke] speaks from the relative stability of the eighteenth century against the first signs of the flux and confusion of the nineteenth century, but he speaks also against those rising doctrines which the eighteenth century had produced, and which were to become the characteristic philosophy of the change itself. In doing so, he prepared a position in the English mind from which the march of industrialism and liberalism was to be continually attacked.

In his opposition to "the rising doctrines" of the revolution of the eighteenth century, Burke had recognized the presence of another tradition; it, too, was a culture, with its own ambitions for human excellence. Any statement of its views is almost a direct antithesis to Burke. For example, Dr. James R. Killian Jr., special assistant to Eisenhower for science and technology, was quoted the other day in *The New York Times* as follows:

We have forged ahead because we wanted things to change. We have wanted to look forward and not backward. The revolution of modern man—the revolution which has found its fullest expression here in the United States—lies essentially in this: it is the revolt against things as they are when there are ways of doing things better.... It is a revolution against all the forces which hinder man in building a better life.... What we are concerned with basically is the importance which the American people give to the factor of excellence in our society. It is basically important that we achieve a greater respect for learning, a greater pride in intellectual achievement.

The enormous accomplishment of Burke and his followers lay in purloining the word "tradition"—the same word our Southerners fall back on—for the institutions existing prior to the nineteenth century and denying it to the values and modes of thought developed in the innovations of the past two hundred years. If he could not preserve the stasis of society, Burke did succeed in projecting that stasis into the minds of his countrymen. British thought continues to tick off the fruitless dichotomy of a non-existent "organic" community (e.g., Lawrence's Mexico) versus an inhuman social

clockwork (*Brave New World, 1984*, The Angry Young Men)—incidentally, I miss in *Culture and Society* Wells, Huxley and Wyndham Lewis.

The respect with which Williams makes his way among the monuments of British cultural agitation does not prevent him from exposing their defects. Welcoming Eliot's *Notes Towards the Definition of Culture* for disturbing liberal complacency, and lauding its adoption of the social scientists' conception of culture as "a whole way of life," he calls attention to the "sliding of definitions" by which Eliot insinuates into the idea of culture his own version of worthwhile religion, art and learning and deplores the disparity between Eliot's tentative arguments and his manner of presenting them, "often dogmatic to the point of insolence." His estimates of Arnold, Ruskin, T. E. Hulme, Lawrence are similarly balanced between drawing out the author's contribution to the tradition and noting where he fails.

THE MOST striking achievement of *Culture and Society* is its chapter "Marxism and Culture," which succeeds in discussing root issues while restraining itself to the proportions of the book. Marxism had no collective life in England prior to the 1930s—Morris' socialism, Williams shows, was descended from the native tradition of protest. As in the United States, the emergence of Communist intellectuals did little to clarify Marxist complexities or to tie down thoughts hanging loose in Marx's system; elements from the old Romantic recoil from industrialism reappeared dressed up in Marxist phrases. Beyond the errors of the party writers, Williams seeks out the central difficulties in Marx's own writing—e.g., the notion of economic structure and cultural superstructure, the formula "existence determines consciousness"—and suggests that such concepts as these will be clarified when they are studied in the context of contemporary culture as a whole.

In the past three decades, we have not only culture but "mass culture." To Williams the very term "mass," synonymous with "mob," is derogatory and in his view "the whole theory of mass communication depends, essentially, on a minority in some way exploiting a majority." True communication implies not only reception but an opportunity to reply; the absence of this opportunity in the mass-culture audience induces a sullenness and withdrawal of interest which in contemporary society may lead to disaster. In

other words, mass culture must be changed into the culture of democracy in practice.

With this as his goal, Williams is able to break his way out of the jungle of restorationist dreams into the actual problems of our day. Democratic culture raises the question of the working multitudes; Williams endeavors to distinguish an ethic of solidarity, responsible for working-class achievements in unionism and politics, from the middle-class social ethic of service, in which he shrewdly discerns "real personal unselfishness...within a larger selfishness." Service, he argues, maintains the status quo and, lacking active mutual responsibility, cannot meet the needs of the time; nor can the middle-class principle of individual opportunity, since the ladder one climbs is the symbol of divided society.

Thus Williams conceives a Socialist unification of society, though aware of the danger of carrying solidarity too far. As a check against the crushing of dissent, he proposes that culture be understood in the sense of "the tending of natural growth," which, being an essentially unplannable process would serve as a model for the need for deviation.

But if solidarity is the cultural principle to be introduced by the working class, how can this principle provide a desire for opposition? Would not the "tending" of a whole in which conflicts are embraced require the attention of an element outside the working class? If so, are we not back again in the British tradition of a community under the guidance of a culture-possessing elite?

THAT *Culture and Society* ends in the abstraction of a common understanding among like-minded men seems to me an effect of limiting its inquiry to British experience. Solidarity is another version of Burke's "organic society"; while it is an aspect of working-class feeling, in itself it is insufficient to initiate a new "whole way." The solidarity into which modern industry has organized the workers is a passive one; it turns into a voluntary unity, a "cultural" one, so to speak, only in the course of struggle—in the trade unionism Williams cites, the solidarity is real only for the duration of particular efforts. Hence, as Rosa Luxemburg insisted, it is from struggle that the ethics and the social intelligence of the workers are born. Like any other culture, that of the majority can come into being only by becoming a threat to rival cultures and dangerous.

# The Color of Experience

THE NEGRO NOVEL IN AMERICA.

By Robert A. Bone. Yale University Press. 268 pp. \$5.

Richard Gibson

HISTORIES of what has come to be known as Negro literature are invariably rather depressing. The over-all literary achievement of American Negroes since the publication in 1853 of William Wells Brown's *Clotel* is impressive, especially when viewed against the Negro's status in the United States, but the record for individual writers over these several generations has most often been one of bright promise, followed by dismal failure, a lapse into premature silence. Of sixty-two Negro novelists writing between 1853 and 1952, forty, or two-thirds, have published only one novel. Eleven more have published only two novels, while another eleven have published more than two. Perhaps this poverty of accomplishment is due to the fact that so many Negroes in the past turned to literature mainly to protest against the Negro's assigned role in American life; once the protest was made, they had little else to say. Robert A. Bone, a young, white English instructor at Yale, has some interesting points to make about this and other aspects of the subject in *The Negro Novel in America*.

MR. BONE is critical in an Olympian sense, and his work, while purporting to be merely a history, really lays down a future program for Negro writers. He breaks down his history into four chronological sections: 1890-1920 (he does not consider *Clotel*, the first Negro novel, Frank Webb's *The Garies and Their Friends* (1857), or Martin Delany's fragment of a novel, *Blake* (1859), substantial enough to justify an earlier start), 1920-1930, 1930-1940 and 1940-1952. His thesis is that the Negro writer has always been restricted in his experience to life within the Negro ghettos and that he would therefore best direct his creative efforts toward establishing an "autonomous Negro art." Today, as in the past, the Negro writer is torn between the two poles of assimilationism and black nationalism — and Mr. Bone is not troubled because these are both political, not aesthetic, positions.

RICHARD GIBSON has recently returned from Paris, where he was employed as an editor by Agence France-Presse. His novel, *A Mirror for Magistrates*, has been published in London.

The earliest period of the Negro novel, he asserts, produced a sort of "high-yallah" literature in which predominantly middle-class mulatto writers sought to break through the caste barrier on the "grounds that 'whiteness' of appearance and behavior entitled them to special treatment." Sutton Griggs, Charles W. Chesnutt, Paul Laurence Dunbar, W. E. B. Du Bois and James Weldon Johnson all belonged to this period, although, according to Bone, Johnson's *The Autobiography of an Ex-Colored Man* (1912) was the only "good" novel, while Dunbar's *The Uncalled* (1898) was the sole other work of sufficiently high standard to be called "mediocre." He then lists twenty-nine other works, including all of Chesnutt's novels, as "poor."

The second period — 1920-1930 — Bone says, was "essentially a period of self-discovery, marked by a sudden growth of interest in things Negro." He claims the period produced one "major" novel, Jean Toomer's *Cane* (1923); there were no "superior" novels, but three were "good": Nella Larsen's *Quicksand* (1928), Countee Cullen's *One Way to Heaven* (1932) and Claude McKay's *Banana Bottom* (1933). He lists twenty-two other novels, including Langston Hughes's *Not Without Laughter* (1930) and George Schuyler's *Black No More* (1931) as either "mediocre" or "poor." Schuyler's novel, probably the finest satire ever written by a Negro author, might have qualified as "good," Bone indicates, if the author's vision had not been animated basically by the demon of assimilationism.

The third period, 1930-1940, one of social realism and re-evaluation of the Negro's past, produced another "major" novel, Richard Wright's *Native Son* (1940), and two "superior" ones, William Attaway's *Blood on the Forge* (1941) and Zora Neale Hurston's *Their Eyes Were Watching God* (1937).

The fourth period, 1940-1952, began with "imitators" of Richard Wright, such as Chester Himes and William Gardner Smith, and fell into the most horrendous assimilationism, with Willard Motley's *Knock on Any Door* (1947) and Ann Petry's *Country Place* (1947). However, things took a turn for the better with the appearance of such non-protest novels of Negro life as Dorothy West's *The Living Is Easy* (1948), William Demby's *Beetle Creek* (1950), and Owen Dodson's *Boy at the Window* (1951). This period was brought to a close with another "major"

novel, "by far the best novel yet written by an American Negro," Ralph Ellison's *Invisible Man* (1952). Ellison's book, Bone maintains, laid the foundations on which "an art-centered Negro fiction" could evolve, "free from the crude nationalistic propaganda of the past and the subtler assimilationist propaganda of the present."

"THE Negro author," Mr. Bone asserts, "should not undertake a 'white' novel unless his experience of white life is extraordinary." He singles out this present reviewer's past criticisms of the protest novel — while completely overlooking James Baldwin's vigorous work in this respect — as an attempt to coerce Negroes into writing only about white society in the United States. This is far from correct: Baldwin and I were, and are, mainly interested in combating the once-widespread notion that Negroes' writing ought to be dedicated entirely to attacking "the Problem" and hence propagandistic in basic intent.

As for the "experience of white life," Negroes have waited hand and foot on white folks, have washed their clothes and cooked their meals and raised their children for so long that they surely know the whites better than the whites know them. As Ellison has insisted, it is the Negroes who are invisible in a white-dominated society.

Mr. Bone quotes with approval Sterling Brown of Howard University: "The integration of the Negro artist means his acceptance as an individual to be judged on his own merits, with no favor granted and fault found because of race." But artistic integration also means that the Negro writer is not to be confined to the specious closed-off entity known as "Negro literature." The Negro problem, that is, the question of how to keep the Negro in his place, and Negro literature, which is the same problem removed to a cultural level, are creations of a caste-conscious white society.

Mr. Bone is obviously a liberal and a genuine friend of the Negro people and he has an excellent knowledge of their past tribulations and achievements, but his simplifications explain far less than he imagines. And his freehand distribution of merits and demerits to Negro writers is a wild distortion of literary criticism. If we must have a special history devoted to Negro novelists, then Carl Milton Hughes's *The Negro Novelist* (1953), despite its arid academicism, still remains the best. As for Mr. Bone's book, the old adage holds: the Lord protect us from our friends, we can take care of our enemies ourselves.

# A Line on Waugh

EVELYN WAUGH, *Portrait of an Artist*. By Frederick J. Stopp. Little, Brown & Co. 254 pp. \$4.

Jean Martin

"THE AIM of style is to make the words disappear into the thought," (Hawthorne) and the artist who comes closest to achieving this aim today is Evelyn Waugh. Not only that but the thought thus exposed is funny, audacious, fastidious — in short, the product of a perfectionist who is at one and the same time pixilated and Catholic. In his satirical novels — *Decline and Fall*, *Vile Bodies*, *A Handful of Dust*, *The Loved One* — Waugh has mixed the vitality of a pagan world into the mad charm of a civilized one; in his romantic religious books — *Brideshead Revisited*, *Helena* — he has reversed the pattern and followed out the workings of the Divine in a pagan world. Everything human, it would seem, is dear to Mr. Waugh — indeed, he delights in uncovering outré examples of What Man Hath Wrought — but dearest of all is his own humanness. Waugh's private world is there for everyone to read in his novels; his private life has always been definitely his own (though he did mirror it obliquely in the recent *Ordeal of Gilbert Pinfold*). *Evelyn Waugh, Portrait of an Artist* marks the first full-length attempt to deal with the elusive Mr. Waugh, and the author has had Mr. Waugh's assistance in his venture. For those reasons it is worth looking into.

THE BOOK is divided into three parts — biographical, analytical, critical — of which the most valuable portion is the first. For some time there has been a mistaken impression that Evelyn Waugh was a youthful rebel who wrote wildly funny satires until a dramatic conversion to religion turned him in mid-career into a lukewarm moralist. The facts are quite otherwise. Waugh was born in 1903; his father was a Victorian man of letters who once remarked, "If a man knows the Bible, Shakespeare, and Wisdom he won't go far wrong." After a career as a rather blasé little schoolboy, Evelyn went up to Oxford where he mingled with a crowd, Chestertonian and Catholic of sympathy, which included Henry Green, Cyril Connolly, Peter Quennell, Anthony Powell. Waugh

did not take a degree, instead tried his hand rather unsuccessfully at painting, school-mastering, carpentry. When his fiancée's family let it be known that they did not feel carpentry was quite the thing for their future son-in-law, Waugh obtained a commission to write a life of Rossetti, and the young couple settled at Islington, "devoting infinite care to a variety of domestic arts and crafts such as buying foreign postage stamps and sticking them onto an ugly old coal-scuttle which was then varnished." The marriage lasted a year, during which Waugh completed the Rossetti book and followed it quickly with *Decline and Fall* — the first of his novels of comic genius.

In the same year, at the age of twenty-six, he was received into the Catholic Church "on firm intellectual conviction but with little emotion." In *The Road to Damascus* Waugh said, "It was self-evident to me that no heresy or schism could be right and the Church wrong. . . . It was possible all were wrong . . . but if the Christian revelation were true, the Church was the society founded by Christ. . . . It remained only to examine the historical and philosophical grounds for supposing the Christian revelation to be genuine." Father D'Arcy who instructed him has said he seldom had anyone to instruct whose approach was so "objective, factual and unemotional."

THE year following the conversion, Waugh published *Vile Bodies* which, while it stirred up some mutterings in religious circles, firmly established him as a literary name. There then followed seven years of travel, by preference to wild places (Abyssinia, Guiana, etc.) during which he "had no fixed home and no possessions which could not con-

veniently go on a porter's barrow." A series of travel books provided the income for the travels which in turn provided the backgrounds for his novels. In 1937 Waugh married for the second time, settled in England until the war when, in spite of being overage, he volunteered for active duty. The encounter with man's inhumanity to man in a dehumanized modern world chilled him into his first novel of outspoken withdrawal, the nostalgic *Brideshead Revisited*.

Critical reaction to this book was mixed; regret for the abandonment of his old genre, the satire, was mingled with apprehension at his declaration of loyalties to human values. ("Excellent things loyalties," commented Sean O'Faolain, "but fatal for an artist.") In 1947 Waugh made a trip to the United States where he turned down \$150,000 rather than relinquish control over the film script for *Brideshead*. Most of his time, however, was spent in a transport of delighted incredulity at that monument to bad taste — Whispering Glades — and he returned to England with the material for the macabre, cutting and glittering satire *The Loved One*. The book was a success and a scandal, but critical opinion was relieved to find the master back at his old stand. But Waugh's loyalty to whatever is human and his horror of a machined world have never dimmed, and a sad little satire, *Scott-King's Modern Europe*, ends with a schoolmaster's declaration, "I will stay as I am here as long as any boy wants to read the classics. I think it would be very wicked indeed to do anything to fit a boy for the modern world." — "It is a short-sighted view, Scott-King." — "There, headmaster, with all respect, I differ with you profoundly. I think it the most long-sighted view it is possible to take."

WAUGH has always been, above all, an individualist. "No good comes of public causes," he has said, "only private causes of the soul." The qualities he considers important in a writer are "lucidity, elegance, individuality, and reticence."

Frederick J. Stopp's book is thoroughgoing, serious and respectful. It suffers from a textbook-like appearance, but the writing is sprinkled with piquant anecdotes, lucid opinions and Waugh's own apt comments. The dust jacket, a recent photograph by Cecil Beaton, shows Waugh, a stoutish, middle-aged faun behind a scarred picket fence which bears a sign: *Entrée interdite aux promeneurs*. It amounts to a personal motto.

## Midsummer Night

(From the Italian of Diego Valeri)

The black wind poured the night  
into the little room.  
Our bed was clouds broken  
by silent lightning, a dark fragrance  
of trodden grass, breezes  
of wandering rain, a shower of leaves  
from endless plains,  
like an echo of sea waves.  
Alone, in the confused  
lightning in the troubled darkness,  
your face was sickly pearl.

CHARLES GUENTHER

JEAN MARTIN, who lives in Cicero, Ill., is a frequent contributor to The Nation.

# THEATRE

Harold Clurman

ARNOLD BENNETT once said that writing a play was much easier than writing a novel. But he wrote better novels than plays. Since the early days of the modern novel—the eighteenth century let us say—more enduring novels have been written than plays. Many excellent novelists (and poets) have attempted the dramatic form with lamentable results. Henry James, who loved and understood the theatre, never could write a play worth a hoot. Joseph Conrad did no better.

These thoughts occurred to me as I watched Williams Carlos Williams' fragmentary *Many Loves* at the Living Theatre (530 Sixth Avenue). This tiny playhouse is newly, oddly and rather pleasantly decorated by friends of the organization; its atmosphere combines elements of the gravelly aestheticism and mucky mysticism of the "beat" generation in a manner which is not at all unattractive.

The place itself made a greater impression on me than Mr. Williams' play. I experienced a faint hope that in the not too distant future something at least as good as Cumming's *him*—an underrated play—might be presented there. In the meantime, besides the present performance, the management announces a series of readings, talks, recitals and film showings which may prove of *avant-garde* interest. I am not habitually in accord with our American *avant-garde* but I like to know that there is one. New creation sometimes emerges from its chaos.

The Williams play is a series of thematically related sketches. The prologue and epilogue form one such sketch and describe the effort of a young writer to escape a homosexual attachment to a patron who identifies the writing profession in general with an incompatibility with women. This is a not insignificant thought, worth sociological and psychological observation in regard to the American male as intellectual and artist.

The three other episodes or phases of the play deal with equally troubled "loves" or, more emphatically, lacks of love. The third "act" struck me as the most interesting: it is a talk between a housewife with no maternal feelings whatever and hardly any feminine sensuality and a doctor who might be, in a very minor way, something like the play's author—himself a doctor.

The scene is well written and minutely pathetic in a teasing and indeterminate way—as if the dramatist wanted to set down only as much as he could gather from hasty contact with some of his woman patients, without coming to any conclusion about them beyond a sense of their unhappiness. It is an unhappiness that stems chiefly from the absence of a genuine experience of life, the misery of the daily vacuum. This sentiment is the sum of the play's "message." America can never be a truly healthy place till it recognizes the nature and seriousness of its ailments. Its tragedy is the fear of the tragic.

The play is unevenly performed—from the nearly amateur to the quite competent. The section I preferred is also the best acted.

IN PASSING I should mention another off-Broadway show, *Mistresses and Maidens* (Orpheum Theatre), which consists of two one-acters: *Song of Songs* by Jean Giraudoux and *Maidens and Mistresses at Home in the Zoo* by a young American, Meade Roberts.

The first of these is a minor piece by the French novelist-playwright whose work is poetry in prose—sometimes marred by preciosity, sometimes genuinely exquisite. In this instance the play is done with so little sense of its style that it hardly seems fair to evaluate the text.

The Roberts play is notable chiefly for the sharply etched theatricality of Leueen MacGrath's performance—a sort of glittering silhouette of a fashionably sick lady. It is remarkable too as an instance of a young playwright who seems to have been swallowed whole by the Tennessee Williams of *Garden District*—which, to begin with, is far from being the best of Williams' work. The result is like a Robert W. Chambers' *Cosmopolitan* magazine story, except that it aims at nausea rather than at lush sentiment. More ominously, the play's leading thought as far as I could make out is that American women are attracted to "dirt"—meaning sex!

AT ITS BEST, *La Plume de Ma Tante* (Royale) is a delightfully zany revue, with many merry pranks which glow with a kind of bright innocence. Only four or five numbers are really first-rate, there is no music to speak of, no shining talents among the players, but the tone and manner of the whole show fuses cunning with cuteness in a sophistication that might appeal to children—a way of seeing life that the professor, the concierge and the baker can laugh at with a kindred feeling of pleasure.

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# RECORDS

## Lester Trimble

THE ORGANIST, E. Power Biggs, conductor Sir Adrian Boult, and the London Philharmonic have made one of the most delightful commemorative gestures of this Handel bicentennial season with their recording of the composer's six Organ Concertos, Opus 4, for Columbia (K2L-258; K2S-602). A veritable saga of research preceded the actual performances, a job of detective work aiming to track down an organ on which Handel himself had played. This search took Biggs to Italy, North Germany and England. If he could have obtained a visa, it would have taken him as well to Halle, in East Germany.

Finally, in a letter written by Handel in 1749 to Charles Jennens, librettist for *Messiah*, Biggs found the crucial clue. Jennens, a man whose manner of living earned him the nickname of "Solomon the Magnificent," wanted an organ for his estate in Leicestershire, consulted Handel for specifications, and was given a listing of the elements Handel felt should go into such an instrument, plus an offer to inspect it when it was finished. More sleuthing traced the organ, which had been moved twice after Jennens' death, to its present location, in the parish church of Great Packington, in the middle of the Forest of Arden. Save for the addition of three stops not specified by Handel, it was unaltered; still fed with air by hand-operated bellows, and in weekly use for the regular Sunday services.

It is a beautiful instrument, and I can understand why Biggs is infatuated with it. In its tone, there is something curiously soft and affectionate, and you find yourself responding in exactly those terms. Biggs's playing, too, has obviously been infected by his joy in the organ, as well as his love for the music. His happy passages have a lightness, a graciousness of appeal far in excess of that generally heard, and some of the thoughtful sections possess a really remarkable edge of humanness and tolerance. Boult's accompaniments could not be more *en rapport* in spirit, style and instrumental balance.

As signs of the organ's extreme age, one can occasionally catch faint sounds from the trackers operating between keys and pipe valves. There is also a passage beginning the Andante of the first concerto which goes wryly out of tune in the upper pipes. Whether this is due to the instrument's age or was a

flaw in its adjustment for the recording, I cannot say. In any event, it is more piquant than upsetting.

SINCE Irmgard Seefried is justly considered one of the finest sopranos before the international public today, I find it difficult to account for the uneven quality of musicianship she has allowed to pass uncensored on two Decca records of *Lieder*. Evidences of her remarkable musical and technical gifts are, of course, scattered throughout the recordings, in passages which illumine the bright, classical spirit of Mozart or which surmount technical difficulties over which most sopranos would struggle. It is impossible to mistake that one is hearing an immensely gifted musician. At the same time, this only serves as an irritation when superficiality, speciousness, or actual lapses of taste appear.

The first of these records is devoted to nine songs by Mozart and, on the reverse side, Schumann's lovely cycle, *Frauenliebe und Leben* (DL-9971). The Mozart songs begin well enough, with only a faint hint in *An Chloe* that the singer is not completely warmed to her music. The second song, *Das Lied der Trennung*, is more feelingly performed. But the "bleat," which seems to be a Seefried trademark, and is the only frank vulgarism in her equipment, begins to sneak into the picture at this point. Though the third song, *Das Kinderspiel*, miraculously escapes these flaws, the pattern has been set, and beyond that place in the record the singer mixes elegances, vulgarisms and superficialities in unpredictable profusion. The Schumann cycle, though more consistent in interpretive quality, scans only the outside of the songs and does not represent Seefried at anything near her best.

The other disc has songs by Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann and Wolf, gathered together because they were all written on texts by Goethe (DL-9974). The selection may be logical, but in musical terms it does not work, since the songs do not really add up to a satisfactory recital. Many of them are only middling examples of the composers' capabilities, and the fact that they share the same poet does not *per se* mean they fit comfortably with one another. Seefried exhibits the same virtues and flaws as on the other record, with the emphasis perhaps more heavily

on the flaws. Both discs have Erik Werba as accompanist. The piano is rather unattractively recorded.

Another Decca issue, this one a recital by the coloratura soprano, Rita Streich, sounds far more resonant and handsome. The choice of songs strikes a balance half way between serious and "light," with several fine *lieder* by Schubert, a group of not-too-fascinating folk songs, and a really exquisite short cycle written by Darius Milhaud for Lily Pons, entitled *Chansons de Ronsard*. Miss Streich sings this with elegance of style and a real gusto for its stratospheric passages. Her voice, in all the music, is extraordinarily beautiful; the coloratura technique simply dazzling. Eric Werba is again the accompanist (DL-9972).

Stravinsky's *Le Sacre du Printemps* has been treated to another splendid recording, this one by Leonard Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic on the Columbia label (ML-5277). In its own way, it is perhaps the most brilliant of them all; giving less the feeling of augustness and amplitude, such as the Monteux recording possesses, than of lean vigor and refined, but eager eroticism. Its silvery sounds, of trumpets and piccolos, are polished to an incredibly high sparkle; the triangles glint like prisms. Everything is firm muscled and loaded with incisive energy.

In one or two minor instances, Bernstein stretches the score a bit, playing a *forte* when *mezzo forte* was called for, and emphasizing a brass *glissando* more ecstatically than the notation prescribes. But, as a counterbalance, he follows the score in places where other conductors ignore it. The result is, I think, a fascinating interpretation.

## ART

### Maurice Grosser

THE MOST perplexing show among the mid-January openings is the work by Bernard Dufour at Albert Loeb until February 21. These large, easy, bright pictures, loosely painted on a white ground in lively, harmonious colors contain no recognizable images. But unlike most current non-objective paintings, they are not easy to dismiss as decoration. The execution has a conviction, the strokes and tones a subtlety and variety usually to be found only in the economical depiction of real and visible objects. The hand is neither capricious nor affected. It firmly states,

It is as if someone were talking quite slowly and clearly in a language one does not understand. I have not the slightest idea what is being said, but I am convinced of the logic. Perhaps these pictures — like certain Cubist pictures or some of Cézanne's watercolors which become clear only when the subject is divined — depict the familiar world but do it with unfamiliar simplifications or from an unfamiliar point of view. One finds hints in the work of landscape seen from above, and of highly enlarged plants or amoebas. Perhaps, on the contrary, the pictures are a rigorous exposition of an essentially hermetic field, like the work of Marcel Duchamp. Or perhaps, in spite of the beauty of hand displayed, the conviction itself is just another stylistic device and the pictures another example of contemporary decoration. The only way to find out would be to see the pictures more often. I feel quite sure one will.

FROM a historical point of view the most important show at the moment is the fifteen oils, along with drawings and watercolors, by Oskar Kokoschka, on view also until February 21, at the new Bayer Gallery, as a benefit for a cancer research foundation. It offers none of the city landscapes which I consider Kokoschka's finest pieces. But the portraits and figure pieces, many of which have not been shown here before, have that intense expressivity for which he is famous. There is *Frau Hirsch*, of 1908; *L. R. von Janikowsky*, *Peter Altenberg* and *Paul Scheerbart*, of 1909 and 1910; his own famous self-portrait of 1914; the musicians von Webern and Schönberg (who was himself at one time a portrait painter); and *Mrs. Visser with Vase* of 1933, done in a more conventional style — a hostess in her interior, too cheerful and aggressive to be anything but a parody by exaggeration of what the sitter demands in a commissioned portrait.

MUCH more restrained and less intrusive is the work of the Danish painter Kay Christensen, on view at the Meltzer Gallery until February 7, the first group of his pictures to be shown in this country. The painter's subject is his wife and small children, seen by a poetic, affectionate and interior light — the children asleep, at table, listening to the radio, a little girl in her nightgown sitting up in bed. The work is delicate, fanciful, in cold acid colors reminiscent of the 1900s. It has something of the wistful and menaced elegance of the tales of Isak Dinesen (who also appears here in a small and charming portrait). It has as well some of the tenderness so

touching in the early work of Christian Bérard and Pavel Tchelitchev. Perhaps Neo-Romanticism is not dead after all.

THE WHITNEY is holding until March 1, a four-fold exhibit — the painters Karl Knaths and Abraham Rattner and the sculptors Doris Caesar and Chaim Gross — under the title of Four American Expressionists. Each separate group of work is large and comprehensive, each contains more than thirty examples and represents the work of twenty to thirty years. The artists themselves are highly respected and enjoy considerable following. My only complaint is a personal one. I do not find any of the work particularly sympathetic.

Of the four artists Doris Caesar is the least remarkable. Her work is of two kinds — small story-telling groups, and larger, single, elongated female figures, generally nudes. The groups are not very different from Bavarian peasant wood-carving — though they are superior in workmanship — and the single figures seem expressive of nothing but an exaggerated self-pity. The other sculptor, Chaim Gross, is more engaging. His *Easter Sunday* — a young woman proud of her new hat — has the naive charm of an early American ship's figurehead, and the *Young Mother*, clothed, thin and pregnant, is very touching. The greater part of his work, however, consists of stylized female acrobats, usually twined into garlands. These pieces with their multiple doll-like faces and bumpy bottoms, so reminiscent of the Rose O'Neill Kewpies of my childhood, look like well-filled Christmas stockings.

As for the painters, Karl Knaths can paint very handsome canvases in rich, effective color. Witness his *Frightened Deer in Moonlight*, and his *Clam Diggers, Provincetown* of 1949. But in most of his pictures the vigor of his original idea is lost, and its expressivity muffled, in the systematic abstraction he imposes. This stylization is found in all the work. He uses no colors but a small predetermined group of tones prepared in advance and employed without intermixture. There are no lines except straight ones and the simplest of curves. And these he superposes in Cubist-style patterns on his color areas. This uniform and limiting procedure renders most of his canvases thin and poster-like. In a group they are monotonous.

Abraham Rattner is a more varied painter. Certainly nothing of Knaths's here shown is as original as Rattner's *Window Cleaner No. 1* with its spider man almost as transparent as the window he is cleaning. But Rattner's color is in the taste of my aunt from the country

who used to say "I don't like things to be gaudy. All I want is plenty of red, blue, green, purple and yellow." At any rate all of these colors at highest intensity appear in each of his pictures. And with his stock of Clowns, Masks, Christs and Don Quixotes, he of all our contemporaries seems the most given to self-pity — a wailing wall indeed. Recalling the word "Expressionist" in the title of the present exhibition, one is tempted to suspect that to express self-pity is what Expressionism means. Though it is difficult to see how Gross, a naive charmer, and Knaths, a Cubist-formed abstractionist, could qualify as Expressionists no matter how the definition were framed. Be that as it may, the show is extraordinarily well done, and for their many admirers, the works have probably never been so well presented.

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## LETTERS

(Continued from inside cover)

bulent and incandescent genius of Vanzetti to be revealed either in his speeches or writings, or where Colp describes the dramatic events of Vanzetti's last days.

HERMAN LEON  
Madeline Borg Child Guidance  
Institute  
Jewish Board of Guardians  
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs: During Sacco and Venzetti's imprisonment, the defense presented (in the sources indicated by Mr. Musmanno) evidence raising reasonable doubt of their guilt, but not conclusively proving their innocence. Today we still do not know with any certainty who the culprits were, despite the fact that Herbert B. Ehrmann offers a plausible theory in *The Untried Case. The Legacy of Sacco and Vanzetti* says, "The killing of two men and the identity of their murderers can properly be put aside as a matter of antiquarian interest: the true significance of the case is revealed in vastly more important ways." This contemporary significance lies in the following facts: (1) Sacco and Vanzetti were tried by due process and yet, despite reasonable doubt — even grave doubt — were found guilty and executed; (2) the personality and words of Sacco and Vanzetti (particularly of the latter) continue to have meaning for us.

To delineate Vanzetti, I have in places applied psychoanalytic concepts. Is it valid to apply theories originally used for medical treatment of living patients to the printed material of a dead man? Mr. Leon says no. Yet, today such psychoanalytically-inspired works as Erik Erikson's *Young Man Luther* and Leon Edel's biography of Henry James (which in many instances draw on much scantier sources than I have had) have been highly valued by historians and biographers. A recent re-evaluation by an art historian of the first psychoanalytic biography, Freud's *Leonardo da Vinci*, states that, despite numerous mistakes, Freud was able "to pose altogether new and important questions about [da Vinci's] personality . . . to which no better answer than Freud's has yet been given." In a 1957 presidential address to the American Historical Association, William Langner, Harvard professor of history, urged historians to learn to apply psychoanalysis: "Psychoanalysis has long since ceased being merely a therapy

and has been generally recognized as a theory basic to the study of the human personality. . . . Clearly the time has come for us to reckon with a doctrine that strikes so close to the heart of our own discipline."

In applying unconscious motivations to Vanzetti, I do not see these as all-exclusive. In America, along with his depression, poor working conditions and the persecution of radicals played vital roles in shaping Vanzetti's personality. Whether these social forces outweighed the unconscious forces in shaping Vanzetti's personality, no one can know. When, as in Vanzetti's final speech to Stong, I indicate an unconscious factor, it does not mean that because it is called unconscious, it is a holy of holies, the final truth transcending all other truths. It merely means that the science of psychoanalysis enables us to glimpse something of the genesis of one of the noblest of English speeches.

To dilate on my main application of psychoanalysis: the concept that Vanzetti was depressed. A *leitmotiv* of Vanzetti's life was his pre-1920 failure as a radical leader and writer. He was unimportant not only to his Italian comrades, but to his American foes: in the 1919-20 radical persecution, over 2,500 alien radicals were arrested. Sacco and Vanzetti were some of the last, and then they were arrested not because of their radicalism. To say that Vanzetti was depressed explains this inhibition. To ascribe his depression to unconscious guilt feelings over the death of his mother fits the facts, and is a concept which — though it may first seem unpleasant and unreasonable — has been fortified and refined by hundreds of workers and today is proclaimed in standard textbooks of psychiatry.

My other application of psychoanalysis is the explanation of Vanzetti's psychoses. Briefly, I have hypothesized not homosexuality, but a repressed unconscious homosexual wish which in prison conditions rose to consciousness. Repressed homosexuality does not explain all cases of paranoia, but it does explain some. [Practical Clinical Psychiatry, Ewalt, Strecker, and Ebaugh, 1957, P. 220: "Many persons have confirmed Freud's statements of the homosexual elements in cases of paranoia; other persons have denied them."] I think the evidence indicates it was a factor with Vanzetti. But it was certainly not the only factor: prison deprivation may produce a psychosis — I might have stressed this more.

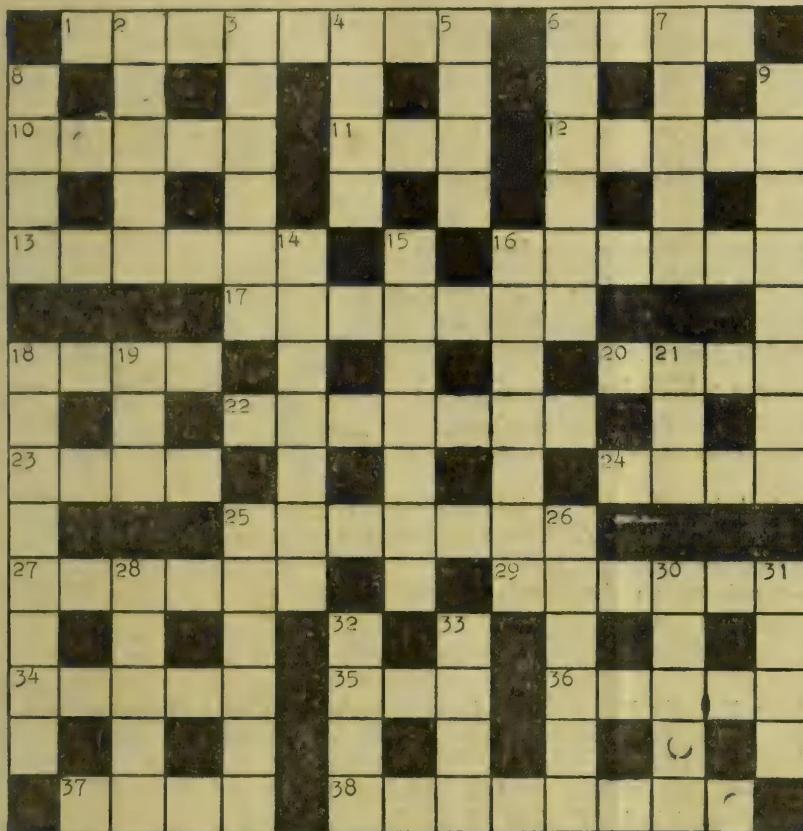
RALPH COLP, JR.

Boston, Mass.

The NATION

# Crossword Puzzle No. 806

By FRANK W. LEWIS



## ACROSS:

- 1 and 6 across Forces, if perhaps not private dining rooms. (8,4)
- 6 and 21 No dinner jacket—rather associated with war fare. (4,3)
- 10 Fourflushers might be temporarily over this. (5)
- 11 The entrance to the ark with this by itself. (3)
- 12 Chisholm was a well-known one. (5)
- 13 and 15 Might take notice of what one finds with a plank for a target. (8,5)
- 16 and 5 A rather rapid mover of British lines. (6,4)
- 17 Hancock and Gwynnett, for instance, shouldn't be greatly disturbed by Como and Sinatra. (7)
- 18 and 16 across Is a drunken bat?
- 20 The boat returns with nothing but gumbo. (4)
- 22 Courted in the old days, but posed no problem. (7)
- 23 and 1 Not necessarily confined to the Signal Corps. (4,8)
- 24 Where the end of 25 down is 18 across, if in hand. (4)
- 25 Breaking up the beverage cartel?
- 27 and 13 Fired in series on the television screen. (6,6)
- 29 This might be rank. (Most boys haven't fully attained it.) (6)
- 34 Mobile lady of song? (5)
- 35 The circle of clues might have been

completed, except that this won't mix with 30! (3)

- 36 and 35 Witty saying, or just flat-tery? (5,3)
- 37 and 27 Let a pirate go and find out what Bryan wanted. (4,6)
- 38 The island of 27. (8)

## DOWN:

- 2 A 16 across—13 might prove so. (5)
- 3 Where to find cutting tools for the East or the West? (6)
- 4 Makes a 6 across out of a sort of chair. (4)
- 5 and 37 Not implying the tax of secret manipulation. (4,4)
- 6 27 is an example of them, and most of the comet, also. (6)
- 7 Soldier might be a sort of lousy name! (5)
- 8 Uptown crawler? (4)
- 9 Proverbially lazy, but pulls up about the carrier. (8)
- 14 Are his indulgences little but often? (7)
- 15 and 36 A source of power, kept in the hull. (7,5)
- 16 Disengaging, if green. (7)
- 18 One aspect of a small range of troubles in the skin. (8)
- 19 and 32 Where old muzzles pro-truded. (3-4)
- 21 With half of 25 down, young Tom would represent outfit X. (8)

## MEETING

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25 With this, the best place for the leader is always left, but the last half with 18 across might be straight. (6)

26 Dirties Greene's old man? (6)

28 Moony. (5)

30 and 23 This shows how low you can sink, if you're loaded! (5,4)

31 Such 30 isn't necessarily frozen.

33 Not the right fuel for a drafty place! (4)

## SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 805

ACROSS: 1 Look Ma, No Hands; 10 Undress; 11 Incisor; 12 Merrier; 13 Iridium; 14 Fidgets; 15 Ginseng; 16 Cat's-paw; 20 Broaden; 23 Tenders; 24 In trust; 25 Opulent; 26 Trotter; 27 Reverberatory. DOWN: 2 Ordered; 3 Khedive; 4 Assures; 5 Opining; 6 Auction; 7 Dislike; 8 Mummification; 9 Primogenitors; 17 Tonsure; 18 Pre-cede; 19 Washtub; 20 Blister; 21 Out-post; 22 Doubter.

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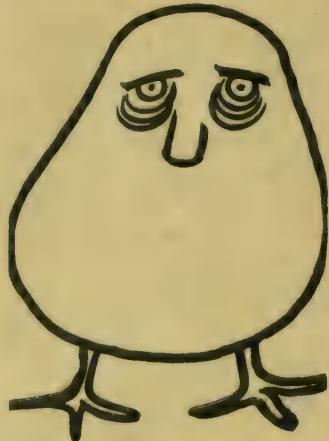
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FEB 13 1959

# THE NATION



FEBRUARY 14, 1959 . . 25c



## 'THINK FACTORY' De Luxe

*The Air Force's Project RAND*

by Gene Marine



## HOW TO MAKE A SLUM

by Timothy J. Cooney



# LETTERS

## 'Zhivago' as Novel

Dear Sirs: I respect the sincerity of *The Nation's* position on all questions. For this reason I want to express a dissent on *Dr. Zhivago*. I felt no urge to do so when I first read it, but since then I have heard the opinions of a dozen other *Nation* readers. Although differing as to its social judgments and philosophy, not one of us considered it a good novel. Our common reaction was more or less as follows: that it was dull, undramatic and unrewarding; that it used coincidence to a degree that was not only artistically inept, but more than once absurd; that its characters were shadowy, and the motivations for their behavior sometimes defied understanding—for instance, Zhivago's crucial abandonment of Lara without reason, and his return to Moscow. In short, we found it to be, not a "great novel" (*Nation*, Nov. 1, 1958) but mediocre to bad.

To keep the point clear, I omit discussion of Pasternak's views, of the Soviet attitude toward him, or of the interesting fact that there must now exist an entire generation of Soviet readers who crave nothing so much as a copy of *Dr. Zhivago*. I am addressing myself to something more fundamental: how many *Nation* readers found *Zhivago* to be rewarding literature?

ALBERT MALTZ

Mexico, D. F.

## Myth of a Myth

Dear Sirs: If there's one thing I enjoy, it's a good, wild generalization — like "Household automation has released mothers for work. . . ." ("Are Housewives Necessary?" by Eve Merriam in your Jan. 31 issue). This is diverting news all the way round — to the ladies concerned as well as to the U.S. Women's Bureau, which has been insisting in its unimaginative way that the propelling force for most working women is just plain old necessity.

Miss Merriam's charming verve, her social sympathies, her fine discernment on many points, are very appealing. Yet somehow her logic leads me to regard the invention of a home bread-making machine as the thing that will really flip the lid on female emancipation. To be sure, the washing machine is a boon to a woman's back (and as such is probably the only one of the highly touted home marvels in really general use). But viewed more broadly, the notion that "the housewife's functions

have been displaced" by gadgets, so essential to Miss Merriam's construction of "the myth of the necessary housewife," is itself strictly a myth. Its generic home is ad-agency copy and bright features in the slick magazines; and if it has any purpose beyond the sheer joy of being silly, it is to make housewives feel that they're well off in the home. It strikes me that Miss Merriam is feeding the hand she's trying to bite.

ELLEN DAVIDSON  
*North Branford, Conn.*

## Splendid 'Christmas'

Dear Sirs: Charles Olson's "Christmas" [*The Nation*, January 3] is one of the finest things I have read in a long time, certainly one of the finest poems *The Nation* has published in years.

E. R. HAGEMANN  
Department of English  
University of California  
*Los Angeles, Calif.*

## Guide for Parents

Dear Sirs: I read Mr. Corbett's provocative article, "A Romp with Pop" [*The Nation*, Jan. 17], with strong but mixed feelings. . . . I agree wholeheartedly with the author's pronouncements against regimented fun and share his nostalgia for this country's lost individualism. But the implication might well be that parents should spend more time with their children, rather than less. . . . Perhaps if their parents spent long evening hours teaching them how to make such things as puppets, furniture, songs, stories, pictures, embroidery, graceful movements, then, with these things as a base, children could spend really fruitful hours alone with their contemporaries.

I think there may come a time when children will be able to call parents by their first names without any taint of false friendliness; with real comradeship, genuine enough to include a respect for their parents' temporary superiority over them in knowledge of the world. But I should like to see the emphasis placed on the guidance side, as far away from commanding as possible. I am convinced that if the educators (parents or teachers) of small children had enough wisdom, and enough interest in their civilizing task, children could be brought up as creative yet disciplined individuals by adults who received them into a genuine comradeship at which no one need shudder.

I suppose basically what appeals to me in Mr. Corbett's article is his distaste for the cheapness in our culture, and

what irks me about it is the conservatism I feel implicit in his approach. I suppose really criminal children must, in one sense, be held responsible for their crimes. But at the same time how can one help but blame the social system (including the spirit of commercialism which Mr. Corbett condemns) which has surrounded that delinquent child from infancy and offered him nothing within his range of vision other than crime through which to gratify his impulses toward the individualism which Mr. Corbett so strongly advocates? I could wish Mr. Corbett, who is so healthily nauseated by falsehood, were a little more actively concerned with battling for truth.

BLOSSOM MARGARET DOUTHAT  
*New Haven, Conn.*

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## EDITORIALS

### The Missile Bogey

It may be news when the President is palpably and incontrovertibly right, but in the long-range missile controversy evidence and logic are on his side. It is true that General Eisenhower's military experience does not make him an expert on modern weapons; it is also true that his cerebral voltage and assiduity are only average. But he has two outstanding advantages working for him. One is that he gets *all* the information, while none of his opponents — not even Senator Symington with his pipelines to the Pentagon — gets more than a fraction. The other is that he is disinterested. For Symington "defense," and in particular the "missile gap," are vehicles which may carry him to the Presidency. Eisenhower is President, and sixty-eight years old; all he can take with him is the consciousness of having done his duty at a crucial time in the country's history. What conceivable motive could he have for leaving the country defenseless?

The Russians have more ICBMs than we have. We cannot possibly equal them, either in range or quantity, in the next year or two, or even longer. This situation would not be altered if the Atlas were given top priority and its appropriations were tripled or quadrupled. The only result would be increased production of a semi-operational but obsolescent weapon at the expense of better weapons now under development. In the meantime, the over-all capacity of Soviet air and rocket power to devastate the United States is roughly matched by the corresponding capacity of American arms to devastate the Soviet Union. The balance is sufficiently even to make the chances of an attack by either side far more remote than the ordinary self-seeking politician would like his constituents to believe.

The President has performed a service by giving the country an example of equanimity in the war of nerves. Marshal Malinovsky's claim of "pinpoint" accuracy in delivery of ICBMs is, as the President says, propaganda. Technologically, it is quackery. There is no such thing as pinpoint accuracy at 5,000 miles, whether the claim comes from an American blowhard or a Russian. If enough missiles are fired, errors of ten to fifty miles could still result in immense damage to cities, but it

will be some years before either the Soviet or the American Pentagon can think in these terms, and there is not the slightest sign of either achieving a position of impregnable ascendancy.

### The Anti-Trust Counter-Ploy

Announcement that the Justice Department is presenting anti-trust evidence against General Motors to a New York grand jury points to the fact that the lines on which the 1960 campaign will be waged are now being drawn. At one level the politics of the action is fairly simple. Top-level planners are seeking desperately to create a new popular image of Republicanism. What better means to suggest than the GOP is not the party of big business than a dramatic anti-trust investigation of General Motors? Even the most vocal Democratic trust-busters consistently shied away from the Detroit giant. But the politics of the action has another dimension. After extensive polling and opinion-testing, the GOP has decided to run against high prices in 1960. The Democrats, on several counts, will be tagged as the party of high prices; it will be said that they are the welfare spenders and the big-armament spenders. They will be charged with encouraging the wage-price spiral through "softness" towards big labor.

To this end, the Administration exhibits marked horror at the thought of an unbalanced budget—although the budget was unbalanced by \$12 billion within very recent memory. A more or less balanced budget has been prepared with full knowledge that the Democrats will proceed to "unbalance" it. The Administration will rely, also, on the assumption that the Democrats will be reluctant to hike taxes. In a word, high prices will be equated with an unbalanced budget for which the Democrats will be held responsible.

To all of this the Democrats have a rejoinder which stems from Senator Kefauver's inquiry into administered prices. Senator Kefauver contends that there has been no significant "demand" inflation since 1953 and that the current inflation is to be chalked up, in large part, to the administered-price sectors of the economy. So the Democrats can argue, of course, that big business is in no small measure responsible for the current inflation. To this Democratic ploy, the Republicans

have now come up with a counter-ploy: the anti-trust proceedings against G.M. The Justice Department does not need actually to prosecute for the counter-ploy to be partially effective and, even if an action is initiated, it can drag on interminably. The counter-ploy may not succeed—it is difficult to give the Grand Old Party a new trust-busting image—but it is cunningly conceived.

## Smoke Signal

In these days of diplomatic ignominy we are justified in grasping at straws of pride in our State Department. In spite of, or more probably because of, a noticeable lack of imagination or initiative—attributes tending to instill suspicion in the mind of Organization Man—Madison Avenue has seen fit to bestow the laurel of endorsement upon our foreign service. A leading cigarette manufacturer has voluntarily chosen to present to the public a television commercial in which a diplomat smokes and praises his product. The ad agency's "thinking" obviously implies that such "linkage" will promote "prestige appeal" for the client, something which would have been unthinkable during the Dean Acheson era. By avoiding such glaringly questionable policies as the Marshall Plan, Mr. Dulles and his policy makers have apparently cleansed the Department of the "red degenerate" appearance it acquired through Senator McCarthy's discerning eye. Now a diplomat is just as respectable, intelligent and courageous as a steelworker or a ranch-hand, with or without tattoo.

But is it significant that the cigarette Our Man In Washington prefers is not only filtered but medicinally flavored?

## Back to Westerns

After much hopeful comment and prayerful anticipation, we have been given a sample of the television editorial. At the conclusion of a recent documentary ("The Second Agony of Atlanta") on desegregation—which incidentally left a great deal to be desired on the score of fair and full coverage—Mr. Chet Huntley delivered a pious little homily. Laws, he said, would not work the change which the Supreme Court had ordered. Therefore "the NAACP may have outlived itself because those white Southerners who must prevail, if anyone will, consider it an unacceptable symbol." If "militant Negro leadership" were to withdraw, the militant white leadership (the White Citizens Councils) "will in time atrophy."

The NAACP must have been a bit startled by this bit of unsolicited advice, the more so as it came on the eve of Lincoln's birthday, which is being used this year as an occasion to focus attention on the work and activities of the organization (see article on page 137). Fortunately the injury to the NAACP was minimal.

Virginia's ignominious abandonment of "massive resistance" neatly undercuts the editorial's prime argument. Apart from the fact that the documentary presented only one NAACP official (not identified), it hardly supported the editorial's dolorous conclusion. Finally, the suggestion that laws will not work social change is at sharp variance with legislative history, state and federal, and with our experience as a people.

So if this is a sample of the TV editorial, the networks should stick to their regular fare of soap operas and Westerns.

## Do We Never Learn?

With the demand for Latin-American dictators falling below the supply, three of them were assembled in the Dominican "Republic"—Rafael Trujillo, the host, and his guests Juan Perón and Fulgencio Batista. Now Perón is reported to have resumed his travels, and it turns out that Trujillo would like Batista to be on his way, too. The newspaper *El Caribe*, controlled by Trujillo, was quite forthright about it: its headline read, "Batista Should Get Out." The Dominican radio, likewise Trujillo-controlled, added an emphatic footnote: "Batista's presence here is repugnant and unpleasant. Contact with him disgusts and shames us. Trujillo's nobility and Christian kindness have given shelter to a man who would not have come here if he had any sense of decency."

Since Trujillo's Christian kindness consists in exactly the kind of conduct of which Batista was guilty, it is unlikely that his horror is of a purely moral sort. The less attention he attracts just now, the better. What happened in Cuba can happen in his own domain. In Caracas a few weeks ago, Castro said, "Everywhere I hear the chant 'Trujillo next! Trujillo next!' The Venezuelans cheered.

What is the role of the United States in all this tumult? The ordinary American knew nothing of Batista's atrocities, but the State Department certainly did. Yet the United States gave Batista financial and logistic support until it became clear, even to Washington, that he was on his way out. Haiti, the Dominican dictatorship's next-door neighbor, is under the yoke of a tin-horn dictator whose tenure appears to be as precarious as Batista's was six months ago. Trujillo is naturally very sensitive to what goes on in Haiti; on one occasion he slaughtered some 15,000 Haitians just to make the point clear. Our dalliance with dictators have made us as little loved in Latin-America as the dictators. One would think we might have learned something by now. But we have sent another military mission to Haiti. It is only a small mission. But why any? If we can't remember all our past mistakes in the Caribbean, it would not be difficult to keep in mind the most recent: Venezuela for one, Cuba for another.

# 'THINK FACTORY' De Luxe . . by Gene Marine

THE NATION assigned Gene Marine the task of finding out what he could about the RAND Corporation. Here is his report — factual, objective, as detailed as RAND's highly "classified" activities would permit.

Just what is this anomalous organization? Sustained by public funds, it "thinks" for the Air Force and enjoys, apparently, a remarkable degree of autonomy. It is no emergency improvisation; it has been in existence for thirteen years. Since the bulk of its work consists of military planning and research, why isn't it part of the Air Force? It is apparent that RAND's "social science" and similar research is extraneous to its real functions.

RAND, we submit, was set up to mask a relationship between the Air Force and the scientists which either or both did not care to make explicit. We respect the men who wear the uniform of the Air Force; but we cannot respect intellectuals who, apparently unwilling to don that uniform, are eager to prepare the plans, guide the missiles and calculate the casualties—for salaries that compare favorably with the highest ranking officers. If they object to the uniform, they need not wear it; the three armed services employ thousands of civilians. Nor in this instance is special equipment a factor; the Air Force has desks, pencils and blackboards. If pay is the problem, let them negotiate with the Air Force. But giving RAND a trick name and tucking it away in Santa Monica, California, only masks—it does not change—the real relationship.

In this case, and for intellectuals in particular, that sad-sack phrase "we just work here—we don't make the decisions," is not acceptable. The scientists who "think" for RAND cannot escape their moral responsibility for the decisions and plans based on their research and investigations by donning Southern California sport shirts and engaging in "social science" research and a little teaching on the side. Let's dispense with these organizational hybrids which the Air Force continues to spawn (*Space Technology Laboratories* is another); they are no less lethal for all the fact that they operate on a cost-plus basis.—THE EDITORS.

HUMAN institutions have a habit of growing away from the ends for which they were originally established—as witness the Knights Templar, the House of Lords, or a quiet, almost obsessively unobtrusive firm in Santa Monica, California, called the RAND Corporation.

RAND is generally described, when it's described at all, as a super-secret outfit in which high-priced, high-domed individuals—engineers and philosophers, physicists and anthropologists—devote their time to figuring out bigger and better ways to kill people. It is that; but it has become a good deal more.

On November 7, 1944, the Air Force's General "Hap" Arnold wrote a memorandum about "the Air Force's postwar and next-war research and development program." He wanted to keep some of his wartime scientific brainpower around "to assist in avoiding future national peril and winning the next war."

A group of men around Arnold shared his concern. E. L. Bowles of M.I.T., a consultant to the Secretary of War, was pushing for an organization that would combine the efforts of science, industry and the

armed forces. The Carnegie Institution's Paul Schere, then in the Office of Scientific Research and Development, wanted a group to work on guided missiles. Scientists, government men, Air Force officers, and top industry men like Raymond of Douglas, were in on the talks.

Late in 1945, the idea took definite shape, and the Air Force contracted with the Douglas Company to assume administrative control over what it called Project RAND—all in capitals. The name came from the phrase "research and development," though RAND does only research; its function and purpose were—and are—set forth in Air Force Regulation 20-9, which begins:

Project RAND is a continuing program of scientific study and research on the broad subject of air warfare with the object of recommending to the Air Force preferred methods, techniques, and instrumentalities for this purpose. . . . Project RAND was established to provide the Air Force with independent objective analyses of the broad problems of air warfare. . . .

Formed around a core of Douglas personnel, RAND apparently con-

ceived of its job at first as having to do solely with futuristic weapons systems and ways to use them—their thinking has usually dealt with the period at least five years into the future. The earliest item on its 366-page list of unclassified publications is titled *World-Circling Space Ship*, and is dated June 1, 1946—thirteen years ago.

PROJECT RAND, however, was soon dealing with defense as well as attack, and from there it moved into the myriad problems of logistics. The need for economists became almost immediately evident, and before long it realized the need for a social-science division. The project became unique that day; but that story comes later.

"Hap" Arnold had envisioned a group that could work in complete independence and freedom, and without giving any single industrial firm an advantage over others. He gave Project RAND \$10 million to assure its independence and moved it outside the military, the government and the universities. Only with reluctance did he allow Douglas even administrative control; as it turned out, a great deal of time and diplomacy had to be expended in allaying the consequent suspicions of the rest of the industry.

In the meantime, mathematician John Williams reports that for some, there were other difficulties with Douglas:

Academic people are like gypsies in some respects, so if you haven't seen a man for a few years, it is perfectly legitimate to ask, "Where are you now?" And just the bare statement, "Douglas Aircraft," is likely to be met with "How quaint!" Then, of course, he wants to know what you do there, and you say you do philosophy . . . you can imagine the rest of it. . . .

In 1947, Project RAND found itself too big to stay on as a puzzling tenant at Douglas. It had its operating fund, but no working capital; the Ford Foundation was persuaded to put up an interest-free loan of \$1 million, and the completely independent, non-profit RAND Corpora-

tion was formed. In 1952, the loan became a grant ("payable" in public-service research) and RAND moved into its own building in Santa Monica.

The Chairman of the Board of the RAND Corporation is H. R. Gaither, late of the Ford Foundation (and of the still-secret Gaither Report; you may have three guesses why Gaither headed that group, and where most of the information came from). There is no aircraft company executive on the RAND board, and—startling in any Air Force contractor—no former Air Force generals.

AN indication of how, in thirteen years, RAND has tended to evolve away from its original bent is the fact that a few years ago it had seven divisions: Aircraft, Economics, Electronics, Mathematics, Missiles, Physics and Social Science. Now, it has five: Aircraft, Electronics and Missiles have disappeared as separate divisions, and the one partial replacement is Engineering (the Systems Development Corporation, another non-profit outfit which handles training programs for the Air Force, was a division of RAND until December, 1958). This may be partly window-dressing, but mostly it reflects the constant broadening of RAND research.

Today, RAND has about 800 employees; most are in the \$15,000- to \$25,000-a-year bracket, and just under 150 of them are Ph.D.s. Perhaps 20 per cent of the researchers are social scientists—but at RAND, this may not mean what it seems to mean. One of their physicists was offered a university chair in economics. The Engineering Division includes philosophers, and the Economics Division includes solid-state physicists. And so on.

Furthermore, RAND people are almost pathological on the subject of not compartmentalizing skills. "The economist and the political scientist," says RAND's R. D. Specht by way of illustration, "must consider the implications of yesterday's discoveries in electromagnetic propagation."

Now, RAND sits by the sea and thinks. What does it think? How does it go about it? And what kind of people do the thinking?

Once a visitor has been admitted past the guards and into the two-story pink-and-white California-modern building, he finds himself in an atmosphere rather like that of a university without students—a university in which the whole faculty decided to come in on its day off. Men in garish sport shirts stroll casually about; nobody seems to hurry. Uniforms are rare; the few Air Force officers on temporary duty show up, like the permanent staff, garbed in casual Southern California comfort.

A pamphlet, *Welcome to RAND*, is one of several documents issued to new employees, and its first sentence is, "You may have noticed that the lines of authority are not as rigidly drawn here at RAND as is usual in most organizations." This is something of an understatement; a later passage reads: "Our building is open twenty-four hours a day, 365 days a year, and members of the research staff may adjust their working hours to their individual preferences as long as these do not conflict with [joint projects involving other people]."

It's a pleasant place to work. There are ping-pong tables and a putting green. RAND maintains a current list of houses for sale, and houses, apartments and rooms for rent, in the Santa Monica area. They provide a free notarizing service, will deposit your paycheck for you, and will help you on personal purchasing (for instance, by keeping track of discounts offered by retailers in the area). There is free coffee, a blood bank and a credit union.

The pamphlet makes clear to the newcomer, however, that here is no ordinary, paternalistic industrial plant: "The failure of an individual to qualify for the necessary clearance will result in termination." In an organization that requires so high a degree of secrecy, it might seem that the personnel would be forced to band together outside working hours in order to avoid the constant tension of not letting something slip. Actually, it doesn't seem to work that way. "Most people are satisfied with generalities," one RANDman said, "and of course, the people you see most often learn that you can't talk about your work in detail, and they don't ask."

Off the job, RAND people are likely to be doing almost anything, from reading Chaucer to tinkering with a Cadillac-engined Jaguar. More startling to the visitor, they're likely to be doing almost anything on the job, too. One of the more fascinating pastimes is a lunch-hour sport called *Kriegsspiel*, a form of blindboard chess (with a wall between two chessboards) in which the player must infer the other player's moves from remarks made by a referee.

To offset the drawbacks of working often under strict classification, RAND encourages its staff to stay abreast of their fields, to attend meetings (on RAND time and often at RAND expense), and to publish whenever they can. They can often select their own research programs, and staff members are continually submitting new projects for consideration. RAND likes to see its personnel do a little part-time teaching, if it can be worked in, and will often pay the costs of a staff member's taking further courses himself (on his own time).

Incidentally—to lay at rest a few of the rumors that have come my way—RAND does not have (and has never had) a Chinese philosopher on its staff; it did not do a study setting up a military-government system to run Russia after World War III; and it does not have a super-secret translating machine. RAND does have philosophers, and a scientist who reads Chinese. It has done studies on Russia—many of them—and it does have a machine-translation project about which RANDmen are quite willing—even happy—to talk (the machine has a long way yet to go before it becomes truly operational).

ALL THAT the uncleared visitor is likely to see of RAND is a series of offices, looking rather like professors' offices in a university, with a blackboard in each and a serious-looking young man in most. The Physics Division, by the way, once housed a president of the Westwood Young Republicans, but generally, RAND seems to lean a little toward Democrats. The staff is active in local and national politics to about the same degree as any comparable group on a university campus. A



member of the Social Science Division describes his fellows as "more likely to read *The Nation* than *The National Review*."

RAND personnel, it seems, are generally easy-going people, fairly well contented with their jobs. RAND grants its researchers their eccentricities—in clothing or working hours or in some cases beard lengths—and gets from them an astonishing loyalty.

This, then, is RAND, the place. What about RAND, the operation? What goes on there? Is it synthesis—or groupthink?

ONCE EVERY year, the Air Force renews a contract with the RAND Corporation which says that in return for certain monies, the corporation, a private organization, will conduct Project RAND for the Air Force. The "certain monies" are on a cost-plus basis; for 1958, the sum was \$13 million.

In addition to its project work, RAND also takes on occasional jobs for other government agencies (notably the Atomic Energy Commission) and, as noted, turns its profits back into what they call RAND-sponsored research—research done, in the words of RAND's Articles of Incorporation, "for the public welfare and security of the United States of America." This research-out-of-profits (some of which is charged against the Ford grant mentioned earlier) has produced in recent months such varied papers as *The Relation of Salary to the Supply of Scientists and Engineers*, *Economic Research on Southeast Asia in the United States*, *Criteria of Efficiency in Government Expenditures*, *Feeble River Water for Southern California*, and *Japan's Economic Future in Asia*.

But RAND-sponsored research—obviously, since it represents only the reinvestment of profits—is a very small part of RAND's work, and in fact often represents an offshoot of its official Air Force research. When, late last year, a Congressional "space committee" asked RAND for a report on the present state of knowledge in astronautics, RAND came up with it immediately, and charged the effort off as RAND-sponsored research.\*

In general, work for other government agencies is minimal. The one big job at RAND is Project RAND, and 95 per cent of what it does is secret. Still, the physical sciences being what they are, RAND can hide the nature of its particular projects but not "the state of the art." When Project RAND first began, for instance, it would have taken no clearance to envision that rockets and missiles would be the weapons carriers of the future, and a quick look into what was then known would have revealed the general lines of the research that had to be pursued. The same considerations are true of RAND's Physics and Engineering Divisions today, and in a slightly different sense, of the Mathematics Division as well.

In Economics, RAND deals with problems like "How to select from among all possible avenues of development of aircraft or missiles the one, two or more that promise the greatest reward"—a phrase that seems to end in something of a euphemism. It also goes into the utilization of the Air Force budget, and into the economic aspects of possible wars—the choice of targets, for a simple example. The Cost Analysis and Logistics Departments of the Economics Division are to a certain extent self-explanatory.

\**Space Handbook: Astronautics and its Applications*, Staff Report of the Select Committee on Astronautics and Space Exploration, 85th Congress; Govt. Prtg. Office, 1959, 60c. This remarkable 250-page booklet is simple enough to be a text for brighter high-school students, comprehensive enough to cover even the most detailed problems of space flight, and invaluable for anyone interested in separating facts from Sunday-supplement nonsense in this widely discussed field.

Eight years ago, in *Fortune*, John McDonald described RAND's approach to a weapons-system problem:

RAND might be expected, for example, to make a recommendation on the next generation of bombers. . . . RAND would not in such a case recommend a specific bomber design, or any particular bomber alone even in its most general characteristics. Rather, it would describe the relationships between various bomber characteristics—in effect between a variety of bombers for a variety of possible jobs—among which the Air Force might choose on the basis of military judgment.

The MB-1 anti-aircraft rocket with nuclear warhead, tested successfully in Nevada in 1957, is known to have been a RAND development. But of far greater significance is the fact that the world-wide distribution of Strategic Air Command bases was set up in 1953 by a RAND study.

ON A HUGE board in the office of Brownlee W. Haydon, whose official title as Director of Telecommunications conceals his real job as RAND's semi-official public-relations man, is a list of current projects (which security practice would indicate is either incomplete or contains a number of disguised references), including such provocative items as *The Political Implications of Nuclear Assistance* and *Japanese Rearmament*. Under Economics is one titled simply *Viability of Overseas Bases*.

Does the last listing mean that RAND is studying the viability of the particular arrangement that now exists, or that it is questioning the whole overseas-base concept? I was told that the study encompasses both questions; even the narrower view, of course, leads to such problems as (for instance) the effect on India of our continuing and apparently growing rapport with Franco, which rests on the overseas-base idea.

"This is in the study," Haydon nodded. "Maybe not that particular point, I don't know—but that approach. Of course, our job is just to gather facts, and to tell the Air Force what we think the facts mean. In that case, our political scientists and whoever else might be involved would go into all the political angles

they could think of, and this would all go into our report, along with our recommendations. But we don't make the decisions—the Air Force does."

There is no denying the difficulty of such an approach, in which the dollars-and-cents logistics cost of supplying a certain kind of base in a certain country is only one factor, and another might deal with an election to be held two years hence in a neighboring country. But RAND tries to gather these facts and—what is more difficult—to balance them in full knowledge of the inadequacy of some of its methods, particularly in the social sciences. One RAND executive cites as the corporation's greatest accomplishment the degree to which it has "educated the Air Force" to think in terms as broad as these.

HAYDON explains RAND's "interdisciplinary approach" this way:

Let's say an engineer comes storming in here with a handful of drawings. He yells, "Man, you ought to see this rocket I've worked out! It's got everything!" About that time, an economist takes a look at the drawings and says, "My God! Do you know what that thing will *cost*?" And then a social scientist wanders in, looks the thing over, and asks quietly, "Are you sure you want to use that?"

The implied broad approach—particularly in the last question—characterizes RAND's work today much more than it once did.

An acquaintance has suggested that political angles aside, moral angles are involved. From RAND's point of view, I'd presume to suggest that in relation to such questions as whether or not to put a U.S. Air Force base in a particular place (or even whether to have one at all), moral issues are political issues.

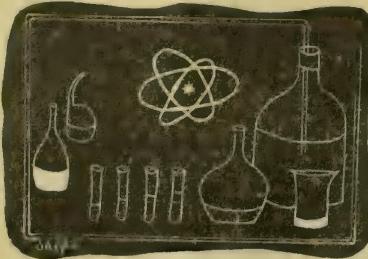
The fact that there may be considerable moral opposition to our continuing coziness with Franco is a political fact—and consequently one with which the Air Force should be concerned whatever the moral views of its generals. In this way, RAND does deal with moral issues. Its scientists do not often say (officially) that "This troubles me personally"; but they do say, "This is apt to trou-

ble a lot of people"—an argument far more likely to affect the behavior of the military.

None of this, of course, goes to the individual moral problem of the scientist working on a warhead or helping to select possible targets. The men at RAND are in some cases troubled men, but they are men who have made a choice.

J. M. GOLDSEN is a stocky, intense, bespectacled young man who once worked for the Library of Congress. In 1947, he turned down a lucrative career in educational films to help organize RAND's Social Science Division, in which he now serves as right-hand man to division head Hans Speier.

Late on a Friday afternoon, when he could have been at home, he tilt-



ed a chair back to an angle that must have been calculated in the Engineering Division, and studied the ceiling as though it contained a teleprompter. "If war should break out," he said slowly, "I honestly believe that every one of us here would look at each other—if we had time—and curse the fact that we'd failed in what we were all trying desperately to do."

Asked about "Cold-War assumptions," Goldsen thought a moment, then said, "In any given study, we start from the facts as they are—at least as nearly as we can understand them—and not from what we wish they were. There's a condition of tension and mistrust—call it whatever you want—between the United States and the Soviet Union. This is a fact, not an assumption. Any study that pretends it isn't there would be useless."

What about preventing war? Goldsen argues strongly for an understanding of the role of guesswork in

international relations. "Obviously," he said, "the more information we have about Russia—about the people who make decisions there, the things that bear on their decisions, the internal power struggles, the price of peat moss, anything—the more our actions are going to be in line with reality. The same goes for information about France or Germany or Japan—or Burma. The more information we can give these guys in Washington, the less they have to *guess* and the more they *know*. And the less we're all likely to get blown to hell because somebody guessed wrong."

Some of the work in Social Science concerns the Cold War only in the most indirect fashion; and some of it provides dramatic illustration of the way in which the incorrigible workings of the intellect have pulled RAND away from its original concept.

From a group of men banded together to work on futuristic weapons systems, RAND has become an organization which can convince the Air Force that an increase in the frequency of mental disorders would have enough serious social, military and economic implications to be worthy of Air Force concern. Thus the Air Force uncomplainingly, if not cheerfully, paid for a RAND report which was published commercially by The Free Press (Glencoe, Ill.) as *Psychosis and Civilization*, by H. Goldhamer and A. W. Marshall; psychiatrists recognize it as a major contribution to the literature on mental disease.

THE Economics Division, and particularly the Cost Analysis Department, have raised fundamental questions about Air Force purchasing practices. One RAND report was severely critical of the cost-plus system (under which the Project RAND contract itself operates). From the visible evidence, it seems fair to say that as government contractors go, RAND is remarkably cost-conscious. Its own facilities are adequate but by no means sumptuous. There seems to be a genuine awareness that it is public money with which it is dealing.

It is also evident that RAND rec-

ognizes this as a serious problem elsewhere: there is a continuing study on the Russian economy. The unclassified index lists 118 publications on Soviet agriculture, industry, transport, national income and product, planning (general and investment), population, labor and trade, and prices. The titles range from broad studies (*The Economics of Soviet Agriculture*) to carefully chosen details (*Prices of Bricks in the Soviet Union, 1928-1950*).

The personnel at RAND certainly don't balk at questioning the arms race. "I don't know," one of them said, "how long the American people are going to put up with this once-a-year scare about the military situation, just at appropriations time." During the 1958 recession, a RAND staff member—admitting a personal concern—proposed a study of the national and regional effects on the economy in case of peace. This recommendation is still under consideration at RAND, and may become a project.

In the meantime, RAND continues on its curious way—still trying to find bigger, better and more effective ways of killing people, trying simultaneously to find ways to keep it from happening. Make no mistake, however: whatever the trend, the business of war is still very much in the forefront.

There is the Logistics Systems Laboratory, one of the places in which RAND plays "war games." A table in one corner represents, say, a fighter base in Pakistan. Other tables represent other parts of the Air Force structure around the

world. The problem is to supply and maintain that fighter base under various logistics plans (it's mostly done with mathematics and the help of one of RAND's several computers) through conditions of peace, or any of several kinds of war.

There are still other war games—simulated bomber strikes and missile attacks, satellite bombings and struggles involving lunar bases. In the earlier studies, the Social Science Division was called in only to help evaluate probable target damage. Though their numbers have remained proportionately about the same, the social scientists appear to have more to say now.

The bulk of the research is still on such questions as the magnetohydrodynamic problems associated with interplanetary flight, or on how to get a bigger explosion into a smaller warhead more accurately delivered; but at the same time, broader and deeper questions are continually being asked. The intellectually trained mind is indeed incorrigible, and the effects are easily perceptible.

The changing face of RAND is reflected, perhaps as well as anywhere else, in a Stanford University Press book, written under Project RAND by Paul Kecskemeti and called *Strategic Surrender*. This is the book which caused such a fuss last year when some Congressmen howled that the Air Force was sponsoring research on how America should go about surrendering. Further comment on the furor is unnecessary, beyond the note that obviously nobody concerned ever read the book, which deals with four sur-

renders that took place in World War II.

At the end of the book, however, Kecskemeti discusses the implications of what he has written, in terms of nuclear and thermonuclear reality as it is today. The attitude he expresses is, if the people I met are any criterion, a valid example of the way that people at RAND think about "Hap" Arnold's reference to "winning the next war":

Powers may seek to survive in the nuclear age, either by going to extremes of inhumanity and malevolence never imagined before, or by drastically limiting their expectations of gain from the application of armed power. Adjusting to the new conditions is bound to be particularly difficult for the United States. . . . Systematic malevolence is as alien to the American makeup as overblown emotional expectations of unlimited gains are congenial to it.

. . . If the inhuman alternative to survival . . . is excluded for us . . . so much the better. Let us hope that this alternative will not be open to others either, for practical reasons if not for reasons of character. If we rule out the inhuman solution, then we must act on the other alternative. . . . We shall have to revise some of our deeply rooted traditional attitudes, such as our rejection of compromise and our faith in extreme, ideal solutions when the chips are down. . . . In the future, they can only render us impotent to deal with political reality, and thus jeopardize our very survival.

In this instance, at least, it would appear that the United States Air Force could be getting worse advice for its money.

## Three Revolutions Toward Neutrality..*by Desmond Stewart*

Cairo

1958 WILL BE remembered in the Arab East as the year of revolutions: May fighting in Beirut was followed by the July conflagration in Baghdad, while November saw a bloodless *coup d'état* by the Blue Nile. Astrologers may discover that the planet as a whole was passing through some malefic conjunction of Mars with

Jupiter: systems of rule were violently changed in Venezuela, Pakistan, Siam and Burma; chaos prevailed in Cuba, stasis in Cyprus. But the three Arab revolutions are in a sense apart, and deserve separate consideration.

To a Western observer it might at first seem that all three revolutions were much the same — a discarding of civilians for soldiers, the

collapse of unsuccessful parliamentary systems. Such an interpretation would be in general superficial, and misleading where correct in particulars. The three revolutions had different causes, purposes and results.

DESMOND STEWART, British journalist, is the author of the recently published *Turmoil in Beirut*.

The most interesting was the Lebanese. It lasted longest, took the heaviest toll of lives, came nearest to causing a larger war and, being fought in the most literate Arab state, was conducted on a higher level of polemic than any other. At first sight, this revolution was the clash of Moslems identified with Nasser, against Christians identified with America (or the West, if that word means anything). Behind the slogans and shots, a power shift took place inside the country similar to one of those subterranean shifts of earth which lead on the surface to earthquakes. The Maronites had become a seigneurial class, overriding the other Christians and the Moslems, usurping the prerogatives of a majority, and treating the Arabs in much the same way as do the *colons* in Algeria. The issue of Arab Nationalism opposed to the Eisenhower Doctrine was fortuitous. A clash between the sects was bound to come in any case. Chamoun's folly in accepting the doctrine himself, in gerrymandering a parliament which would also accept it, and in planning to use this faked parliamentary majority to continue his own term of office, was that he gave the Moslems (who are probably a numerical majority) an ideological issue on which they were prepared to fight.

In disregarding the Arab involvement with Nasser and Nasserism he prepared his downfall. (Had he contented himself with keeping his anti-Nasser sentiments to himself, he might well have stood again, with Moslem support.) His parliamentary trickery drove to extra-parliamentary activity those with the greatest following in the streets and hills. Thus the revolution was not against parliaments; it was against a particular parliament that had been rigged, and that had allowed the National Pact of 1943 to be broken. Lebanon is now back where it started, neutral between blocs. To effect this return to a previous equilibrium, in a country half the size of Israel, cost about 4,000 lives. Another benefit is that the Lebanese have now had enough violence to last them another century. And the new equilibrium is sounder than the old. The Maronites have

learned that they cannot override Moslem opinion, the Moslems have learned the same thing with relation to the Christians. Two heroes of the revolution are the Maronite Patriarch, who acted as an Arab patriot, showing the Christians are not automatic agents of the West, and Saeb Salaam, who refused to sanction reprisals despite provocations.

If the Lebanese revolution was the most intellectual, the most sustained and the most popular (in the sense that it was waged by the population), the Iraqi revolution was the most important. In two morning hours of a stifling July day, the main bulwark of a British attitude to the Arab East was exploded forever. Feisal, his uncle, and Nouri Said normally took pains not to be in Baghdad together. The Crown Prince and the elderly dictator had returned only a few days before July 14 for their last date with history.

THE IRAQI revolution was exceedingly popular in that everyone wanted it and no one opposed it. But the Army kicked open the door (with how little arms it has only later become known: four bazooka shells plus bullets and grenades secreted from Army exercises), and the people trampled through afterwards. They, not the Army, dragged the bodies of the Prince and Nouri through the streets; it is fair to say that if the Army had not acted, the people would still have been saluting the elegant Prince in his maroon Rolls.

The Iraqi revolution teaches one lesson most firmly: the tighter a regime holds down the saucepan lid, the messier the explosion when it blows off. "The right people in power, the right people in jail," was British opinion at the time of Suez, when Nouri's police were firing on volunteers to help Egypt, when the bodies of students were left to rot in the dank corridors of Baghdad's College of Arts. Far more repressive than the Faroukian system, which was a decadent, corrupt, but not particularly brutal constitutional monarchy, the system built by Nouri, and at least tolerated by the British Embassy, was an all-or-nothing dyke against popular feeling. Parliamen-

tarians had no chance to become unpopular; they were thrown in jail and their seats warmed by agents of the Palace or the Pasha. Hence the rage and resentment felt since July 14: not only out of a desire for revenge, but also because Iraqis felt themselves insulted in that it had been possible to divide them so long, to treat them as children so long. It is an aspect of themselves which they curse in cursing Fadhl Jamali or Towfik Suwaidi. And if the Iraqis have so far failed to achieve stability, this is due to the false stability which existed before (and was so delighted in by Western spokesmen), based on feudal land owners, encouraged businessmen, discouraged politicians, imprisoned students and publicly executed Communists.

IN THE SUDANESE revolution, so far as is recorded, not one nose was bloodied, not one prison cell had a new tenant. But the causes of the revolution were the most obscure. A coup had been rumored in the week before the revolution; the New York *Herald Tribune* had even suggested that the pro-Western Prime Minister, Abdullah Khalil, was planning a coup of his own. But it seems, from the evidence available, that the younger officers, learning inevitably of these intentions, spoke bluntly to their Commander in Chief, Ibrahim Abboud: "You are about to be replaced by your second in command, Ahmed Abdul Wahab. He wants a coup; we want one, too; but we do not want a pro-Western (or pro-Eastern) coup; we want to get rid of all the politicians, and do what we can to help Sudan. If you will head the coup, we shall support you, provided always that you follow a national line." Hence Abdullah Khalil's disappointment on November 17; expecting to be the Prime Minister of the revolution, he received instead a letter of thanks and dismissal. Hence, too, the studious non-alignment of the new government; friendly to all, but zealous for Sudanese independence: the removal of the statues of Kitchener and Gordon; the agreement that Czechoslovakia should build a sugar refinery in return for Sudanese cot-

ton; the acceptance of unconditional American aid; the imminent arrival of a Soviet economic mission. But the most honestly elected parliament in the Arab East has vanished; there is no talk of reviving it. Instead, there is a recognition which would have been impossible before national independence, that democracy cannot function properly on a basis of mass illiteracy and penury.

THE question of foreign policy illustrates the differences among these revolutions. The political orientation of Lebanon was the basic ideological issue in Beirut, where class conflict was totally submerged in sectarian clash, the Moslem worker feeling more in common with a feudal Moslem aristocrat than with a Christian working at the same job as himself.

Foreign policy was important in Iraq, but not all-important. In the Sudan, foreign policy played hardly any role at all.

Nevertheless, one common thread does run through these upheavals, and it is shown best by the Sudan. For this third revolution was the most pro-Western, in a country with no serious quarrel with the West, with an elite that is distinctly Anglophilic. Yet from the first moment of the revolution, Abboud, and even Ahmed Abdul Wahab, insisted, in their platitudes, on neutrality between power blocs, on close friendship with Egypt, on the Bandung spirit. The common thread is this determination not to be railroaded into military alliance: Nasser's popularity in Egypt dates from his emotional acceptance of this mood at

Bandung; it has now become obligatory to all African and Asian statesmen who wish to retain the affection of their people. Lebanon's new Prime Minister has stated explicitly that the Eisenhower Doctrine is no longer binding on his country; Qassim receives Mr. Rountree, but immediately afterwards receives the Soviet Ambassador, and photographs of the two receptions are published side by side in the press.

"Bandung" is victorious; and the victim is the nexus of Western ideas underlying these military alliances with armies of horsemen and machine-gunners (who know, if the West doesn't, what they would be up against in an atomic war); and in the labels on King Feisal's last luggage—*Ankaraya-Bagdad*—there was rightness as well as irony.

## VILLARD and the NAACP . . . by Flint Kellogg

FEBRUARY 12 marks the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. The "new abolition movement," as it was sometimes called, owes its existence in large measure to Oswald Garrison Villard, grandson of William Lloyd Garrison, the Great Abolitionist. It was Villard who wrote the Lincoln's Birthday "call" — a summons to action in protest of the political and social disabilities of the Negro and a proposal for the national conference which led ultimately to the creation of the NAACP. It was Villard who mapped out the plan for organization of the new movement as it gathered momentum, and it was he, with his dominating personality, his drive and vigor, his dedication to the Garrison ideals and his fearless and outspoken determination, who held the group together in the early and difficult years.

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The high point in the curtailment of the political, economic and civil rights of the Negro had been reached by the turn of the century. The waves of violence, intimidation and lynching in both North and South had brought about a "new slavery," the identification of color with degraded social conditions, giving countenance to laws and attitudes increasingly detrimental to the Negro.

In the South, Booker T. Washington tried to advance the status of the Negro through a program promoting Negro business, the buying of land and technical education. Toward civil and political rights, he adopted a policy of expediency and accommodation. This policy of moderation was protested by a group of Negro intellectuals—W. E. B. Du Bois' "talented tenth." His group, however, had been unable to pierce the strong wall of political power held by Washington, who had the majority of Negroes, as well as Southern whites, on his side. The conflict between the two points of view led to the alignment of "conservatives" and "radicals" within the Negro community.

White social workers and reformers in the North were also protesting the spreading racial discrimination. Among the white champions of the Negro was Villard, who all his life took pride in the Garrison tradition, a feeling carefully fostered by his uncles, the sons of William Lloyd Garrison. In 1897, Villard joined the editorial staff of the *New York Evening Post*, owned by his father. He was assigned to a desk in the office of his uncle, Wendell Phillips Garrison, then editor of *The Nation*, which was at that time the literary supplement to the *Evening Post*. Later, in 1918, Villard became editor and owner of *The Nation*, and he directed the publication in these capacities until 1932. From 1932-35 he was *The Nation's* publisher and a contributing editor.

In 1902, Robert C. Ogden, president of the Southern Education Board, invited Villard to become a member of his party traveling by special train to the annual Conference on Education in the South. This trip gave him new and deep insights into the living conditions of Negroes in the South. "I feel as if I had emerged

from darkest America and the sense of the wrongs of the people of color is strong upon me," he wrote his mother after visiting a small Negro school in a rural community in South Carolina. The conviction that he must take an active part in the cause of Negro education led him to become, in the following year, the president of the Board of Directors of the Manassas Industrial School in Virginia and to support the work at Tuskegee Institute in Alabama under the direction of Booker T. Washington.

By 1908, Villard was beginning to visualize a program of wider scope than that offered by the industrial schools. He had an idea that the colored people should band together under a common "clan" in the support of a large national organization for their defense. He wanted the organization to be incorporated and to raise money by securing gifts and bequests. A central defense committee would employ lawyers to prosecute lynchers, take cases of discrimination into the courts, agitate for the restoration of civil rights where denied, and to act as a publicity bureau to get facts and statistics to public attention. He believed that a united Negro population would support this project; and he hoped that the celebration by the colored people of the fiftieth anniversary of John Brown's death might inspire its birth.

IT WAS NOT the John Brown celebration, however, that stimulated the formation of the kind of organization Villard had in mind, but the outbreak of race riots in Springfield, Illinois, in August, 1908. It was a particularly horrifying event; two persons were lynched, six others killed and over fifty wounded before 4,000 militiamen were able to gain control after two days of riots.

Villard expressed his indignation in an editorial in the *Evening Post*. He looked upon the outbreak as the climax of a wave of crime and lawlessness that was sweeping the country, and he was incensed that lynchings and anti-Negro riots should occur in the home city of Abraham Lincoln.

An even stronger protest came

from William English Walling in *The Independent*. Walling was a wealthy Southerner, a settlement-house worker and Socialist who, with Jane Addams and Lillian Wald, had founded the National Woman's Trade Union League. He was shocked that the press and public opinion should accept race hatred and warfare as inevitable in a Northern city, and he appealed to the nation to meet this attack on the principles of democracy.

His challenge brought instant response from Mary White Ovington, a social worker among Negroes in New York City. She was a Socialist, a Unitarian and the descendant of an abolitionist. She prevailed upon Walling to hold a meeting at his apartment early in January, 1909. They were joined by Dr. Henry Moskovitz, another New York social worker. Miss Ovington later reminisced, "We like to remember that of the three people present, one was the descendant of an old-time abolitionist, the second was a Jew, and the third a Southerner."

At the first informal gathering it was decided that Lincoln's Birthday should mark the opening of their campaign, and it was agreed that Villard should be invited to join the group. Miss Ovington knew Villard and had written articles for the *Evening Post*. Walling had already enlisted the support of his friend, Charles Edward Russell, a popular magazine writer and fellow-Socialist whose father had been editor of an abolitionist newspaper in Iowa. Almost immediately, on the initiative of Miss Ovington, the group was made biracial with the addition of two prominent colored clergymen, Bishop Alexander Walters and the Reverend W. H. Brooks.

Villard accepted the invitation with enthusiasm. Here was the opportunity to carry out his idea of a defense committee. He plunged into rewriting the rough draft of the call for a conference and he asked his uncle, William Lloyd Garrison, of Boston, to endorse it, assuring him there was "nothing in it that a Garrison should hesitate to sign."

In spite of Villard's strenuous efforts to obtain publicity for his manifesto, he was disappointed by the

reaction of the New York press. Nevertheless, the group continued to expand. Among those who attended early meetings to plan for a "Conference on the Status of the Negro" were John Haynes Holmes, William H. Bulkley, Alexander Irving, Anna Garlin Spencer, J. C. Phelps-Stokes, Helen Stokes, Stephen S. Wise and Ray Stannard Baker.

The conference was held at the end of May, 1909. Discussions and lectures centered on the rights of the Negro to political equality (without which he could not raise his economic or social status); methods for obtaining civil and political rights through organization, and scientific evidence refuting the prevailing popular theory of Negro racial inferiority.

THE DIRECTION of the conference was largely in Villard's hands. In his speech to the open meeting, he elaborated on his idea of an endowed committee, and at the closed business session at the end of the conference he presented a practical outline of his plan for departments of legal advice, social investigation, publicity, political propaganda and education. The resolutions passed by the meeting to give publicity to its purposes were to have been drafted in advance by Walling, but were actually rewritten and completed by Villard while the preamble was being read to the assembly. The most important resolution called for a Committee of Forty to set up a permanent organization and to arrange for another convention in 1910. Again it was Villard who had drawn up the list of names to fill this committee. The nominating committee, however, made drastic changes in an attempt to avoid aligning the Committee of Forty with either radicals or conservatives, omitting the names of Washington and his supporters as well as those of Washington's severest critics.

Disagreement on the floor of the meeting over the resolutions and the nominations was due partly to deep mistrust by the colored people of the motives of the whites and partly to factional strife among themselves. The suspicion and hostility reached such proportions that at one point

Villard and Walling seriously considered withdrawing the whole plan and continuing the work as they saw fit.

Villard had personally invited Washington to attend the conference, but after making it clear that the new movement would be aggressive in its fight for Negro rights, he tactfully made it possible for the Negro leader to decline the invitation. Washington acknowledged the need for the projected organization, but pointed out that because his own work was in the South, he must as far as possible keep himself free of criticism. Such was his influence on loyal Negroes and on prominent whites in sympathy with his point of view that they avoided the conference when he failed to give it public approval.

BY AUTUMN of 1909, the Committee of Forty had begun to plan the next annual meeting in New York.

Villard became temporary chairman in November, succeeding Walling, who had resigned. Little headway was made during the fall and winter. Meetings were poorly attended; some prominent members resigned because of Washington's disapproval; funds were lacking and a suitable treasurer could not be found; no speakers were secured for the conference; and Villard's plan of organization had not been implemented. The only definite step was the hiring of a professional worker. Returning from a vacation at the end of February, 1910, Villard realized that his project was near disintegration. Within ten days he launched a series of special meetings, set up a Preliminary Committee on Permanent Organization with himself as chairman, settled the main outline of the conference with "Disfranchisement" as its theme, and secured contributions to ease the financial situation. Villard himself donated the organizer's salary for several months and provided office space in the *Evening Post* building.

The report of the preliminary committee was accepted by the business meeting of the conference, which opened in New York on May 12, 1910. The permanent organization consisted of a national Committee of



Oswald Garrison Villard

One Hundred whose function was to raise funds and lend prestige to the parent body. Moorfield Storey of Boston, constitutional lawyer and anti-imperialist, was named national president. An Executive Committee was chosen with Walling again as chairman, John E. Milholland, treasurer, and Villard, disbursing treasurer. The organization was officially named The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

At an executive session of the newly formed NAACP, held on the last day of the conference, it was decided to concentrate efforts on an aggressive campaign of publicity and investigation, with Du Bois as National Secretary and Chairman of the Executive Committee. Because of the protest of Miss Blascoer, who was directing the organizational work, Villard secured a further change which led to Du Bois' becoming Director of Publicity and Research instead.

The engaging of Du Bois marked the culmination of a tug of war that had been going on during the first

year between conservatives and radicals within the organization. Now there was no longer any attempt to balance the two factions. With the enthusiastic support of Villard, Du Bois proceeded at once to publish *The Crisis*. Its growth was phenomenal, for through its pages the fiery editor gave leadership and inspiration to the colored people of the country.

Even before the conference, Villard had taken Washington to task in an *Evening Post* editorial, aligning himself with Du Bois and the radicals. In effect, he served notice that the new organization would take a forthright stand in opposition to the compromising policies and program of Washington.

IN THE meantime, the organization took root outside of New York City. As early as October, 1909, the nucleus of a branch had appeared in Boston, where Villard and his uncles arranged a Garrison memorial meeting to bring together those who were interested. Out of this celebration grew the Boston Committee to Ad-

vance the Cause of the Negro which, in 1911, became a branch of the NAACP. Mass meetings in Chicago, Cleveland and Buffalo during the autumn of 1910 served to spread the movement.

By the end of 1910, it was apparent that the Constitution League, which had been doing the NAACP's legal work, was not meeting the association's needs. The league failed to make headway with the Pink Franklin case, and Villard assumed control. This was a peonage case involving an illiterate farm hand, Pink Franklin, who had unintentionally killed a sheriff sent to arrest him for an alleged violation of an agricultural contract. Villard appealed to Booker T. Washington for aid and Washington suggested a program of action which the association carried out. This, in addition to President Taft's intercession on the prisoner's

behalf—secured by Villard through Charles Dyer Norton, Assistant Treasurer of the United States, who had married into the Garrison family—led to the commutation of Franklin's sentence. As a result of this success and the failure of the Constitution League, the association adopted Villard's recommendation that a legal-redress department be established. Villard's Committee on Program was assigned the problem of organizing this department and formulating a plan of action.

Villard was also given the responsibility of carrying out the incorporation of the association, which was accomplished on June 19, 1911; and he became the first Chairman of the board, a position he held until 1914. Thus did he bring to fruition his plans for a committee which would aggressively champion the wrongs of the Negro race. That he was able to

realize his dream was evidence of his ability as an organizer, his power of persuasion and the influence of his social and business position. The magic of the Garrison name won him respect and confidence in the Negro world shared by few white men. His dominating personality, however, made him intolerant of anyone who questioned his command. Within a few years of the founding of the association, when his authority as board chairman was challenged by Du Bois in the operation of *The Crisis*, Villard withdrew almost completely from the work. When he retired from active leadership, however, the "new abolition movement" was well under way. The association had expanded to twenty-four branches and three thousand members. It was, in the words of Du Bois, "out of debt, aggressive, and full of faith."

## HOW TO BUILD A SLUM . . . *by Timothy J. Cooney*

IT MIGHT BE felt that in the richest nation on earth—indeed, in one that has been accused of sacrificing the "truly important" for physical comfort and good health—the building of a slum would be a next-to-impossible task. Fortunately, however, in this welfare age the United States is still a land of opportunity. If you are willing to work and have a bit of that old American know-how, there are limitless horizons to be found in slum-building. In this brief article I would like to offer encouragement to those who are considering entering the field and outline certain steps that must be taken in the development of a first-class slum. For the purpose of illustration I shall refer to examples from New York City—my own city, where much fine work is being done.

Experts in the field recognize three opponents to successful slum development. They are: (1) old-fash-

ioned, unimaginative landlords; (2) municipal ordinances and regulations; (3) the ghost of equal opportunity. Ironically, despite the fact that Opponent (3) is only a phantasma, it is potentially the most dangerous. Let us develop an imaginary slum and face each opponent as we come upon it.

The slum-builder must begin with a city with a tight housing market and a population of at least a hundred thousand. The bigger the city and the tighter the housing market, the better the chance of a good slum (but there is no reason to leave your own city simply because it doesn't have the population of a New York or Chicago—fine work has been done in smaller communities). The next job is to choose a particular area for slum development. Your goal should be to turn at least three-quarters of your city into a slum, but for several reasons it is necessary to begin with a particular area. Furthermore, it is important that this area be one of your city's most attractive, white, residential sections; if possible one that has qualities that make it "in-

trinsically desirable." For example, slum-builders in New York City showed amazing courage—matched only by their success—in attacking the famed Morningside Heights area. What was done to Morningside Heights—"intrinsically desirable" with its park, view of the Hudson River and Columbia University campus—is a credit to the profession. There is not only an increased sense of achievement in ruining a nice area, but, of practical importance, there is the psychologically devastating effect—if it could happen there, it could happen everywhere. The ruination of a nice area serves to break down the will to resist further slum development.

Having chosen a site, the next step is to choose a particular apartment building. At this point you probably will face your first opponent—the old-fashioned, unimaginative landlord. Basically, this type of landlord (happily fast disappearing) is an opponent to slum development because (1) he adheres to the "keeping up the property" fallacy; (2) he tends to be squeamish. The

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"keeping up the property" fallacy is that in apartment-house ownership, as in other forms of business, it is necessary to repair and maintain one's property, in order to assure profit. The fact is that if Opponents (2) and (3) can be licked and we can build our slum, there is *more* profit to be realized from a deteriorating apartment building than from one that is kept in repair. In the beginning, this fact, so contrary to common sense, can only be grasped by the imaginative landlord.

Yet even if the landlord can grasp "keeping up the property" as a fallacy, he may be troubled by a certain squeamishness. Neighbors have a way of making the landlord who is preparing his property for slum development uncomfortable. Consequently, you, the slum-developer, are most apt to find enlightenment among those landlords who do not live on or even near their property. The absentee landlord's appreciation of the added income that a slum property will bring is inviolable; it cannot be spoiled by the stares and old-fashioned ways of his neighbors. If you find a landlord who can comprehend the irrefutable logic of this, you may proceed; if such a landlord cannot be found, you may have to purchase and develop the first slum building yourself. In either case, all that is needed is one building to get the ball rolling.

THE NEXT STEP is to take apartments, as they become vacant, and divide them into many "apartments" of one room each. These new "apartments" must now be rented to members of minority groups (preferably Negroes) with families. The "apartments" must be rented to these people regardless of who else wants them or what others are willing to pay. The importance of renting to minority families cannot be overemphasized. As we shall see in a moment, they are the key to successful slum development and they reward the landlord with a "special bonus."

Once the building is 50 per cent rented, all services and maintenance must be stopped. Heat and hot water must all but be done away with. The savings to the landlord will be con-

siderable. The effect on neighboring buildings will be immediate. The most old-fashioned landlord will begin to appreciate the fact, even if he doesn't like it, that there is much money to be made by stopping all repairs and services. The "keeping up the property" fallacy should begin to crumble.

At this point, however, two things will happen. Opponent (2) will appear, and those living in the building of the enlightened landlord will want to move out.

Opponent (2) will rear its bureaucratic head in the form of health, fire and building regulations; but its bark is worse than its bite. There are a number of factors working in favor of the landlord who will not be intimidated. Regulations do not enforce themselves; men enforce them—and men, as the New York example has shown, can be bought. If the inspectors become greedy, it may be cheaper for the landlord to pay the trivial fines that are imposed. Such is the extent of the "keeping up the property" fallacy that—with the one exception of arson—there are no substantive laws hampering the landlord who has conscientiously decided to let his property go to pot. However, at this point it may be advisable for you, as a public-spirited slum-builder, to go directly to the politician and soft-head types with the plea, "If every silly rule and regulation is enforced, where will these poor unfortunates live?" This argument is sure fire and does much to take the pressure off enlightened, though timid, landlords.

Naturally those living in the deteriorating buildings will want to move. Despite some helpful and popular stereotypes to the contrary, no one likes to live in a slum. Now however, our original planning will begin to pay off, provided we can lick our third and final opponent. In every American city there are exclusive, white, residential sections—even white, Protestant sections—maintained by statute, agreement or custom. The slum-developer must do all within his power to still the ghost of equal opportunity that threatens this American institution. The all-white sections are essential to successful slum development. They

must be maintained (until we decide to turn *them* into slums). The reason is obvious. With a "whites only" barricade (or other slums) surrounding our developing slum, there will be no escape for our selected tenants. Their color and ancestry will trap them.

IN A country where little children hear tell of the Declaration of Independence and the Bill of Rights, Opponent (3) will always be a threat. But this ghost—and surely it is no more than that—should be no match for a cunning, living body of bigotry. If we will sustain the bigotry, it will sustain our ghetto-slum. And with our ghetto-slum thriving, it will be time for the landlords to realize their "special bonus." *They may begin to raise their rents.* Impossible? Not at all. It is only in those naive books on how to manage a budget that families are advised to spend but a fifth of their income on rent. In 1957, Governor Harriman of New York made a tour of Harlem and discovered that Negroes, living in highly developed one- and two-room slum "apartments," were paying \$20 to \$25 a week per room. If they didn't like the price for what they were getting, they were free to drop dead. The ghetto is a seller's paradise.

What landlord can resist the lure of the slums once the facts are known? Contrary to current mouthings, there is much money to be made in bigotry.

The slum we have been considering is now, for all practical purposes, complete. It just requires aging. The ambitious slum-builder will move on to new areas and even new cities. The keys to successful slum development are a tight housing market, enlightened landlords, graft, avarice and, most important of all, plenty of Americans whom other Americans don't want to live next to. If we can just maintain an environment in which this happy combination can flourish there is no reason why, in time, every city in America can't have a substantial slum. The task is a challenge in such a wealthy country as ours, but it is a challenge that men are successfully meeting every day of the year.

# BOOKS and the ARTS

## What Do They Read in Tokyo?

Donald Richie

AS IN most countries, there is in Japan little correlation between what is written and what is read; there is, in fact, small difference between the reading habits of Japan and, say, America. Students have assured me, in tones laden with shame, that "more than half of the Japanese read nothing at all," at the same time asserting that they themselves are positively omnivorous in their reading habits. When I say that I always see people in buses and trains reading newspapers and magazines, they reply: "Oh, we thought you meant books."

Japan, and I am guessing, must publish more magazines and newspapers than any other country in the world. I know many people who read four newspapers a day and ten or twelve magazines a week. Of the weeklies, the *Shukan Asahi* or *Shukan Shincho* may be taken as typical. Both certainly represent the reading tastes of the great middle class, since combined they are Japan's nearest equivalent to *Collier's*. Both contain fiction, and the principal attractions are usually one period story and one modern story, both by name writers. The latter, though varying in quality, is perhaps best represented by Genji Keita, a writer who specializes in the "comic" story about white-collar workers: the young section chief who discovers that the boss really has a heart after all and ends up with the president's daughter.

The period stories are perhaps the more widely followed. Here too a handful has the monopoly and by far the most famous (perhaps the most famous living author in Japan) is Eiji Yoshikawa, whose *Miyamoto Musashi* (basis for the film which won an Academy Award under the title of *Samurai*) has been called a "modern classic," and whose *Shin Heike Monogatari* (New Tales of the Taira Clan), having been made into three full-length films, has been followed for years by almost all of

- Ryunosuke Akutagawa. *Rashomon*. Liveright. \$2.50.  
Osamu Dazai. *No Longer Human*. New Directions. \$3.  
*The Setting Sun*. New Directions. \$3.  
Yasunari Kawabata. *Snow Country*. Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.  
*Thousand Cranes*. Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.  
Yukio Mishima. *Confessions of a Mask*. New Directions. \$3.75.  
*The Sound of Waves*. Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.  
*Five Modern No Plays*. Alfred A. Knopf. \$4.  
Soseki Natsume. *Kokoro*. Tuttle. \$2.50.  
Junichiro Tanizaki. *The Makioka Sisters*. Alfred A. Knopf. \$4.95.  
*Some Prefer Nettles*. Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.  
Eiji Yoshikawa. *The Heike Story*. Alfred A. Knopf. \$5.95.

that half of the Japanese that reads.

The West knows little of such writers, just as Japan knew very little of Edna Ferber until James Dean did *Giant*, though Yoshikawa's rewriting of the Taira stories has been issued in English as *The Heike Story*. At first appearance abroad, Yoshikawa was called the Kenneth Roberts of Japan but this is an unfair evaluation: Roberts was always fairly careful as to characterization and historical detail, while Yoshikawa is innocent of any such intention.

The great middle class also reads elsewhere. Among higher-brow publications are such as the *Bungei Shunju* (Literary Climate) which is much as the *Atlantic* is now. A bit higher is the *Chuo Koron* (Central Review), which is much as the *Atlantic* used to be. This latter magazine publishes an amount of serious writing, not only such landed classics as Yasunari Kawabata and Junichiro Tanizaki but also such comparative newcomers as Yukio Mishima. It is in publications like this that the great unlettered middle class slops over into the intellectual.

In Japan the intellectual class means mainly the student class. One hears a lot about Japanese ditch-diggers who read Dostoevski and farmers who pause in

their labors to pen a swift *haiku*, but I've never met one and, come to think of it, have only heard about them from other foreigners. Thus I'm inclined to suspect a Lafcadio Hearn-type chimera. At any rate, it is the intellectuals who read the literature of the country, and in Japan to be intellectual is to be young. One reason is that enthusiasm and the world of widening horizons which occurs upon entering college is contagious and few things are more pleasant than to overhear one student breathlessly telling another all about the charms of *The Tale of Genji*, as though it had been written yesterday. Another reason, and one less pleasant, is that the period of intellectuality often lasts only as long as school does. This is obviously true all over the world; of note is merely the fact that in Japan the espousal is sometimes complete, the renunciation often final.

THE Japanese — intellectual or not — must spend his time between two worlds: the traditional world and the Western world. Thus every Japanese intellectual comes equipped with double standards. A realization of this will clear him of the oft-leveled charge of hypocrisy, though it does not quite absolve him of the less repeated accusation: intellectual dishonesty.

Therefore, one of the first things to take into account in examining any Japanese idea of anything Japanese is to remember the obvious: it — book, play, poem, person — is Japanese and for that reason alone the Japanese themselves tend to make a special nook in their minds for it. *Ikebana* is never to be compared with mere flower arranging as the West knows it; *chanoyu* is not to be confused with that pleasant English custom of afternoon tea.

So, Japanese literature is treated with a kind of respect which, one would think, argues against its being even read, much less enjoyed. Still, read it is, and in vast quantities. The West should be able to remember back to a like state of affairs. In America, for example, there were decades upon end when social conspiracy demanded that Washington Irving be thought not only an entertaining but a great writer. America had no one else and so poor Irving was it. Further, he was found to be just as good as anyone else. One may still read, in old literary histories, references to "America's Smollett."

In Japan the traditional literary cul-

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ture is choice but narrow, and the new literary culture is not even a century old. Thus the search for parallels is untiring and has become the literary parlor game: *Monzaemon Chikamatsu*; that is, "the Japanese Shakespeare."

Take, for example, Soseki Natsume, the great Meiji period novelist, whom many Japanese find their single most rewarding writer and who is still probably the most widely read serious novelist in the country. He used to be called the George Meredith of Japan until it was discovered that most foreigners no longer knew who George Meredith was. Now he is called the Henry James of Japan, a comparison evocative though not too rich in meaning, since few Japanese have ever been able to read Henry James. Still, Natsume is rich in psychological complexity — a quality relatively rare in a Japanese writer — is interested in form and texture, and shares both these qualities with such writers as James, Meredith and Flaubert. Any reader of, say, *Kokoro*, will see the resemblance.

Ryunosuke Akutagawa, whose world fame rests in the fact that he wrote the stories upon which the film *Rashomon* was based, plays Maupassant to Natsume's Flaubert; though his stories resist the easy irony of the Frenchman, and his longest work, the satirical allegory *Kappa* (ostensibly about Japanese trolls but actually about the Japanese themselves) is far more bitter than anything Maupassant ever did.

Kafu Nagai occupies a rather special position: no one attempts to provide a parallel. Once when playing the parlor game and my informant having dismissed writer after writer as being "shallow," I finally asked if there was anyone who was not. He thought for a time and then said: "Yes, one. Nagai is not." But then he hastened to explain that I, being foreign, could doubtless not appreciate

the way in which he was not. But the Western reader of *Sumidagawa* (The River Sumida) will understand, if not recognize, the quality, the poetic evocation, the concern for sensory impression. We have something like it in painting if not in literature. In a way we can see Nagai in Seurat.

THE Great Classic need not be dead, since Japan, unlike the West, tends to deify men who are still living. Not so long ago one of the head puppeteers of the Bunraku was named a Living National Treasure. Thus, Junichiro Tanizaki, after having enjoyed a long, fruitful and varied career, now finds himself a legend and among the immortals.

His, in a way, is the classic Japanese literary life. He started out very Western, all automobiles and modern girls. Now he is coming full circle to the Noh and the tea ceremony. The Japanese themselves find this spectacle unfailingly refreshing, though, as D. J. Enright has remarked, it actually makes one doubt just how far the returned ever went in the first direction. Sections from Tanizaki's parabola are visible to the West in the earlier *Tade Kuu Mushi* (Some Prefer Nettles) and the later *Sasame Yuki* (The Makioka Sisters).

Yasunari Kawabata is now just petrifying into immortality, despite the fact that (unlike the retiring Tanizaki) he is still active and headed the recent P.E.N. Congress in Tokyo. The Japanese find *Yuki Guni* (Snow Country) his most rewarding book. He too defies the parlor game. Recently I was playing it with Yoshimori Harashima, a Japanese professor of American literature who is also an acute and perceptive critic. We were trying to define Kawabata's quality and eventually Mr. Harashima said: "Well, I know one thing: he is the opposite of Theodore Dreiser."

Yukio Mishima and the late Osamu

Dazai are relatively well-known in the West. Dazai's most popular book, *Ningen Skikkaku* (No Longer Human), commanded a split audience, high-school boys and girls and serious intellectuals, his particular brand of postwar anarchy appealing equally to both, just as Raymond Radiguet appeals apparently equally to N.R.F. subscribers and to shopgirls. Mishima's early work, notably *Kamen no Kokuhaku* (Confessions of a Mask) was also devoured by the youngsters, though treated with a more wary respect by more mature readers, not used to such honesty in the first-person novel. His later work, the Noh Plays and *Kinkakuji* (The Golden Temple) show the beginnings of the curve noticeable in Tanizaki's works.

THE Japanese intellectuals read Western literature too. They are, in fact, about the only Japanese who do, except for the middle-brow fans of Dorothy Sayers and the science-fiction addicts. Here too, however, one finds a kind of selectivity at work. The French and the Russians are favored and it is Tolstoy who ranks as a popular foreign classic. And the most popular Tolstoy is not *War and Peace* (or wasn't until the film version arrived) but *Resurrection* and *The Kreutzer Sonata*. In the same way, it is Gide who is read and not Malraux and, at that, *La Porte étroite* and not *Les caves du Vatican*.

What the Japanese read, actually, are those books which tend to support a view of life which, being theirs, is intrinsically Japanese. *La Porte étroite* is a very Japanese novel, just as the schoolgirl's favorite movie, *Un Carnet du bal* (forever being revived) is a very Japanese film.

For this reason, it is difficult to take the whole question of foreign influence too seriously — the Japanese invariably choose only those foreign elements which they think complement what already exists. Though this also happens to include rock-and-roll, one explanation is that Japan, forming its culture bit by bit as it has traditionally done, has now reached the point where rock-and-roll is a logical extension.

Foreign influence exists but is now so all-pervasive that it is virtually fused with what writers themselves might prefer to call a native impulse. Any writer dealing with contemporary Japan must necessarily be writing of foreign influence; any Japanese novelist purporting to present an accurate picture of his time and place must necessarily show that the digestion of this influence is a part of Japan.

The undigested influence still exists.

## Lost Voices

### 1.

Far from willow-home and flow of fountains,  
Silent, the water-lark  
Hearkens in awe to the yellow  
Fear-fox and the snake of sorrow.

### 2.

In this shell a bell called across water  
Once, I will wait for it  
Till I am shrivelled like some dried  
Mud-flat waiting for the tide.

### 3.

Many silences besides do not return  
Any more than the stars  
That fell before we were born.

W. S. MERWIN

Edogawa Rampo, though not Literature, took not only his style and subject but also his name from Edgar Allan Poe — as you will discover by pronouncing it slowly over to yourself. Still, this sort of thing is, in the literary world at any rate, blessedly rare. Much more common is the thoughtful, the successful fusion between something Western and something Japanese. When Mishima was working on *Shiosai* (Sound of Waves), he told me that he had recently heard for the first time the complete *Daphnis et Chlœe* of Ravel and that that had led him to Longus. Reading the Greek romance, he had decided that he wanted to do something like it — and this he did. Thus, while imitating nothing, he availed himself of the cultural reservoir which belongs to all of us, while retaining his separate national entity.

This, I might add, is just the kind of statement that the more militant Japanese intellectuals would argue against. They find Mishima "Western" — just as they find Western any experimental — film director Akira Kurosawa, for

example. For them the native impulse is the thing and many lesser writers (I have contented myself with parlor games with the best) are read because they are Japanese, just as we used to read Hawthorne only because he was American.

That serious Japanese writing reaches only this relatively small section of the population is to be deplored just as it is to be deplored in America, England, or France. Yet I must add that, perhaps because so many newspapers and magazines are read, the average Japanese seems to me much better informed about any number of things than, say, the average American. Literally everyone in the country, whether he has read a line of them or not, knows who Mishima is, has heard the name of Kawabata. The majority of Americans do not know who Truman Capote is and have never heard of Faulkner. I do not mean to suggest that this knowledgeability is anything but superficial but it does exist and, along with it, a healthy respect for literature as such.

Moran, will be circles or ellipses, since both characters eventually return to the points from which they started. The curves do not intersect: if Molloy and Moran meet at all, they do so only once, and the two curves will be tangential to each other. *Malone Dies* could probably be represented as a parabolic curve from nothingness back to nothingness.

WHETHER by a fortunate accident or through deliberate design on Beckett's part, the Paris editions of *Watt* and *The Unnamable* were first published in the same year. That is to say, the first edition in English of *Watt* (written in English and completed in 1945) appeared in Paris in 1953, the same year as the first edition in French of *The Unnamable* (originally written in French and now translated by Beckett himself). Now the first New York editions of both are appearing within a few months of each other, as if to remind us once more of the similarities hidden beneath their marked differences of surface and texture.

Exasperating and fragmented, *Watt* consists mainly of third-person narrative; touching and unified, *The Unnamable* consists entirely of first-person stream of consciousness. Both novels, however, explore existence on the frontier between Being and Not-Being.

*Watt* — a typical Beckett character, almost a cipher but not quite — makes his way to the house of a Mr. Knott and becomes a servant there; later, he leaves; still later, he gives a scrambled account of his sojourn to Sam, who meets him in an institution. Although Mr. Knott presents the most varied appearances and has the oddest habits, at the core of him — as his punning name implies — there is only Not-Being, *le néant*:

In empty bush, in airless gloom,  
Mr. Knott abode, in the large room  
set aside for his exclusive enjoyment,  
and that of his attendant. And from  
it this ambience followed him forth,  
and when he moved, in the house,  
in the garden, with him moved, dim-  
ming all, dulling all, stilling all, numb-  
ing all, where he passed.

*Watt*'s career might be represented graphically as the curve of a function which diminishes until it approaches zero and then gradually increases again. *Watt*'s very name (What?) suggests that he is the variable (or unknown quantity)  $x$  of which his career is the function. Neither  $x$  nor  $f(x)$  is ever equal to zero, just as *Watt* never quite identifies himself with Knott.

## The Mathematical Limit

*THE UNNAMABLE*. By Samuel Beckett. Grove Press. 179 pp. \$3.50. Evergreen Original. \$1.45.

*Vivian Mercier*

ONE OF my pedagogical dreams is to entice a really good mathematician into a course where I teach Beckett. In return for a guaranteed A, said mathematician would be required to express each of Beckett's novels and plays as an equation and then draw the corresponding curve. In some cases it would undoubtedly be easier to represent the book graphically first and thence work back to the equation or function which would represent it algebraically.

This is not such a crackpot idea as it probably sounds: in the first place, Beckett's novels — especially *Murphy* and *Watt* — contain numerous references to mathematical concepts; in the second place, his poem *Whoroscope* and the notes thereto suggest that he at one time intended to write a doctoral thesis on Descartes, whose mathematical achievements are alluded to in both poem and notes.

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I have called *Watt* "exasperating"; the principal exasperation for the reader of this book arises from Beckett's apparent obsession with what mathematicians call "permutations and combinations." In Beckett's first novel, *Murphy* is once overwhelmed by the thought that it is possible to eat five dissimilar biscuits in any one of 120 different orders (i.e.,  $5 \times 4 \times 3 \times 2 \times 1$  arrangements). In *Watt*, wherever the possibility of permutations or combinations occurs, Beckett writes out the alternatives in full. For example, a passage describing Mr. Knott's footwear begins like this:

As for his feet, sometimes he wore on each a sock, or on the one a sock and on the other a stocking, or a boot, or a shoe, or a slipper, or a sock and boot, or a sock and shoe, or a sock and slipper, or a stocking and boot, or a shoe, or a slipper, or a sock and slipper, or nothing at all. And sometimes he wore on each a stocking, or . . .

This expansion in words of a single mathematical expression goes on for a page and a half. Other examples run to two pages or even more.

WHAT can be the purpose of such pedantry? I think Beckett's intention is to underline the fact that although existence presents us with a far greater variety of choices than we commonly realize, these choices are ultimately finite and calculable. Beckett is perhaps only less fascinated by limits than he is by permutations and combinations. A character in *Murphy* is the author of a book called *The Doctrine of the Limit*. I would remind the reader that the word "limit" is a technical term in mathematics: for instance, the sum of the series  $1 + 1/2 + 1/4 + 1/8 + 1/16 + \dots$  to  $n$  terms can never be greater than 2; 2 is called the "limit" of the sum when  $n$  is infinite. In both *Watt* and *The Unnamable* Beckett appears to be searching for the limit of the novel — and perhaps even for that of existence itself.

Any attempt to represent *The Unnamable* graphically must, I think, begin with the assumption that the book's entire curve falls within the third quadrant, where the  $x$  and  $y$  coordinates are both negative throughout. Up to this point I have assumed that the mathematical equivalent of Not-Being is simply zero, but I don't think this view is either philosophically or mathematically sound. At any rate, it would hardly make sense to represent a book of 179 pages graphically by a single point;

a third-quadrant curve of some length seems far more appropriate. While denying his existence — or rather, proclaiming his "inexistence" — the Unnamable proves very loquacious; the words of an nonexistent being can surely be better represented as a negative quantity than as zero.

TRUE, the Unnamable refuses to admit that these words and the thoughts they form are his own. He claims instead that these are spoken for him by a mysterious "they" to convince him that he exists. (Note how Beckett circumvents his master Descartes' "I think; therefore I am.") However, he is willing to be convinced, if only because he wants to die and be at peace: until he has existed, he cannot very well die. And to exist, one must first possess a self. But who is that self? Was I Mahood? he wonders; am I Worm? He cannot give a satisfactory answer. Nor can he say with confidence that he was not Mahood, that he is not-Worm. He tries to define self by establishing the limits of the not-self, but this turns out to be equally impossible:

How is it the people do not notice me? I seem to exist for none but Madeleine. . . . The flies vouch for me, if you like, but how far? Would they not settle with equal appetite on a lump of cowshit? No, as long as this point is not cleared up to my satisfaction, or as long as I am not distinguished by some sense organs other than Madeleine's, it will be impossible for me to believe . . . the things that are told about me.

Clearly, such a book can end only if the Unnamable consents to exist, just as many a more usual novel ends when the protagonist consents to die. In fact, Beckett does not end *The Unnamable*, which closes with the words "I can't go on, I'll go on." The Unnamable's interior monologue may go on to infinity, for all we know. If it were to, we might describe this novel as a curve having one of its axes as an asymptote. In other words, as  $y$  (the length of the novel) approached infinity,  $x$  (the content of the novel) would approach nearer and nearer to zero. Content zero, length infinity — these are the mathematical limits of the novel. While indicating them to us in *The Unnamable*, Beckett has had the discretion not to approach them closely. It is an extraordinary achievement.

*Exercise.* Having read the above, try to represent graphically the action of *Waiting for Godot* — the play in which nothing happens, twice.

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# THEATRE

## Harold Clurman

IT IS perhaps unfortunate in the present circumstance that I saw the Japanese *Rashomon* when it was shown in 1951. It was a beautiful film which combined a pessimistic skepticism with the most exquisitely tender visual artistry. There was a broken-hearted humbleness in the realism with which the beggarly narrator and his two companions—a disaffected Buddhist priest and a doglike wig-maker—were depicted, a realism coupled by the most acutely sensitive stylization of image in the body of the narration.

The story, you may remember, dealt with a rape and a murder which were recounted in four different and contradictory ways—three of them, fabrications, contained a near-tragic note of epic bestiality or pathos; the fourth,

in a tone of savagely hilarious irony, established the facts of the case. The final moments suggested that humanity is a sorry species. The bitterness of this conclusion was alleviated by the subtlety of the treatment, an aesthetic relationship to the material that etherealized its brutality with a strange beauty—both painful and sweet—inspiring something between disgust and a graceful though drooping defeatedness. I am also inclined to believe that the makers of the picture were aiming at a satire on the discrepancy between the prettifying tendencies of Japanese idealism and brute reality. One could react to the picture with either some resistance to the bonelessness and cruelty of its philosophic temper or with deep admiration for the extreme refinement of its craftsmanship.

Fay and Michael Kanin have made a play of the film (Music Box) and it has been given an elaborate and intricate production by Peter Glenville who has cast it with a number of good actors.

Why has this stage dramatization been undertaken? The film was not "exotic"—it was organic to a way of life, thought and feeling. The production is exotic—but not Japanese; it is American in dialogue, complicated and lush (or plush) in setting, Austrian, Russian, Hebrew, English, mid-Western and nondescript in accent. Except for a sword fight, undertaken by actors who

are absurdly amateurish by comparison with Japanese actors, all of whom are thoroughly trained in this almost ritual exercise, the production does not attempt any approximation of the Japanese manner.

What prompted this production was the lure of theatricality, in which no doubt many spectators will be caught. But theatricality—in the positive sense of the word—must have a base in authentic feeling and sensibility. It is something which grows from the nature of a group of artists; it is not something to be applied to material. The specific theatricality of *Rashomon* as a stage piece does not arise from a temperament or a point of view; it is "show"—and ultimately *industry*. We get two visibly revolving stages, an elevator stage, a rain effect on the upper left hand of the stage, a profusion of luxurious foliage, towering bamboo stalks backed by projections of the same on the cyclorama, sound effects indicating animal and bird life, pseudo-oriental music which turns into schmaltzy Western music when the play is supposed to soften to tears, and a great deal of old-fashioned acting.

What beside the possible fascination of its relative intricacy—relative that is to the ordinary Broadway play—does all this mean, what does it convey? Art? But art—even in the most abused of arts, the theatre—must always possess a content, it must signify a sense of life that extends beyond itself into the world and into our souls. This—and I am almost ashamed to point out the obvious—is as true of a canvas by Mondrian as of a statue by Phidias, of a production of a *Noh* play as of a musical like *Show Boat*.

Still, there is the plot and design of the original *Rashomon*: yes, but a story too is only an instrument to communicate an essence which is embodied in it. Very little, if anything, of this remains, it seems to me, in the *Rashomon* play. The heavy production is merely debris and its only end is an effect, which to this observer appears basically childish and coarse.

*CAVALIERIA RUSTICA* and *I Pagliacci* are sometimes brusquely referred to as the ham and eggs of opera: they are staples of the repertory. The American theatre also has such staples: for example, the plays of Lindsay and Crouse. Though they offer only slight nourishment I really have no objection to them and, in some instances, I have rather enjoyed them. They have no positively harmful ingredients, they are wrought from good or, at any rate, safe



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moral principles, they are energetic and ingenious, though fundamentally simple in construction, they are affable and now and then they are benevolently humorous.

*Tall Story* (Belasco), a farce about a basketball player and two honest professors involved in a misunderstanding with the athletic interests of their college, is not the best of the Lindsay-Crouse pieces, but it will probably find an audience on Broadway and a far greater one in the movies.

During the first act I failed to laugh because of the too strenuously controlled comedy "readings" with which the actors were saddled, but as the play progressed I began to wonder whether this forced manner of direction (by Herman Shumlin) was not after all the right one, since the play is more cartoon than comedy. I am still not sure because one actor, Marc Connelly, who though slightly self-conscious and not altogether an actor, manages to give the most engaging performance in the show merely by being intelligently himself.

## ART

### Maurice Grosser

THE GREAT Winslow Homer retrospective, organized by the National Museum of Washington, has arrived in New York and will hang at the Metropolitan until March 8. There are seventy-nine oils, more than a hundred watercolors and numerous drawings and prints—the most comprehensive show of Homer ever given. The work ranges from a *Harper's Weekly* illustration of 1859 when the artist was twenty-three, to a canvas, *Shooting the Rapids, Saguenay River*, left unfinished at his death in 1910.

There are two distinct periods in the work—the scenes from American farm, summer and soldier life, principally in oil, done before 1881, when Homer left to spend two years in England; and the later pictures whose subjects are the landscape of the West Indies and the woods and seacoasts of Maine. In these later pictures the watercolors form the finest and most original part.

The work before 1881 is not very different, even in scale, from the other American genre painters, though it seldom arrives at being as finished or unified as that of Mont or Bingham. The color is invariably more interesting—incisive, rich and for the most part surprisingly dark. The subjects are com-

monplace and rural—children in a cat-boat or taking cows to pasture, girls walking on a beach or playing croquet—so commonplace that even Henry James, reporting an exhibition, complained of a "pie-nurtured maiden" and "blankness of fancy" and called the work honest and manly but "damnably ugly." These now-vanished commonplaces are partly what give the work today its extraordinary charm.

In these early pictures the faces are frequently over-detailed—the result, one supposes, of Homer's training as an illustrator, and a few of the works (*Morning Glories* of 1873 for example—a young woman in a window framed with climbing plants) are as inept and sentimental as a commercial lithograph. Most, however, are very much alive and the best are extraordinarily fine: *On the Beach*, for one, with its majestic rollers sweeping in, and in one corner tiny figures of ladies wading, obviously summer visitors, with comically fat legs; or *East Hampton, Long Island* of 1874, with its girls under beach parasols in the Atlantic summer light. This last, in crispness of placement, tone and painting, is more vivid than any Boudin. The final oil of this period is one of his most remarkable—*The Campfire* of 1880—the woods at night with two hunters around a fire, in which the column of ascending sparks is a *tour de force* of painting as incredible as some of Reubens'.

From this point on the oils become heavier, more portentous, as anecdotal as the contemporary illustrations to popular novels, and in every way less engaging. There are of course exceptions. *The Hound and Hunter* of 1892, for example—a young Indian guide (probably a real person; he appears in several other pictures) being towed in his canoe by a swimming stag and warning off his dog—is in every way an admirable picture. But the monumental girls of these pictures and even the thundering Maine Coast waves seem today dated and tiresome. The watercolors, on the contrary, are freer, more spontaneous and economical than before, and constantly surprise with their variety, subtlety and skill.

WATERCOLOR, used as one finds it here to make a finished picture, seems to have been a late nineteenth-century—and probably English—invention. Earlier watercolors—by Turner, Delacroix, and even as late as those of Cézanne—were generally either notations of ideas or sketches for pictures. The watercolor as an end in itself, as well as the brilliant technique we ourselves associate with

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the medium, came I think from the introduction of a new sort of watercolor paper, known as "cold pressed." This, a heavy, heavily-sized, rough, rag paper, will not accept the detailed drawing necessary in a painter's working sketches. But its tough surface is not so easily spoiled as the lighter paper formerly in use. And the English painters found that its heavy substance, once wet, would, in their damp climate, stay wet for hours. In this state it permitted all sorts of hazy, misty softnesses and pictorial atmospheric effects. (Look, for example,

at Homer's *Houses of Parliament* in the present show, done on this rough paper and in the English climate.) The effects were so satisfactory and characteristic that watercolor began to be commonly practiced as an end in itself.

In a drier climate, however, the technique is impractical. The paper dries too soon. And another technique was devised, perhaps by Homer himself, which afterwards became the standard practice—of painting on the paper, but without wetting it, in broad, crisp stroke, put down as directly as possible and allowed to dry untouched, the painter using no other white than the white of the paper itself. This is the exact opposite to painting in oil, where white is the most important of the pigments, where work done à *premier coup* is likely to seem dead, and where paint quality must be achieved by many layers one on top of the other. The two techniques are in fact so different that when a painter becomes expert in one, he seldom maintains his skill or interest in the other. This is probably what happened to Homer's later oils.

The work in the show is somewhat uneven as is inevitable in an artist with two such contrary sides—the provincial and professional illustrator and the first-rate Impressionist painter. But all the finest pieces are here, and even the lesser ones have something of that dramatic sense of color, that accurate feeling for people, places, times, light and weather, which make Homer one of the very great painters of our country.

WALTER STUEMPFIG is now showing thirty of his recent canvases (Dur-lacher until February 21). Stuempfig is one of the least-mannered of the contemporary American representational painters. His color, built on a foundation of brown, is fresh and lively, his paint texture light, his hand easy, the painting itself at once spontaneous and sure, if sometimes a little crowded and over-energetic. His subject is for the most part, like that of the Impressionists, the painter's own surroundings—still-life objects to be found in the studio, the winter woods around the house, the painter's son got up in a torero's jacket, a summer beach with bathers. The more ambitious of the pictures come nearer to what one thinks of as the "genre" style: *The Connoisseur* (a studio interior with pictures, an old man and a boy examining a painting in a gold frame) and *The Young Painter* with his background of art prints and his portfolio under his arm seem particularly successful. Stuempfig is obviously an admirer of Eakins and it is perhaps

from him that he derives his commendable interest in so unorthodox a form.

ANOTHER vigorous show is the group of twenty-three recent works by the Romanian-born American sculptor Reder, shown at the World House through the same time. Reder's invention is fanciful and elaborate. His subjects are principally women, cows and birds—girls in bushes, a cat sprouting flowers, a circle of heavy-bottomed Amazons cavorting with tubas, a woman erect, beneath a cow standing on tight ropes. The two largest pieces are both extremely powerful: the one, *Noah's Wife Carrying Two Owls*—a sturdy nude planted on wide apart legs, over her head a couple of evil looking bird; and the other, a life size *Lady with House of Cards*, broad-hipped and slender-waisted, in a quasi-medieval dress, holding a quadruple prism of large playing cards from which the diamonds, kings and jacks project like mortar-board handles. In all the work the construction and surfaces are loose, almost casual. The women, in type, are fecund and masterful rather than seductive, more like German wives described by Tacitus than figures from a contemporary culture. The intent of the work seems at the same time threatening and humorous—like Doré's Don Quixote engravings or the Walpurgis Night of Faust seen by German Romantic illustrators.

FORTY-SIX WORKS from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pearlman are on view at Knoedler during the same time, for the benefit of the Greenwich House Music School. There are twenty-three Cézannes, including some of his finest watercolors; some of Soutine's best portraits; a small and beautiful Manet of a young woman in a black riding hat; Cocteau as a prissy young man, along with another fine portrait and an admirable "African" head in limestone, all by Modigliani; sculptures by Gauguin, Lehmbruck and Lipchitz; and a panel more than twelve feet long by Toulouse-Lautrec—*Le Bois Sacré*—a very wicked parody of Puvis de Chavannes. It is so like a Puvis and in such characteristic color that one is at first deceived, until one discovers that the Angels, Nudes and Muses are all take-offs of the Puvis style (two angels flying in with an enormous tube of paint for Painting seated in pious meditation before her easel) and that the Poets and Artists lined up for apotheosis are all outrageous caricatures, the funniest being of Lautrec himself.

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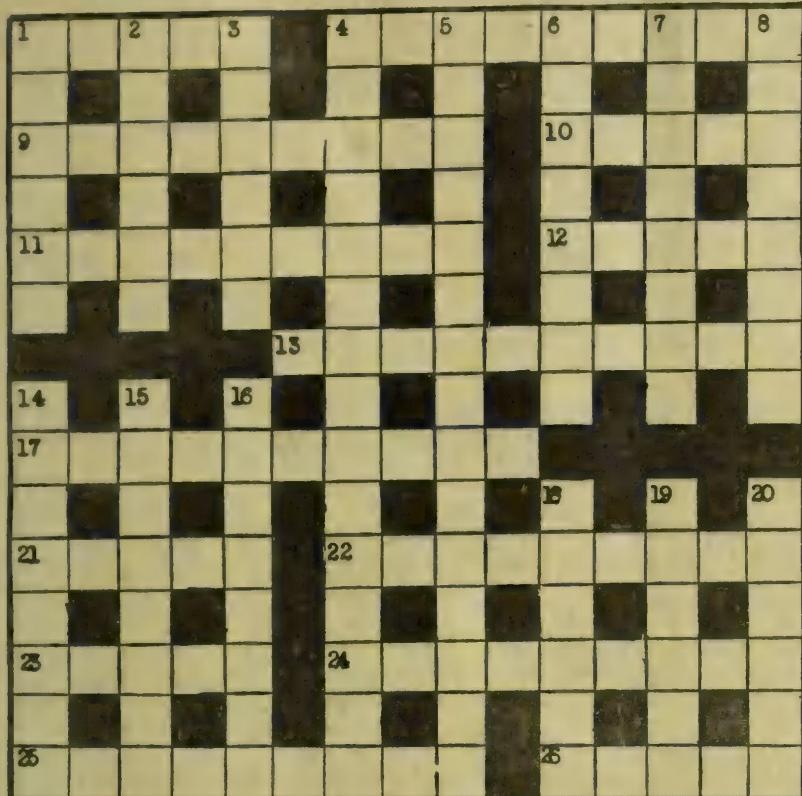
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# Crossword Puzzle No. 807

By FRANK W. LEWIS



## ACROSS:

- 1 See 4 down
- 4 A Trainee for Knighthood follows what he might be hoping for, pre-  
ng the first chapter (5,4)
- 5 of admiral rank doesn't quite  
the Nautilus, according to  
classes. (9)
- 6 ar volume with something  
an accounting. (5,2,4)
- 7 might do to wrecks in a  
no regular passengers.
- 8 not off of Burns's river.
- 9 t come between an intro-  
d an explanation. (10)
- 10 y, peculiar feet, rather!
- 11 broken by an unexpect-  
5) act of a flagship of the  
fleet? (9)
- 12 ded boy, perhaps, belong-  
m. (5)
- 13 of airs put on outside the  
probably. (9)
- 14 st leaf, but not 4 across. (9)
- 15 urrent, but evidently taken  
5)

## DOWN:

- 1 sage is found in the West. (6)
- 2 10 across
- 3 an internal craving. (What are  
/ laughing about?) (6)

- 4 and 1 across Novel funeral for the  
Irish enchantress who is left?  
(3,4,2,3,3,5)
- 5 Strain to learn it, perhaps, if you  
want to get letters from a different  
country. (15)
- 6 Devices might be put on if you  
do. (8)
- 7 Flying "A" through turning into  
it. (8)
- 8 The snappish quality of border  
folk? (8)
- 14 He surrounds 50 in Greek, and is  
certainly not asthenic. (8)
- 15 What the Russians think we are is  
good enough! It's about time! (8)
- 16 Appealing to the intellect. (8)
- 17 Engaged as ships. (6)
- 18 More than inasmuch! (6)
- 19 Teeth, windows, and fireplaces  
might be. (6)

## SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 806

- ACROSS: 1 Officers; 6 Mess; 10 Rated; 11 Two; 12 Trail; 13 Bullet; 16 Flying; 17 Signers; 18 High; 20 Okra; 22 Spooned; 23 Line; 24 Stud; 25 Tearing; 27 Silver; 29 Growth; 34 Donna; 35 Oil; 36 Motor; 37 Free; 38 Treasure. DOWN: 2 Fatal; 3 In-  
dies; 4 Eats; 5 Scot; 6 Metals; 7 Spahi; 8 Grub; 9 Sluggard; 14 Tippler; 15 Inboard; 16 Freeing; 18 Hill-  
side; 19 and 32 Gunport; 21 Kit; 25 Tenace; 26 Grimes; 28 Lunar; 30 Water; 31 Hard; 33 Flue.

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# LETTERS

## The Stanford Way

Dear Sirs: I have noted your editorial, "Group Think: About What?" [January 24 issue], which implies that at the research organizations mentioned, "There is . . . one absolute prohibition, and that is thinking which would tend toward . . . the enhancement of life." If this assertion was intended to apply to Stanford Research Institute, I feel that some correction of the record is in order.

Specifically, your editorial indicates that no attention is presently being devoted to such problems as cancer research and "how to take up the slack in employment if peace should break out." In fact, Stanford Research Institute is presently conducting an active program in cancer research which involves the synthesis, screening and testing of thousands of potential chemical anti-cancer agents. . . . Adjustment to the effects of armaments reduction has long been a matter of concern to the Institute. Although the Institute has not been able, to date, to find sponsorship for a formal study on this vital problem, it continues to be a subject of active discussion here.

Stanford Research Institute has consistently taken the position that research is a tool which has tremendous potential application in solving some of the human problems confronting this nation and the world. Defense research is helping the United States buy time. However, unless the time bought can be used to good advantage, our nation's defense efforts will have been wasted. In this context, the Institute has sought, and will continue to seek, projects which will make significant contributions to the broader benefit of mankind. . . .

E. FINLEY CARTER

Director, Stanford Research Institute  
Menlo Park, Calif.

## A Look in the Mirror

Dear Sirs: Thanks for the honest bit of light! Carleton Beals's summary of the present Cuban "war crimes" trials [*The Nation*, January 24] is a timely, necessary reply to much dishonest moralizing by our government and press.

No humanist can contest against any honest program or effort to rid our civilizations of the barbaric ritual of offering human sacrifices in propitiation of social abstractions. But a view which condemns the other fellow for his "revolutionary excesses," but countenances the

"ultimate penalty" in our system of law, cannot be respected as honest sentiment.

Secondly, our bedfellow, see-no-evil complicity in the crimes of the Batista regime lends an unsavory flavor to the pleas of our government and press. . . .

LYNDON H. LAROUCHE, JR.

New York City

## Mr. Eaton's Proposals

Dear Sirs: Heartiest congratulations on your magnificent and thorough Eaton spread—[January 31 issue]. It is in timely and refreshing contrast to the oceans of superficial, half-baked, inconclusive tripe that now flood the air waves and the pages of our periodical press.

ELLIS O. JONES

Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs: Your article on Cyrus Eaton and his "platform" have done a great service to our country and the world. The "platform" is the most comprehensive and intelligent of anything I have read. . . . It is as if a light had broken through the darkness.

FREDERIC H. ATWOOD

Fort Myers, Florida

## World's Malaise

Dear Sirs: I cannot resist congratulating Rita Hinden on her essay "Golden Age of Misery," in your December 13 issue. I have not read anywhere such a compact and penetrating analysis of the malaise that currently characterizes the Western world and is soon to contaminate the remainder.

THOMAS F. DEAHL

University of Minnesota

Minneapolis, Minnesota

## Witty—or Wicked?

Dear Sirs: Congratulations on Eve Merriam's bold, intelligent and witty "Are Housewives Necessary?" in your January 31 issue. It comes as a breath of fresh air after all the stale clichés being pumped into present day culture, not only from the side of the TV screen, but also, and as Miss Merriam indicates, from sociologists themselves. . . .

JANE MAYHALL

Brooklyn, N.Y.

Dear Sirs: As a psychiatrist in private practice, I wish to take much exception to Eve Merriam's facetious article. Women's place is in the home. Not because there is not much room for them in other places, but because their func-

tion in our society has been either grossly exaggerated or grossly misrepresented.

As a married man and a husband, with a busy housewife and two children, I have been listening to the comments of my dear wife, who has read this article.

I. LEO FISHBEIN

Miami Beach, Fla.

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# IF WE WANT PEACE —

It is strange that, in a time when the sentiment for peace is universal, there is no real peace and no real movement for peace. But though it is strange, it is not inexplicable. The sentiment for peace is pious and toothless; a movement for peace, on the contrary, would threaten basic assumptions in an astonishing variety of our institutions. And these institutions are not without weapons. Let a man move from *approval* of peace to *action* for peace and he will find himself at odds with built-in responses, obsolete slogans, ossified political attitudes, vested economic interests, bipartisan political accords—a whole panoply of arms to defend the age from the disruptions of peace. He will find himself tagged "crackpot," "naïve," "soft on communism"; and unless he is a very bold citizen he will quickly retreat

to the safe position of cheering for peace in the abstract.

Small wonder, then, that budgets for arms continue to grow in perfect accord with the growing sentiment for peace. The arms race will not stop, and new policies will not be initiated, until that sentiment finds effective political expression. It is the purpose of this special issue to focus attention on some of the formidable barriers to this translation. The issue is *not* concerned with the specific direction such a policy might take; many excellent proposals have been advanced and each week brings more. Nor is it concerned with the arms sector of the economy *per se*; this we intend to explore in a later issue. The essays here published are all directed, from different viewpoints, toward clearing the ground for a politics of peace.—THE EDITORS

## NEEDED:

# Production for Peace . . . by William Appleman Williams

THERE COMES a time when a society has to define and discuss fundamental issues with candor and vigor or else the momentum of its outworn ideas and current mistakes carries it on to disaster. On this crucial front, America seems to be lagging about three years behind the Soviet Union. Apparently realizing these facts, and aware of their implications, a few of our leaders such as Senator Fulbright, Walter Lippmann and Adlai Stevenson are belatedly challenging the common assumption that the Russians are to blame for all our troubles. They are saying instead that our difficulties have been brewing for a long time, and that we bear our own responsibilities for them.

These critics are correct on both counts. Ever since the 1890s, Americans have been building (and absent-mindedly adding to) a corporate industrial society. Since this corporate

society is what most of our leaders set out to construct, and what the rest of us have accepted, it seems rather foolish not to discuss it openly. For while such euphemisms as The Establishment, The Stalemate State and the Welfare-Warfare State are witty and insightful, they are really not effective substitutes for analysis and reflection.

The greatest bugaboo inhibiting such essential study is an intellectual hangover from the decade of the 1930s; in short, the syllogism which holds that a corporate society is the same thing as fascism or nazism. Only a frontal attack can resolve this confusion. For while a corporate society can become Fascist or Nazi (hence the gnawing concern among liberals and conservatives—as well as radicals—that it might happen here), *by definition it is neither, nor does it of necessity become either*. Indeed, just the opposite; for a corporate so-

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society has no chance whatever to function satisfactorily unless it honors in practice the principle of political democracy. Having clarified these points, it should be possible to talk about a corporate society without confusion or self-consciousness.

Fundamentally, a corporate society is a combination of certain central features of feudalism with industrial capitalism. It takes from feudalism the following basic ideas and principles of organization and action: First, an emphasis on the organic unity of society, perhaps best expressed by a sixteenth-century English divine, "God alters no law of Nature"; second, a purposeful organization and integration of that unity in such forms as the guild and the manor; third, an overt and implied system of rights and duties topped off by the concept of *noblesse oblige*; fourth, a universal idea and ideal which leads to a generalized code of conformity, and which justifies (if it does not engender) crusades against the non-believer. Culminating in the absolute monarchy of Elizabeth, feudalism in the Western world produced the image and much of the practice of an integrated national state based on responsibilities and freedoms held and observed by all sections of society.

IN THE beginning, of course, and for sometime afterwards, industrial capitalism aimed consciously to overthrow feudalism. But the new system also functioned to destroy the anarchy it so righteously proclaimed. For one thing, the division of labor so essential to rational and profitable production created a vast complex of interrelated rights and responsibilities which bound men together again. For another, competition worked in practice to destroy competition and thus to create an order characterized by large, highly-organized units.

By the end of the nineteenth century, this new system dominated by the large corporations was in trouble. Contrary to its theory, it was not functioning automatically. Recurrent crises plagued the supposed harmony of interests. In response, leaders of large corporations asserted their natural mandate (an industrial

*noblesse oblige*, as it were) to stabilize the system. Other basic units of the political economy soon organized themselves as conscious counterweights to the corporation. Most workers accepted the system, and so followed Samuel Gompers instead of Eugene Debs. Farmers were a bit slower, but the end result was the same, as exemplified in the later Grange movement and the National Farm Bureau Federation.

Only the small businessman and the consumer failed to organize with equal effectiveness. As a substitute, they turned more and more to still another group asserting its leadership. This was an elite of Easterners and Southerners who saw themselves as native American aristocrats in the tradition of the trustee and the squire. They were quite conscious of a historic link with feudalism, and their program was quite in keeping with the concept and traditions of *noblesse oblige*.

Allying themselves first with one, then with another, combination of the basic groups in American society, these indigenous aristocrats and their intellectual fellow-travelers provided spirited guidance for America's developing corporate society. Under their leadership, the national government came to play two vital roles: (1) just as in the days of Elizabethan England, it rendered economic assistance at home and abroad, and translated the principles of *noblesse oblige* into welfare legislation; and (2) it became a rather sophisticated forum where the various elements of the corporate society formalized their compromises.

The parallel with feudalism cannot be ignored. Beginning with the Interstate Commerce Act of 1887 and the Sherman Anti-Trust Act of 1890, and then rapidly picking up form and momentum under Theodore Roosevelt, this trend toward legal charters spelling out rights and duties had embraced, by 1958, every major sector of America's industrial capitalism. In addition to the anti-trust legislation, the corporation community was defined by such items as the Federal Reserve Act and the Securities Exchange Commission. Labor moved from the Clayton Act through Section 7 (a) of the NIRA

and the Wagner Act to its general charter in the Taft-Hartley Law. Having checked the railroads, the farmers progressed through Wilson's Federal Farm Loan Act to the Soil Bank and the principle and profitable practice of parity under the New and Fair Deals. For their part, the small businessmen and other relatively diffused groups have effectively appealed to the Congress and the Executive for negative protection and positive assistance. Meanwhile, unemployment compensation and social-security legislation have steadily expanded.

IT SEEMS CLEAR that America's corporate society is well-defined both in theory and practice. Three factors have made the system work as well as it has: (1) the theoretical and administrative ability of the aristocratic leadership; (2) the *a priori* existence and tradition of political democracy, which gave the less powerful groups a non-violent means of keeping the system from getting completely out of balance; and (3) the availability of fantastic domestic and overseas wealth, which prevented the economic stagnation and social dislocation of industrial capitalism. It seems very probable that the wealth has been the key factor. Professor Galbraith makes this point very simply, saying it has been the increase in the wealth, "not the redistribution of income, which has brought the great material increase, the well-being of the average man." And Sir Francis Bacon noted, in the Age of Elizabeth, that this is the classic way to prevent "Seditions and Troubles."

Galbraith goes on to drop an intellectual bomb with his remark that this wealth has only been "regularly achieved during war or under the threat of war." Not only does the statistical record bear him out, but so, too, does the testimony of the leaders. Harry Hopkins expressed the general feeling as of late 1939 and early 1940: "With twelve million unemployed, we are socially bankrupt and politically unstable." Ten years later, Dean Acheson reaffirmed the basic outlook: "The problem which confronts us can be stated very simply: To maintain the volume of

American exports which the free world needs and which it is our national interest to supply as a necessary part of building a successfully functioning political and economic system, the free world must obtain the dollars to pay for these exports."

IT IS important at this point not to veer off into a discussion of the relationship between this outlook and the way America entered the wars of the twentieth century. That question is most certainly relevant, but here the problem is to examine how the Cold War has in fact served to sustain, rationalize and tighten this corporate system which already existed. The evidence appears definitive: everyone seems to agree that the Cold War has insured the expansion and the success of America's mid-century industrial capitalism.

Professor Seymour Melman of Columbia University provides a classic summary of the situation. He concludes that 15 per cent of the labor force was "engaged in work on military orders" in 1956 (and that the percentage was even higher in the skilled trades). That year's defense budget, he adds, financed about 30 per cent of the nation's scientific research and development, and about 37 per cent of industry's activities in those areas. Melman's broader conclusions are equally striking: (1) since the late 1930s, "Large-scale orders for military material have become a regular part of the strategies of both management and unions in handling their particular problems"; and (2) "Both management and labor have become accustomed to treating military orders as a device for maintaining production, profits, and employment."

Early in 1947, before he enunciated his famous doctrine, President Truman made it clear that policy-makers were thinking along similar lines. "There is no intention to sacrifice one group to benefit another group," he explained. "Negotiations will be directed toward obtaining larger markets, both foreign and domestic, for the benefit of all." Two and a half years later, after the approach had been developed extensively, Harvard economist Sumner Slichter offered his judgment: "The Cold

War with Russia is a good thing. It increases the demand for goods, helps sustain a high level of employment, accelerates technological progress, and thus helps the country raise its standard of living." And after hearing first-hand testimony in the early 1950s, one Congressman offered this conclusion: "So the net result is that the government, with its contracts, has enabled your private enterprise to sky-rocket."

Labor's attitude was favorable. William Green argued that America "must have a showdown with Russia before world peace can be firmly established." Walter Reuther's approach was more sophisticated, but his support for the Cold War was never in doubt. Among the rank-and-file, the attitude of one steel worker in Gary was by no means atypical: "Things are always a little dull when there's no war going on." While quite sincere in its assertion that it had "no vested interest in international discord," the International Association of Machinists nevertheless supported the Cold War, its leaders defining labor's role in this stirring cry: "Everyman to his particular battle station." As for co-existence, the union described it as an insidious version of appeasement, and offered this judgment: "The whole idea that maybe we can live at peace with the Communists makes us uneasy."

Small businessmen were equally peace-loving and equally committed to the Cold War. Starting from the fact that 16 per cent of America's small businesses failed in the first two years after Pearl Harbor, the National Association of Independent Business (a group of New Deal-type businessmen) has maintained steady pressure on the Government for a larger share of Cold War contracts.

Carey McWilliams has described and analyzed this campaign in *The Nation*, June 30, 1956: "It has been the expectation of more defense work, rather than any actual benefits received, that accounts for the surprising number of cold warriors in the ranks of the small businessmen." And as might be expected, smaller cities and towns organized as communities to obtain military orders.

From the Midwest comes perhaps



Herblock

"Can't We Do Something More Than Just Stand Firm?"

the most straightforward summary of the entire situation. (If this be isolation, then think twice before damning it!) The lead editorial in the Milwaukee *Journal* of May 11, 1958, asked the key question: "Can We Afford Real Peace?" "The desperate fact," concluded the editors, "is that the economy is not at all a 'normal' peacetime economy. It is a war economy in almost every sense except the lack of fighting. And it has come to depend, to a frightening degree, on the colossal stream of military spending that is poured into it. And it is from even this kind of unsound, unconstructive basis that the economy has disturbingly 'receded'."

DESPITE this sort of biting commentary, many Americans remain confident that our problems are solved, and exhibit a marked reluctance toward a *détente* with Russia. Both reactions are superficial and dangerous. There are at least five major reasons why the situation is sure to change, and hence why Americans should begin immediately to formulate alternatives:

#### 1. Russia is changing.

This means, very simply, that the Cold War may collapse in our face. It may well become incidental to the Russians because, feeling strong enough to ignore it, they will choose to move on to other major problems and begin to develop the many creative opportunities they have neglected for the past forty years. Any effort by America to sustain the Cold

War under those not inconceivable circumstances would quickly and literally isolate the United States. And that very probably means war.

Even if developments in Russia do not proceed that far, it is clear that Soviet society is a far more complex and dynamic structure than we have believed these past fifteen years. Our old model is simply irrelevant. As José Ortega y Gasset once remarked, a nation "goes on living by having a program for the future"—and the Russians and the Chinese have one. We had better develop our own instead of leaning on theirs.

### *2. The Cold War evinces a dangerous logic and momentum which point toward nuclear war.*

This is true in two respects. First, human beings have limited endurance and almost unlimited capacity for honest mistakes. Within another five years, either side could become exasperated; and it seems unnecessary to catalogue the opportunities for accidental war. Second, America's corporate system is not producing the rapid, balanced development of poorer societies. The continuance of that failure will certainly accentuate all the dangers inherent in the existing tension between Russia and America; and it just might verify Marx's prophecy on a world scale (in which eventuality there is not much question as to which nation would benefit).

### *3. A technological revolution is subverting even the existing artificial balance within America's corporate system.*

Dean Acheson is right: "At present the economic system of the free world is not in good shape." There are so many aspects to this factor that they deserve a separate article (as do many of the other themes in this essay). But the most significant can be outlined rather easily.

First, automation and other new productive advances create more wealth with less labor and hence raise in inescapable form the problem of imbalance between labor and capital and the issue of sustaining the general demand for production itself. Between April and September, 1958, factory production rose 9 per cent while employment of production workers rose only 2 per cent. "Job-

lessness will remain high," warns the AFL-CIO, "even when past peaks of economic activity are again achieved. Such levels can no longer sustain full employment because of the growth of the labor force and of the impact of improved technology."

Second, the agricultural revolution (which has already produced such a crisis in that sector of the economy). We have today enough surplus wheat to meet our domestic and foreign demand for two years. At the same time, people who want to farm are being driven off the land. It is easy to say that we could (and should) give that and more away in two minutes. But though unquestionably moral (and probably practical as a one-shot solution to the immediate dilemma), such an answer provides no rational solution to the long-range domestic problem or the challenge of a hungry world.

Third, the changing nature of warfare—which in a sense is an aspect of automation. There is a great deal of money to be made by a few giant corporations, such as General Dynamics and General Motors, in the production of missiles and associated hardware; but the new strategy cuts into the profit margin of many other large corporations, into the heart of many small outfits, and into the very existence of jobs for thousands of workers. Perhaps history has a great irony in store for us: Unable to get peace on moral grounds, we may get it out of economic causes.

Fourth, any effort to correct for these revolutions by extending and tightening-up the American system overseas will serve only to reinforce other imbalances that exist. It very probably would not work economically, and it most certainly will not work socially and politically. About 15 per cent of current corporate profits are derived from overseas operations, and there is a great deal of talk about enlarging this in keeping with the practice of the old British Empire. Among the many fallacies of that approach, perhaps the most telling one is the most obvious—this is no longer the nineteenth century. The natives are not only literate and organized, but they also have jet-liner connections to Moscow and Peking.

### *4. The morale of the country's corporate society is manifesting serious weaknesses.*

So much has been written about the apathy, the unfocused discontent, the outright rebellion of many youths, and the rise of labor-capital bitterness, that extended documentation would be redundant. "The Myth of the Happy Worker," as Harvey Swados called it in *The Nation*, August 17, 1957, has one foot in the same graveyard that holds the Myth of the Self-Made Man. The truth of the matter is that we are very much closer than we like to admit to being a shook-up society—not just a generation. Unhappily, Marx seems to have been right in his crucial prophecy about the progressive alienation of man under mature industrial capitalism.

DESPITE this sobering impact, each of these difficulties harbors a potential strength. They dramatize the crisis and offer openings for creative and vigorous leadership—and participation. It is worth-while to outline a few of them:

#### *1. The possibilities of a peace movement seem rather good.*

Primarily, as C. Wright Mills has dramatized, it is simply time to assert our refusal as human beings to tolerate a policy which points so obviously toward disaster. Secondly, the issue offers a positive, creative alternative to the malaise from which we suffer. Britain's Norman Mackenzie has said it all in just the right words: "It is worth-while to think clearly, believe honestly, act decisively. It is worth-while, because only so can we give meaning to our lives and purpose to our society."

Finally, in this connection, Communist overtures and our own economic difficulties coincide to suggest an extension of trade with that half of the world which we now ignore. Here the cold warriors are impaled upon a dilemma of their own choosing, and their discomfort should be exploited. For if it is true, as they are so fond of arguing, that world trade is the key to peace, then it follows that we should be trading heavily with Russia, China and Eastern Europe. Under Secretary of State Dillon's recent efforts to explain this contra-

diction are less than convincing. He argues that the Russians do not need any credit; and even if they did, we cannot be expected to lend to people who fail to pay old debts. By his own logic, however, neither England, France, nor West Germany needed any of the money we loaned them; and if we ever started refusing loans to those who have defaulted, we would overnight have such a budgetary surplus that even Calvin Coolidge could rest easy in his grave. And in view of Russia's contribution to our escape from an Axis victory, the act of raising the issue of paying for Lend-Lease is uncharitable even for a banker.

2. *The obvious necessity is to settle down to some hard thinking about what to do with our own problems.*

Embarrassing as it may (and certainly should) be, it is now ninety-six years since Lincoln issued the Emancipation Proclamation. There is a certain irony in this issue, for if

nothing else it proves that a nation can exist half free and half in fetters for a very long time indeed. But the main point is to get on with the emancipation. And in very much the same vein, it is time for our labor leaders to show some concern over what they make as well as how much they get out of it. This, after all, is the key issue, because it has consequences and ramifications that make the problem of administered prices look like a minor distraction. As for education, any society which blithely accepts the idea that its children can be educated as human beings as satisfactorily by television as by live men and women needs to stop everything and pinch itself to see if it has dozed off for good. But the list of domestic issues is interminable! Any bright graduating senior—let alone the graduate students—can talk to you about it for hours.

3. *The truly essential need is to re-examine our conception of saving other peoples and societies.*

One example should be sufficient in this area. For just about 100 years we Americans saw China as a society whose needs and wants would guarantee our prosperity, and whose backwardness would provide our superior virtue with a perpetual Sunday School class. It would seem that the results should make us cautious about repeating that approach. Perhaps it has.

Nevertheless, a very great deal of the talk about helping India nowadays bears a disturbing similarity to our earlier attitude toward China. Might it not be wise, if we are determined to save India and to make it a footnote in proof of the American Way, at least to consider undertaking the venture through the United Nations? Everyone would know the money came from us, but they would also know that we trusted other human beings enough to let them save themselves.

And that just might be a gesture which would help us save ourselves.

## NEEDED:

# The Courage to Debate . . . by Urban Whitaker

ONE WAY of describing how the Cold War has become an institution in our national life is to look at the behavior of an elected federal official. Take, as an instance, Senator Henry Jackson (Dem., Wash.). The President had hardly unveiled the new budget when the Senator tore into it with a wide open bank book and billions of dollars worth of military ideas. At a time when many experts believe that we could and should reduce military expenditures in favor of foreign economic aid, domestic education and other projects, Senator Jackson seems to be a prisoner of the Cold War economy. His plight can be described in about four words: Fort Lewis, Bremerton, Boeing and Hanford (which translate: Army, Navy, Air Force and nuclear weapons).

It is possible that the federal-defense money pouring into these and other major projects in the State of Washington has nothing to do with the Senator's constant pressure for budgetary increases. He may still believe that there is something im-

portant to be gained by increasing the size of the armed forces and speeding up the production of various weapons of mass destruction. Yet the fact remains that if he didn't believe in the kind of budget that would keep his state well supplied with soldiers, sailors and defense contracts, he might very well become an ex-Senator.

Weapons production is, of course, only one aspect of the international political climate and it would be naive to say that our troubles would disappear even if our defense budget were entirely abolished. However, to the degree that money spent elsewhere could contribute to the easing of international tensions, and to the degree that arms production may be antithetical to that goal, some progress could be made by de-institutionalizing the economy of the Cold War.

This is a difficult assignment. One of the most unfortunate facts about the Cold War is that its durability has increased as rapidly as its utility has decreased. While it has be-

come progressively more dangerous, it has also become so central a part of the national economy that a major effort will be required to dislodge it. In addition, its institutionalization has been accompanied by the development of a new propensity for silence among potential leaders of public opinion whose best thinking has led them along unpopular paths.

We cannot begin to reorient our economy or to construct any of the other ramparts of peace until we change certain attitudes now dominant on the American scene. It seems to me that at least four prerequisites must be attained before the people of the United States will be ready to proceed with this task.

1. *The first prerequisite to peace is the reformation of American liberalism.*

Some liberals now counsel us to think like liberals but to stop talking about it because that only draws the heavy fire of entrenched conservatives and reactionaries, and attracts discredit to the liberal cause. On the contrary, what we desper-

ately need is precisely that atmosphere in which both the Right and the Left will expect — *but will not fear* — each other's counterpoint.

No society in which any honest thought is blanketed by silence can expect continued health. Since the seventeenth century we have always been blessed with a wealth of courageous opposition. That we have in very recent years allowed that tradition to lapse has led us to the brink of intellectual impoverishment — a brink of far more consequence than any to which we may have been led by Mr. Dulles.

*2. There should be "a more searching public discussion of the implications of a third world war, so that all people, realizing its shocking moral as well as physical consequences, will be more resourceful in finding means to establish world order."*

These words were originally written for *The Nation* by Grenville Clark on December 16, 1950. They have perhaps become less pressing in view of the measurable progress toward this goal which has accumulated during the decade. Yet in terms of its influence on public policy very little has been done to translate our understanding of the nuclear stalemate into action designed to control it. We have had the "searching public discussion," we have been "shocked" and we have begun to realize such nuclear "implications" as the growing irrelevance of military conflict and the elevated importance of psychological "war." We have not yet become very "resourceful in finding means to establish world order."

These pages have often reflected the view that Hiroshima marked the end of politically effective military conflict and that we are impelled by technological circumstances to pursue international conflict on a new plane. Public sentiment generally has begun to reflect this understanding. The 1958 Congressional elections in Vermont and Colorado even indicate that it might be beginning to influence public action.

Yet we cannot ignore the fact that the public conduct of such influential Senators as Jackson of Washington, Stuart Symington of Missouri and many others continues to reflect an

outdated obsession with the unstemmed growth of armaments. The major energies of the United States continue to be expended on an unnecessarily large "defense" budget which makes us more and more able to fight a war which both sides want less and less. Too many Americans are satisfied to accept this paradox as inevitable and do not turn enough of their attention to its opposite number: we are growing less and less able to afford the more and more necessary ingredients of peace.

*3. We must change our image of ourselves. We must be sufficiently aware of our own fallibility to realize that we could be defeated by international communism. And we must be willing to accept some compromises in the formation of our national objectives.*

No one else any longer believes in the myth of American omnipotence and the more we insist on it the more we handicap our national policy. If we are denying ourselves one source of strength by an outdated trust in armed force, we are courting an even greater weakness by clinging to an image of ourselves which never was accurate.

The penalty for an inaccurate self-image can be complete defeat. Hitler and Napoleon are only two of the more prominent monuments to this sort of misunderstanding, and it will not do to dismiss either example on the ground that they were military aggressors and we are not. Our struggle for survival is neither military nor initiated by us. But it makes little difference who starts the conflict or what kind of contest it is. If either side in any kind of combat overrates its abilities, that fact may be decisive in the outcome. I have not brought up the subject of defeat because I think it is likely, but because I am convinced that the way to make it most unlikely is to realize that it is possible.

What is called for is an accurate judgment of possibilities. One of the few basic axioms of international politics is that a nation's commitments must be kept in balance with its power. In seeking that balance, the Government of the United States must be free to conduct a continuous reassessment of the na-

tion's basic aims. Whenever, in making that judgment, the government finds that it is not possible to increase national power, it must be free to decrease national commitments.

What we must develop is a *willingness to compromise*. This is particularly difficult to do because the line between compromise and appeasement, like the line between self-confidence and overconfidence, is a hard one to draw. However, the Cold War will not be ended, international tension will not be lessened and the politics of peace will not come to pass, until there is compromise on both sides of every brink-front. We can persist in avoiding compromise—but if we do we are stuck with the Cold War.

*4. We must accept the possibility that international communism has a capacity for reform and that "moral" communism might be used effectively against us.*

It subtracts sufficiently from our image of the real world that we think we are, or can become, strong enough to control it without compromise. But when we add to the vision of omnipotence the companion vision of omniscience, we hopelessly compound the error. And then almost the only way we can make our lives still much more difficult is to combine the assumption that *we are always right* with the insistence that *they never are*.

It is not the purpose here to argue the rights and wrongs of various current issues in the Cold War. In this context, it is not so important to show who is right and who is wrong on particular issues as it is to describe a sane attitude about the apportionment of morality. Neither we nor the Western World as a unit has a moral monopoly. And even if we believed that we alone were moral, it would be very bad politics to claim it. The effects of morality in international polities — even if one accepts some definition of absolute morality — are not confined to what *is* moral, but to what the various participants *accept* as moral.

This being true, it is essential that the American people ask whether the Communists qualify as "moral" either on an absolute or a "sliding"

scale. It is a crucial question. *For if we are not willing to believe that the Communists are capable of moral action, we make that very course available to them as a high premium weapon.* We have too long a history of underestimating Communist capabilities not to be concerned with this possibility.

No doubt it will be difficult to market this idea on the current American scene. We are so accustomed to assigning the ogre's role to the Communists (and they to us) that we are unprepared to approve anything they do or say. Such atrocities as were committed in Hungary in 1956-57, and such perversions of human existence as seem to be embodied in the establishment of the Chinese communes, understandably reinforce this image. One can be forgiven if one concludes from these and a long history of other atrocious activities that there is something basically immoral about communism. There is. But this is an incomplete conclusion. It does not recognize two important possibilities: that reform is possible; and that others (however wrong they may be) disagree with our moral analysis. The latter can perhaps be dismissed as having implications for political tactics but not affecting our own moral judgment. The former requires more discussion.

If some of the individual human beings who call themselves Com-

munist really have reformed (as Khrushchev claims to have improved over Stalin by eliminating the "force and violence" doctrine), it is clearly a "good" thing. We may object to its being called "communism" after it drops certain of its most objectionable characteristics, but we have no control over the flexibility of popular definitions. Considerable change could take place in the *practice* with no change in the *label*. Not only is this preferable to stagnation; we can even read it as a sign of our success. Could we possibly want anything more than for communism to undergo a moral transformation? And if we deny that it is possible, are we not denying that one of our own major goals is possible?

For us to deny that moral reform is possible in China and in the Soviet Union would be for us to confirm the myth of Communist infallibility and to deny the possibility that we might succeed in one of our own major goals. The moral reform of communism is something we should not only believe possible, but as something we have been working to achieve for at least forty years.

As long as we hold to the position that communism is invariably evil and incapable of reform, the Soviet international political position gains artificial strength. We cannot fail to be honored when we oppose a massacre in Hungary or the destruction

of the family in China, but we can gain neither favor nor stature abroad when we dismiss as immoral the improvement of living standards for nearly one-fourth of the world's population or the advancement of science by the conquest of outer space. We may impulsively oppose slavery, murder, torture and the other forms of human deprivation which have been associated with communism. But we are ill-advised to insist that our opposition, our persuasion, our patience, our power and the uncommunistic facts of human existence can never succeed in stimulating the growth of a "moral" communism. If we do so, we will dissociate ourselves from the very victory we are trying to achieve.

NONE of these four recommendations for changes in our approach to international polities has suggested a direct answer to the practical problems of Senator Jackson with which we began. Yet each of them describes a change of attitude which would contribute to our ability to solve not only those problems, but the many others which block the road away from a perilous Cold War. Surely if we grant full freedom to the liberal creativeness which has always been a major source of our strength, we can think of something else to do with the soldiers who clean the guns at Fort Lewis.

#### NEEDED:

## An End to Bipartisanship . . . by Cecil V. Crabb, Jr.

THE OBSERVER who has been apprehensive over recurrent symptoms of hardening of the nation's diplomatic arteries will seek its cause in a variety of sources. Not the least of these is indiscriminate reliance upon the principle of bipartisanship in foreign policy and widespread failure to assess the consequences of this reliance under differing circumstances at home and abroad.

If uncritical attachment to the bipartisan principle is not the *only* factor responsible for the stagnation evident in American foreign policy over the recent past, it has assuredly been a major factor. To assess its implications, and to relate these in

turn to the nation's diplomatic behavior, brief attention must be paid to the rationale invoked in its behalf. Unity must (and usually does) prevail on the home front in time of war; therefore, so runs the argument, it ought also to prevail in time of peace, most especially when events have shown that the kind of peace we can expect is a state of quasi-conflict, popularly designated "Cold War." The argument possesses sufficient plausibility so that individuals who question hallowed shibboleths like "Politics stops at the water's edge" are likely to be regarded as deficient in patriotism or, at a minimum, as naively indifferent to the

peculiar obstacles confronting a democracy when it is challenged by a totalitarian opponent.

Advocates of bipartisanship can point to instance after instance in American history when internal dissension seriously interfered with the successful formulation and execution of foreign policy. Classic examples are Wilson's internecine fight with Senate Republicans over the League of Nations and FDR's running battle with Congressional isolationists during the 1930s. Admittedly, the opportunities for disunity within the government and throughout the country at large have not diminished in the intervening years. The Amer-

ican Government continues to operate upon a Constitutional doctrine of "separation of powers," giving the President and Congress prerogatives (though of course not *equal* prerogatives) in foreign relations. The extreme decentralization of the American political system renders any concept of "party responsibility" for the management of governmental affairs all but impossible. Moreover, at no time in history have there existed more numerous and effective avenues for vocal pressure groups and individuals to influence deliberations over foreign policy.

AGAINST THIS background, advocates of bipartisanship argue that both the opportunities for producing *disunity* and the urgency of achieving *unity* toward foreign-policy issues are unsurpassed. The overriding goal, therefore, as Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg once phrased it, is to "strive for an unpartisan American foreign policy — not Republican, not Democratic, but American — which substantially unites our people at the water's edge in behalf of peace. . . ." It is a goal with which, when stated as an abstract principle, it is difficult to take issue. Furthermore, postwar experience has shown that it is attainable. Here are a few of the most important instances in which foreign-policy measures have been approached on a bipartisan basis: drafting the U.N. Charter; formulating the Marshall Plan, the China aid bill of 1948, the North Atlantic Treaty and the Mutual Defense Assistance Program (superseded eventually by the Mutual Security Program); resisting Communist penetrations during the Berlin blockade and the Korean War; extending the reciprocal trade program; maintaining American participation in the U.N. and in disarmament negotiations. That a bipartisan approach has made a contribution, in a few cases an *indispensable* contribution, to achieving the nation's diplomatic goals must be admitted.

Closer scrutiny, however, would show that in those cases where the bipartisan principle has been most constructively applied, conditions were peculiarly favorable. As a generalization, it may be said that bi-

partisanship has emerged strongest under conditions most closely paralleling those of war. (Inasmuch as the case for bipartisanship substantially rests upon an analogy with national unity during time of war, this is logical enough.) Conversely, when attempts at bipartisan cooperation have been manifestly unsuccessful, recent experience has shown that the explanation lies in large measure in the absence of conditions normally present in war time.

What are these conditions? Why will they likely determine whether the consequences of relying upon a bipartisan approach are, on balance, advantageous or detrimental to the foreign-policy process at home and to the nation's long-term diplomatic interests?

FOR insight into this problem, let us look more closely at two examples — the Marshall Plan in 1948 and the Eisenhower Doctrine in 1957 — which not only typify a bipartisan approach under radically differing circumstances, but also symbolize a profound transformation in America's relationship with the outside world.

The impetus for the Marshall Plan arose out of the Truman Administration's mounting apprehension over the economic deterioration evident throughout Western Europe in the immediate postwar period. By 1947 it had become undeniably apparent that unless massive American aid was forthcoming, Europe's worsening condition would trigger widespread political instability. This in turn could provide a fertile environment for greater influence by indigenous Communist groups and would make the North Atlantic area increasingly vulnerable to a possible military thrust across the Iron Curtain.

Accordingly, in an epochal address at Harvard University on June 5, 1947, Secretary of State George C. Marshall publicly committed the United States to a long-range, massive program of aid to Western Europe. Nearly a year was required to work out the details. These efforts proceeded on two levels: through negotiations initially conducted among the European recipient countries, with the United States later

joining these talks; and through exhaustive bipartisan consultations and studies within the United States. Our interest centers on the latter.

The dominant fact about bipartisanship toward the Marshall Plan was that from the beginning, *bipartisan cooperation in formulating it entailed consultations between spokesmen for the Truman Administration and leaders of a Republican-controlled Congress for the purpose of translating an imaginative Executive idea into a workable program.* The long-range implications of this fact cannot be overemphasized. Bipartisanship in this instance afforded Executive and legislative officials an opportunity to do what both were best suited to do under the American politico-governmental system. The President and his advisers supplied the initiative; and during the months required for the formulation of a finished program, they maintained the leadership necessary to steer the plan successfully through the legislative mill. The Republican opposition in Congress furnished suggestions, criticisms and refinements, many of which grew out of thorough bipartisan studies of selected phases of the Marshall Plan. Moreover, by the spring of 1948, influential Republican figures in Congress had lined up sufficient support among members of their party to assure the required legislative authorization and funds needed for the Marshall Plan's implementation. Solid majorities in both parties closed ranks to produce a program generally conceded to rank high on a list of achievements known to modern diplomacy.

Toward the Marshall Plan, in other words, bipartisan procedures operated within the traditional Constitutional framework; i.e., that the *initiative* in foreign affairs rests with the President and his advisers, and the role of an opposition party under a bipartisan approach must be confined to offering suggestions and alternatives within policy guide lines established by the Executive.

Conditions surrounding formulation of the Marshall Plan were therefore, in many respects, remarkably parallel to those existing in time of war. What analogies are suggested? First, there was an evident threat to

national security, awareness of which came first to the Executive Branch and eventually to Congress and the country at large. Second, having accepted the existence of a threat, the identification of its nature—Europe's impending descent into the economic (perhaps political) abyss—and of its consequences for the nation was forthcoming from the Executive. Third, an effective strategy for coping with the threat was decided upon by the administration. Finally, possessed of a clear conception of the issue and a carefully thought-out plan of action for dealing with it, the administration invited the Republican opposition in Congress to join in formulating a cohesive, long-term program on a bipartisan basis.

THIS episode contrasts sharply with that occurring ten years later, when the Eisenhower Administration found itself confronted with deepening crises in the Middle East. In response to these crises, it eventually formulated the Eisenhower Doctrine, which it asked the Democratic (majority) opposition in Congress to support.

Judged merely by the end result achieved—impressive majorities in both parties supporting the policy advocated by the President—the outcome in the case of the Marshall Plan and the Eisenhower Doctrine was identical. So nearly did the latter case appear to be a reasonable facsimile of the former, that the Eisenhower Administration could retort to its critics throughout succeeding months that its policies enjoyed firm bipartisan approval.

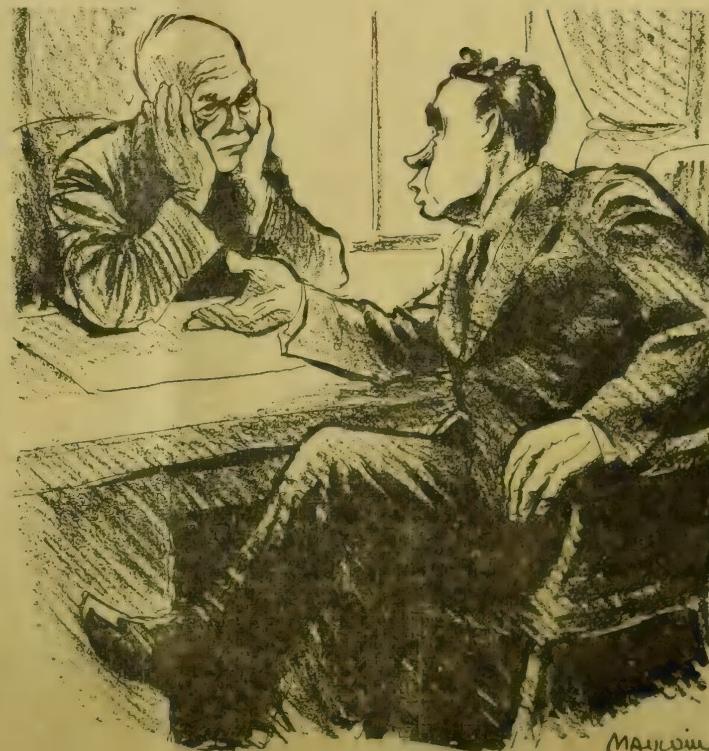
But superficial appearances could not have been more deceptive; nor could the consequences in the two cases have been more radically dissimilar. The Marshall Plan stands as the epitome of enlightened American statesmanship; the Eisenhower Doctrine, of diplomatic sterility. The former signified dynamic American leadership in the quest for world peace and security; the latter a condition of seemingly chronic diplomatic enfeeblement, accompanied by a pervading sense of self-delusion among Executive policy-makers about the nation's fortunes in external affairs. In short, the two cases

illustrated the difference between shaping events and being overcome by them.

What factors accounted for these differences? Virtually all the elements which coalesced to give birth to an outstandingly successful bipartisan result in 1947-48 were lacking in 1957. At the time of the Eisenhower Doctrine, despite surface resemblances, there was in reality no parallel with key factors present during time of war, which we have identified as being crucial to the outcome of bipartisan ventures.

The measure emerged as the Eisenhower Administration's long-delayed "solution" to a series of progressively more urgent problems affecting American diplomatic interests in the Middle East, climaxed by the Anglo-French-Israeli invasion of the Sinai Peninsula in the fall of 1956. The invasion had been an act of desperation, brought on as much as anything else by a feeling of hopelessness on the part of America's allies that Washington could be induced to exercise leadership in the Middle East. Toward issue after issue—the

long smoldering Arab-Israeli conflict; colonial strife in North Africa, Jordan and Cyprus; the problem of Middle Eastern defense, culminating in the provocative "northern tier" defense system; the steady accretion in Communist influence throughout the area, as typified by Egypt's acquisition of arms from Iron Curtain countries and her gravitation toward the Communist orbit in economic affairs; Nasser's grandiose ambitions and interventions—toward all these tense issues, the outstanding feature of the Eisenhower-Dulles response had been intense moralizing on the level of talk and mounting frustration and bewilderment on the level of policy. At least in foreign affairs, Eisenhower's "middle-of-the-road" philosophy seemed to produce a curious blend of diplomatic *rigor mortis* and emotionally-dictated paroxysms, like Dulles' precipitate withdrawal of aid to Egypt for financing the Aswan Dam. Republican orators seemed far more interested in proving they could have saved Chiang Kai-shek than they were in prodding the Eisenhower



"Let's face it — we're surrounded by Democrats and Eisenhower Republicans."

Administration to salvage the West's interests in the Middle East regions.

Long after the allies and critics of the Administration at home had all but abandoned hope that Eisenhower and Dulles were capable of providing the required leadership, the President on January 5, 1957, addressed a joint session of Congress on the Middle East crisis. After reviewing recent events, the President stated frankly that "I deem it necessary to seek the cooperation of the Congress." Apprehensive over "weaknesses in the present situation and the increased danger from international communism," Eisenhower was convinced of the necessity for "joint action by the Congress and the Executive."

The President's proposal contained pledges to extend greater economic and military assistance to Middle Eastern countries, partially by the diversion of Mutual Security funds already appropriated for other projects. The heart of the Eisenhower Doctrine, however, was the President's request for legislative authorization for "employment of the armed forces of the United States to secure and protect the territorial integrity and political independence of such nations from any nation controlled by international communism." In what surely will qualify as the understatement of recent history, the President conceded that "This program will not solve all the problems of the Middle East." Referring to other critical issues in the area (such as the Arab-Israeli dispute and the problem of the displaced Arab refugees), the President assured Congress that "I propose to deal directly with these problems." Eisenhower concluded his message with the solemn intonation that "In those momentous periods of the past, the President and the Congress have united, without partisanship, to serve the vital interests of the United States and of the free world."

Among members of the Democratic majority in Congress, the initial reaction to the speech was decidedly cool. Many Democrats appeared favorably enough disposed toward the plan, particularly as it might herald at least the beginning of a fresh approach in what had long been stagnant American policy toward the

Middle East. Moreover, Democrats themselves had been pointing to the marked increase in Communist influence throughout the region, so that few of them were in a position to challenge that aspect of the President's assessment.

NEVERTHELESS, many Democrats were initially skeptical about the efficacy of the Eisenhower Doctrine; and as the months passed the number of critics, and the degree of their skepticism, mounted. Doubts arose from several sources. First, it was feared that, in the light of the doctrine's preoccupation with the Communist menace, the President's program was merely tangential to the really bedrock causes of tension in the Middle East—the Arab-Israeli dispute, colonial conflicts, inter-Arab rivalries and Nasser's imperialistic pretensions. Looked at in the most optimistic sense, the doctrine's value was likely to be heavily determined by the President's subsequent resolution in carrying through with his pledge to bring forth policies dealing constructively with these cardinal issues. And, basing their prediction upon the Administration's performance over the past four years, critics were not sanguine that such pledges would be followed up vigorously. Only the future would tell whether Eisenhower and Dulles were prepared to expend as much energy in fire prevention in the Middle East as they had recently demonstrated in extinguishing blazes ignited by Nasser's seizure of the Suez Canal, when their energetic fire-fighting had come dangerously close to drowning the Western alliance under a flood of piety and injured American pride.

But these reservations were relatively insignificant compared to another which, both in its direct application to Middle East policy and in its broader implications for American foreign relations as a whole, was fraught with the gravest and most far-reaching consequences. Towering above all the other characteristics of bipartisanship as exemplified in the Eisenhower Doctrine was the fact that, irrespective of the merits of the proposal, the opposition party had no choice but to support the Eisenhower-Dulles policies at this time and

over the course of succeeding months. Democrats, as William S. White had phrased it apocryphally at the time of the Formosa Resolution in 1955, had been "tied to the President's . . . policy with bonds as gossamer as the moonlight but as effective as steel."

Therein lay a crucial distinction between bipartisanship as it had developed toward the Marshall Plan and toward the Eisenhower Doctrine. And in some measure at least, therein lay the difference also between the undeniably successful results achieved by the Marshall Plan and the meager results achieved to date with the Eisenhower Doctrine. In the former case, as in time of war, Executive policy-makers had arrived at a realistic evaluation of the problem before the country and had produced at least the broad outlines of a strategy designed to deal with it. Bipartisan procedures had been utilized to refine this strategy and to evolve the details of a concrete program embodying the suggestions made by spokesmen for both parties.

RESPECTING the Eisenhower Doctrine, however, bipartisanship consisted essentially of the President's asking the Democratic-controlled Congress to give him *carte blanche* to take a series of as yet largely unspecified steps, at some indefinite time in the future, to deal with what informed students of Middle Eastern affairs regarded as the distinctly secondary Communist threat to the area—all under the guise that the Administration was finally prepared to come to grips with the real sources of instability throughout the Arab world and, that to do this successfully, it was imperative to put the nation's foreign policy on a "bipartisan" basis.

That legislative sanction for Eisenhower's proposal would eventually be forthcoming was guaranteed by two considerations. In the first place, in view of the President's dramatic appearance before a joint session of Congress (suggesting procedure resorted to in time of war), Democrats could not afford the incalculable risks involved in repudiating the Chief Executive's leadership in the eyes of the world. Under the Constitution, an opposition party in

Congress possesses neither the authority nor the means for wresting the control of foreign relations from the President's hands.

In the second place, no matter how wide of the mark they may have felt the Eisenhower Doctrine to be, the President's public identification of "international communism" as the overriding danger placed Democrats in an excruciating dilemma. Many Democrats knowledgeable about foreign policy sharply disagreed with the Eisenhower-Dulles fixation with "international communism"; yet they could not directly challenge that fixation without making the Democratic Party more vulnerable than ever to the Republican accusation that it was soft on communism. The upshot was that, in spite of prolonged legislative study and debate, Eisenhower received substantially the bipartisan endorsement he asked for.

Events over the months that fol-

lowed showed that the Eisenhower Doctrine had involved an almost total perversion of the bipartisan principle. For time revealed that, as crisis piled on crisis in the Middle East, the doctrine was but another all-too-familiar example of a slogan masquerading as a foreign policy. Toward root problems in the Middle East, the Eisenhower Administration remained as insensitive and lethargic as ever. Israel still found herself surrounded by hostile Arab states whose leaders talked incessantly of a "second round" to drive her into the Mediterranean. Nasser's intrigues, if anything, became more glaring and dangerous. Colonial conflicts raged unchecked. Syria and Iraq gravitated closer than ever to the Communist orbit. Daily it became more evident that the Baghdad Pact was built upon sand.

Recent crises in Iraq and Lebanon have shown that the Eisenhower-Dulles team has lost none of its skill

at fire-fighting. But it also showed that neither the Eisenhower Doctrine itself nor other promised new departures in American Middle Eastern policy have made any significant impression in eliminating fire hazards throughout this area. Yet after 1957, Democrats who were heard to complain about the sterility which appeared endemic in the Eisenhower Administration's diplomacy were pointedly reminded that the nation's policies toward that area rested on firm bipartisan foundations!

IN THE American politico-governmental system, the opposition party (even when it controls Congress) cannot usurp the President's role at the helm of the ship of state. What it can do, and has done in every instance of constructive bipartisan co-operation in the recent period, is to work with Executive officials to hammer out the best possible poli-

(Continued on Page 167)

## NEEDED:

# The Voice of the People... by Stewart Meacham

A PEACE MOVEMENT has been coming to life in America. Without organization, without money and without a big stable of prestige names, a moral impulse is giving birth to a new political reality.

This is a time of conformity. The ideas of the Cold War which underlie the pronouncements of government have been faithfully echoed for more than a decade by the churches, the business and professional organizations, the labor unions, the newspapers and most of the other opinion-making powers. Dissent has been largely smothered. Nevertheless, the developing peace movement has already demonstrated its ability to challenge the assumption and the practices of the Cold War—and survive. In an age of political orthodoxy, institutional morality and corporate control, individuals are trying to speak out and be heard. This precisely is the most significant single fact about the developing peace movement. A few examples:

In the fall of 1957, a few friends over a weekend on Long Island began talking about sailing out in a

small boat to challenge the right of the Government to set off nuclear-bomb tests. A few months later two of them, joined by three others, actually were out in the Pacific and the saga of the *Golden Rule* was being told around the world.

A few months earlier, citizens alarmed by knowledge of the hazards of the nuclear tests and weary of the frustrations of the Cold War, had begun to form neighborhood groups in widely separated communities across the country—in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Los Angeles, St. Louis, Denver and a score of other places. At first they did not even know of each other's existence. When the first public declaration of the newly formed National Committee For a Sane Nuclear Policy was published, it found itself with a ready-made following. An early question facing the National Committee was whether it should be a grass-roots membership organization or a small prestige group issuing periodic pronouncements. It quickly learned that it had very little choice. Literally scores of groups across the

country began calling themselves by the name which the National Committee had adopted, and they besieged it for leadership and action. Whether it had intended to be or not, the National Committee found itself the leader of a grass-roots movement.

Meanwhile, projects of various kinds began cropping up all over the place. In April, 1958, a small group calling itself Walk For Peace organized a two-pronged walk to New York from New Haven and Philadelphia. The plan was for the two columns to arrive at the headquarters of the United Nations on Good Friday, bearing petitions urging a halt to nuclear tests and an end to the arms race. What started out as a small demonstration by a few pacifists mushroomed. A third column marched from Long Island. The three columns converged in upper Manhattan carrying banners and petitions and when they came down Broadway on Good Friday morning a line which it had been hoped might total as many as 200 persons had swelled to more than a thousand.

Later, "walks" were organized to



Grosz. 'The Observer' (London) 1958

The Observer (London)

Washington. Demonstrations against nuclear tests and missile bases occurred. No one was too obscure to do something. A woman in Los Angeles started a "one man" chain-letter project which she calls "letters to leaders," urging a halt to the arms race. A couple in Houston, Texas, send regular "peace" mailings to several hundred friends. A man in Tempe, Arizona, has published a series of full-page advertisements against nuclear war. A housewife in Cheyenne, the Catholic mother of four young children, had never dreamed that she would ever picket anything until the day when the high brass arrived from Washington to dedicate the ICBM missile site there. That afternoon she walked up and down, all alone, at the dedication ceremonies with a crudely lettered sign which said, "Missiles will not bring peace."

GOVERNMENT reaction to all this has varied. When demonstrators invaded Camp Mercury in Nevada in the summer of 1957, they were treated gently by the authorities. After arrests, they were given speedy trials and suspended sentences and sent on their way. The *Golden Rule* was more awkward for the Government. After all, freedom of the seas is a traditional right which our own Navy has fought to preserve; to declare thousands of square miles of the South Pacific "off limits" to world shipping requires a highly relaxed approach to the principles of international law as well as to con-

cepts of national sovereignty. Nevertheless, the AEC ground out a special administrative order to provide a legal base for intercepting the *Golden Rule*, and when the little crew persisted in the voyage, the Department of Justice, the U.S. Coast Guard and the U.S. District Court in Honolulu all swung into line and packed the voyagers into prison.

At Cheyenne, demonstrators at the missile base under construction there were first ignored by the local police and the military guards, who stood by watching but made no arrests as the demonstrators tried to block the site gate. The truck drivers manhandled them out of the way and drove on through. Only after one of the pickets was smashed by a truck was the picketing broken up and the leaders arrested and given jail sentences.

In New York in May, 1958, the annual air-raid drill was challenged by pickets who were arrested and tried, receiving thirty-day suspended sentences. A few days later a group called on Admiral Lewis Strauss, then head of the AEC, at his Bethesda, Maryland, headquarters. They wanted to talk with him about the jailing of the crew of the *Golden Rule*. The Admiral had other concerns at the moment and was "not in," but he changed his mind after they had sat in his waiting room for eight days and nights.

When petitions containing over 50,000 signatures against nuclear weapons tests were taken to the

White House in early 1958, no one would receive them. The petitioners were told to leave them with the guards at the gate. Only after complaint had brought inquiries from members of the Congress did a Presidential assistant become available to receive the petitions and voice the appropriate assurances that attention would be given to them.

THAT THE Administration is no longer in a position to ignore what is going on among the people is suggested by the November elections. Two Congressmen won on strong peace platforms in districts which traditionally had been considered safe for the opposing party. Despite a general timidity on the part of most Democratic stalwarts to challenge the Administration on foreign policy (there were notable exceptions), a strong negative vote was registered which was widely interpreted as being due, at least in part, to growing concern over such recurring crises as those in Lebanon and the Formosa Straits.

Foreign policy seems about to become at last a subject of open debate. Last October, a group of citizens published a strongly worded statement in *The New York Times* and other newspapers, sharply critical of what they called a "policy of Cold War." Several weeks later, a study group of the National Council of Churches, meeting in Cleveland and drawing hundreds of delegates from all over the country, called for recognition of Red China and advocated her admittance to the United Nations. This has now been echoed in an appeal to the new Congress by the same citizens' group which published the October statement. And so it goes.

How is this movement to be understood? Have the moral and ethical ideas of the pacifists suddenly won a wider following? Probably not, though pacifists would like to think so. What is happening is more complex. There is wider acceptance of pacifist leaders, but this does not mean a necessary acceptance of pacifist ideas. Pacifists have won respect among non-pacifists for two principal reasons: (1) they have stood by their unorthodox convictions

through the lean years when nearly everyone else was toeing the Cold War line; and, (2) the political relevance of pacifist ideas has been tested in the Montgomery, Alabama, bus protest with results which have impressed the most skeptical.

IT HAS become clear that moral response to the present situation requires something more than withdrawal. The cancer of violence has so permeated the structure of our life that no one can live in our society and be free of responsibility for war. Even though we refuse military service, decline to pay taxes and reject employment in munitions plants, we yet remain parts of the social and economic situation which makes for war. Even if it were possible to withdraw entirely, it is doubtful that it would be politically effective or morally valid to do so.

Demonstrations against nuclear tests, conscientious disobedience of government requirements supporting war, vocational discrimination based on issues of war and peace—all are essential. But all demonstrators, all conscientious objectors, all tax refusals, all civil disobeyers need to walk humbly and with a sense of their own involvement in the very evil they oppose. Their goal is not a private bath, but a new community.

Pacifists are not the only ones who fall into the error and the irresponsibility of imagining that purity and non-involvement are aspects of virtue. There are scientists who believe they can burrow into their laboratories and leave the politics of their work to the politicians. But the truth is that the very politicians who demand that scientists be non-political are themselves unwilling to assume responsibility for the scientific products which they want the scientists to turn over to them. Congress has the duty to ask questions, but it looked the other way when the Marines were landed in Lebanon. It has the responsibility to pass on declarations of war, but it acquiesces in arrangements which allow wars to be started without formal declarations and without reference to the mind of the Congress. It has the power and the responsibility of the purse

strings, but on matters of war and peace it does as it is told and if it displays any independence at all it is to insist on giving more money than is asked to the very agencies which are most deeply wrapped in Cold War layers of fiscal obscurity.

The state of the Executive is no better. The foreign policy of the United States appears to be worked out between a President who must be briefed on everything, and a Secretary of State who feels no need to be briefed on anything. In the absence of wide popular concern, the power of decision atrophies at the upper levels of power as well as among the people. Even the crucial power to decide whether to launch all-out push-button war is without clear identification or definition. No one is quite able to say just who will push the button. The best guess seems to be that it will be some obscure lieutenant or captain relying on the ambiguous evidence presented on a radar screen which cannot clearly distinguish an oncoming missile attack from a shower of meteors.

A scientist who imagines that he can divest himself of moral responsibility outside his laboratory for what goes on inside it, or that he can exercise his responsibility by proxy, has far less respect for the facts of life than he has for the facts of his science.

THE morality of peace is the morality of involvement and it is this morality which is creating a new coalition of pacifists and non-pacifists. Past coalitions between them have been short-lived.

It may be that this present coalition will also fall apart, but here are reasons to believe otherwise:

*1. There is a new dimension to disillusionment with war.*

War has been terrible, scarcely supportable and strangely indecisive for more than a century. But until the discovery of nuclear weapons and long-range missiles, acceptance of it as a last resort was still conceivable. Today the arms race makes sense only on one of two assumptions: (a) that resort to total war will come only under circumstances which make mutual genocide preferable to survival, or (b) that limited war will

never become unlimited. The first assumption is advanced by some current spokesmen, but if the suicide rates on both sides of the Iron Curtain are any guide, most people just do not agree. They prefer life to death.

The second assumption is not any more attractive than the first. The champions of limited war argue that war *can* be limited. But that is not the question. The question is whether it can be guaranteed that any particular limited war will not become unlimited. Unless there is such a guarantee, every limited war *may* become unlimited, and this is a risk which mankind cannot accept.

The advocates of limited war do not deny that limited war *may* sweep beyond the limits. In other words, they really advocate defense strategy based on the possibility of mass suicide, which leaves us right back where we were with the first assumption.

Realization that war is no longer available as an instrument of foreign policy to a responsible government is a stabilizing factor in the development of a peace coalition. Those who come in because of this realization scarcely can be led elsewhere by events, for events are not likely to change this basic fact.

*2. There is a new willingness among pacifists to accept political responsibility.*

Reinhold Niebuhr's strictures against pacifist irresponsibility have bitten deep. The logical folly of nuclear defense, and the effectiveness of non-violent strategies both in India and in Alabama, have led many pacifists to realize that their beliefs have political relevance. They welcome coalition with non-pacifists as necessary, for they want to test out the pacifist ethic in the political crises of the time; and they know that the only way to do it is to relate their ethics to actual situations and see whether that which they are moved to undertake for reasons of conscience may not also be persuasive for reasons of prudence. They believe that it will be so, and they find the prospect exhilarating.

*3. The peace movement meets an inner need of people.*

The rationalization of industrial

work, the subordination of personality to the machine, the application of scientific methods to personality control, the use of persons as means of production, the evaluation of persons in terms of productivity, the emphasis on economic rather than creative production—all these combine to alienate the individual and lie back of much of the personal instability of our time.

People are bored with their work and they are humiliated by the fact that their worth is measured by their role in a production or commercial process which has little real meaning. Vast areas of their life are uncommitted because they are unrequired. Narrow areas of life are completely committed to processes and institutions which have no rightful claim either to their affection or their respect.

One of Boris Pasternak's characters in *Dr. Zhivago* says that untruth came in Russia when "people imagined that it was out of date to follow their own moral senses," and that "the main misfortune, the root of all the evil to come, was the loss of confidence in the value of one's own opinion." There is less difference between what the conditions of modern productivity do to personality on the opposite sides of the Iron Curtain than the cold warriors of either side would want to admit.

THE REASON that there is a new kind of peace movement today is not so much that people are frightened

by the threat of nuclear destruction as that they are terrified at being lost as people. The deepest problem we face is not to escape physical destruction, but to regain a sense of the meaning and worth of our lives. The peace movement will achieve power only as it helps restore us to ourselves.

C. Wright Mills, in his recent book, *The Causes of World War III*, calls for "demands upon men of power . . . to hold them specifically responsible for specific courses of events." This is no slight task. To do it requires that at least a few be totally committed.

The drive for racial justice in the South is not powered by the NAACP, the Constitution, nor even by the Supreme Court. Each of these is important, but none of them could do the essential thing which is to raise the issue and to keep it raised. This has been done by the heroic and the obscure. The peace movement must come in the same way. The moral issue must be raised among the people. It is immoral to organize people to wipe themselves out. It is immoral to tamper with the genetic stuff of our lives. It is immoral to accept being silenced. A religion, a theology, an ideology, a culture, a national destiny or a class ambition which requires the preparation and use of weapons of mass destruction for its survival, is no longer worthy of survival and should be abandoned.

If it is true that the whole de-

velopment of mankind has been marked by a biological struggle for survival, we may expect that the realization soon will register that survival and peace are synonymous. For this realization to become dominant in the species it is necessary that there be more than mere acquiescence to an idea. Peace and the relationships of peace in the whole life of society must receive the support of ethics and politics in a movement of the people.

All of the concerned, and that means all of the people who have a sense of the situation, must make the idea of peace a part of their lives in terms of specific acts. Where there are no community groups speaking out against nuclear weapons, they should be formed. Where newspapers are not raising the issue of the Cold War, statements should be drafted and published. Where missile bases are being located without reference to public consideration and consent, discussion should be precipitated. Where public protest is met with arrests, then more protesters should take the places of those jailed.

The men of power can be held responsible only by those who accept moral responsibility for themselves and for their society. How to give specific expression to this depends on the situation. But actually getting down to it is, at once, a condition of social survival and a response to man's deepest questions about the meaning of his life in the space age.

## NEEDED:

# A Purge of Obsessions . . . by D. F. Fleming

ROOSEVELT had labored long to end World War II in partnership with the Soviet Union, to make the peace in cooperation with her and to maintain it with her as an equal in the new United Nations. At the time of his death nothing could have been a greater affront to sanity than another arms race—the third in an average lifetime. Yet eleven days later—on April 23, 1945—came President Truman's famous castigation of Foreign Minister Molotov, abruptly reversing our ship of state. Ever since, we have been set on a course of Cold

War—first with the Soviet Union and communism, and now also with China.

In spite of our current effort to locate the declaration of that epic conflict in Stalin's election speech of February 9, 1946, the struggle was not formally joined until Churchill's Fulton, Missouri, speech of March 5, 1946, the Truman Doctrine address of March 12, 1947, and George Kennan's containment thesis of July, 1947. These events fully committed us to the armed containment of the Soviet Union and communism.

Today the published figures speak of 900 American armed stations overseas, of 400 NATO bases near the Soviet Union, of \$15 billion in arms to NATO, of \$600 million for bases in Spain. Maps showing our air bases all around the giant rim of Eurasia have become too commonplace to attract attention. Even the half-dozen little countries around China are so heavily loaded down with our arms that their economies stagger and their liberties flicker.

This giant encirclement ring has been formalized in a maze of alli-

ances which include forty-four other countries. After firmly rejecting the League of Nations as an "entangling alliance," we are today so truly entangled in some alliances—i.e., with the Chinese Nationalists—that we do not know how to escape from them.

IN OTHER words, we have swung all the way over from the extreme isolation of the twenties to total involvement—as complete an overcompensation as a nation could make. Later generations, if there are any, will wonder why the pendulum swung so far, and they will hardly solve the puzzle without considering the following factors:

1. *Our refusal to comprehend the traumatic need of the Soviet peoples for military security in East Europe.*

Since 1913, the Russians have been invaded disastrously through this region—not once but three times (including the great Western interventions of 1918-1920). In each case the ravages were frightful, ending in the almost total devastation of much of the Soviet Union west of the Urals by 1945. In these three tragedies—all in one average lifetime—some 30 million Russians were killed, scores of millions were deprived of shelter, many billions in capital wealth vanished, and a great nation received mental scars so deep that a century could hardly erase them.

If the United States had been invaded disastrously through Mexico only once, there can be no doubt about what our attitude toward that country would be. Yet, in 1945 we expected the Soviet armies to retire from East Europe, leaving anti-Soviet ruling elements free to organize the area through "free elections"—though, except for Czechoslovakia, a free election had rarely occurred in that area.

2. *President Truman's determination to forbid any Soviet gains in the Mediterranean or the Middle East after World War II, a policy continued adamantly by Mr. Dulles.*

This was traditional British policy and it had worked against a weak, agricultural Czarist Russia. The permanent Russian urge to control

some access to the warm oceans had always been frustrated. But, weak as the USSR was in 1945, she had achieved an industrial structure which had enabled her to meet and hurl back the mightiest armics ever assembled on this planet. It was highly unlikely that this Soviet Union could be forever hemmed in on her southern frontier—even though it seemed natural to us that the West should retain total control of the area's vast oil resources.

3. *Our resolution, after the Korean War, to keep control of the entire Pacific Ocean up to China's harbors, and of the fringes of East Asia.*

This development was a natural outgrowth of the Truman Doctrine, and it put us in the business of containing two great Red powers on their own home grounds. It had also the fatal defect of extending our commitments outside of our own community. In a thoughtful address to a National Council of Churches conference on November 20, 1958, Thomas K. Finletter pointed out that NATO "is a military confederation organized by the members of Western society for the defense of their own society against attack from without—a legitimate move of self defense. But when we extruded Western military power into Asia and Africa, this was very different." It was "precisely the definition of colonialism and is therefore a sure way of losing friends and influence in Asia and Africa."

This distinction indicates the extent of the withdrawal we shall eventually be compelled to make—back into our own Western society, which includes Western Europe, this hemisphere and Australasia.

4. *Our post-Roosevelt alliance with reactionary elements and dictators around the world.*

This self-defeating policy was a natural consequence of the containment policy; anyone who is opposed to the Reds is our ally and eligible for big shipments of heavy weapons.

Every reactionary group in the world at once qualified and received arms and generous "defense support." Even Latin America, surely several decades away from Soviet invasion, received the heavy weapons

which speedily facilitated a crop of army dictatorships—eight of them—a brutal brood which is fast disappearing, but which our Latin neighbors will long hold against us.

Our alliance with the dying regimes of the past, such as that of General Franco, had a deeper reason. Harvard economist John K. Galbraith last year recalled to the Foreign Policy Association that we once had a Good Neighbor policy which reflected our concern with "people in general, not a privileged few"; we were automatically saved then from "an even-handed policy of distributing aid to tyrants." Then World War II brought our conservatives into power in Washington; and subsequently bipartisan union for the Cold War rapidly turned our foreign aid into military channels, on the basis of three military dollars to one for genuine economic aid.

5. *Our economic penetration into all the non-Communist world.*

This process continued rapidly until last spring, when Latin America erupted in abusive protest against our economic policies as well as our arming of their dictators; and the Canadians discovered that Americans owned the commanding sectors of their economy. They reacted by electing a Government pledged to recovering control of their own economy. When even the Canadians fear us, it is time for us to re-examine our position in the world.

6. *The militarization of our economy.*

Since 1914 our prosperity has been powered by war expenditures, the repairing of the ravages of war abroad, and by preparations for war. Now the Cold War has institutionalized military spending as a main prop of our prosperity. Everyone shudders at any thought of its sudden removal; any prospect of peace gives Wall Street the jitters. Yet no more dangerous way of life has ever been invented than living on the precarious prosperity of an arms race. Is this the best we can do?

To the conglomeration of factors behind the Cold War, one more item must be added—our monopoly of the atomic bomb between 1945 and 1949. The memoirs of both Truman and Churchill show this. It enabled

the containment doctrine to be conceived with confidence, and military encirclement to be established on the ground. Scientists warned with great anxiety and persistence that our monopoly would be short-lived, but the politicians and generals would not believe them.

Then in 1949, when the Soviets fired their first A-bomb, the decision was not for an immense effort to make peace and stop the deadly arms race, but for making the H-bomb and a policy of "steady nerves." The outcome? The USSR got an H-bomb into the air before we did, though we were the first to explode one on the ground. The Russians also got squadrons of intercontinental jet bombers into the air first, though we had begun work on them in 1946, four years before they began.

These successes were the prelude to their now commanding lead in missiles, both IRBMs and ICBMs, which was described in the *Reporter* of January 8 by one of our ablest military analysts, Brigadier General Thomas R. Phillips (Ret.).

WHAT WE have yet to realize is that we will never be able to regain military superiority over the USSR. Neither side can ever win this arms race, but either can touch off the destruction of Western civilization, perhaps accidentally.

In other words, the Cold War has failed to win for us its primary objective: the enforcement of good conduct on "the enemy" by military confinement. The goal seemed feasible when "the enemy" was weak, but containment has had an effect opposite to that intended. It has driven him up from his bed of exhaustion, incurred in our common war, and has forced him through prodigies of recovery, reconstruction, new construction, scientific advance and rearmament, until he has amassed the power to break the ring of encirclement.

Our leaders did not foresee that they would generate the very power which they were seeking to keep in preventive custody. And they forgot that two might play the encirclement game. The result is that the Soviets will soon have the capability

of reaching any target in the United States with thousands of ICBMs, supplemented by jet bombers, and from missile-carrying submarines off our four coasts (the fourth being Hudson's Bay, deep in the heart of North America). Have you looked at the map of North America lately?

This, too, is only half the story—perhaps less. We have set out to keep in close confinement the most numerous people on earth—640 million Chinese, soon to be a billion—the oldest and probably the toughest race on earth. It is credibly reported that last year they nearly doubled their steel output and their food production. What is open to no doubt at all is the immensity of the energies they mobilized. Nor can anyone read the six articles by John Strohm, of Illinois, written last October after his trip through China at the height of the latest Quemoy crisis, without recognizing what a great stimulus to the Chinese has been our military, economic and diplomatic blockade of them.

ANY HARD look at the future should indicate that we need a new foreign policy, one which will strive increasingly to moderate the Cold War and make peace while there is still time. It is an almost incredible fact that though it will soon be fourteen years since Roosevelt died, the peace he and Cordell Hull planned has not yet been made. We still refuse to accept the inescapable consequences of World War II, hop-

ing that if we continue to wear a grim visage they can somehow be reversed. We have turned ourselves from victors into losers, and we are not very likely to retrace our way to accepting the world as it is—revolutionary and on the march—until we discard some of the dogmas and stereotypes of containment, such as the following:

#### 1. That Stalin was out to conquer the world.

This was the first analogy upon which the Cold War was founded: a quick transfer of opprobrium from the raging Hitler to the cool and cautious Stalin. The incessant repetition of the Soviet world-conquest theme soon convinced us that it was true. It applied everywhere, but especially to Germany. Since we have long intended to get all of Germany into our armed alliance, we still insist that the USSR means to do the same thing. But is there any firm evidence of such a purpose, at any time since 1945?

#### 2. That communism is just as bad as fascism, and worse.

This was the other analogy upon which we built the Cold War, and it is still dangerous to question it. Yet it was always clear that communism had two features which would keep it from being wholly predatory and regressive—universal education and the firm promise of a better standard of living. These factors insure a rapid evolution in the Communist states; and as their wealth develops, they become more conservative and

## As the Soviet Union . . .



Toward the West Pacific  
and Southeast Asia.



Toward Southern Asia  
and the Indian Ocean.

more conscious of individual rights.

### 3. That the Communists mean to take over the world.

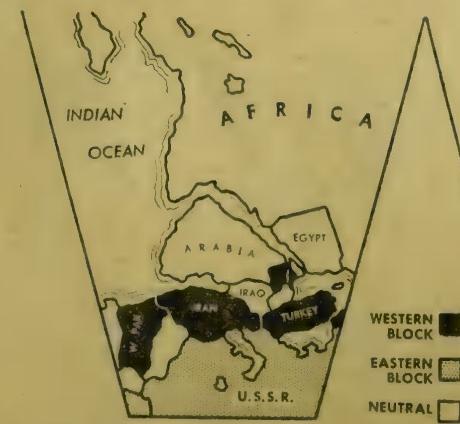
Some of them do, by proving rapidly that their system works best. The dedicated among them believe it is bound to happen, as many believers in earlier ideologies have believed. They mean to work at it, but they can never succeed against the demonstrated success of our way of life in the West. Mikoyan has just seen for himself that American capitalism works. Our primary problem is to keep our own life healthy and evolving normally.

### 4. That if we lose one small position to a Communist state, all is lost everywhere.

This is the ever-present "domino theory." The Truman Doctrine was founded on it: if Greece went, then Italy, France, the Middle East would go. It has been our main argument in every crisis of the Cold War since. The image was invoked again with great solemnity in the latest Quemoy crisis. It is said that if we lost Formosa, we would lose the entire Pacific. Since we mean to control all of the Pacific, we refuse to accept the idea of a division of power there — though such a division of the world's largest ocean is inevitable.

Nothing can be done toward ending the Cold War while the domino image is sacrosanct. It forbids the elimination of friction points such as Quemoy and Berlin, which are obviously intolerable to our opponents.

## ... Sees the World:



Toward the Middle East and the African continent.

February 21, 1959

There are places where geography overrules politics, and if diplomacy will do nothing to remove the sore spots, then we must expect that blockades, barrages and "ultimatums" will keep us always on the brink of the final nuclear war.

Instead of a nuclear war for Berlin, wouldn't it be better to begin the disengagement of rival nuclear armies in Germany?

### 5. That we cannot live acceptably or safely without rapid and constant economic growth.

It is now well known that the Communist economic systems grow faster than ours. This is because central authority holds down consumption and directs labor and materials to building industry, especially heavy industry. The same authority also diverts a part of the growing resources to aiding underdeveloped countries at low interest rates and without asking for property ownership. These factors cause us to say constantly that we must increase our rate of economic growth or perish.

Even more acutely, we fear the spread of communism to any new country, because its capitalist development is thereby automatically ended. We fear the gradual constriction of our economic elbow room. This fear is the economic motive power behind the domino theory. We fear an enforced economic isolation in a too-small capitalist area.

But isn't it time to question the dogma of an eternally accelerating

economic growth, especially since we cannot prevent the USSR and China from rapidly becoming economic giants? We have to remain strong economically, yes, but do we have to use up the limited resources of nature at an ever-faster rate? Where does that end? When we already consume 70 per cent of the world's wealth, though we are only 16 per cent of its people, we can afford to moderate our economic desires a little.

All of the peoples of the "free" world are going to insist increasingly on owning their own economies. The governments of the Middle East will soon take over the bonanza profits of our oil operations in their areas. It is already happening in Venezuela. Brazil and Argentina exclude our oil capital, except on a strictly controlled basis. Even Castro's Cuba looks askance at our billion-dollar investment there.

BUT THE industrialization of the nations on an autonomous basis does not mean that we cannot invest widely, in partnership with native investors, and trade with them to our mutual profit. And are we certain that such trade can never cross ideological frontiers? Mikoyan seems eager to trade with us, and China would like to spread her trade.

The Cold War world which we blocked out for ourselves is undoubtedly going to shrink, both politically and economically, but that does not mean that we cannot remain strong and prosperous — if a little

How five key areas adjacent to the Soviet bloc look to an observer in the Kremlin. (Pro-West areas in black.)



Toward Europe and the Mediterranean Basin.



Toward the Arctic and the North Atlantic Ocean.

less conspicuously so — and free. None of us wants government to become the sole employer in our country, or to become a thought-controller. Avoiding these things is absolutely vital, but if the Communist method produces a standard of living in the Soviet Union equal to ours, need we therefore go into a decline?

Above all, it is essential that we recover our standing in the eyes of the world as a people which practices freedom at home, full strength; which does not stand on any plateau of assumed social perfection; which grants the right of other peoples to their own systems and their own political evolution; and which helps other nations not for political returns, but because they need it. We can neither prosper nor be happy as the opponent of all the revolutions which are running in the world — Communist, Arab, nationalist, anti-colonial and anti-poverty. We cannot make the world conform to our image, but we have always found that a good example is a powerful magnet.

So, too, have our rivals, whose main threat to us has never been military or subversive. In his new book, *The Communist World and Ours* (Atlantic-Little Brown, \$2.00), Walter Lippmann reminds us that "we delude ourselves if we do not realize that the main power of the Communist states lies not in their clandestine activity but in the force of their example." Lippmann's key conclusion is that "what we need is a restrained, unsparing reappraisal of our own habits and reactions."

THE EVIDENCE accumulates that the American people know that the Cold War has failed and that they would like to be led out of it. Public-opinion surveyor Samuel Lubell wrote on September 30, 1958, of "a deep uneasiness, an anxiety over impending disaster, a sense that as a nation we are beset by problems which are slipping beyond our control." This tallied with Senator Fulbright's statement of last August 6: "We should put off no longer a complete reconsideration and reorientation of our foreign policy. We have already waited far too long." And it tallies with Arthur Krock's report last July

15 that many critical observers were asking whether events had not already passed the stage when a great nation must fundamentally revise its foreign policy. They were wondering whether the Truman Mid-East policies and the Eisenhower Doctrine were obsolete. Did not conditions now require us to treat realistically with Communist China and East Germany? And was not "the only effective substitute to these reversals of policy a resort of force" — virtually without allies?

In the same weeks the president of the Royal Bank of Canada returned from China saying that "The growth in industry, the change in living standards, the modernization of everything, the feats of human effort, and the colossal impact of human labor are not within my power to describe"; and Adlai Stevenson came home from Russia conscious of the depth of "the angry hostility of the Chinese leaders toward the United States" and of "the thrust and purpose in most aspects of Soviet life." Yet Chalmers Roberts had to record in the *Washington Post* on September 21 that "it takes only an hour to fly to the United Nations from Washington, but one needs a sort of mental decompression chamber to adjust to the change in atmosphere, it is so great." Washington was still mired in the Cold War.

Then the November election retired dedicated cold warriors from the Congress by the dozen. Most of the reactionary class of 1946 — cold warriors par excellence — was swept away and younger men were elected, who by all accounts are more interested in living in the future than in dragging their heels against the past. These men want to resume the social advance which World War II and the Cold War cut off, and if well led they could put us again in tune with the other peoples of the world.

*Can bipartisanship save us?* The only bipartisanship that could be constructive hereafter is bipartisan unity to learn to live on this shrinking planet with ideologies which we don't like — and we are not likely to get that kind. [See Cecil V. Crabb's article on page 155 — Ed.]

The Democrats remain under the label "the war party" in the public

mind, mainly because of the disastrous Truman-MacArthur decision to abolish the state of North Korea, after they had rescued South Korea in 1950. But nothing compels the Democrats to stay frozen in their Cold War trenches, along with Mr. Truman, when the country desperately needs courageous, sustained leadership in making peace. Many liberal Republicans and independents would also rally to such a policy.

*Can we get the essential leadership?* Never in our history have we stood in greater need of such leadership in the White House and the State Department. It is, of course, barely conceivable that Mr. Dulles might decide to salvage something of his reputation in history by some steps toward peace in his remaining months. He is now reduced to urging us to have steady nerves — exactly as Acheson once did. Yet it is much easier to get into the encirclement game than to get out of one that has boomeranged. Going in is easy; it enlists all of our combative instincts, our chauvinism, even self-righteousness. The *Wall Street Journal*, last December 3, commented in an editorial on the "hopelessly costly chaos" which has resulted from our having undertaken to give forty-odd nations military help in perpetuity. One result has been that we have "lost our standards for judging what is and is not important for our purposes. And this has seemed to the rest of the world abnormal, the behavior of an irrational nation, not of a nation properly concerned with its own legitimate interests in the world."

THIS IS the kind of irrational involvement from which our next leaders must extricate us. Nor can they succeed without real and sincere understanding of the viewpoints of others, especially of our rivals. Disengagement demands endless patience in negotiations and unflinching determination to see them through. And it involves a never-failing understanding that man's hold upon continued existence on this planet has never been so slender.

The precariousness of our situation compels us to scrutinize the candidates for the Presidential nomina-

tion in 1960 as we have never done before. We cannot afford to nominate any young man who happens to be able or clever. We must have a man of maturity and wisdom, especially one who understands the urgency of steering our international policies into safer channels. The same considerations apply to the Vice Presidential candidates. When all humanity lives balanced on the knife edge of terror, "balanceing" the ticket with a local politician, no matter how popular, will not do.

The policy which is now essential for our future does not involve the surrender of anything which is rightfully ours, but it does demand adjustment with the world which will require character, as well as energy and courage, in our leaders. For example, the London *Observer* suggested on January 18 that it should now be "possible to begin the slow, painful, inconceivably difficult task of constructing some system of disarmament, inspection and control to replace the present international anarchy."

IT SHOULD shock us that we are still living in a state of international anarchy, nearly forty years after Woodrow Wilson's gallant fight to end it! In his time, a few top leaders of the six Great Powers of Europe had schemed and maneuvered and armed against each other through a half-dozen crises, when "the ultimate weapon" was the machine gun. Then there was one crisis too many. Millions died and great governments crashed.

In 1939 it was all to do over again, only many times worse. Now, only a few years later, we are engaged in another balance-of-power and ideological fight and this despite the appalling warning: Hiroshima. We go from brink to brink, rushing our armed forces from one side of the world to the other, from Lebanon to Quemoy — and next to Berlin?

Is the average American helpless to do anything about it? If he will bear in mind that we are late in the push-and-shove cycle of an arms race, when the weapons are H-bombs, ICBMs and missile-carrying submarines, he will be able to think of things. If he will remember that

Germany was the center of the first two world conflicts, he will exert his full influence against a third one for her reunification (our style) or for her atomic armament.

The history of the origins of the recent world wars tells us that we are now using up our very last chance. *The Scotsman* rightly warned, on January 22, that "The world has got to come to its senses, not for the benefit of Russia, France, Britain or anyone else, but for survival." The course of the Cold War tells us also that a steady diet of suspicion and fear cannot save us. Only understanding, tolerance and cooperation can do that.

THE HISTORY of the last sixty years warns us that beyond the Cold War lies oblivion. This is not defeatism; it is simply what the record tells us. Ever since 1947, the control and liquidation of the Cold War has been humanity's most critical problem. If this problem can be solved, we will then have a chance to grow gradually into a single world community of diverse maxims and creeds, but one in which men can expect to live fruitfully and die in peace. We have learned that living to frustrate other people's purposes is self-defeating. Now if we will try as hard to work with all men, we will discover that the satisfactions multiply, instead of diminish.

In his impressive Davies Memorial Lecture before a distinguished audience in Washington on January 18, Adlai Stevenson began by quoting these words: "The world is now too dangerous for anything but the truth, too small for anything but brotherhood." No government's foreign policy can succeed which does not move away from hate and conflict and toward unity and brotherhood.

The Cold War had one magnificent by-product — the Marshall Plan; and it may have another — economic aid to India sufficient to enable her to remain democratic. Such by-products must become our main goals. The real struggle in which we are engaged is not in amassing ever more deadly means of destruction, but in holding our own in a race to demonstrate for the world who can "create the good life for the greatest number."

## Bipartisanship

(Continued from Page 159)

cies obtainable. *The unity that results stems from a genuine conviction that such policies in fact serve the national interest.* Failing this kind of approach, the next best alternative is for the opposition party to revert to its historical function in a democratic system: by enlightened and responsible criticism, to prod the incumbent Administration into coming forth with realistic policies and programs.

Under the kind of forced "bipartisan" mantle which enveloped the Eisenhower Administration's policies toward the Middle East, the Democratic opposition could take neither alternative. Confronted with a leadership vacuum in the White House, it waited vainly to collaborate in behalf of a program comparable to the Marshall Plan; nor could it revert to its historic obligation to criticize responsibly — if necessary by appealing to the electorate—because it had already agreed ahead of time to associate itself with whatever policies (or lack of policies) were eventually forthcoming under the doctrine. What the Democratic opposition could not be certain of at the time, but what it learned throughout intervening months, was that *it had sanctified the absence of policy by giving it bipartisan endorsement.* In so doing (and under the pressure of patriotic compulsions it would have been difficult to do otherwise), the Democrats simultaneously gave what amounted to a vote of confidence in the Administration's progressively feeble policies and relinquished what limited power they possessed to make them better.

It would be platitudinous to say that the first prerequisite of a sound bipartisan foreign policy is that there should be a *foreign policy*. Yet no other conclusion is possible from an analysis of the Eisenhower Doctrine. The bipartisanship identified with this doctrine does little more than perpetuate diplomatic inertia and eliminate the one effective means — an alert, informed opposition — by which chronic lethargy in the Executive Branch might possibly be overcome.

## The Re-Discovery of Europe

*CONSCIOUSNESS AND SOCIETY.*  
By H. Stuart Hughes. Alfred A.  
Knopf. 433 pp. \$6.

*Hans Meyerhoff*

IT IS now a slogan that ours is an age of anxious, self-conscious analysis. *Consciousness and Society* gives historical substance to the slogan. It is an intellectual portrait of a generation of European thinkers who, in retrospect, were the advance guard of the unhappy, divided consciousness of modern man. Since it is the first study of its kind in the English-speaking world, and since it is an excellent study, it makes an indispensable contribution, not only to historical research, but to our own thinking of where we are and where we came from. If people are really interested, as they say they are, in understanding some of the basic ideas that have shaped the modern mind, they will read this book.

It deals with the period between 1890 and 1930, "from the *fin de siècle* to the great depression," and presents a cross-section of European thought in France, Germany, Austria and Italy — "Europe in the narrower sense" or what Mr. Hughes also calls "the original 'heartland' of Western society." He has set the stage effectively by assigning his actors to different groups. At the center are the most powerful minds, and still the most impressive figures today: Benedetto Croce and Wilhelm Dilthey in history and philosophy, Sigmund Freud in psychology and Max Weber in sociology. They dominate the scene in *Consciousness and Society*; and the long, thoughtful chapters in which they play their parts make the most exciting reading. On another level we meet a group of men, including Bergson, Durkheim, Pareto, Mosca, Michels, Mannheim and Meinecke, whose contributions, though often noteworthy and original, are now more limited and dated. In addition to these, social thinkers in a technical sense, Mr. Hughes has drawn upon a number of outsiders, especially from the

literature of the period — Proust, Gide, Mann, Hesse and Pirandello — in order to show how the confluence of ideas from a variety of sources defines the intellectual identity of a whole generation.

Thus *Consciousness and Society* is intellectual history on a large scale. Mr. Hughes brings to his work a superb knowledge of the European mind, and a rare blend of professional detachment from and elective affinity with his subject matter. He has a special facility for weaving men and ideas into a composite portrait so that both come to life against the background of a rich cultural scene. It is a pleasure to read a study in which scholarship, analysis and literary style combine to achieve a work which is both a highly responsible and a highly enjoyable history of ideas.

IN HISTORY—as in philosophy—it is impossible, and undesirable, to please everybody, especially if one is engaged, as Mr. Hughes is, in writing a comprehensive and genuinely interpretative study. Thus it is only proper that I register a few critical reflections upon a work for which I have the highest respect. It is unfortunate, I think, that he did not make room for Nietzsche as a point of departure for his book. Nietzsche, who went insane in 1890, was discovered only in the first decade of our century and contributed more to the central idea of *Consciousness and Society* than most of the thinkers included in this volume. Again, while Mr. Hughes opens his work with a backward look toward Marx, he does not pursue the subsequent fate of Marxist thought; yet Socialist theory in Germany (and Austro-Hungary) — for example, Hilferding, Rosa Luxemburg, or the early Lukács, as well as the theory of Leninism — mark an important phase in the intellectual history of this period. Finally, I regret that Mr. Hughes did not choose to deal more explicitly with the roots and rising tide of romantic totalitarianism. He does weigh the responsibility of the so-called neo-Machiavellians (Pareto, Mosca and Michels) "for the advent of fascism in Italy"; but they were an episodic, minor interlude. He also concludes on a note of warning about "the future errors of unreason and emotional thinking" that prevailed in the thirties; but I wish he had shown how and why these errors triumphed as

universal truths, or how and why a generation that got its intellectual start with "a critique of Marxism" succumbed to the superior power of the irrational symbols of nazism. That put a more terrible and lasting end to this historical period than the economic depression. "Social thought" in the philosophical sense, as the generation of *Consciousness and Society* understood this inquiry, has been moribund ever since.

Why does this generation represent a period of "reorientation in European social thought"? First, because it was a period of transition — from social thought under the aspect of philosophy to social thought under the aspect of science. Most of the members of this generation were "transitional" figures in this sense. Most of them still stood under the shadow of Hegel, even when they were violently anti-Hegelian; most of them began their careers with a critique of dialectical materialism; all of them came to the conclusion that social thought could no longer be accommodated in traditional philosophy, whether Hegelian or Marxist. Yet, at the same time, all of them were in "revolt against positivism" as well. All of them discovered that if social thought was not philosophy, it was not science either. The "facts" in the study of man and society do not speak for themselves, as a simple-minded, scientific positivism believed, nor do they lend themselves as easily as the facts of nature to logical canons of reasoning. Both facts and logic are tainted as it were by man's own involvement in the subject he is studying.

THIS discovery, which Mr. Hughes correctly ascribes to "an enormous heightening of intellectual self-consciousness," is the other factor contributing to the theme of reorientation. It produced two striking effects: a sharp decline of the rational or the religious faith in absolute norms and truths, and an increasing awareness of the irrational components in social theory and practice. An intensified, and perhaps excessive, self-consciousness turned upon itself and, stumbling over the Pandora box of unreason in the realm of the unconscious, undermined its own proud structure. Human reality and rationality, built upon from Plato to Hegel, seemed to succumb to the radical unmasking of an awakened consciousness. This unmasking began with Marx and culminated in Nietzsche and Freud. It threatened to expose the traditional structure

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of human reality as a fraud and the traditional patterns of social thought as disguised ideologies. In the end — and in our own days — there was, in Croce's words, nothing left but "the consciousness of ourselves, and the need to make this consciousness ever clearer and more evident"; but it was a consciousness alone in the world, anxiously contemplating itself in splendid isolation and precariously shoring up its own fragments against the ruins of reality.

In both these respects — as social thinkers mediating between philosophy and science and as the advance guard of the modern movement of self-consciousness probing into hitherto unexplored depths with a hitherto unknown anxiety — the generation of *Consciousness and Society* has a permanent place in modern thought. It is a generation that, on the European side, roughly corresponds to Morton White's *Social Thought in America*. The two works complement each other and point to a suggestive contrast. Of American thinkers, only William James enters tangentially into *Consciousness and Society*; of European thinkers, only Croce, Dilthey and Mannheim enter tangentially, in their influence upon Charles A. Beard, into *Social Thought in America*. Neither Freud nor Weber found a place in the American study; yet both are now giants in contemporary social thought whereas the big guns of the American scene, say, Veblen, Holmes, or Dewey, are now surprisingly silent. Moreover, Mr. White, writing as an analytic philosopher in the late thirties, concluded that this European influence upon the "new history" in America caused nothing but intellectual muddle. It is amusing to note that Mr. Hughes, a historian

writing in the mid-fifties, acknowledges indebtedness to the very influence which Mr. White considered pernicious. "The present study," he writes, "has its origins in the canons for the philosophical investigation of society which Dilthey originally established."

THIS re-discovery of Europe is not surprising, and not confined to the area of social thought. To be sure, we have made great progress in empirical research: the human sciences, especially psychology, sociology and anthropology, have grown immeasurably since the days of the European thinkers brought back to us in *Consciousness and Society*. Thus it is customary to dismiss them disparagingly as non-empirical and speculative minds. Yet is it difficult to read this study without a growing feeling that these men more than compensated for their lack of fancy research techniques. They saw that something more than scientific techniques was at stake, that the crisis of modern thought and modern man was cutting deeper, that there was urgent need for "a wholesale re-examination" of the foundations of human knowledge in history and society. They were "advanced thinkers" in the sense that they discovered problems and put forth ideas still not dreamt of in the latest piece of corporate research in the behavioral sciences. Thus an interesting intellectual trade has developed across the Atlantic: while America is exporting to Europe the new empirical, scientific and analytic techniques which are the pride and joy of our social sciences, it is again importing old ideas from Europe for a historical and philosophical interpretation of the human situation in our time.



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## Giant of Cosmic Despair

*HENDERSON THE RAIN KING.* By Saul Bellow. The Viking Press. 341 pp. \$4.50.

### Herbert Gold

ALL OF Saul Bellow's novels have contained intensely personal visions of desire at the dark limits of the soul where desire becomes obsession. *Dangling Man*, his early book, is a comedy about the search for personal and family significance during that gray period while his protagonist waited to be drafted; *The Victim* is a Dostoevskian psychological melodrama in which the question of responsibility between men in Bellow's "hot as Bangkok" Manhattan cracks the form of a measured

naturalistic narrative. In *The Adventures of Augie March*, his first popular success, Bellow established his characteristic voice by going to his own school. Augie's "availability," which he hopes to convert to freedom, is expressed in the most compelling prose fiction of the period, a free-swinging, humorous, lyrical and passionate style which plays upon the resources of colloquial street-talk and an American tradition of eclectic bookishness. *Seize the Day*, a short

*HERBERT GOLD* is the author of *The Man Who Was Not With It*. His new novel, *The Optimist*, will be published in April.

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novel which appeared in 1956, struck this reader at the time as one of the central stories of our day, and still does. It shows a man at an extremity of need to determine his place in the world, moving that crucial step from pity of self to perception of self in important relation to others. The style proper to Augie March is here modified by an increased gravity alternating with the sportiveness due Dr. Tamkin, one of that gallery of intellectual eccentrics whom Bellow loves so well, frauds and quacks and witch doctors who speak the truth—partially, sometimes, maybe.

Now, in *Henderson the Rain King*, Bellow has created another obsessed hero, the slovenly, aging, powerful lush of an American millionaire, Eugene Henderson, who hurtles through life in search of an answer to the voice within which cries constantly, "I want, I want, I want." He brawls, marries, fathers, starts a pig farm, and at last begins a private invasion of a fantastic Africa in order to "burst the bonds of sleep" and discover an answer to this very American *I want* which is ravaging him. He takes a guide, Romilayu, who is very much Sancho Panza, comforting him with practical prayers and an example of quiet sleep in the midst of danger. Henderson meets a tribe and a queen who present him with a formula, "Man Wants to Live," which seems for a moment to answer Henderson's *I want*;

but he is not yet ready for answers. (Henderson also tragically knows: Man wants to die.)

Suffering, repeated suffering, inflicted on himself by himself, has broken Henderson's spiritual sleep and he plunges more deeply into wilderness. With offerings of love and comfort around him, he refuses, he turns away; he has lived in misery and boredom, superstitiously, just as his first African friends have allowed themselves to be tortured by the plague of frogs in their spring. Determining to do good by killing the frogs, thereby earning respite from violence and despair, this violent and despairing man succeeds only in blowing up the source of water. He then flees forward toward the main action of the book —Henderson's partial healing with the help of King Dahfu and his mystical but nonetheless stinking lion.

Now obviously this sort of fiction must be wild, perhaps irresponsible, stuff. Drowning among the debris of literary habit, many readers will clutch for innertubes and lifesavers named "Symbol," "Kafka," "Allegory." Perhaps these devices will float them away to salvation, bobbing happy as corks; perhaps they will merely bear them straight down like anchors into the briny deep of Meaning. The trouble with the comparison with Kafka is that Bellow's aura of fable is constantly washed over by humor, impulsive crea-

### Skaters

All day at my window, ill and afraid,  
I watched young lovers skating on the pond.  
All day they circled and darted across the way.  
The morning sun drew lightning from their skates  
As they wrote eight, zero, Joe and Mary love.  
Hand in mitten hand, they danced, they dared,  
In that landscape of white hills and barren oaks  
Beneath a canopy of sullen winter air.

The sky grew colder in the afternoon.  
Bands of smoky cloud passed over the sun.  
Snow fell gently on the skaters then,  
Gathered on reindeer sweaters, pointed caps,  
And melted on their brows and laughing lips.  
Nothing could end the lovers' gayety:  
They leaped through the hours and smiled and sang  
Against the threat of wind and weathering.

And the skaters are gone. The pond is a wide, white space  
Surrounded by powdered oaks and pines like walls,  
And the light that sifts down from the polar wastes  
Is starlight and not moonlight. I do not hear  
Now it is night, and the snow no longer falls,  
Laughter or loud, feigned cries of anger and fear.  
There is only white space on the pond and space  
In the sky and a terrible white space between me,  
Dying at my window, and some lover's face.

STEPHEN STEPANCHEV

tion, and actual, turbulent detail. Also there is no balm in symbol or ease in allegory; it is Henderson himself who always concerns us, not Everyman; it is an actual Henderson, rambling about in his dirty jockey shorts, who becomes a genuine rain king. Comic and pathetic, very slippery, he is a regular American guy resisting godliness.

If a formula of literary precedent is required, I offer a suggestion—the action is that of the Lamentations of Jeremiah combined with the Celebrations of Tarzan. This book requires of the reader a submission to playful fantasy which will surely dismay those expecting either realistic fiction or symbolic construct. The detail of an imaginary Africa, though rendered with the vividness of an actual Chicago, is, after all, an *imaginary* Africa. However, perhaps we should not lose in fiction our Tarzan-loving primitive lust for day-dreamy adventure. And as Bellow implies, we need to find reality wherever we can, since we have found too much unreality in daily life.

"Me?" asks Henderson. "I love the old bitch reality, just the way she is and I like to think I am always prepared for the very worst she has to show me. I am a true adorer of life, and if I can't reach as high as the face of it, I plant my kiss somewhere lower down."

THE gory suffering and glee combined in this remark suggest much of the style and sense of the book. Henderson is not always prepared for the worst. He cannot always plant his kiss any place. He sometimes turns his back on his children and on the wife he loves despite her moral maxims. But finally he is fond of reality, and reality returns the compliment, warming to him, too. In the end there has been a symbiotic feeding between the two giants of the book, King Dahfu and Eugene Henderson. Dahfu—who emerges as part divine minstrel man, part psychoanalyst, part Moses, wholly king—seems to speak for peaceful inspiration, a state of being in virtue. This religious confidence in fate is alien to unsubmissive Henderson, but it is the object of his longing. King Dahfu finally returns Henderson, "leaping, leaping, pounding, and tingling," to society and the prospect of health.

Alfred Kazin has noted that the pursuit of health is a most frequent one in the contemporary novel. Perhaps this provides a corollary in the flesh to the spirit's pursuit of truth. Politics has been diminished as a subject by the withdrawal of significant political choice from our lives. At the same time, so-

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society and the study of manners have become increasingly irrelevant in a time of explosive threat and possibility. Here lies a paradox—political decision is muffled while science is being applied in terrible ways by the unleashed will of politicians (they are not muffled, alas). Where does this leave room for the novelist, traditionally concerned with politics, society, manners?

The personal, stoic road toward answering the question of how to live decently is often the most trustworthy path on the map. Parodies of this are the popular psychiatric, sexual, or togetherness solutions in many contemporary novels; these medicines are trivial in addition to causing gastric indignation and heartburn. Saul Bellow, however, is a master hypochondriac. In *Henderson the Rain King* he approaches the universe and all it contains as if they are potions for the cure of soul and body, but why should we protect ourselves against doping our way toward health when the draught is bottled with charity, wit and hope?

I want, thinks Eugene Henderson, over and over, while he paws after love, adventure, power, seriousness: I want, I want, I want! He is afflicted with a peculiarly American form of metaphysical despair. Both the comedy and the tragedy of Henderson's life lie in the rude incoherence of his passions and steadiness. He wants, but he is unable to hold. He wants, but he cannot admit another to his privacy. He wants, but in precise circumstance he is not sure exactly what he wants despite all his long labor of definition.

"The whole experience gave my heart a large and real emotion. Which I continually require." Whether it is getting shaved by force to cure the crabs, or falling in love with a sentimental woman, or hunting his soul in Africa, he wants, he wants, he wants this large and real emotion. And for him, "Truth comes in blows"—a sock on the nose, a punch in the eye, a heave at his heart.

SUFFERING is Henderson's chief occupation. Bellow's transcription of Henderson's suffering is saved from self-pity, first of all, by his recognition of the comic, then by his dramatic realization of the presence of others, and most important, by his ultimate doubt that the pursuit of health is a valid occupation for a man. To suffer with such an enthusiastic will to it must be funny: Bellow is the funniest sufferer since Gogol, an enthusiast for misery like Cervantes. To doubt that man puts himself on earth in order to find carefree attention between the sheets, cure his

ulcers, eliminate hay fever, amounts to philosophy in an age which has replaced political fervor with psychological agitation. Bellow goes further. He makes prime metaphysical demands on experience.

An exemplary writer of this generation, he expresses most clearly the philosophical and religious quest necessarily contained within an abiding sense for passing things. All his work seems to ask the question, "Why am I here?" In his comic mood he answers: "Because I'm here—that's enough!" And in his mood of despair: "Because I'm here—that's not enough!" His intensely lyrical and dramatic, onflowing participation in the life of his Chicago, his Manhattan, his Africa, his universe, makes the underlying metaphysical question possible; and so his deepest answer seems to be: "Why? Because we are all here together on earth. It is both enough and not enough."

That is probably the only permanent answer to a question which never remains the same. In the meantime we have Eugene Henderson among us, always there, as Saul Bellow reports, "there and looking for trouble."

## Trotsky on Himself

*TROTSKY'S DIARY IN EXILE.*  
Translated from the Russian by Elena Zarudnaya. Harvard University Press.  
218 pp. \$4.

Ralph Colp, Jr.

AFTER four decades of Soviet power, Leon Trotsky is the only Soviet leader whose biography is known reliably and from himself. Lenin is known through the testimony of those around him; Stalin and post-Stalin leaders by what they officially decree—and that is rarely the truth. Trotsky, at the beginning of his Soviet exile in Turkey in 1930, wrote his autobiography, *My Life*. Midway through it—in France from February to June 1935, and then in Norway from September to November—he kept a diary now published for the first time.

Trotsky, exiled to history's coulisse, succeeded in a manner comparable only to the out-of-power Winston Churchill in vitally identifying himself with history. His topical political comments were

RALPH COLP, Jr. is the author of two recent widely-discussed Nation articles on Sacco and Vanzetti. Dr. Colp is a resident in psychiatry at the Massachusetts Medical Health Center.

read by friend and foe. His *History of the Russian Revolution*, *My Life* and the first installment of a biography of Lenin, are judged by Edmund Wilson to be probably a part of our permanent culture. The 1935 diary, filled with past and present historical comments, was part of this identification; in it, Trotsky reveals for the first time that in 1918, when Lenin doubted that a Red Army could be built, Trotsky did not doubt, created one, and saved the Revolution. To be certain and not to doubt was the *leitmotiv* of Trotsky's identification with history.

TROTSKY the diarist, while identifying with history, cannot help but record his moods and emotions. He was depressed

by many things: his political defeat, his isolation from Russian friends, world depression and the consolidation of Hitler, Mussolini and Stalin, and the threat of world Fascist victory. "Old age is the most unexpected of all things," he wrote, and, quoting Lenin (quoting Turgenev) the "greatest vice" is to be more than fifty-five. Above all, Trotsky was depressed by and anxious over the fate of his twenty-seven-year-old youngest son, Seryozha, an engineer and still in Russia.

For nine months, from 1934 into 1935, as Stalin's repression tightens, there is no news of Seryozha, and Trotsky dreads the worst. Then the worst is known: Seryozha has been arrested. Thinking of Seryozha, he records

in the diary Stalin's remark to his brother-in-law Kamenev: "The greatest delight is to mark one's enemy, prepare everything, avenge oneself thoroughly, and then go to sleep."

Though lacking Stalin's penchant for vengeance, Trotsky too has killed innocents at the behest of history. He remembers Soviet president Sverdlov telling him in 1918 that, on the decision of Lenin (Trotsky was absent), Czar Nicholas had been shot. Queried Trotsky, "And where is the family?" "And the family along with him," said Sverdlov. "All of them?" I asked, apparently with a touch of surprise. "All of them!" replied Sverdlov, "What about it? . . . I made no reply." (Several years later in a note in his biography of Stalin,



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Trotsky intimates that Stalin engineered the Czar's killing.)

Was a young Romanov any less innocent than Seryozha? After remembering his disturbed silence, Trotsky goes on to justify the killing of Nicholas as politically "needed." He cannot explore or elaborate his troubled memories; only touch on them. He relates a talk with Paul-Henri Spaak (the present Secretary-General of NATO, then a minister in the Belgian cabinet): Spaak, "Took out a pad and began to take notes! 'And is this a Revolutionary leader?' I thought. All through our conversation Spaak kept 'agreeing' and taking notes. . . . Oh, is that so? This is much more serious than I thought. . . ." This note sounded in all his responses, even though in words he was "agreeing." Spaak is dubbed "honest" but "a miserable character"—Trotsky cannot bear doubts or conflicts even when they are in another person.

Printed with the diary is Trotsky's Testament, written five years later in Mexico. Stalin has killed his children (Seryozha being accused of poisoning workers' food); killed his Russian acquaintances; in the Moscow trials, charged Trotsky with horrendous obloquy and in *absentia* sentenced him to death. In his Testament, with proud courage and in his brilliant style, Trotsky reaffirms his identification with history: now as for the past forty years he remains a Marxist; in the round he has always been right; he believes "in the Communist future of mankind"; "my Communist faith . . . gives me even now such powers of resistance as cannot be given by any religion." He concludes: "Life is beautiful. Let the future generations cleanse it of all evil, oppression, and violence. . . ."

But the man who would "cleanse" humanity cannot set down his intolerable feelings. The seeing and confident-acting exiled Trotsky—unlike the blinded and self-doubting Oedipus exiled to Colonus—does not know, cannot face, himself.

## Grammar of Dissent

**VOICES OF DISSENT.** A selection of articles from *Dissent* magazine. Grove Press 384 pp. \$3.75; Evergreen paperback, \$1.95.

**Raymond Williams**

IT HAS been a particular pleasure and stimulus to me, as a British writer, to read this excellent collection of recent American radical essays. It had always seemed impossible to me that the great radical tradition of America could be dead; yet until quite recently, in the inevitably selected content that crossed the Atlantic, one saw the dismal English story on a larger scale: the steady migration to the thriving presses of the Cold War, and the sour reaction to mass culture, which not only blamed the masses for the fact that they were being culturally exploited, but came to see ordinary people as merely "masses" from whom the intellectual, by definition, must express his separation. There are marks of these trends in this volume and I should imagine that American radicals have to be exceptional men to refuse to play the pseudo-radical roles that capitalist society has assigned to them. The merit of *Voices of Dissent* is not only that it manifests such principled men, but that in certain contributions it goes beyond the honorable refusal into positive radical thinking.

The function of dissent is here defined by Lewis Coser: "to stay sane in an insane society." The pressures that have to be resisted can seem terrifying, especially when it is remembered how deeply most men of substance want to belong, heart and mind, to the shared purposes of their society. In certain periods, this is a tragic situation; as described in this volume, contemporary America shows major elements of this tragedy. The desire to belong to an

**RAYMOND WILLIAMS** is the author of *Culture and Society*, reviewed in *The Nation* for February 7.

## Grand Concert by the Lake

Like Winslow Homer's *Women At Croquet*, air flicked by parasols and spoons on glass rounds summer evenings till the lawns turn blue

And music bending lightly in the wind sails toward pavilions latticed on the shore like Sunday excursions to the Chateau d'Ill.

Summer is yesterday, never quite here in time's light music, frivolous in space as Winslow's women, a gallop by Suppé.

BYRON VAZAKAS

active and purposive society is met by a persuasive invitation to do precisely that, but the activity and the purpose can be such as to wither the heart and score the mind. Pressures to conform, of the kinds described by Maurice Stein in "Suburbia—a Walk on the Mild Side" and by William L. Neumann in "Historians in an Age of Acquiescence," are strong in any powerful modern society.

THE individual thinker may, as a first reaction, find stability in C. Wright Mills's description of his role: "the maintenance of an adequate definition of reality." Several contributions to *Voices of Dissent* exemplify this effort: comparing the realities of a society with its flattering images; rescuing the language of freedom from the stale, greedy mouths that have appropriated it for their own purposes of exploitation and control. Yet this position contains real dangers: isolation, the growth of a habit of contempt, the reduction of life to the single function of critical thought. The dissenter may find himself standing with the legion of the damned: with all those who have ended by hating common life, and to whom society as such is totalitarian. There is a very fine line between asserting a different reality and refusing all reality but one's own noncon-

formity. Dissent of the latter kind leads either to a corroding bitterness (usually evident in language and tone) that literally has death in its mouth, or to a simple narcissism of the kind represented in Europe and America by the cult of the outsider.

There are sick voices in *Voices of Dissent*, but there is a clear majority of other, stronger voices: Mills, with his living energy; Henry Pachter, whose critical commentary seems all experience, hardly ratiocinative at all; Irving Howe and Lewis Coser, reasoning socialism as "the name of our desire"; Erich Fromm, seeing love and integrity as "the most vital act of rebellion"; L. D. Reddick, reporting the deep strengths of the Montgomery bus boycott, and others. To such men, to the magazine which printed them and to this book which reprints them, Americans and many others are deeply indebted. For these, paradoxically, are the voices of assent: of assent to man and society, to man everywhere, and to his social nature, in whose terms alone any temporary form of society can be vitally assessed. So for those of us outside America, here are welcome colleagues from a nation we have always respected. And for Americans themselves, as I see it, here is that point of growth which it is the radical's special purpose to find.

## LETTER from ROME

William Weaver

THE Palazzo Primoli is an unremarkable, late nineteenth-century building on the left bank of the Tiber; it houses Rome's Napoleonic Museum, a charming collection of curios which has the unhappy distinction of being the least-visited museum in Rome. Last month, however, a stream of Roman writers and intellectuals poured into the Palazzo, not to inspect the souvenirs of Bonaparte's glory but to see a fascinating special exhibit arranged by the French Embassy and entitled *Hommage à Commerce*.

*Commerce* was a singular literary quarterly, of limited circulation but vast influence, published in Paris between 1924 and 1932, directed officially by Léon-Paul Fargue, Valery Larbaud and Paul Valéry. In actual fact, though—as this exhibit graphically illustrates—the review was animated, backed and edited (in the real sense) by Marguerite Chapin Caetani, an American woman married to an Italian nobleman and

composer. Princess Caetani's association with *Commerce* has a personal meaning for Italians because, in the years since the last war, she has resumed her career as an editor-publisher, bringing out twice a year the mammoth, international magazine-anthology *Botteghe Oscure*. And Italians, who know her activity through this later publication, can recognize the stamp of her personality, her taste—daring yet never flamboyant—on *Commerce*.

This exhibition is as much an homage to her as it is to her first review; it is like a marvelous scrap-book or faded family album, only the members of this artistic family are Valéry and Hofmannsthal, Dunoyer de Segonzac and Derain, St.-John Perse and James Joyce. These are some of the friends who used to gather on Sunday for dinner and the afternoon at the Caetani's Villa Romaine, near Versailles; and these are some of the names that appeared in *Commerce*, along with others even more exotic, like

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Boris Pasternak (his first publication outside of Russia was in *Commerce* VI, 1925), T. S. Eliot (first published in France in *Commerce* III) and Garcia Lorca (his *Martyre de Ste. Eulalie*, translated by Supervielle in *Commerce* in 1927, was his first publication in France).

The Princess did not confine her publishing only to friends, nor to a single clique. The index of *Commerce*, shortly to be published, shows mortal literary enemies side-by-side in her pages, and articles on Byzantine art are followed by a piece on Zen-Buddhism — a generation before it hit San Francisco. In rows of glass cases, the Palazzo Primali exhibit recreates a rich literary world, a life that now seems remote and leisurely and enviable. In photographs we see Derain and Dunoyer leaving the Villa Romaine in a high, open touring car; Valéry on a Norman beach, impeccably dressed in tennis shoes and Homburg; a dinner-table group at a "Déjeuner Ulysse" on June 27, 1929, and beneath the photo there is the menu (Quenelles de veau, Poulet de Bresse, three kinds of wine, etc.), signed by those present, including Joyce, Romains, Chamson, Sylvia Beach, Valéry and somebody who wrote "rose as a peach" (it looks like Valéry's handwriting).

THE cases are also filled with books—the production of *Commerce*'s authors—all with long and affectionate dedications by the writers to other writers, or to Marguerite Caetani. *A vous, Annie très chère* — writes Perse in a copy of *Exile* — *dont l'élegance morale et la noblesse de cœur demeurent associés à l'envol de tant d'œuvres françaises, Fédièrelement...*

And over the cases are hung paintings, further witnesses of the world that centered around *Commerce*, the Villa Romaine, and the Princess. There is a lovely Braque, dedicated to Paulhan; a Masson, dedicated to Breton; a sweet Derain portrait of the Princess' daughter Lelia; a Berthe Morisot portrait of Mme. Valéry as a child; and drawings and water-colors by the Valérys themselves, including the poet's Mediterranean sketch-book and his terse, droll illustrations for the *Monsieur Teste* piece, which appeared in *Commerce* starting with the first issue.

Though it is contained in only three rooms, the exhibit is so crammed with interesting things, so completely free of padding, that it demands more than one visit. And on the return visits, you find yourself observing also the reaction of the public. Even in the dead, mid-afternoon hours, the place is never empty.

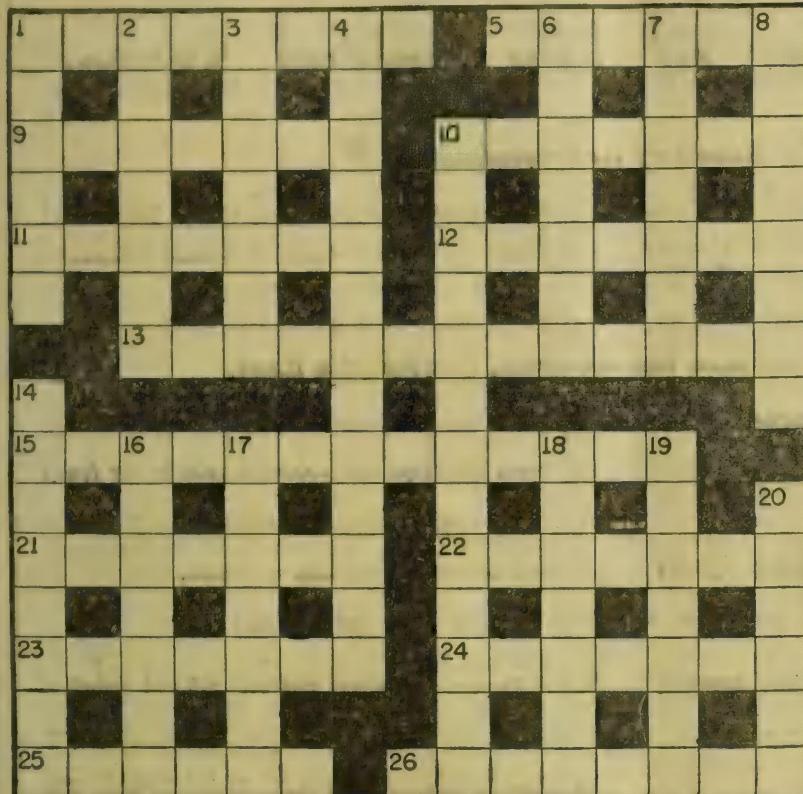
Young Italians — students and budding writers — gaze at this legendary world with the wonder of discovery: so that was what Valéry looked like, that was Hofmannsthal's handwriting. . . . And the older generation, those who managed to procure stray copies of *Commerce* during the stifling period of intellectual isolation under Mussolini, admire the consistently high quality of each number of the review. Other literary magazines of the period, exhibited in the first room, have tables of contents that, for the most part, list writers long since disappeared into oblivion; but *Commerce* is remarkably free of clinkers.

Those who know Marguerite Caetani — and almost every writer in Europe does know her — are not surprised. Though she seldom leaves her comfortable apartment in Palazzo Caetani except to look at pictures or to go to her beautiful country place at nearby Ninfa, the Princess manages to meet and help dozens of painters and writers and musicians. Though she is not "social" (she has not used her magazine to create a fashionable salon), she is eminently sociable, and her Sunday lunches in the country during the fine weather are a worthy continuation of those at the Villa Romaine in the twenties.

But the Principessa (as she is known in Rome — as if the city had only one princess) is no mere lady bountiful, inviting artists to tea and presiding over the lunch table. Her morning mail is brought up to her in a wicker basket, and though she has assistants and advisers (the Italian writer Giorgio Bassani and the American poet Eugene Walter among them), she insists on opening every envelope and examining every manuscript herself. Like every editor, she works a lot on intuition; if she thinks somebody ought to be a good writer, she makes him keep submitting manuscripts until she finds something she likes. And when she discovers a writer to her taste, she isn't afraid to publish him often. Hardly a number of *Botteghe Oscure* appears without something by René Char — a poet whose international reputation owes a great deal to her insistence — or by Guglielmo Petroni an Italian novelist whom the Princess admires. Each issue, however, contains new names, drawn from the daily mail basket. Twenty-five years from now — who knows? — perhaps there will be an exhibit honoring *Botteghe Oscure*, and those may be the very names — like the Lorcas and Pasternaks of *Commerce* — that will be surrounded by the halo of fame and greatness. That is the bet that the Princess is making with the future.

# Crossword Puzzle No. 808

By FRANK W. LEWIS



## ACROSS:

- Mother's little arguments could certainly hound her. (8)
- Tied up with a bossy sound on the far left. (6)
- The wind of the plain or the Rockies. (7)
- Leave it alone, boy! It might be tipped out west. (7)
- Where you might need change for a car rug? (7)
- Discernment certainly can't be around the corner. (7)
- Looking for salt in the fall, usually. (7,6)
- 1 and 2 down Time of uprising (perhaps in league with Indians)? (7,6,7)
- Obscuration. (7)
- His work objective should be going well. (7)
- British storm centers of China. (7)
- The dumb brute I take out to change valence. (7)
- It's a bird! It's a dog! It's a bird-dog! (6)
- The bad character of Tristan has at heart separated by itself. (8)

## DOWN:

- Contains instruction for the keyboard? (6)
- See 15 across
- In Maugham's sort of bondage, it isn't being like us. (7)

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For twelve years of cold war under the administrations of both political parties our country has failed to extend democracy, contain communism, or achieve a position of strength. The cold war has left us uncertain, frustrated, and at the mercy of events. Berlin is the current example. Two months ago it was Formosa, and before then, the Middle East.

## **We submit that a successful foreign policy must face these facts:**

- ★ Cold war enlarges and multiplies both the problems of peace and the causes of war.
- ★ The Asian-African revolt against ignor-
- ance, poverty, and colonial rule is far from over.
- ★ Our foreign policy, to be effective, must be consistent with the means at our disposal and the opportunities at hand.

## **Specifically we propose as first steps, the following:**

- ★ Let us abandon nuclear weapons tests so that the arms race may be halted and so that genocide may not be a factor in our plans and never become a factor in our practices.
- ★ Let us encourage and support the demilitarization of tension areas, utilizing the facilities and capacities of the United Nations.
- ★ Let us invite the Soviet Union to enter into an agreement with us to reject war and the threat of war as an instrument of policy in our dealings with each other and thereby revive a mutual obligation under the United Nations Charter which long has suffered from mutual neglect.
- ★ Let us give official recognition to the plain fact that the People's Republic of China is the government of China and therefore it should occupy the
- China seat in the United Nations.
- ★ Let us greatly increase economic aid and technical assistance to other countries and let us not use such aid as a cold war device, but let us channel it through the agencies of the United Nations.

*In offering these proposals we do not suggest that all problems will vanish if these things are done, but we do believe that they are a beginning toward recapturing a measure of the confidence and the good will which we formerly enjoyed before the advent of cold war.*

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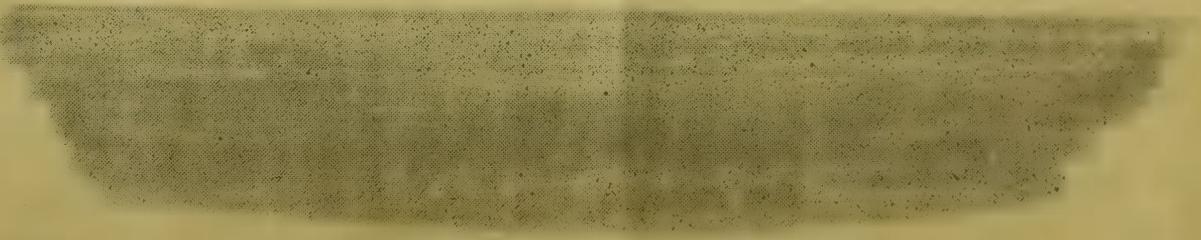


## **The Credit-Card Millionaires**

*by Richard Schickel*

## **200,000 New Yorkers Can't Vote**

*by Dan Wakefield*



# LETTERS

## The Negro Novelist

Dear Sirs: Richard Gibson's recent review [*The Nation*, Feb. 7] of my book, *The Negro Novel in America*, can best be described as fanciful, and I therefore feel compelled to separate fancy from fact.

**Fancy:** "Fundamentally Mr. Bone is out to prove that the use of so-called 'white' material by Negro authors is a very bad thing."

**Fact:** "It is indefensible to regard race material as the only 'natural' province of the Negro writer. . . . The right of the Negro author to any material which he finds promising is beyond dispute." (pp. 223-24)

**Fancy:** (The following is another quotation from Mr. Gibson; it is not enclosed in quotation marks because I wish to reproduce his punctuation exactly.)

The earliest period of the Negro novel, he asserts, produced a sort of "high-yallah" literature in which predominantly middle-class mulatto writers sought to break through the caste barrier on the "grounds that 'whiteness' of appearance and behavior entitled them to special treatment."

**Fact:** The second quotation is mine; the first ("high-yallah") is Mr. Gibson's. Surely Mr. Gibson is aware that the term is offensive in some quarters? I therefore prefer that he take sole responsibility for it. . . .

**Fancy:** "Schuyler's novel, probably the finest satire ever written by a Negro author, might have qualified as 'good,' Bone indicates, if the author's vision had not been animated basically by the demon of assimilationism."

**Fact:** Absolutely false. I challenge Mr. Gibson to point out the passage where I made such a statement. I have tried throughout to maintain the most scrupulous distinction between social and literary judgments, a distinction which Mr. Gibson obviously fails to grasp.

**Fancy:** "The fourth period . . . fell into the most horrendous assimilationism with Willard Motley's *Knock on Any Door* (1947) and Ann Petry's *Country Place* (1947)."

**Fact:** "A more successful portrayal of white life than either of Motley's novels, Ann Petry's *Country Place* (1947) is in fact one of the finest novels of the period." (p. 180)

My treatment of *Country Place* is a major source of embarrassment to Mr.

Gibson, who is out to prove that I am against the use of white material by Negro authors. . . .

Mr. Gibson concludes his review with a devastating judgment: "If we must have a special history devoted to Negro novelists, then Carl Milton Hughes' *The Negro Novelist* (1953), despite its arid academicism, still remains the best."

Unfortunately, Mr. Gibson cannot have examined Mr. Hughes' book very closely. Had he done so, he would have discovered that it is a literary history which covers exactly ten years (1940-50), while my book covers a century (1853-1952). In fact, if Mr. Gibson had even the most superficial knowledge of the field, he would have known that Mr. Hughes' book is in effect a sequel to Dr. Hugh Gloster's *Negro Voices in American Fiction* (University of North Carolina Press, 1948). This volume comes down to 1940 where Mr. Hughes begins, and is by far the better book.

ROBERT A. BONE  
Yale University

New Haven, Conn.

**Dear Sirs:** Fact and fancy are hopelessly entangled in Mr. Bone's mind. . . . While piously granting the Negro author the right to all material, however "white," he states quite explicitly: "In general, the Negro author should not undertake a 'white' novel unless his experience of white life is extraordinary. . . . The color line must be crossed in life before it can be crossed in literature." (pp. 224-25)

As for the use of the term "high-yallah," it is indeed mine and I take full responsibility for it. Mr. Bone's white skin is obviously more sensitive than my brown one. . . .

Mr. Bone is very unfair in his treatment of Schuyler and very contradictory. He lists *Black No More* as "mediocre," then says (p. 89) that satire during the Negro Renaissance "reaches its highest development" with Schuyler's book. On the next page (p. 90), he tells us: "Schuyler possessed a ready wit and an authentic gift for satire." On the next page (p. 91), he says that "assimilationism is the key to his (Schuyler's) satirical bent." He adds: "George Schuyler's writings provide, in fact, a classic study in assimilationism. In one of his early columns he vehemently attacks 'the lie that Negroes wish to be white'; yet he based *Black No More* on this very conception. His attack on Negro nationalism, whether of the Garvey or DuBois variety, runs true to form."

Mr. Bone boasts about his ability to distinguish between aesthetic and social judgment, but in the three pages he devotes to

Schuyler's book, there is not a single line of real literary criticism, only far-fetched statements about the demon of assimilationism.

I think I have made quite clear Mr. Bone's notions about Negro authors using "white" material. Why he suddenly decides Ann Petry's *Country Place* is a "superior" novel, I have no idea. Her far better book, *The Street*, he calls "mediocre."

Carl Milton Hughes' *The Negro Novelist*, I maintain, is a better study than Mr. Bone's. For one thing, Mr. Hughes

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## EDITORIALS

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### Mr. Dulles

The *Nation* has had more critical than commendatory words for John Foster Dulles, but if we possessed an elixir which would cause his endocarcinoma to vanish overnight, it would be dispatched to his bedside as fast as to that of our dearest friend. Yet one must note the fact, neglected by most of the press, that as the Secretary's health deteriorated, his diplomacy improved. On January 13, with seeming casualness — but it is not Mr. Dulles' nature to do anything casually — he disavowed the stubborn formula which precluded any possible solution of the German problem: free elections, first—otherwise no reunification. The principle was retained, but it ceased to be a prerequisite. This introduced some flexibility into the situation. The Secretary was, of course, perfectly aware that neither West Germany nor the West German Government was united behind Chancellor Adenauer's intransigence on all matters pertaining to the Soviet Union. Mr. Dulles followed up this maneuver with one of equal significance and in the same direction. On his recent trip to Europe, he persuaded the Chancellor to relinquish all claims to the Polish-held territories of Silesia and Pomerania, provided the Soviet Union would consent to a German reunification plan acceptable to the West. But Soviet consent cannot be obtained if the plan involves nuclear armaments for the Bonn army, as both Mr. Dulles and Mr. Adenauer know full well. A third concession is therefore implied, and this leads to a fourth: if West Germany is deprived of the means for future aggression, then some version of the Rapacki plan (but let it be called by any other name) would not redound to the disadvantage of the West. But the concessions will be bilateral. On the Soviet side, a pill as bitter as all these four combined must be swallowed: the merger of East and West Germany under the dominance of West Germany — as indeed it must be, both on the basis of population potential and the inclination of most Germans.

Thus Mr. Dulles himself, before the recurrence of his cancer became apparent, had cut the ground from under the shoot-our-way-into-Berlin fanatics. On this note

of triumph, he should be content to retire. It would be humiliating to have to confess that there are "irreplaceable" men in a democratic system of government, for it is based on a fantasy which should never have been allowed to gain credence. The weaknesses in Mr. Dulles' brand of one-man diplomacy were never more apparent than in the last week; we need not, and should not, return to any such conception of statesmanship. Mr. Dulles can be replaced; and, of course, sooner or later he will be.

### Bipartisanship: the Mansfield Version

Responsible bipartisanship in peacetime foreign policy, as Dr. Cecil V. Crabb, Jr., pointed out in last week's *Nation*, is not concurrence in manifest error, but independent collaboration in an effort to find a solution to the nation's predicaments abroad. A good example is Senator Mike Mansfield's February 12 statement on the German question. It is creative both in the mechanics of its presentation and in the ideas presented.

The ideas are noteworthy not only in their specific content, but in the general approach, which coincides broadly with the views of Senator Fulbright and with the new Dulles approach. Up to a few weeks ago, Mr. Dulles' attitude was almost totally polarized: we were the embodiment of virtue and the Russians were the embodiment of evil. Now the Secretary appears to be adjusting himself to diplomacy in the real world, in which we share the frailties of humanity. Senator Mansfield likewise sees the conflict not in terms of blackest black and purest white, but in half-tones. Maybe most of the virtue is on our side, but: "There are differing economic and social structures functioning in Western and Eastern Germany. . . . How are these structures to be fused in peace?" This makes practical, negotiable sense, in contrast to the sterility of the earlier Dulles-Adenauer pretensions.

As to the mechanics, Senator Mansfield did not clear his speech with the State Department; he merely sent the department a copy a day before he delivered it. In thus making clear that he was not acting as a rubber

stamp for the Executive, he won a better hearing for his own ideas and, in the process, helped Mr. Dulles free himself from what remains of the strait jacket into which the Secretary had pinned himself and his collaborators. There was, also, a refreshing modesty about the manner in which Senator Mansfield offered his proposals. He said that his ideas might not be the best that could be conceived; their purpose was merely to stimulate fresh thinking and to encourage a new and more imaginative approach. He has already succeeded in this limited aim but, more important, he has pointed the way to a new concept of bipartisanship.

## Cost-Plus Tuition

From California to Connecticut, the editorial pages of campus dailies are buzzing with comment on pending and proposed increases in tuition fees. The facts vary widely from college to college, but a clear national pattern emerges. Tuition charges are going up and the increases have come in rapid succession. For example, at Cornell they have been hiked for the third time in four years. In the last three years, Harvard students have been faced with two tuition, three board, and two room increases, whereas only two increases (and these restricted to tuition) had occurred at Harvard in the seven preceding years. As the student editors see it, the recent increases have little direct relation to fluctuations in the national economy. It is conceded that a "gradual inflation" has taken place, but this general inflation correlates imperfectly, if at all, with the succession of tuition increases of the last few years. In effect, the college student views increased tuition costs in much the same light as the consumer views price rises stemming from the wage-price spiral; i.e., costs have been hiked in excess of the actual increase in operating costs. And the student is right. College administrators, with full realization that legislative bodies are reluctant to vote more funds for education and with an eye to future cost increases, are naturally tempted to fix tuition fees at a figure that will make it possible to maintain, or even decrease, present deficits. In a word, tuition fees are being fixed on a cost-plus basis — in anticipation of future fiscal needs and contingencies. The college administrators are well aware that the post-Sputnik fervor about education has abated; with surprising rapidity we have reverted to our normal stance — high verbal dedication to education and an extreme reluctance to foot the bill. In this issue (p. 179), Myron Lieberman offers a compelling demonstration that our inefficient and outmoded system of local control severely limits the expansion of American public education to meet modern needs. His basic conclusions are also applicable in the higher reaches of education. The problem currently agitating college editors and their readers will never be satisfactorily solved until we substitute a

centralized direction of subsidies and scholarship funds, or some combination of both, for the present efforts to force students to carry a disproportionate — and ultimately insupportable — share of the soaring costs of college education.

## Agenda at San Juan

Reports of the recent AFL-CIO Executive Council sessions at the Caribe Hilton in San Juan, Puerto Rico, suggest that the problem of corruption still haunts the federation despite the well-publicized expulsions and banishments. Of serious concern to the council was the continued exploitation of Puerto Rican workers in New York through corrupt "sweetheart" contracts negotiated by unions which are still very much a part of the federation. Of equal concern was the matter of readmitting the International Longshoremen's Association which, in the view of some council members, must be readmitted, and soon, if only to keep it from federating with the ostracized Teamsters. While the council was in session an incident occurred which emphasized the futility of continuing to keep the I.L.A. "in outer darkness." To provide a haven for longshoremen who were supposed to be yearning for a chance to desert their tainted union, the AFL-CIO some time ago established a new union, the International Brotherhood of Longshoremen. Today its only extant local is to be found in Puerto Rico, and its officials were openly conferring — worse, cooperating — with officials of the Teamsters while the Executive Council was in session. A third concern was related to the vexing problem of Maurice A. Hutcheson, indicted president of the powerful Carpenters' Union, for whose expulsion Mr. Meany has consistently shown less enthusiasm than he did for the expulsion of the Teamsters on much the same charges.

In brief, it would be fair to conclude that the San Juan sessions revealed a marked abatement of the council's original confidence that expulsion would serve as a sovereign remedy for corruption. Disowning the erring son may enhance the father's sense of rectitude, but no more in union than in parental relations does it serve to reform the delinquent or strengthen the family. (See: editorial comment, *The Nation*, October 19, 1957; November 16, 1957).

## Segregationist Drivel

The Southern segregationists continue to be hard-pressed on the ideological front. They made little enough sense at the beginning, what with the attacks on the Supreme Court, the spurious interpretations of the 14th Amendment, and the resurrected image of states' rights. Now, in desperation, they have turned to the old reliable witch hunt. Governor Marvin of Georgia is chairman of a commission which has discovered "a master-

plan, Soviet inspired, behind the racial incidents so widespread in America today." Representative Dale Alford, the successful stick-in candidate of Little Rock, has echoed the same charge, while in Tennessee the indomitable Myles Horton and his gallant staff at Highlander Folk School are being "investigated" by a state legislative committee. But this latest drivel will not aid the segregationists in their effort to find a plausible ideology. It is a little too much to ask the nation to believe that the 14th Amendment was drafted in the Kremlin or that the Supreme Court has been infiltrated by alumni of Highlander. And it will doubtless occur to many people that the spectacle of Warren high school in Front Royal, Virginia, boycotted by a thousand white pupils as reprisal for the admission of twenty Negroes, is a prime example of subversion—engineered and inspired by Southern segregationists.

## Lorenzo With a Difference

The Ford Foundation has announced awards totaling \$150,000 to be distributed among eleven novelists and poets. The grants are intended to stimulate the artists "at a stage in their careers when time to concentrate on

their talents gives promise of major contributions to their own artistic development and to contemporary American art."

Truly the corporate foundation is the Lorenzo of our day, but it is Lorenzo with a difference. The word "promise" in the announcement carries odd overtones in connection with a list of eleven names, ten of which are solidly established in the literary history of our time. These are all splendid writers, they will put the money to good use and we are delighted that they have received it.

But this distribution was not made to nourish talent; these talents flourish and have flourished in some cases for decades. It was made to give foundation administrators dreamless nights. Patronage of the arts, as any Lorenzo knows, is a wasteful business; if a third of his proteges turn out well, a man may consider himself a genius at the art of spending his money. But a foundation is run like a business and it does not tolerate waste: the Ford Foundation wants no Edsels to chill the atmosphere of the next directors' meeting. So this \$150,000 is spent not to encourage talent but to reward success. It is generous, it is safe, it adds not a cubit to the cultural stature of our day.

## Four Myths Cripple Our Schools . . . *Myron Lieberman*

*Like most editorial offices, The Nation has been inundated with manuscripts on American education. Herewith we present a frontal attack by a distinguished educator on the built-in limitations of local control. It is the most instructive analysis of the weaknesses of our public-school system that we have seen. Mr. Lieberman teaches at the Graduate School of Education in New York's Yeshiva University, and is the author of Education as a Profession. This article, and another by him which will appear in The Nation, are adapted from the manuscript of a new book he is now writing.*

—THE EDITORS

THE MOST important educational trend in the 1960s is likely to be the decline of local control of education. Such a development is long overdue. Public education in the United States has been strangled for more than a century by the myth that local control is a good thing. National survival now requires educational policies and programs which are not subject to local veto; conversely, lo-

cal communities must be relegated to ceremonial rather than policy-making roles in public education. This means that in the long run we shall be forced also to abolish state control of education, since from a national standpoint state control is only an attenuated version of local control.

Our present system cannot be justified in the light of the mobile and interdependent nature of our society. A vast majority of our people eventually move away from the school district and state which carried the responsibility for their elementary and secondary education. In the year ending March, 1958, 30,800,000 Americans changed their residence. Approximately 11,000,000 moved from one county to another, of whom about half moved to a different state. Thus, on the average, every American moves to a different state two times during his life. Under these circumstances, it hardly makes sense to contend that the citizens of one

state have no legitimate right to insist upon an adequate education for the children in other states.

Some idea of the bankruptcy of local control of education may be gotten from the statistics concerning Selective Service registrants rejected for failure to pass the mental tests. In 1956, the lowest rate of rejection on this score was Montana's 2.5 per cent; the highest rate was Mississippi's 44.9 per cent. In ten states, fewer than one out of every twenty registrants failed to pass the tests; in eleven states, one or more out of every four failed to pass.

These vast differences are not due solely to the differences in the school systems from state to state. A registrant educated in Montana might take his Selective Service tests in Mississippi, or vice versa. Moreover, the statistics include failures to pass the tests because of inherited mental deficiency, and for other causes over which the schools have no control. Nevertheless, the differences cannot

be explained solely by non-educational causes. And because some states and communities provide a decent minimum education for only a small minority of their children, we must, in all states, draft persons who ought not to be in the armed services at all.

This is only a small part of the price we are paying for local control of education. The intellectual smog that has prevented us from realizing just how exorbitant is this price is being cleared away once and for all by such related events as the riots in Little Rock and the Russian conquests of space.

MUCH LIKE racial segregation, local control of education is based upon myths whose sun has now set. Particular individuals may continue to accept them for a long time, but our society would be committing suicide by doing so. The most important of the myths are these:

1. *The myth that local control of education, with perhaps a few concessions made to state control, is one of the important institutional safeguards of educational freedom and of our free society.*

Our present system of local control is far more conducive to totalitarian education and to a totalitarian society than a national system of schools would be. I know that this statement is not acceptable to the overwhelming majority of the American people, including the teachers; but I am willing to stand upon it.

The assertion that our present system tends toward totalitarianism seems absurd on its face. A totalitarian system is one which develops a massive uniformity of outlook; it is based upon intellectual protectionism for points of view which cannot stand the test of free discussion. But we have a multitude of schools of all denominations or no denominations at all; among our teachers and students are adherents of every major political, economic and religious point of view. What could be farther from totalitarianism?

In most states, the purposes and the content of education are left to local school boards to determine. Undoubtedly, there are constitutional limits to the purposes for which com-

munities may operate public schools. However, these limits have never been spelled out, and great latitude is left to communities. Under these circumstances the predominant groups in each community tend to set educational goals which accord with their particular religious, political, economic or social points of view. As a practical matter, therefore, our present system results in the same kind of intellectual protectionism that characterizes schools in totalitarian countries.

Even where a community accepts the most liberal educational purposes, its interpretation of what programs fulfill these purposes may have the same stultifying effect as outright adherence to a sectarian purpose. Every pressure group is for the general welfare, but each has its own version of what measures do in fact promote the general welfare. Similarly, every pressure group is for a liberal education, but each has a special version of what educational programs lead to this result.

What is crucial is that at the local level, it is relatively easy for a preponderant group to enforce a policy of intellectual protectionism for its sacred cows. Thus the white majorities in Southern communities exclude instruction that is critical of racial segregation. Communities in which fundamentalist sects predominate exclude school instruction in evolution. Some communities have prohibited the study of the U.N. or of UNESCO. Ours is a heterogeneous country, but in most communities the predominant racial, religious, economic or political groups are able to veto whatever in the school program displeases them.

Looking at our system as a whole, and noting the existence of public schools teaching diverse doctrines, one might infer that our schools are free. We do not readily recognize the totalitarianism implicit in local control simply because not all schools protect the same dogmas. Nonetheless, a diversity of schools based upon intellectual protectionism for different dogmas does not constitute a "democratic school system" — not, at least, if "democratic" refers to the education actually provided rather than to the legal structure which

facilitates a variety of one-sided educational programs.

THE diversity of our undemocratic schools is not the only factor which maintains the fiction that we have a democratic school system. The power structure of American society is such that no single group is able to enforce its dogmas on the population as a whole. No matter how successful a group may be in excluding certain facts and ideas from the public schools, the mass media — radio, TV, etc. — are almost certain to expose students to some of them. People look at this situation and say, "Our schools have kept us free." They should say, "Our freedoms have survived our schools."

## 2. *The myth that public education was not made a federal responsibility in the Constitution because the founding fathers feared the potentialities for dictatorship in a federal school system.*

Actually, education was not included as a federal function in the Constitution because the idea of free, public education had not even occurred to the founding fathers. At the time of the American Revolution, the concept of universal public education was receiving attention for the first time — and only from a few frontier thinkers. Thus, our present decentralized school system was not an inspired stroke of genius, but a historical accident.

Our schools have never been an important foundation of our free society. Our freedom is partly due to a separation of powers which enables us to transact public business reasonably well while simultaneously avoiding excessive subjection to government officials. Perhaps for this reason, we tend to regard the diffusion of power over our schools as an essential element of our free society. But adherence to a general principle that we must avoid excessive concentration of power does not automatically justify every separation or diffusion of it. Everything depends upon the circumstances — what powers are involved, who is to wield them, and so on. It is preposterous to think, merely because their political genius was expressed through a

Constitution embodying a remarkably successful separation of powers, that the founding fathers would align themselves today with the supporters of local control of education.

People tend to regard public education as a legal concept and to neglect it as an educational concept; that is why they are seldom aware of its non-public aspects. The ideal of public education means more than having some governmental unit — local, state or federal — provide the funds. Public education has a referent in the quality of education as well as in its financial basis. The qualitative referent is an education in which the search for truth is carried on regardless of what empires topple, interests collapse or heads roll. Without this, public education is a delusion as dangerous as the notion that mere government ownership of the means of production will automatically result in their operation for public, rather than for private, interests. The socialization of a service at any level of government is no automatic guarantee that the service will be performed in the public interest.

ALTHOUGH the legal structure under which schools operate is only one factor which serves to shape their educational program, it is an extremely important factor. Because a national system of educational controls is more likely to broaden the purposes of education and to preserve the professional autonomy of teachers, it is much more likely to provide a truly liberal education than a multitude of totalitarian systems under local control. It is a striking fact that in England, which has a national system of education, teachers are opposed to local control precisely because they fear that such control would undermine their academic freedom. Meanwhile, teachers in the United States continue to act as if local control must be maintained inviolate lest academic freedom (which they do not possess) be imperiled.

*3. The myth that local control of education is a boon to educational research and experimentation.*

We have forty-nine state school systems, each free to try something



different. Each state has delegated considerable power to local school boards, which multiplies the experimental possibilities. This is supposed to make for progress, since each school system is not only free to try something new, but also to benefit from the experience of others.

There is no doubt that some change for the better occurs this way. Nevertheless, the enormous decentralization cannot be justified on this ground. The different schools do not constitute experiments except in the loosest sense of the word. They do not operate under conditions carefully controlled for purposes of analysis and comparison; they just operate.

Much of the experience of different systems is valuable only on the premise that education should be a state or local responsibility. A school board may indeed be interested in how another community put over a school-bond campaign. However, if the funds came from the federal government, the experience of a particular school system in raising money would be academic.

The truth is that local control of education has obstructed rather than facilitated educational research. By and large, only large, urban systems allocate funds to research — and when they do so, the research is generally limited to problems of local concern. This is only natural. No one normally looks to a local farm community to finance a program of basic agricultural research; why should we expect local communities to support educational research in local schools from local funds? In agriculture, the

federal government supports basic research because the futility of waiting for a small operator or a local community to do so is clearly evident. The same policy can and should be followed in education.

The U.S. Office of Education, a branch of the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, has conducted research on certain administrative problems for many years. Not until 1956, however, was it granted funds for research in the art and science of teaching. In that year, \$3,000,000 was made available by Congress for grants in various fields of education. The National Defense Education Act, passed in August, 1958, included an appropriation of \$18,000,000 over a four-year period for research on the educational use of radio, television and audio-visual aids. But as long as education remains primarily a state and local responsibility, educational research will never receive the support it ought to have.

Public education is a \$16,000,000,-000 enterprise. Enlightened practice in large-scale industry and government is to spend 3 to 6 per cent of the total budget for research. In education, this would call for an expenditure of from \$480,000,000 to \$960,000,000 annually. In fact, it is doubtful whether we are spending more than \$25,000,000 a year from all sources on educational research.

Proposals for a twenty-fold increase will be dismissed as a pipe dream by most educators. Nevertheless, such an increase might still leave research expenditures at a conservative level even if we are now

spending considerably more than \$25,000,000 annually for the purpose. We are currently spending well over \$300,000,000 annually for medical research, and a distinguished advisory committee of medical educators and research executives last year recommended that this amount be increased to \$1 billion by 1970.

IN THIS connection, one of the most persistent and most pathetic arguments against a national school system is that it would not permit experimentation. The broad assumption seems to be that centralized administration is necessarily non-experimental or that it necessarily insists upon uniformity down to every detail. Actually, several federal agencies subsidize programs of research which dwarf anything we have ever seen in education. The defense and agriculture departments illustrate the possibilities.

The present structure of American education, far from conducive to the support of research, is well designed to obstruct it. Consider, for instance, the scandalous lags which occur between the discovery and the application of knowledge in education. These lags are reflected in *what* is taught, as well as *how*. For example, one of the country's outstanding authorities on the teaching of mathematics recently pointed out that a seventeenth-century mathematician would feel perfectly at home teaching in an American high school. A similar comment has been made by an outstanding physicist about the physics curriculum in our secondary schools. Even in the area of methodology, there is overwhelming evidence that vast numbers of teachers adhere to methods and techniques which have long been discredited by reliable research.

4. *The myth that state governments and local school districts have the financial resources to support an adequate educational system.*

To grasp the fallacious nature of this proposition, first consider some of the practical problems involved in introducing basic educational changes which involve heavy expenditures. Let us assume a proposal that every student who has the abil-

ity to do college work be required to take two years of physics in high school. At this point, consider only the financial problems involved. If a school is to offer two years of physics instead of one or none, extensive remodeling will almost certainly be required, plus substantial expenditures for equipment and supplies. (Just how substantial is evident from a survey made in March, 1957, by the NEA's Research Division; more than half the schools responding to its inquiries did not even have direct current in their physics laboratories; the average total expenditure per pupil for supplies and consumable equipment in science classrooms was discovered to be exactly 57c.)

IN THIS connection, it is interesting to note that the National Defense Education Act passed in August, 1958, provided an appropriation of \$300,000,000 over a four-year period for science equipment in high schools. But it should be obvious that this appropriation, welcome as it is, will only help to solve a small part of the problem. Before most high schools could offer two years of physics, local school boards would have to adopt salary schedules much more attractive than the prevailing ones. Even though physics is now offered for only one year in the overwhelming majority of schools where it is offered at all, there is already a large and growing shortage of physics teachers. It will be interesting to see how long it takes for Congress to recognize the futility of waiting for local school boards to institute salary schedules which are

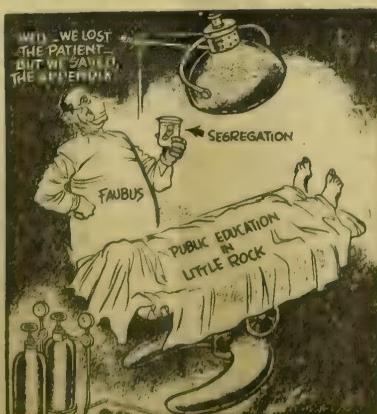
high enough to attract reasonably competent science teachers.

The preceding comments by no means exhaust the financial problems involved. To secure more and better physics teachers in high schools, we must first secure more and better physics teachers in colleges and universities already confronted by serious shortages. Indeed, these institutions are not even producing enough high school physics teachers to offer one year of competent instruction for all students who should take the subject.

UNDER OUR present system of financing education, the states and local communities supply over 95 per cent of funds for public education. There are several reasons why this structure is not working and can never be made to work. In the first place, some states have four to five times as much taxable wealth, on the average, as other states. The differences between school districts are even greater; some school districts have several hundred times as much taxable wealth as others. Ability to support education has also been studied in terms of what educators call "personal income payments per pupil enrolled," that is, by taking the total income received by the residents of a state and dividing this figure by the number of pupils enrolled in its public schools. In 1956-57, this ratio worked out to \$17,432 in Delaware and \$3,754 in Mississippi. Needless to say, the variations between school districts were even greater.

For many years, authorities on school finance have pointed out that the poorest states and school districts usually devote a higher proportion of their resources to education than do the wealthier ones. Theoretically, one might argue that this is not too important because all states and school districts should be making a greater effort to support education. However, this argument overlooks many basic factors.

One such consideration is the competitive aspects of state and local taxation. In New York City, there is a concentration of high incomes unequalled anywhere in the country. Nearly 20 per cent of all internal



revenue is collected in New York State. Thus it would appear that New York City, which is permitted to levy an income tax but does not, and New York State, which does levy an income tax, could easily have the very best schools in the nation. The difficulty is, however, that many high-income persons and corporations might move if tax rates were raised substantially. This is why it is often fallacious to criticize states and communities for not raising taxes; if they did so, they would lose people and businesses to areas less concerned about education. The need for, and justice of, federal taxation would thus remain even if there were substantial equality in wealth and revenues among all states and school districts. The fact that a federal tax cannot be evaded at the expense of children in a particular school district is one of the most compelling reasons why we must move toward an educational system financed by the federal government.

Still another factor makes it very

unlikely that an adequate educational system could be financed without massive federal support. School districts have been forced to raise most of their funds (54 per cent in 1953-54) by means of the property tax, the levying of which — unlike most other taxes — must usually be submitted to popular vote. As is usual in this type of situation, the people who are badly hurt by a substantial tax increase are more effective politically than the diffuse majority which benefits. The result is that an increasing number of bond issues for school funds are being defeated in communities sympathetic to public education. Here is some indication of the rising, and often justified, tide of resentment against such discriminatory taxation.

The need for federal support of public education, if not for a federal system, is also related to the way in which the federal government supports non-educational activities. In the new highway program, for example, the federal government will

spend \$9 for every dollar appropriated by the state governments. Obviously, this will result in a bigger share of the state dollar being spent on highways. Will this be at the expense of education? The only way that education can compete for funds, *even at the state level*, is for the federal government to assume a much bigger share of the educational budget.

**INTELLECTUALLY**, local control of education is already a corpse. The only question is how long these and other myths can prolong its zombie-like existence in a highly interdependent society. Somehow, we might just stagger through the last half of the twentieth century with an eighteenth-century educational structure. The indications are, however, that the practical sense of the American people will be forced to assert itself, and that they will develop a centralized school system while simultaneously reaffirming their faith that any such system is un-American.

## 200,000 NEW YORKERS CAN'T VOTE . . *Dan Wakefield*

THE FIRST stirs of protest are beginning over the plight of an estimated 150,000-200,000 U.S. citizens in New York City who are barred from the right to vote. This hefty bloc of lost voters, who could mean the strategic balance of power in city and even state elections, are U.S. citizens of Puerto Rican birth or parentage who are denied the vote by a thirty-seven-year-old amendment to the New York State constitution which requires that all electors be able to pass an English-literacy test.

Although there have been Puerto Ricans in New York City since the nineteenth century, and all Puerto Ricans were made U.S. citizens in 1917, the question of the state's

English-literacy requirement (in effect since 1922) was never much discussed outside of Puerto Rican circles until last fall. Then José Camacho, a fifty-four-year-old Puerto Rican grocer in the Bronx, was denied the right to register for the November 4 election on grounds that he does not read or write English. Mr. Camacho, represented by a young Manhattan attorney, Gene Crescenzi, brought suit in the Bronx Supreme Court charging a violation of his civil rights. Justice Edgar J. Nathan, Jr., ruled against him, citing the state constitutional provision on English literacy. Crescenzi filed an appeal which is now pending.

No matter what the eventual outcome of this particular case, it has already raised a whole array of questions — legal, political and social — which have smoldered below the surface for a long time, and were never brought into open debate simply because no citizen literate only in

Spanish had challenged the English-language requirement. In addition to the suit pending in the Court of Appeals, Crescenzi has also filed a complaint for his client with the federal Civil Rights Commission, which has begun an investigation of the whole problem and is scheduled to report in September. Last November, the New York Civil Liberties Union announced that it "has been investigating the civil-liberties issues involved in the question of whether Puerto Ricans who can read and write Spanish — but not English — should be able to vote in New York State."

THE question goes far beyond the New York political scene. There are more than 600,000 Puerto Ricans in New York City, but there are also approximately 200,000 scattered through the rest of the country. In some states, they are able to vote even if they are literate only in Span-

*DAN WAKEFIELD, a staff contributor, is the author of Island in the City, the story of a New York Puerto Rican community, just published by Houghton Mifflin.*

ish. Mr. Crescenzi says that Texas, Arizona, New Mexico, Nevada, California and Utah all have bilingual provisions in their voting law. In Pennsylvania (which has a growing Puerto Rican community in Philadelphia), Mr. Crescenzi says that in recognition of the problem, Puerto Ricans have been allowed to vote even when they do not speak English. In some states — New Jersey, for example — there is no literacy requirement of any kind for voting.

THE ISSUE involved in the situation of the Puerto Ricans is not, as many New Yorkers regard it, comparable — either legally or historically — to the issues involved in the immigration of Europeans to these shores. The Italians, Germans, Russians and other nationals who came here as immigrants and wanted to be citizens had to learn English as a requirement for citizenship, and were thus automatically qualified for any English-language voting requirement as soon as they were qualified as citizens. The Puerto Ricans, of course, are citizens to begin with, and their situation historically is much closer to that of the other Spanish-speaking peoples in the United States than to the European immigrants. The Puerto Ricans are actually a minority of the American-Spanish group; their own total population on the mainland is roughly 800,000, but there are an estimated four million Spanish-speaking people in the country of other origins, mostly Mexican. The bulk of these people are in the southwestern parts of the United

States which were acquired by war or purchase, and where Spanish was the principal language when the treaties were signed that made them a part of the United States — a situation, in other words, comparable to that of Puerto Rico.

Attorney Crescenzi believes that the treaties signed with Mexico which gave the United States much of its southwestern territory resulted in the present provisions for Spanish-language voting rights in such states as New Mexico, Arizona and Texas. The treaties insured that the people in the territories acquired would be able to maintain full civil rights. In New Mexico, Mr. Crescenzi points out, it is still possible to get a full jury trial in Spanish (a point which has several times been raised in New York by lawyers claiming that a client who speaks only Spanish and cannot understand the proceedings and testimony in English is not getting a fair trial).

Mr. Crescenzi takes his argument back to the 1898 Treaty of Paris, which established the conditions for the United States annexation of Puerto Rico, and notes that the treaty gave the people of the island the right to choose English or Spanish as a language and provided that their civil rights would be determined by Congress, which in 1917 gave them full citizenship. Mr. Crescenzi then cites Article VI of the Constitution, which says that all treaties made by the United States shall be the supreme law of the land.

Some legal authorities with experience in the civil-rights field are of the opinion, however, that this

argument does not have a great chance of success. Although we may take the idea for granted, there is no federal policy that citizenship insures the right to vote; the Constitution says that qualifications for electors are matters for determination by the individual states.

Whether or not the historical argument holds up to legal tests, it seems an enlightening consideration for those who so often compare the Puerto Rican situation with that of the European immigrations and forget that this country took Puerto Rico from Spain by means of war. It was, ironically enough, the year after Spain had finally (after more than 400 years) granted Puerto Rico a form of self-government that General Nelson Miles led U.S. troops onto the island to proclaim that he had brought "the advantages and blessings of enlightened civilization from the United States of America" and the island again was a colony without self-rule (and remained that way until it was allowed to elect its own governor in 1948).

WHAT seems possibly a more successful legal argument that Mr. Crescenzi is using is based on the 14th Amendment's assurance that a state cannot deprive a person of life, liberty or property, or make a differentiation or classification of people with respect to their enjoyment of rights, except on reasonable grounds. The question then becomes whether it is reasonable to deprive a person literate only in Spanish of voting in a state that is predominantly English-speaking. Literacy tests have been upheld as a voting qualification in past legal opinions, but they have mainly been justified as reasonable indications of intelligence. But for this purpose, why does the literacy have to be in English? The much-discussed question that follows is whether such a person can be well-informed about the issues. In answer to this, Puerto Ricans point out that New York has six Spanish-language radio stations, three Spanish daily newspapers, a Spanish television station and a number of Spanish magazines and periodicals.

Although it is a common argument



of some observers that the English literacy test is "good for" the Puerto Ricans, on the grounds that it encourages them to learn English, it is hard to find any Puerto Ricans who go along with such a theory. José Monseratt, head of the New York Division of Migration of the Commonwealth of Puerto Rico (an agency which does a major job in helping the Puerto Ricans adjust to mainland life, and sponsors free English courses both here and on the island) explained that, naturally, he was in favor of Puerto Ricans learning English, but that "Voting laws are not set up to encourage people to speak English."

"There is a whole disquiet in the Puerto Rican community here," Mr. Monseratt said, "a desire to be recognized which is felt to be tied up with politics. This desire to have a voice in it permeates the entire community — we've got to get into politics to get the kind of statutes which will not only help the Puerto Ricans, but the whole city as well. Also, Puerto Ricans feel that a real voice in politics will help in their total acceptance as a group."

The great interest in politics that most Puerto Ricans have, Mr. Monseratt said, is shown in the fact that voting turn-outs in elections on the island are among the highest in the world — usually over 80 per cent of the voting population. In New York, however, only 85,000 Puerto Ricans out of a potential of roughly 260,000 voted in the last election. Mr. Monseratt feels that many of those who did not vote are actually able to

speak enough English, but are afraid of the literacy test. "There are a lot of misconceptions about it," he said. "Some people think it is an IQ test, and are embarrassed or afraid to take it."

"It is my personal opinion," Mr. Monseratt said, "that as many people as possible should have the right to vote — not just Puerto Ricans, but all citizens. The more who vote, the stronger the democracy."

José Ramos Lopez, new Democratic Assemblyman from Manhattan's heavily Puerto Rican East Harlem District (and the third Puerto Rican ever to hold elective office in New York State) feels strongly that Spanish-speaking people should be able to vote. He asks: "What difference should there be between Texas and New York?" As to the question of how voting would be handled in two languages, and the wording of propositions in Spanish, Mr. Lopez said: "That is purely an administrative problem — not an issue. These people are counted for their votes when it comes to Congressional representation, and then they can't vote. They have all the responsibilities — they don't have to be able to speak English to fight in the Army."

José Lumen Roman, who writes for the newspaper *El Diario* and conducts a daily TV program (*Aquí Se Habla Español*) for the teaching of English to Spanish-speaking people, holds similar views. Mr. Roman, who was defeated as a Liberal Party candidate for the New York City Council (no Puerto Rican has ever served on the council) says that "If Puerto

Ricans can read and write in Spanish and understand the issues of a campaign, they should be allowed to vote. This law for English literacy can and should be amended — it was written before the great majority of Puerto Ricans came to New York."

THE PROSPECTS are that if any change is made, it will have to come through a state constitutional amendment rather than through the courts. On January 30, Felipe Torres, Democratic Assemblyman from the Bronx, introduced a bill which provides that any citizen who has served in the U.S. armed forces can present his honorable discharge papers in fulfillment of the literacy test. But even this modest bill (which the Puerto Ricans would welcome even though it would affect only a small number of people) is given little chance of passage; and a full change seems at present an unlikely prospect. In the words of one Puerto Rican active in city politics: "You want to know the real reason the law won't be changed? Because neither party's politicians want it. The Republicans figure that most of those 200,000 votes would be Democratic anyway. The Democrats figure that a bloc that big would have to mean more patronage for the Puerto Ricans — and others are in line ahead of us."

In the meantime, the Puerto Rican migration to the mainland is expected to continue at a steady rate — 50,000 new migrants are expected during 1959. The bloc of lost voters will continue to grow — and so will the resentment.

## THE CREDIT-CARD MILLIONAIRES . . Richard Schickel

"I'VE BEEN afraid of this," says one Russian bureaucrat to another as an angry mob mills beneath their window. "The people want credit cards!"

This poignant vision of the Soviet future, as seen by *New Yorker* cartoonist Alan Dunn, may yet become

a reality, especially if Nikita Khrushchev achieves his ambition of parity with the United States in the production of consumer goods. The men in the Kremlin might well ponder the experience of the United States in this respect, for it isn't difficult to imagine that once the material millennium comes to pass in the USSR, its people will do exactly what we Americans have been doing since the

millennium came here — demand the democratization of conspicuous consumption, a process in which credit cards are extremely useful.

Within the recent memory of most Americans, the purchase of a new car was a great event, a thing that occurred, in most middle-class families, only every five years or so. I can still remember the general swelling of pride in our family when we

*RICHARD SCHICKEL* is on the staff of a national magazine.

bought our first refrigerator in the mid-thirties, and as a child I recall overhearing intense debates over the desirability of various methods of purchasing those capital goods which were, in a sense, luxurious variations on necessities. Things being what they are today, everyone seems to have a refrigerator, and a home freezer, too, and the arrival of the new car has become an annual event, like birthdays. The telephone company, having achieved total saturation of the market, is now telling us that extension phones, "in color, of course," are "a beautiful way to save steps."

In short, most of us have all the necessities we need, perhaps more than we need. So, because there is left-over money burning holes in so many pockets (even with personal savings at a record high) and because, if the economy is to continue its expansion, artificial wants must be created at an unprecedented rate, we are witnessing an awe-inspiring revolution in spending habits.

Luxury-spending and tax-dodging, once the more or less exclusive prerogatives of the classic *nouveau riche*, have been extended to two groups that, since 1929, couldn't afford it—the old rich and the burgeoning middle class. Only the very poor, a dwindling minority group of slackers who simply don't consume good, like Americans should, cannot indulge in this, the biggest fad of our history. (Even they, however, can afford the \$2.50 solid-gold sewing needle, or the \$2.95 brass belt buckle that cunningly incorporates a can opener, bottle opener and screwdriver—items which did very nicely in last year's Christmas trade.)

THERE are a multitude of reasons for the new methods Americans have devised to get rid of their money. Naturally, they are interrelated.

Let's begin with the old rich. Quite simply, their prestige has always been closely tied to the ups and downs of the business cycle. With the economy booming, they can now spend as they did in the twenties, without risking public outcry over the injustice of it all. "The rich have been in hiding for twenty years" says an interior designer, who happily

adds: "They're coming out of their holes. And they're having a ball." Spencer Samuels, president of an art and antique firm, concurs: "The wealthy no longer worry about what people will think if they spend thousands of dollars on a painting. Being rich has lost its stigma." Meanwhile, it might be noted that the political Left, which used to spend so much time and effort pointing and shaking an accusing finger at the wealthy, hardly has the energy to lift it any more.

BUT DON'T get the idea that it's easy these days to prove wealth without being vulgar about it. Notes *Business Week*:

In a day when plush cars, swimming pools, boats have become commonplace for the middle-income groups, some of the old prestige symbols have lost their hold. Thus pressure from below, as well as the pressures of their own economic circumstances, lead the wealthy to spend—with more restraint perhaps, but with more skill. . . .

What are the things the poor, pressured old darlings are being forced to buy? *Business Week* lists, among others: Caribbean land (no inheritance taxes there); rare books and manuscripts (a way to tie up capital in small portable objects as a hedge against taxes); jewels ("Diamonds may be a girl's best friend . . . but they are the matron's best investment against a rainy day"); and art ("an owner can give a painting to a museum, get a fat [tax] deduction and keep the picture for most of his life").

The skill and restraint of the spending habits presented on the foregoing list should be breathtakingly obvious to all but the most churlish, as should their potential for tax evasion.

But what about those pressures from below? If the *canaille* is riding around in yachts, where can a man go? Africa? Even Kenya is crowded. The *Wall Street Journal* notes that last year 60,000 people spent over \$21 million on African safaris, compared to 13,000 spending only \$1.5 million in 1949. It adds that "Photohunting is on the rise in Africa. . . . The sport can . . . be inexpensive

enough to fit even a middle-income executive's purse."

The rich can't even call their dining habits their own any more. Gourmet foods are an interesting footnote to the new American taste for luxury living. Purveyors of these foods, which once exclusively came to rest on the tables of the rich, have seen their retail dollar volume rise 300 per cent since the war, and sales continue to rise 15 to 20 per cent each year. There are now about 6,000 specialty food stores in the United States, plus around 5,000 specialty shelves in groceries and supermarkets. Here, again, we see business opening the prerogatives of wealth to a large group.

Things are just as bad in the urban clubs, where it used to be possible to observe the power elite in repose. The barbarians are within those portals, too. Says one clubman: "I'd guess about 90 per cent of the checks received by my club are company checks—you'd have to look pretty hard to find a personal check." Adds another: "There are some fine clubs whose old-line members are fast dying off and whose only hope is to recruit promising young men who have made a name for themselves in industry. But the old-timers hesitate—they still cling to the idea that only the bluebloods . . . deserve membership. They fail to see that the so-called social aristocracy has long been on the wane, that the business aristocracy is in the ascendancy."

Reporting all this, the *Wall Street Journal* notes that, with costs up and membership down, the clubs in self-defense are taking in businessmen whose businesses will pay their dues as well as the checks for the business lunches. Increasingly, the clubs are actively seeking the membership of the type who, as one clubman puts it, "will spread his damned papers all over the luncheon table."

THE expense account, of course, is responsible for more than the decline of the old-fashioned club. It is a much-discussed social phenomenon, and we need not pause over-long on it. Its extension and increasing generosity have been caused by a desire to reward executives with non-taxable income—a fact the internal



Robert Leydenfrost

revenue department has at long last noted. This year you have to report expense account receipts.

Whatever the pros and cons of the expense account, it has had one important psychological effect on vast numbers of people. It has turned them into Cinderellas. Take as an example the husband and wife who spend a week attending a convention in Bermuda at company expense. They note that, by scrimping a bit, they can afford a week or so of similarly high living at their own expense. Obviously, they cannot live every week of the year like millionaires, but they can have a day here, a week there, a few hours at another time, of living virtually indistinguishable from that of the wealthy. In our present economy, they can afford an occasional stop at the gourmet food shop, or a dinner-dancing-theatre evening on the town once a month or so. In short, almost anyone can judiciously sample the good life—the really good life—by shopping carefully, budgeting wisely and having a little luck.

Meanwhile, says the *Wall Street Journal*, "an increasing number of business associations are transferring their conventions to luxury passenger liners"—and 92 per cent of the wives go along for the ride.

**FOR THE OLD** rich, then, this is the real "pressure from below." Everyone is trying, in some way, to emulate them. American business, ever alert to the national mood, is doing all in its power to make emulation easier—especially since there is now a class that can not only afford, but desperately wants, to engage in this part-time deception.

charge purchases spend about 35 per cent more than those who pay cash.

"It has been found that the charge account purchaser does more impulsive buying," it says. "The individual's tendency to buy an article which strikes his fancy is greater if he does not have to reach into his pocket or purse for cash, but can forget about payment until the end of the month."

The democratization of social values, and to a degree of wealth itself, is making it tough for the rich to keep ahead of the middle class. Even the popular press has shifted its spotlight from them to entertainment and sports figures. So, since there is nothing else for it, they are spending a little more conspicuously than they were previously. But not for them the vulgarity of the Robber Barons! The essence of current conspicuous consumption is the soft-sell—the painting quietly purchased for the local art gallery, the quiet (but not quite anonymous) subsidization of a cultural or charitable organization, a new "responsibility" in political and community affairs, a quietness in entertainment and in home decoration — these are the hallmarks the old wealthy are more and more adopting (viz., the career of Nelson Rockefeller).

Today's burgeoning middle class—the chief beneficiaries of the democratization of consumption—really has no time or inclination toward this sort of modesty. For one thing, their pleasures still have the tang of newness about them; for another, it is at least as difficult to learn how to spend with unobtrusive good taste as it used to be to learn how to spend gaudily. You have to have lived with wealth for a couple of generations before you can, as a class, produce many Rockefellers.

Somehow, observing the current social scene, the famous conversation between F. Scott Fitzgerald and Ernest Hemingway, keeps coming to mind. Fitzgerald declared that "The rich are different from you and me," and Hemingway replied, "Yes, they have more money." At the time, Fitzgerald was right, Hemingway merely flip. There were great differences in attitudes, beliefs and behavior between the middle class and the rich. But if uttered today, Hemingway's remark would seem acutely

perceptive. Increasingly, you can't tell the rich without a tax return.

Any process of democratization results in a blurring of class lines; and that, of course, is what is happening today. Partly, the old rich have only themselves to blame. It is they, when the heat was on, who adopted middle-class plumage as protective coloring. They began leveling down in the thirties. In the fifties, they have been met by the increasingly prosperous middle-class leveling up.

Hence, even though the wealthy are coming out of hiding, it remains difficult to spot them. On a Bermuda beach, in duplicate bathing suits, you can't tell a rich girl from an agency secretary on vacation. Things reached such a pass recently that *Esquire* published an only half-kidding chart on "How to Tell a Rich Girl" (she wears plain pumps, is found on the East Side, goes to Europe with her real daddy and wears white underwear).

This leveling down, of course, makes things ever so much easier for all those—and that includes damn near everyone who isn't on relief—intent on poaching the preserves of the wealthy. The only way you can spot them is by the small, satisfied smiles that hover about their lips as they head toward the Metropolitan Club for lunch, the itineraries for their safaris nestling against the sheafs of credit cards in their pockets.

## COURAGE, MR. HUXLEY!... by L. J. Rather

AT THE BANQUET terminating the second day of a conference entitled "A Pharmacologic Approach to the Study of the Mind," held at the University of California Medical Center in January, 1959, Aldous Huxley spoke on the potentially revolutionary character of recent developments in the field of "chemical persuasion." These developments, he said, presaged the coming of the "final revolution," since the last step in governmental control and suppression of the individual might now be taken with the aid of "new biochemical-psychological techniques making it possible to act directly on the human organism rather than, as was the case with earlier revolutions, on the environment with a hope of changing behavior indirectly." The guarantee of individual freedom in the past had been the inefficiency of government. By means of technical advances permitting the almost complete control of a populace by a combination of police power and propaganda, modern dictatorships had become possible. In the future we might look forward to "dictatorships without tears," since the use of pharmacologic agents by the central government could easily be carried out so as to insure the degree of tranquillity, euphoria, drive or lethargy appropriate to the ends of the fully technicized state. To quote

from another of Huxley's prognostications (in *Brave New World Revisited*), the future dictator "could ensure himself against political unrest by changing the chemistry of his subject's brains and so making them content with their servile condition. He could use tranquilizers to calm the excited, stimulants to arouse enthusiasm in the indifferent, hallucinants to distract the attention of the wretched from their miseries."

HUXLEY's quiet charm, graceful urbanity of expression and his sympathetic plea for a coming together of humanistic foxes and scientific hedgehogs—he quoted Archilochus, as recently interpreted by Isaiah Berlin, at this point—did not compensate for his misconstrual of the facts. Not only have social and scientific developments occurred at a rate far exceeding his expectations when he wrote *Brave New World* nearly thirty years ago, but also they have taken a turn which he has failed to grasp. The irony of the situation is that some of the findings reported at the very conference at which he spoke made it clear that a human being's behavior is not so simple and predictable as Huxley's mechanistic determinism leads him to believe. Following in the footsteps of his grandfather, who stated explicitly that human beings were conscious automata, Huxley seems to believe this implicitly. If his speech was already anachronistic when he wrote it, it was doubly so when he gave it.

The essence of control is predictability. We must know what our procedure will bring forth, whether we use force, repetitive propaganda, hypnopædia, "hidden" or "subconscious" persuasion. Just as there is some evidence that such procedures may fail at times to yield the predicted effects, or may even backfire disastrously and blow the manipulators to the moon, so is there evidence that the "chemical persuaders," the subtly acting hallucinogens, energizers and tranquilizers, do not always do the expected. One of the participants in the conference remarked that the pharmacologist's relationship of dose to effect was in danger of breaking down in such circumstances. The artificial isolation of animals in early behavioral experiments carried out in the Pavlovian tradition, and the accompanying extrusion of social, personal and subjective factors in experiments with human beings, had led to unjustified over-simplification of the facts. Even in rats, the effective dose of amphetamine, an "energizing" drug, decreases as the number of animals confined within the same cage increases. The effect of a drug may be determined by interpersonal and social factors which, at times, are strong enough to override or even reverse the effect of the same drug on an isolated human being.

Anyone with modest powers of attention could have observed this at a cocktail party perhaps, and we might have learned something from

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the notably peculiar behavior of American Indians in response to alcohol in the nineteenth century. (Huxley did point out that Cassio drunk is not Falstaff drunk, but he did not draw the obvious moral.) Findings of this same kind were reported by a psychologist who discussed the paradoxical effects of barbiturates and amphetamine when given in a particular social setting. He worked with pairs of college students who were assigned tasks to perform together. In certain working combinations a student would react as if to the drug the partner had taken, rather than to the drug he himself had received. The "pharmacologic" effect was reversed by the "interpersonal" factor. Somewhat similar instances in patients were also described by a psychiatrist participating in the conference. The psychologist humorously suggested that a physician should perhaps himself take the drug whose effect he wished to elicit in his patient.

THE human being is likely to do the unexpected and unpredictable just when he seems finally trapped and pinned down once and for all. Should we be surprised? Huxley compared himself to a rather low-class fox, who knew a great many things superficially, among scientific hedgehogs who knew various kinds of "one big thing." Not all hedgehogs are scientists, however. Huxley mentioned Dante, in passing, as the greatest hedgehog of them all with respect to spiritual insight. Had he read the writings of an equally great hedgehog—Dostoevsky—as assiduously he might have found more sustenance. Says the "spiteful man" in *Notes From Underground*—"Now I ask you: what can be expected of man since he is a being endowed with such strange qualities? Shower upon him every blessing . . . even then out of sheer ingratitude, sheer spite, man would play you some nasty trick. It is just his fantastic dreams, his vulgar folly that he will desire to retain, simply in order to prove to himself—as though that were so necessary—that men still are men and not the keys of a piano, which the laws of nature threaten to control so completely that soon

one will be able to desire nothing but by the calendar."\*

But then it is not necessary to go so far to discover the paradox inherent in man's attempt to control man. A kind of uncertainty principle of the mind seems to have revealed itself in these experiments with drugs. Who knows whether lysergic acid will induce a state of exaltation or terror? The more subtle the action of a drug on a man the more its effects seem to depend on his whole life setting, his cultural milieu, his changing desires, fears and hopes. Give him a placebo of sugar in place of the expected drug to control hy-

\**The Short Novels of Dostoevsky*, translated from the Russian by Constance Garnett. New York, Dial Press, 1946.

pertension and, instead of remaining unaffected or showing a drop in blood pressure, he may perversely develop a "side-reaction" and vomit. The well-behaved automaton turns out to be a comedian in disguise only masquerading as a dummy. The manipulator appears in a less sinister light and bears a resemblance to the stock character in an old Mack Sennett comedy trying to plug a leaky wall. He carefully closes two leaks with the palms of his hands only to be hit full in the face by a new stream. Huxley's "final revolution" is likely to be betrayed by the creatures who were going to perpetrate it on themselves. Man may yet disappear from the apparently locked room through a trap-door of the spirit. Courage, Huxley, the jig isn't up yet!

## LETTERS

(Continued from inside cover)

is not peddling a thesis, nor does he play God on Judgment Day. I can only thank Mr. Bone for suggesting that Hugh Gloster's *Negro Voices in American Fiction* should be mentioned too. It is indeed an excellent history, but Mr. Hughes' brief survey at the beginning of his book is every bit as informative and valuable as the lengthy treatment of black nationalism and assimilationism that Mr. Bone serves up.

Mr. Bone has completely evaded the major point of my criticism — that his purported history does have a thesis, which is that Negroes should devote their creative efforts to an "autonomous Negro art." A lovely ghetto, I am sure.

...

RICHARD GIBSON  
New York City

### The 'Military Metaphysic'

Dear Sirs: May I take issue with the reasoning in your outspoken editorial [*The Nation*, Feb. 7] against the continuation of Selective Service? You have argued that there is no military reason for extending the draft, and have given as support the fact that in the missile age large armies of men are obsolete. That fact is of course patent, Kissinger notwithstanding. You have also shown, most accurately, that for military control of the nation's economy to continue, large spending on obsolescing military hardware must also continue.

But, similarly, don't you agree that continued military control of the nation's psychology depends upon large numbers of our young men experiencing direct military service? Otherwise, what might happen to the minds of men at the notoriously idealistic ages of eighteen through twenty-five? Why, they might change — they might abandon the "military metaphysic" which today rigidifies minds while yet in high school. And then where would our military forces be? Not only might the nation lose the old faith that provides billions for "defense," but it might lack the few loyal youths necessary to launch missiles.

No, if you want effective military forces at all you have to keep up the draft — keep it up for the best of all military reasons: propaganda. Because once allow the young student's mind to develop for itself and you might have chaotic anarchy. Once allow secondary schools to become anything more than (in Mills' phrase) a training in national stereotypes, once allow colleges to break loose from their alliance with ROTC, and then you might run into dangerous opinions from your lamented "student groups," if not from the teachers.

So unless you want to take the risk of having peaceful coexistence or even world disarmament, you had better start backing Selective Service like all the other liberal organs.

ALLAN BRICK  
Hanover, New Hampshire

# BOOKS and the ARTS

## Laughter and the Cage

*BORSTAL BOY.* By Brendan Behan. Alfred A. Knopf. 365 pp. \$4.50.

**W. S. Merwin**

ANYONE acquainted with either of Brendan Behan's plays (*The Quare Fellow* and *The Hostage*) knows that he can write dialogue. The talk conjures up a resounding impression of reality, and does it without recourse to naturalism. In this respect, Behan has been compared to O'Casey, but his lines have a ring to them which could belong to no one but Behan. The language manages to be flat-footed and high-flown at the same time — a thoroughly Irish mixture. It is contemporary without being deadeningly earnest; its irreverence is personal and unbuttoned and totally unreminiscent of the *New Statesman*. It seems to have been sired by exuberance and born of exaggeration, but it's shrewd and sharp, and perfect for the stage, where the virtue of any rhetoric is measured first of all by the vitality and magnetism and immediacy of the illusion it creates.

At the same time, Mr. Behan's weakness, judging from the plays, would seem to be a tendency toward easy-going shapelessness. There is an argument which would say that Behan evinces a perfectly good sense of form, but that it's of a Celtic variety which puts elaboration of the entire texture above the abstract structure of the work. This view is fairly plausible when one is talking about poetry, or tales, or sculpture, or manuscript illumination, but it is not much use when it comes to plays. And for that matter Synge's plays, and those of the young O'Casey, are Celtic enough, yet their organization certainly requires no special apologies. *The Quare Fellow's* peculiar power seems to take hold in spite of the play's scanty dramatic structure rather than because of it, and in *The Hostage* the general diffuseness is nearly complete and it is the incidental hijinks, rather than the play itself, which seize the attention and are remembered. Coming to *Borstal Boy* after the plays, it would be natural to wonder how

Behan's gifts and limitations would show up in an autobiography, where truth is supposed to be literal and factual, and where drifting can be quite as fatal as it can on the stage.

But questions of this kind vanish early. Behan set out to write the story of his term in English jails, from his arrest, aged sixteen, as an IRA terrorist, in Liverpool, until the time a few months before his nineteenth birthday, when he arrived back in Ireland after his release. And the clue to his success in telling it is there in the plays: most of the best of his writing is personal, or at least seems so. Long bits out of the plays have the indefinable sound of projected autobiography, and both plays, throughout, are willful, idiosyncratic and subjective, with the author never quite invisible behind his characters, however real they become. The gift for self-revelation is by no means so common as is often supposed, but Behan has it, and the personality he displays, and the story he has to tell, are both worth the candle.

THE story, at least the gist of it, is necessarily simple. When Behan was arrested he had in his possession a suitcase full of high explosives which the police, not unreasonably, concluded were destined for detonation in the Liverpool shipyards. Behan was manhandled into Walton Prison, pending sentence at the assizes, and there he waited two months for trial. Self-pity does not appear to be one of Behan's failings, and his peculiar form of extroverted, ebullient self-delight is candid and winning, balanced as it is with open avowals of the limitations of his own courage and other virtues. The description of the two months in Walton Prison, which occupies nearly half of the book, certainly gives the impression of unexaggerated truth, and a very ugly impression it is.

All the time it was cold and black. In the morning the slate floor was freezing cold, and over the whole huge wing was a cold smell of urine and bad air, like a refrigerated lavatory.

It seemed to me the English were very strong on washing and cold, but not so much on air and cleanliness. Like the well-tubbed and close-

shaven looks of the screws — cruel and foul-spoken, but always precise and orderly.

Accommodation, clothes (shorts, shirt and jacket, in the dead of winter, with no heating), food, smell (of hundreds of chamberpots steaming in the cold, damp, locked-in air) and the general treatment accorded prisoners by most of the prison screws at Walton Prison, unless they have changed drastically in the past fifteen years, must be a disgrace to a country which claims to be civilized. (Not, I am convinced, that the English are any worse in this way than we are.) And British justice did not entirely commend itself to the Irish boy. This first section of the book is haunted by Behan's consciousness of

. . . the two Irishmen that had been sentenced to death at Birmingham before Christmas. I knew the man that had planted the bomb and it was neither of the men that had been sentenced.

Elsewhere Behan remarks that

. . . one of them was arrested in London within half an hour of the explosion which happened in Coventry. . . . But that would not matter very much to the English . . . all that would happen would be that the judge would say that all prejudice must be put out of your mind to the jury and after informing the men in the dock that they were getting justice in England the like of which you would get no place else, they would be sentenced to death as they were.

After his own sentence, Behan is taken to one of Her Majesty's Borstal Institutions (reform schools) in the north of England, on the coast. The rest of the book is occupied with the life there, and Behan makes the North Sea Camp sound like The Great Good Place — as, certainly, in contrast to Walton, it must have been. It is an open reformatory: no locks, bolts and bars except for the special punishment cells. One of the most impressive things about the book is the feeling it gives, in recording the two years spent at North Sea Camp, of Behan's growing up, becoming wiser and more tolerant, without suffering any impairment of his convictions.

This impression could not have been given without considerable gifts for the

**W. S. MERWIN** is a poet whose work has appeared frequently in these pages. His latest collection of verse is *Green With Beasts*.

projection of character, and the characters in the book are as lively and real as the story. Above all, of course, the character of Behan himself, blustering, relishing, telling his story half the time at the top of his voice, scattering language with easy largesse, and making England's Petulant Young Men (with whom he has been compared more than once) seem more nasal, pigeon-chested, and aimlessly self-sorry than ever. He manages to be there in the story twice over, commenting on the action both at the time when he was participating in it, and again, later, when he was writing about it. And the hang of it comes out in dialogue — not only between the characters as Behan recalls them, but between the characters and Behan at the time, and Behan years later. And all without laboring the point:

"You know," said Lavery, in his northern drone, "what they talk

about in the dormitories, and you can't go and take a shower but there's some fellows making filthy jokes that you have to listen to. You know," he said very seriously in his mournful Ulster accent, "I can see a joke as well as the next sod."

You could, be Jesus, if it was two feet from your nose and written as high as the neon sign over Larne Harbour, "Welcome to sunny Ulster, the wages of sin is death."

It is all a hell of a joke, and a very serious one, Mr. Behan is saying. And is it all over? Two days ago the newspapers in London told of large sums voted by Parliament for penal reforms, and of the necessity for some little discussion as to just how they would be spent. And this morning the papers are full of an IRA raid on the Kandahar Barracks of the Queen's Own Hussars, in England. The laugh goes on.

## 'Chicago Is a Wose'

### Nelson Algren

*Don't you love Shelley? I'm going up on a high mountain and pray to him for forgiveness.* — Beatnik promise.

*Gimme a pigfoot and a bottle of beer.*  
—Bessie Smith.

IF A MAN wants to pray to a celebrity, that's his privilege. Yet wouldn't you think he'd go to a believing Christian, say to someone like Tennessee Ernie Ford, rather than to one of literature's more furious heretics? Shelley wouldn't listen to God, why would he heed a beatnik? Particularly a Norman-Vincent Pealenik.

"We've come to save Chicago," one announced recently upon arrival, as though the Salvation Army hadn't been working along those lines here for years. There were three of them, and if any had suffered blows they must have been self-inflicted.

"I've found God," one who plainly had not yet found himself boasted. "I've gone beyond that," one yet more devout cut him out. Another tranquillizer, it looked like, and this one might not come back our way at all. He was already in orbit around himself.

I have no personal beef with the Deity. All I say is that if your trade is a trumpet, blow it; if it's painting, paint it; if it's poetry, write a poem with some

poetry in it and let the God trade be. Fulton Sheen is taking care of that. Master your delivery the way the Monsignor has mastered his and you can get on television too.

People who are close to God walk the earth of Man. They are people like Louis Armstrong who can make you think, when he plays, "here comes a friend." They are people like Bessie Smith singing "Gimme a pigfoot and a bottle of beer." There's more of God in Bessie's pigfoot than in any pharmaceuticalized creep praying for forgiveness to a dead poet. Forgiveness for what? For breaking the handle of his sand-pail?

"What is your message?" the trio was asked.

"Fried shoes," one replied promptly. "Meow," another agreed. "Chicago is a wose," the one with the lisp explained of the place of which someone once sang —

This is a great big city  
There's a million things to see  
But the one I love is missing  
And there's no town big enough for  
me —

being also the place to which Billie Holiday said —

Good Morning, Heartache  
Here we go again

Knowing the harm and the heartache,  
Billie knew Chicago was the loneliest

*NELSON ALGREN is the author of The Man With the Golden Arm and A Walk on the Wild Side.*

February 28, 1959

## On Reading a Collection of Essays on Baudelaire

The maggots bred  
in Baudelaire's head  
when Paris buzzed in his ear  
had no business spinning their queer  
cocoon, but can anything  
justify that great slow spread of wing  
breeding this new surprise  
of flies?

GEORGE STARBUCK

old joint of this very poor old earth, of all cities the most like Man himself, and certainly no damned rose. As she also knew that no one sang true, as no one wrote true, who didn't first feel it for himself. "To write it like a man I must first feel it like a man" holds as true for singers as for writers.

Never before us, someone has noted, has any people enjoyed such a plenitude of physical luxuries while suffering such a dearth of emotional necessities. Never before has any people set itself a moral code so rigid while applying it so flexibly. Now, in gaining an affluence so great that we can afford to support infantilism as a trade followed by professional infants, we score another first.

I believe the beatniks are in aid and comfort of those topless towers whence issue, from time to time, papal bulls announcing that henceforward the American writer will dedicate himself to the amusement and reassurance of the American who has considerable sums invested in our economy. He is to stop biting the hand that feeds him. He will praise piety and chastity and, somewhere between the church and the bank, expose himself as a kind of mutation among men, clown or goofnik or lisping child, alienated from the lives of ordinary men. Hence the applause for the beatnik's tour from *Time, Inc.*

The three unbeatniks who visited here recently were kept under control by local disc jockey Studs Terkel, who opened the program with deft good taste by playing *Dance of the Buffoons* and closed with a voice that came in like a tide, washing away sand-pails, mudpies and sand-pail cries:

Though lovers be lost  
Love shall not  
And death shall have no dominion

Leaving this listener wondering what might have happened had some bearded beatnikski appeared on the steps of the Kremlin, genuflected to the powers that are, and announced, "Thalingwad is a wose."

A thought too terrible to pursue.

## Second Impressions

### Review of Paperbacks

#### Robert M. Wallace

##### History

Nearly thirty years ago in *The Nation* Samuel Eliot Morison criticized Herbert W. Schneider's *The Puritan Mind* (Michigan-Ann Arbor \$1.85) for neglecting economic and social motives. Aside from this limitation the study remains one of the best accounts of basic themes in seventeenth and eighteenth century American puritanism and its adherents. The problem too remains: What are the proper method and scope of history? In 1954, David M. Potter, in *People of Plenty* (Chicago-Phoenix, \$1.35) studied the effect of economic abundance on the American character in a context of both history and the behavioral sciences. Insights are sharpened and deepened when the historian's point of vantage is thus shored up. To his lucid and convincing chapters Professor Potter prefaces an explanation of his purpose and his method, which involves the use of psychology, sociology and anthropology as correlative and supporting disciplines to history.

*The Philosophy of History in Our Time* (Anchor, \$1.25), an anthology edited by Hans Meyerhoff, reflects attitudes of this century's historians burdened with a suspicion that their study of man's affairs has not explained man's state as it should. Upon this uneasiness has followed a reassessment of the factors that may be judged crucial in explaining a time, a nation or a man. Professor Meyerhoff, with a thoughtful introduction and linking headnotes, begins with spokesmen for historicism and its emphasis on variable particulars and processes. Impressive groups of essays then take up history as art and science, morality and history, and the meaning of history.

*Debates with Historians* by Pieter Geyl (Meridian, \$1.35) keenly examines the methods and results of Ranke, Toynbee and half a dozen other historians whose work Professor Geyl considers open to question.

*The Civilization of the Renaissance in Italy* by Jacob Burckhardt (Harper Torchbooks, 2 vols., \$1.35 ea.), profusely illustrated, contains a substantial new introduction on Burckhardt as a historian by Benjamin Nelson and Charles Trinkaus.

*The Triumph of Christendom in the*

*Roman Empire*, Chapters XV-XX of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall* (Harper Torchbooks, \$1.85) begins with his blandly detached account of "second causes" in the rise of Christendom. Here the "secret springs" of particular action reveal what Gibbon took to be general truth.

*Roman Imperial Civilization* by Harold Mattingly (Anchor, \$1.45) corrects points in Gibbon and Mommsen and adds information based on Mr. Mattingly's specialty, numismatics. Illustrated.

Also: *Understanding History* by Bertrand Russell (Wisdom Library, 95c); *Karl Marx: The Red Prussian* by Leopold Schwartzchild (Universal Library, \$1.65); *Andrew Jackson: The Border Captain* by Marquis James (Universal Library, \$1.45), the first, stronger half of James's biography; *A History of the Jewish People* by Max Margolis and Alexander Marsh (Meridian-Jewish Publication Society, \$1.95), comprehensive, authoritative, readable.

##### Politics

*On War* by Raymond Aron (Anchor, 95c) seeks a middle ground between peace by terror and nuclear holocaust. Old motives and new technology force us, says Aron, to "survival by moderation" under a "balance of terror," with application of thermonuclear threats growing less frequent as clearer distinctions between types of wars tend to limit violence. He anticipates neither an end of war nor renunciation of atomic weapons. Aron's analysis of policy and prospects in this context is lucid and disturbing. (From *Espoir et peur du siècle*.)

*Memoirs of a Revolutionist: Essays in Political Criticism* by Dwight Macdonald (Meridian, \$1.45) is a lively, personalized collection of analysis, satire and indignation from Mr. Macdonald's contributions to *Politics*, *Partisan Review* and other journals.

*Politics: Who Gets What, When, How* by Harold Lasswell with Postscript (1958) (Meridian, \$1.35) analyzes methods and returns of the elite whom he identifies as controlling practical politics. Provoking diction, old bibliography.

*The Federal Convention and the Formation of the Union*. Winton U. Solberg, editor (Liberal Arts Press, American Heritage Series No. 19, \$1.75; cloth, \$5) is a voluminous, carefully prepared selection of contemporary papers touching on the Constitution, from the Stamp Act Congress to ratification. Fresh scholarly apparatus.

Also: *The Statesman* by Henry Tay-

lor, introduction by C. Northcote Parkinson (Mentor, 50c), caustic wit on personal advancement.

##### Fiction

*St. Mawr and The Man Who Died* by D. H. Lawrence (Vintage, 95c) are lesser works, but the *noeuille* of the great stallion and the long story of the Resurrection are singularly revealing of Lawrence. Compelling mysteries swirl and eddy about the seed horse and his oddly assorted attendants. Reality and a sense of isolation urge themselves upon the reader as Lawrence creates scenes and symbols to his purpose. He is, as in other work, less impressive in several speeches which approximate essays and in awkward epigrams when he makes his thoughts explicit. In *The Man Who Died* Lawrence has the risen Christ learn the nature of "being in touch" and find the joys of a "passionate fecundity" with a young priestess of Isis.

*The Folded Leaf* by William Maxwell (Vintage, \$1.25), exploring adolescents' relationships at home and in college, is now slightly revised from the 1945 original.

*The Wings of the Dove* (Dell Laurel Editions, 50c), with an excellent introduction by R. P. Blackmur, and *The Golden Bowl* (Evergreen, \$1.95) brilliantly complete Henry James's "spiritual trilogy" begun with *The Ambassadors*.

*Indian Summer* (Everyman, \$1.35), William Dean Howells' last international novel, wittily and with gentle satire treats the theme of youth and age, largely in Florence.

*Satan in Goray* by Isaac Bashevis Singer, Jacob Sloan, translator (Noon-day, \$1.25) is the haunting Yiddish folk story of how word concerning the false Messiah Sabbatai Zevi affected a seventeenth-century Polish *stetl*.

Also: *Two Years Before the Mast* by Richard Henry Dana, introduction by Mark Van Doren (Bantam Classics, 50c), an exciting contrast to Melville's grander stories; *Roman Tales* by Alberto Moravia (Signet, 35c); *Cannery Row* by John Steinbeck (Bantam Classics, 35c); *Barchester Towers* by Anthony Trollope (Bantam Classics, 50c); *Green Mansions* by W. H. Hudson (Universal Library, 95c).

##### Miscellaneous

*Sketch for a Self Portrait* by Bernard Berenson (Indiana-Midland, \$1.25) as narrative suffers from a concern with qualities rather than actions and anecdotes, but as casual and sometimes unconsciously deep self-revelation of the great art expert, is colloquially charming. Illustrated.

*The Gothic Image: Religious Art in France of the Thirteenth Century* by Emile Mâle (Harper Torchbooks, \$1.95), with 190 illustrations, educes the civilization from the art, whose object was to clothe thought in visual forms.

*Selected Writings of John Jay Chapman*, Jacques Barzun, editor (Anchor, \$1.25) represents Chapman's wide, humane, intellectual interests with a biography of William Lloyd Garrison, three essays on the race question, and a dozen others.

*Mainsprings of Civilization* by Ellsworth Huntington (Mentor, 75c), a substantial interdisciplinary study, attributes decisive effect to heredity, geography and climate.

*Modern Woman: The Lost Sex* by Ferdinand Lundberg and Marynia F. Farnham (Universal Library, \$1.45) views feminism as neurotic searching for masculinity and attributes much of the world's trouble to consequently disturbed relationships and false objectives. Oddly primitivistic.

AT YOUR DRUGGIST'S: *Separate Tables* by Terence Rattigan (Signet, 35c); Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*, commentary by Philip Lawrence, and *The Merchant of Venice*, commentary by Morris Carnovsky (Dell, 35c ea.); *Stories from Shakespeare* by Marchette Chute (Mentor, 75c) surpasses the Lamps for reference and sometimes as independent reading; *Cyrano de Bergerac* by Edmond Rostand (Bantam Classics, 35c); *An Outcast of the Islands* by Joseph Conrad (Pyramid, 35c); *Grandfather Stories* by Samuel Hopkins Adams (Signet, 50c).

## THEATRE

### Harold Clurman

THIS is what I wrote here in 1956 about the production of William Faulkner's *Requiem for a Nun* in Berlin: "When I read the play I was certain that it would be unworkable. Most of it is an exposition, through interminably long speeches, describing highly complex situations which have occurred off-stage. With the help of an excellent company the director has made it absorbing. I am not sure I believe the story or trust either its psychology or its morality, but I cannot deny that the play interested me. There is a concentration, a driving intensity . . . which capture attention."

The play having been produced in most of the great capitals of Europe is

now being done here (Golden) where it somehow seems more foreign than it did abroad. The local production is not as arresting as the one in Berlin; our actors seem to lack the density of human quality or the fullness of experience which the European actors possess. And my doubts about the play's morality have mounted to a definite resistance.

But I still found the play compelling. One listens to it with rapt attention, not only because it has some of the fascination of a psychological mystery, a chase after the secret spring of Temple Drake's motivations — she hired a Negro whore and dope addict as her child's nurse, a nurse who finally mur-

ders the child — but because one wonders what the author meant to say by his weird story.

The play's plot is the record of a series of sordid deeds, hidden as well as overt violence, anarchy of feeling, an immersion in morbid emotion — and finally a curious act of expiation of a dubious religiosity. The two central characters — the mother and the nurse — climb down to heaven. There is something reminiscent in all this. It resembles the state of mind Europe was in shortly after the war: since everyone felt tainted in some way, cleansing seemed possible only by an admission of one's guilt. The hope was that the evil

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one had done would serve as a sufficient earnest of one's suffering to merit forgiveness. Sin is a terrible burden and must, when faced, earn some reward akin to the doing of good which carries its own blessing.

Faulkner's play is obsessed by a sense of evil. We have a feeling of being confronted by a race of men who for so long have worn the mask of propriety that it has become unendurable. They deserve the right to besmirch themselves so that on the one hand they may gain some real experience of life and on the other hand learn through contrition something of what might be humanely accounted good. Since respectability has been a spiritually enervating sham, alleviation can only result from a passionate plunge into the dregs.

This state of being is not easily expressed by Americans, who lack a vocabulary for chaotic sentiments. That may be one reason why Faulkner's language, straining to catch the subtlest nuance of contradictory emotion, often seems so tortuous and unnatural. But the general context explains why Europeans have shown greater rapport with the play than we are likely to — even though Faulkner's sources are peculiarly American.

In the final rating one cannot set *Requiem for a Nun* down as an artistically realized play. It is like a graph of a play still to be written. The characters do not speak with their own voices. The author seems to be explaining his characters rather than allowing them to enact their lives. And the morality of the play — that we must "believe," which I take to mean that we must accept life, is a proposition I would not quarrel with in the abstract but which I am certainly indifferent to when posited on the circumstances of this play.

Yet for all its serious shortcomings *Requiem* involved me far more than many a glibber piece: Faulkner is a personality and an artist, whereas what I have seen elsewhere in the theatre this season is for the most part little better than mechanical contrivance.

**THE RIVALRY** (Bijou) is Norman Corwin's dramatization and staging of the Lincoln-Douglas debate of 1859 in which the central issue was states' rights versus human rights — a theme, needless to say, still relevant.

The text consists of the debate itself as taken down in a stenographic record, though Corwin does not present the passages in their original sequence. There are short interludes of narrative exposition — spoken by Nancy Kelly as Mrs. Douglas — scenes picturing off-the-

platform encounters between Lincoln and Douglas, and a few comic interludes based on typical campaign speeches by anonymous electioneers of the period.

In short *The Rivalry* is not a play in the usual sense of the term but I found myself following every moment of the performance with eagerness and pleasure.

Medieval English history for most of us is intimately bound up with our memory of Shakespeare's plays. Those celebrated kings, Richard II, Henry IV et al., are enveloped in our minds by a glamour and glory with which the greatest of English poets endowed them. We ordinarily regard our own history as drab — chiefly, I think, because it has almost never been made vivid for us by true artists. What we rediscover with

delight in *The Rivalry* is that men like Lincoln and Douglas spoke better "lines" than most of our dramatists seem able to write. Their speech was rigorous, salty, meaningful and could rise at times to an almost epic grandeur.

*The Rivalry* is very well done. Martin Gabel as Douglas is particularly effective, not only by virtue of his excellent diction and admirable voice but through a genuine characterization. Richard Boone as Lincoln is best in his quiet moments — we imagine Lincoln a grave rather than an impassioned speaker. Nancy Kelly manifests exemplary simplicity besides being very good-looking in a number of beautiful costumes designed by Motley. The bits too are very nicely acted.

## MUSIC

### Lester Trimble

ONE OF the most engaging events of the season took place recently at Town Hall when the 63-year-old German composer, Paul Hindemith, appeared there to conduct the United States premières of his *Octette 1958* and *Six Madrigals*, as well as the Bruckner *Mass in E Minor*, one of his present loves among older compositions. Coming almost on the heels of another Town Hall concert in which Robert Craft directed the first New York performance of Stravinsky's *Threni* (Nation, Jan. 24), the program inevitably provoked comparisons between the careers and influence of these two immensely gifted composers.

Hindemith's *Octet 1958* is scored for a group composed half of strings and half of woodwinds. It is, I think, too lightly weighted on the soprano side, having only one violin to withstand a large group of basically low instruments — two violas, 'cello, contrabass, bassoon and horn. In a concert hall, this imbalance sometimes becomes critical, and the work then lacks sensuous appeal. But such moments are not frequent. The first movement, exceedingly complicated in its contrapuntal interweavings, places the most severe strain on the medium. In the subsequent four movements, either because the players were warmed up or because the orchestration is more deft, the group sound became more appealing and, indeed, often darkly handsome. The long *Langsam* movement is so masterly in its economy and form, so heartrendingly profound that it must be considered one of our period's important statements. The final movement, a *Fuge*

und drei alt modische Tänze (Walzer, Polka, Galopp), was a tour de force of contrapuntal and formal art, mixed with plain good humor. The *Octet 1958* is an inspired piece of music.

*Six Madrigals* were larger than their titles led one to expect, gorgeously smooth and original in their vocal usage, and deeply, sensitively felt. Their poetry was good, the settings were immensely cultivated. My only regret is that Hindemith followed them, not with more of his best music, but with the Bruckner Mass, which I did not find interesting.

BOTH Hindemith and Igor Stravinsky have enjoyed the fullest possible public and artistic success from their youth onward. Stravinsky's career has embodied constant challenge and aesthetic change. Hardly had he finished scandalizing the world with a massive creation like *Le Sacre du Printemps*, than he moved into a neo-classic period, pared down his resources, indulged in certain deliberate eclectisms, and attempted to tap the sources of dynamism inherent in the rhythmic and contrapuntal practices of Bach. Now, in his seventies, he has adroitly leaped the canyon that previously divided his anti-schematic aesthetic from the rigorously schematic one of the 12-tone school. His *Canticum Sacrum*, *Agon*, and *Threni* have all, to one or another extent, employed serial techniques devised by that school. But, miraculously, the Stravinsky style has remained recognizable and intact through every change.

Hindemith, by contrast, forged him-

self a language when he was young, codified it, and went on to compose a tremendous amount of music in a consistent contrapuntal manner. His aesthetic has been that of the master craftsman, delighting in the production of usable and beautiful articles, but not particularly interested in change. He admires utility and instrumental practicality, and he has advocated them to students over a period of thirty years. Oddly, considering the vast difference between his language and that of Stravinsky, Hindemith's prime lineal source has also been Bach.

I THINK that posterity will rank these two men in much the same way we do today — as being qualitatively ahead of most of their contemporaries, with Stravinsky holding the lead. His has been the more searching mind, the more soundly radical and unique. He has put a stamp upon the music of the twentieth century which nothing could efface, and has brought into being some sources of power which did not, except latently, exist before. Hindemith, on the other hand, has followed a more traditional course; continued the techniques and aesthetics of German music as they had evolved from Bach through Beethoven. He has written a huge amount of music with the facility that only a codified technique can provide. But it will always be necessary to cull from this output the pieces that really live and sing. Because many of them are disappointingly dry.

In terms of influence, Hindemith,

Stravinsky and the late Arnold Schoenberg have had a deeper effect upon post-war American music than any other European composers. (In the past few years, the music of Anton Webern has been taken up by the young *avant garde* of the United States and Western Europe.) During the years of World War II, when the French pedagogue, Nadia Boulanger, was teaching at Harvard, the Cambridge bent was distinctly toward Stravinsky, whom she reveres. Indeed, there were more little Stravinskys coming out of Cambridge than you could shake a stick at, and I think it is accurate to say that neo-classicism is still a preferred language on the Harvard axis.

During those years, Paul Hindemith was at Yale. From that quarter came an army of crew-cut composers writing in lingua-Hindemithia (fourth-fifth counterpoint) and occasionally outdoing their teacher to the point where at least one of them could brag he had used no interval other than the fourth or fifth in an entire three-movement sonata. Schoenberg was on the West Coast, at the University of Southern California, and it can be hardly accidental that we now have a thriving twelve-tone colony out there.

Since all three of these men came to the United States to escape turmoil in Europe, we can consider their presence here as one of the benefits of our geography and ideology. With a few others, they have given an impetus and depth to our creative life which make us at present the most musically volatile people in the Western world.

## ART

### Maurice Grosser

THE GROUP of French drawings assembled from American collections for exhibit last year in Rotterdam and Paris has now returned to this country and is on view at the Metropolitan Museum until March 15. The collection is beautifully selected and comprehensive—more than 200 examples chosen from the work of some eighty painters of the last 400 years — from François Clouet's portrait of Francis II as a spoiled and suspicious boy of ten, done at the middle of the sixteenth century, down to a highly stylized version of a woman's face partly masked by two hands, apparently not her own, by Fernand Léger in 1952.

In the general high level of quality, certain names and works stick in the mind. Clouet's urbane and civilized

faces, for example, contrast with the somber and meditative heads of François Quesnel, done two decades later and already so different in their interior life. The animation of Callot's little figures; the grace and style of Claude Lorrain — (the beautiful drawing of two boats, and the one of an olive tree in a high wind); the economy of the Watteaus are particularly memorable. There are topical scenes by Gabriel de Saint-Aubin and by Jean-Michel Moreau (a comic ballet entrance at a party at court, and a visit of a foreign prince to a painting academy, of the first; and of the second a festival in honor of the Supreme Being in what is now the Champs de Mars). Prud'hon's nudes are embarrassingly sensual: Ingres' pencil portraits surgical-

ly immaculate. Daumier's raging irony embodies all the abuses of the law in the figure of one triumphant lawyer descending a court-house stairs. The Seurats are uniformed and mannered, the Picassos restlessly protean. Above all are the unforgettable drawings of Degas, particularly the sketch for a portrait of the painter Tissot, a most elegant young man sprawled at ease in the most elegant tailoring.

If this is not enough, still more such work is to be seen in the neighborhood: the Charles E. Slatkin Gallery will show through March 7 some 160 French drawings of the same quality and covering the same period, with especially fine Clades, Fragonards, Hubert Roberts, Picassos, Manets and Cézannes.

When we see so many at one time, we discover that painters' drawings come in three quite different kinds. First are the drawings made as ends in themselves or to be elaborated in some other graphic medium. Picasso's late drawings of Greek and mythological subjects, for example, fall into this category, as do the Daumier drawings made for newspaper publication; the Gravelots, which were studies for book illustrations;

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the Fragonards, intended to be engraved as a series of *estampes galantes*; and the Odilon Redons which appear to be sketches for lithographs or etchings. Drawing such as this, made to be shown and sold as drawing, or to be reproduced in one of the drawing-like processes, has great variety. It is highly individualized, since it aims to recall the painter's own work in oil, and closely reflects the stylistic mannerisms of its time.

The second kind of drawing has fewer graces. In this class are studies made to work out the composition of a picture. Such are the drawings by Poussin in which the figures are grouped as static blocks of sculpture all lighted from one side; the water-color drawings of Cézanne — studies in tensions of lines and masses later to be used in pictures; Claude's *Italian Seaport* at the Slatkin Gallery, with its planes of light and shadow brilliantly extemporized in hasty tones of ink; or Monet's one drawing at the Metropolitan show, a sketch for a *Déjeuner sur l'Herbe* where the figures and landscape are indicated only by the roughest kind of penciling.

The third kind is drawings made from nature to be used, instead of nature, in finishing a picture. Here are the drawings by Clouet, Watteau, Degas, Corot, Ingres (made often as an end in themselves but always with the possibility of an oil in mind); de La Fresnaye's band master and Picasso's young horseman, and mother and child. In these drawings made to paint from, individualized style is not important. The painter is interested only in preserving a clear and economical record of the visual facts before him. There is no need or time for added stylistic devices; these will develop automatically in the painting. So that all drawings made to paint from, whether by Clouet, or Degas, Pisanello, Watteau or Pissarro, are alike in manner except for differences of hand; and, except for differences of subject, bear little mark of place or epoch. And it is precisely this avoidance of style which gives the drawings made to paint from the grandest style of all — the style of unassuming mastery.

FORTY early paintings by the late John Marin in water color, oil and pastel, all done before 1920, the painter's fiftieth year, are on view at the Downtown Gallery throughout February. Marin is the most celebrated of the American water-colorists. Since 1909, when he was first shown here by Steiglitz, his reputation has steadily grown. The Museum of Modern Art gave him a retrospective exhibit in 1936, many years before his death, and in its recent his-

torical survey of great American painters the Metropolitan assigned him a major place. His oils have not been universally admired, but he is accepted as the most original, vigorous and inventive of water-colorists. The remarkable flatness of the present show comes as a great surprise.

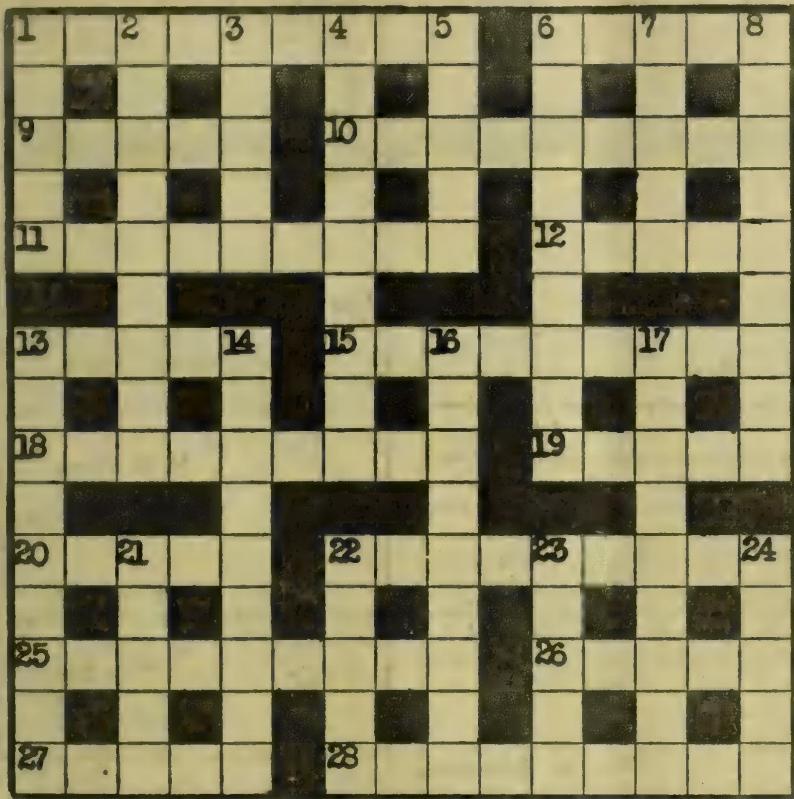
The subject of these pictures is New York buildings, Paris and Tyrol landscape and the coast of Maine. The more mature work employs a twisting perspective based on a multiple point of view, a perspective system derived, if not directly from Delaunay's teetering views of the Eiffel Tower, at any rate from parallel Futurist sources. This kinetic system, at first applied only to the objects and buildings depicted, is later extended to become the zig-zag grill work so often imposed on the picture itself and the polygonal inner frame which has become a Marin trademark. The painting technique derives from the faceted pencil outlines and fragmented color washes of the Cézanne water-color drawings, but executed in the rapid, slap-dash brushwork and rough, dry paper of Homer, Sargent and the other water-color virtuosi.

THIS lightness of hand in Marin has always been particularly admired, as well as the atmospheric charm of his color. In the pictures here the color is thin and flat. The constant presence of white paper, left uncovered by the water-color washes, grays every tone to a flabby uniformity. The oils, done on the same water-color system with a putty-colored canvas showing through, are dry and without warmth. As for the hand, it is so invariably light as to appear skittish, and the pictures themselves frivolous, mannered and without conviction. Only a very few have forms with enough pictorial interest to be remembered.

All this is very curious. Perhaps Marin's better work of this period was not available or the pictures were not properly selected. It may be that the vigor for which Marin is so well known is paled by the athleticism of our contemporaries, or that his invention suffers in comparison with the skill and variety of the Homer water colors I have so recently seen. Perhaps, as is more likely, Marin was best after fifty. A show of the later pictures, from 1920 to 1953, is promised by the same gallery for a later date. It will be interesting to find out whether this work is as spectacular as one remembers; whether one is remembering the work itself or one of the most spectacular merchandizing campaigns in recent history.

# Crossword Puzzle No. 809

By FRANK W. LEWIS



## ACROSS:

- 1 Grain at a dollar a bushel? (9)
- 6 Jute has, or gets twisted. (5)
- 9 Down drain. (5)
- 10 High-sounding block-buster, similar to a much smaller tremor. (9)
- 11 A logical place for those little spats? (9)
- 12 Supernatural angle? (5)
- 13 How to get a rise out of the first sign. (5)
- 15 Astonishing results if you do! (It's rather stupid to institute.) (9)
- 18 Fish bar in the process of construction? (5,4)
- 19 Deposits a great deal, by the sound of it. (5)
- 20 Do-do range? (5)
- 22 Like the Nautilus, with at least room. (9)
- 25 Spring quarters—of course in Italy! (9)
- 26 Perch. (5)
- 27 Make like a wave! (5)
- 28 Would Faust give the devil his due, if he did? (Somewhat like Mary's pet, a note from him might be welcome.) (9)

## DOWN:

- 1 A ringer in the minstrel show—keep Amy's sister out of it! (5)
- 2 Beating taken in a club fight? (9)
- 3 Becomes interested in fighting, on paper. (5)
- 4 Embellish or exaggerate. (9)
- 5 No living quarters for the cat that

- went to college! (5)
- 6 None of this ease in Hood's November! (9)
- 7 Is Hamlet's friend uncalled for, in proportion? (5)
- 8 Taps, as part of the ceremony associated with the sound of night. (9)
- 13 Put a couple of articles on a broken leg, thus relieving pain. (9)
- 14 What poses a problem for labor? It's not so common now. (9)
- 16 Should one have to, after an air raid? It's a lie! (9)
- 17 Four-toned, as the sole position. (9)
- 21 In case of anemia, might one go south for this? (5)
- 22 Minced, as one might with capers? (3,2)
- 23 Lawrence, the diamond receiver? (5)
- 24 With mine, it would make resolve turn aside. (5)

## SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 808

ACROSS: 1 Mastiffs; 5 Moored; 9 Norther; 10 Stetson; 11 Automat; 12 Insight; 13 Hunting season; 15 and 2 Seventh inning stretch; 21 Eclipse; 22 Driller; 23 Teacups; 24 Oxidate; 25 Setter; 26 Isolated. DOWN: 1 Manual; 3 Inhuman; 4 First-nighters; 6 Overseer; 7 Resigns; 8 Denoting; 10 Swinging doors; 14 Asbestos; 16 Valiant; 17 Neptune; 18 Initial; 19 Gallant; 20 Friend.

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# LETTERS

## Driving in Sweden

Dear Sirs: I was surprised that David Cort, in his excellent article on reckless driving (*Nation*, January 24) made no mention of the possible preventive role to be played by driving schools and harder-to-pass driving tests.

I now live in Sweden and, having driven a car in the United States, am trying to obtain a Swedish license. Here all prospective drivers are required to attend a state-authorized driving school. Fifteen to thirty hours' practice under a skilled instructor are usual; lectures must be attended on traffic regulations, road signs, special techniques; and the contents of a 300-page driver's handbook must be well absorbed. In addition, medical and police authorities must testify to the applicant's physical fitness and "good citizenship."

But perhaps Detroit fears a loss of sales if American requirements for obtaining driver's licenses were to be substantially increased.

JANE L. RAAB

Enkoping, Sweden

## Notes on RAND

Dear Sirs: In my article on The RAND Corporation (*The Nation*, Feb. 14), there is a reference to "Brownlee W. Haydon, whose official title as Director of Telecommunications conceals his real job as RAND's semi-official public relations man."

This is something of a switch from the original, and it is rather seriously unfair to Mr. Haydon. His title is Director of Technical Communications, and he is in charge of all publications, classified and otherwise, which come out of RAND. His public-relations duties, while real, are in addition to his other duties and actually form only a small part of his job.

It has also been called to my attention (not by anyone at RAND) that, immediately after a reference to the fact that "the men at RAND are in some cases troubled men," the article relates parts of an interview with Dr. J. M. Goldsen. Any implication that Dr. Goldsen is one of the "troubled men" was unintentional; the state of his psyche is unknown to me.

GENE MARINE

Los Angeles

Dear Sirs: Readers of Gene Marine's article on the RAND Corporation can get a taste of the fruits of the high-

priced thinking on World War III going on in that organization by reading a piece in the January, 1959, issue of *Foreign Affairs*. The reference is to "The Delicate Balance of Terror," by Albert Wohlstetter of RAND.

The "grim argument" presented is that the "balance of terror theory of automatic deterrence" is a "contribution to the rhetoric rather than the logic of war in the thermonuclear age." Deterrence will be harder to achieve in the 1960s than we think. This, in part, is due to our uncertainty as to what we and "the aggressor" can and will do in the field of development, selection and disposition of unimaginably costly and destructive weapons systems, an uncertainty not shared by "the aggressor" who can "weigh continually our performance" and would have "the enormous advantage of the first strike." We are reminded that "Russian casualties in World War II were more than 20,000,000. Yet Russia recovered extremely well. . . ." Somehow, in the "logic of war in the thermonuclear age," the Russian pasture always seems greener than ours!

Is deterrence, then, bankrupt? Not quite! "Without a deterrent . . . general war is likely. With it, however, war might still occur." What, then, should we do? Obviously, redouble our efforts and already astronomic expenditures. But above all, let us not relax, for: "To be tense where there is danger is only rational."

I admit that my account does not come near doing justice to the author's scholarship and powers of analysis. Perhaps, if a source other than the Air Force were available to keep him in the \$15,000- to \$25,000-a-year bracket, his outlook would become less gloomy, and he might make a worth-while contribution to smog control or, better yet, the control of paranoia.

MARTIN PARRETT

New York City

## Rewarding Literature?

Dear Sirs: In reply to Albert Maltz in your Letters column of Feb. 14, may I cast my vote for *Dr. Zhivago* as a "great novel" and "rewarding literature." Mr. Maltz's criticism of it as "mediocre to bad," citing inept coincidences and *Zhivago's* crucial abandonment of Lara as an act that "defied understanding," was surprising. . . .

*Zhivago* is incomprehensible only if we expect him to act as a middle-class professor of literature in a university town. His abandonment of Lara is inevitable, since he possesses spirit above

the herd. His act is also, of course, sacrificial. The characters must be considered as symbols — more than life-sized. The coincidences, absurd in the ordinary novel of manners, are lightning flashes in *Dr. Zhivago*. Shakespeare was not above such devices. There is tenacious spiritual strength here, as if destiny waited upon man.

The shams of society — Communist, bourgeois and Czarist — *Zhivago* opposes irreconcilably for his soul's sake. It would profit us greatly in the United States if we read *Dr. Zhivago* as Pasternak meant it. We have some shams of our own.

DAVID DIORIO

New York City

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## EDITORIALS

### The Impasse in Germany

No one on this side of the Atlantic can say positively what Khrushchev is up to. But at least one important clue has come out of the Macmillan-Khrushchev talks, as reported by Drew Middleton in *The New York Times* of February 26. "The British leaders have been struck," Middleton writes, "by the Russians' fear of Germany and of the danger to the Soviet Union if West Germany is armed with nuclear weapons." According to West German sources, this fear is genuine and constitutes the chief determinant of Soviet policy. Moreover, Khrushchev appears to be in an exceptionally favorable tactical position to make a stand. There has been much talk of an impending ICBM missile gap in 1961. But there is a missile gap right now which is much more pertinent to the German situation. The Russians are said to have thousands of operational short-range and mid-range missiles emplaced or in mobile condition in the Soviet Union, East Germany and Hungary. These include missiles in the 150-800-mile range, while we have nothing between the Redstone (200 miles) and the Air Force's Thor and the Army's Jupiter (1,200 miles minimum). Khrushchev doesn't want a war, but with this equipment at his disposal he may think he can stop German nuclear armament without a war.

This theory may not be true, but it seems to fit the facts. If it is true, or anything like true, such measures as the Congressional resolution proposed by Senator Javits are worse than useless. Nor does the President's expression of determination to hold Berlin, which the resolution would reinforce, advance the Allied cause except as conventional diplomacy requires a counter-threat to every threat. What is needed first of all is a fully-functioning Secretary of State. Time is running out and President Eisenhower will have to get over his fixation on Secretary Dulles, however painful the parting may be. The job will be hard enough for a Secretary in perfect health; for Dulles, it will be impossible. Second, we should call for United Nations intervention before the situation becomes still more difficult. Why wait for the Russians to turn over the corridor to the

East Germans — a move which we have no earthly chance of stopping — and then probe with trucks or an armored column, and then resort to the Security Council? Of course, if we could persuade the Russians to maintain the status quo! But they will not oblige us — nor, apparently, will they oblige Macmillan. If, then, the British Prime Minister's mission turns out to be a failure, the time to go to the Security Council is now. And if it is Germany's nuclear armament which is really behind Khrushchev's intransigence, we can be equally tough about Berlin and still center the discussion in the only area in which a settlement of the German problem can possibly be reached.

### "Kill the Umpire!"

At its recent meeting in Chicago, the American Bar Association reaffirmed the duty of lawyers and the bar to defend the Supreme Court, but chose to do so in the odd context of a report by its Committee on Communist Tactics, Strategy and Objectives. As the *Washington Post* observed, there is about this committee, both in name and composition, "a certain partisan posture":

*Item.* The committee chairman, Peter Campbell Brown, once served on the Subversive Activities Control Board; later, as New York City Commissioner of Investigations, he directed various "Communist investigations"; still later, as New York City Corporation Counsel, he represented the Board of Higher Education in the Harry Slochower case (which Mr. Slochower won on a reversal by the Supreme Court).

*Item.* Committee member Louis C. Wyman, while serving as Attorney General of New Hampshire, was designated by the state legislature as a one-man Subversive Activities Investigating Committee; as investigator, he initiated the case against Paul Sweezy which, as Attorney General, he lost before the Supreme Court.

*Item.* Committee member Julius Applebaum of Miami filed a brief on behalf of the American Bar Association in the proceedings to disbar Leo Sheiner for the offense of having invoked the Fifth Amendment when questioned about his political associations; Mr. Sheiner, disbarred, won a reversal on appeal to the Florida Supreme

Court (see editorial, *The Nation*, April 27, 1957, p. 354).

*Item.* Committee member Ray Murphy of California, a former State Commander of the American Legion, is another specialist on "subversive activities."

*Item.* Committee member Louis B. Nichols joined the FBI as a special agent in 1934, after attending Kalamazoo College; for many years he directed the bureau's public-relations section. The official historian of the bureau writes of Mr. Nichols — whose son is named J. Edgar Nichols — that he handled "a tremendous number of chores for the Director."

Thus the "certain partisan posture" of five members of the ten-man committee. The posture is also evident in the original draft of the report, which characterized First Amendment freedoms as "technicalities" and charged that the Supreme Court had handled some twenty-three cases involving these freedoms in "such a manner as to encourage an increase in Communist activities in the United States."

In effect, the American Bar Association appointed its own "un-American activities committee" and then felt reluctant to repudiate the result. The A.B.A.'s humiliation would be complete were it not for the fact that, in the course of a lively debate, the phrasing of the original report was somewhat modified. Nevertheless, it stands, in all essentials, about on a par with the report of the Conference of State Chief Justices about which we had sharp comment to make last fall ("Judicial Steamroller," *The Nation*, September 6, 1958, p. 102). When it echoes from ball parks across the country, the ancient cry "Kill the Umpire!" is strictly in the American grain, but when the same hoarse cry echoes from the House of Delegates of the American Bar Association, and is hurled at the Supreme Court, it is incongruous, discordant and unworthy of the legal profession.

## To The Barricades!

When David Lawrence calls a Senator a hero, it is news, even when the Senator is William Proxmire, a Democrat, attacking Lyndon B. Johnson, another Democrat. Allowing for the Lawrencian propensity for rhetoric, the characterization was not far wrong. And yet all Proxmire was objecting to was Johnson's one-man control over what legislation shall reach the Senate floor. It is a measure of the degree of conformity pervading the Senate, in common with lesser institutions, that he received scarcely any support from his colleagues.

In a somewhat analogous rebellion, Walter Reuther has locked horns with George Meany who, if his power in the AFL-CIO is less than Lyndon Johnson's in the Senate, is a leader of the same stripe. Aside from his personal inclinations, Mr. Reuther had little choice. He hails from Detroit, where there are 194,000 Detroiters without jobs — some 3,000 more than a year ago and

more than 12 per cent of the city's work force — despite the fact that production of passenger cars is running about 12 per cent ahead of last year. The unemployed were breathing down Mr. Reuther's neck, and he had to do something. So he proposed a "march" on Washington. But Mr. Meany, disturbed by the implication of militancy, countered with the suggestion of a "conference"; at last report a semantic compromise had been reached and the meeting was being billed as a "mass conference." Whatever its name, its efficacy is doubtful, but at least Mr. Reuther has succeeded in jarring the Buddha-like inertia of Mr. Meany.

To tone down Thomas Jefferson: a little rebellion now and then waters the tree of liberty. If any other brave souls are inclined to join Messrs. Proxmire and Reuther, the line forms on the left.

## A Canadian Lesson

An event which draws streamer headlines in the Canadian press may attract less attention in ours than the arrest of a pickpocket. In "Canada Shelves the Arrow" (*The Nation*, February 7, 1959), Harold Greer discussed Prime Minister John Diefenbaker's decision to replace the CF-105, a supersonic interceptor finally ready for production after five years and almost \$400 million had been spent on it, with U. S. Bomarc missiles. One reason was the obsolescence of fighter aircraft in the ICBM age (but, as far as ICBMs are concerned, the Bomarc is equally obsolete). Another was that a Bomarc costs \$250,000, an Arrow about \$4.5 million.

Most Canadians uphold the decision, but the very papers which support the Prime Minister on technological grounds castigate him mercilessly on economic and political grounds. The economic grounds center on the dismissal of nearly 14,000 employees of A. V. Roe Canada Ltd. (Avro), the contractor for the Arrow. The politics of it is scarcely less painful. In an article headlined in red across the entire page, "Diefenbaker Surrenders Our Sovereignty?" the Toronto *Daily Star* complains that Canadians must get American clearance to visit their own Arctic, pre-empted by the U.S. DEW line, and that RCAF pilots on exchange duty at American bases must leave the briefing rooms when nuclear weapons are discussed. Editorially, the paper complains that ". . . We, in effect, abdicate our freedom of military decision in favor of the Pentagon."

Even the alliance with our closest neighbor and friend is an uneasy one — how uneasy the American newspaper reader would never guess. But though the political lesson will not be heeded, perhaps the chambers of commerce of Seattle and Los Angeles will ponder the economic one. The border is no respecter of obsolescence, and the employment hazards of an armament economy are the same everywhere. But in the United States, their import will be infinitely greater.

# A VOICE FOR THE CITIES . . by Senator Joseph S. Clark

THIS IS A land of milk and honey and money.

We have become accustomed to a gross national product and a rate of private expenditures which are, in the old Hollywood phrase, "merely colossal." But our schools are deteriorating, traffic is strangling our cities, slums are spreading quicker than we can eradicate them, and in the midst of affluence there is poverty. Seven million American families are existing on incomes of \$2,000 a year or less.

Our failure to face and deal realistically with these problems amounts to a kind of paralysis in our public life. The scope of our action is determined not by a forthright analysis of the facts which all admit, but by preconceived limitations growing out of inertia and outmoded thinking.

Last November's election was, I am convinced, an indication of profound public discontent with the way things are going. Americans voted for candidates of both parties who appear to look to the future and not to the past. If we interpret the voter's mood accurately, complacency with present-day America cannot be the mark of the current Congress.

MY OWN discontent, when I look at our public scene, rises for many reasons, but the one about which I perhaps feel most keenly is our failure to recognize and deal with the change which has transformed us from a rural to an urban nation.

Simply because of the economics of housing, the continuance of our present cities is assured for the immediate future. For some time the rate of new housing construction has been insufficient even to take care of our expanding population and to replace dwellings which burn or are demolished. The prospect for the future shows little chance of improvement. People will continue to live in cities for the simple reason that there is nowhere else for them

to go. There is grave question, of course, as to what kind of cities they will be, but in any case they will continue to house at least as many people as they now do.

Even with the most optimistic assumptions as to urban renewal, we can expect to house in our central cities only 17 million of the estimated total population increase of 55 million in the next twenty years. Thus, at least two-thirds of our population growth must be housed outside the core cities of our metropolitan areas. In other words, the metropolitan explosion cannot be stopped.

So we are going to have central cities and rapidly growing fringe areas which surround and swallow many smaller cities. Within another generation, the remaining gaps will be filled in the continuous urban and suburban belt reaching from Portland, Maine, to Alexandria, Virginia. The problem is to make these urban concentrations as civilized an environment as possible.

WHAT IS wrong now is familiar to all of us: the decay of the older areas of central cities; blight and slums; the flight of the middle class to the suburbs; the vicious circle created as talented people desert the central city, leaving a leadership vacuum filled by those less skilled culturally, economically and politically. And, on the other hand, the often barren life in the suburbs—inadequate community organization, the haphazard provision of services through inadequate special districts, and the oppressive problems of transportation and communication (traffic bottlenecks, lack of downtown parking) resulting in strangulation of the commercial areas of the central cities.

Yet a visitor from outer space, looking at the structure of our federal government, would conclude that America is still a rural nation, with rural problems its dominant concern. We have a Department of Agriculture, which devotes itself to the problems of the farm; we have a Department of the Interior, which reflects the interests and needs of the

more sparsely settled states; but there is no department with responsibility for the problems of the tens of millions of people living in forced congestion in metropolitan areas.

City people, too, need an advocate in Washington. To illustrate: the Senate became disturbed last year about the plight of the nation's railroads. The Department of Commerce was concerned; so was the Interstate Commerce Commission. The Commerce Committee of the Senate has a standing subcommittee with jurisdiction over railroads. So it organized a study. Those of us who have been worried about a related problem—namely, the plight of the commuter and the deterioration of mass transit in the cities—tried to make sure that urban mass-transit problems would be covered in this study. The answer was no. States rights intervened.

No department of the federal government has any interest in what should be done about commuter-transportation services. No committee or subcommittee of the Congress has any jurisdiction. Yet mass transit is not merely a state and local problem. Much of the traffic crosses state lines. Some of the railroads involved serve many states. Let's face it: state and local governments are incapable of dealing successfully with this problem in most localities—just as urban renewal was generally beyond their competence until the federal government stepped in.

Maybe the ultimate answer is that mass transit should not be a federal problem, even in part. Maybe the same applies to air and stream pollution, and water supply. But what concerns me most is that, at the present time, we don't even have the mechanism for examining such problems comprehensively and making intelligent national decisions.

I believe the first step should be the creation of a Department of Urban Affairs at Cabinet level with the responsibility of keeping abreast of urban and metropolitan problems and developing recommendations for federal, state and local action. The department would represent the ur-

JOSEPH S. CLARK, Dem., is senior Senator from Pennsylvania. A former mayor of Philadelphia, he has maintained his interest in urban problems.

ban viewpoint in the administration of nation-wide programs which particularly affect cities and their suburbs — notably, highways and water conservation. It would be assigned—initially, at least—only those operating programs which are peculiarly urban, and these are already clustered in the Housing and Home Finance Agency. But the department, to my mind, would be something far beyond the present HHFA. The additional element would be a "hunting license" to study, research and recommend, and a responsibility to listen to representatives of groups like the HHFA, understand their problems, and reflect that understanding in the policy-forming processes within the Executive branch.

I have seen the criticism that a new department should not be formed until a philosophy of federal-state-local relations is agreed upon. I think the logic points in just the opposite direction. Governmental philosophies do not spring full-blown into being; they evolve. But they cannot evolve unless someone in government has responsibility for thinking creatively about them. We will get the philosophy far more quickly if we establish the mechanism first.

IN 1957, speaking at a convention of the American Institute of Architects, I responded to the question, "How can the city be restored?" by suggesting that three things are needed: more money, changes in political structure and elimination of political lag.

First, money. Our central cities are in mortal danger not only through strangulation from traffic congestion but through financial starvation and attrition. The city, still the hub and nerve center of its area, must provide more and more services at increasing costs not only for the people who live in it, but also for those who work in it, use its facilities, but no longer vote, live and pay taxes there. Moreover, the people who can best afford to sustain the increasing costs of maintaining and improving the city's facilities are the very ones who have moved to the suburbs.

Some recently published figures on the Washington area illustrate this point. They reveal that the average

family income for families living within the District of Columbia in 1956 was \$4,900; but in the immediately surrounding area it was \$6,773, more than one-third higher. In nearby Montgomery County, Maryland, it ranged up to \$7,735. I suspect the same relative income levels hold true for similar areas.

As the city's costs go up, its tax resources go down. Those who move in are poorer than those who move out. Moreover, in the competition with state and federal governments for tax revenues, local government comes off a poor third. Business, looking for lower tax rates, is following the flight to the suburbs. The city is left with the problems of providing the needs and services required for civilized living without the money to cope with them.

I don't believe the way out of this financial dilemma will come through local taxing systems—even as they may be revised. Wealth is too unequally distributed; its location bears too little relation to the need for services. Hence the property tax is unfair and relatively unproductive as well as relatively inflexible. And there is hardly any other kind of tax available which can be administered well on a local basis. Local sales taxes drive business outside the taxing jurisdiction. Graduated income taxes have been largely pre-empted by state and federal governments.

There are only two alternatives. One is to establish a new level of government, a fourth layer, that will correspond geographically to the new community: the metropolitan area.

The other is to use the larger jurisdictions that already exist: the state and federal governments, which in practical fact means the latter, since states are as limited in their financial resources as the cities.

All the evidence I have seen indicates that, despite the current outcry, the federal budget is less of a strain on the national tax base than local budgets are on local tax resources. Since 1946, state and local taxes per capita have risen three times as fast as federal taxes; state and local debts (a rough measure of the excess of need over resources) have also risen much faster than the federal debt. This is why it seems to me that the economy campaign now being waged by some powerful organizations is totally misguided when directed against those parts of the federal budget which would relieve the burden on local taxpayers—for example, federal aid to education. Equally misguided have been the Administration's cuts in urban renewal, which is a splendid example of something that could not be done at all if the communities had to rely on their own tax resources.

THE SECOND obstacle to restoration of the city is obsolete governmental structure. The legal and political framework in which we struggle to provide for the city of the future is sometimes our own worst enemy, when it should be our greatest ally.

What would we do if we were the Founding Fathers, and were creating a national political structure in this year 1959 instead of 1787? Of course, we would still create a federal system, but would we have forty-nine states—plus Hawaii—with the present boundaries? Of course not. We would pay attention to the natural boundaries of social, economic and political communities and regions—we might even try to make boundary adjustments from time to time as conditions change.

But we are the captives of the mistakes, as well as the beneficiaries of the wisdom, of the Founding Fathers and their successors. We can't do much about illogical state boundaries in our lifetime. We can only try to moderate their effects.

In the meantime, there is a great

opportunity for political invention at the local level. Instead of the unimaginative labyrinth of special and *ad hoc* bodies created in our metropolitan areas, let's continue to search for new approaches to metropolitan government. The need is great. I favor such developments as those being worked out in Toronto and Atlanta, in Dade County, Florida, and Allegheny County in Pennsylvania. And, in seeking larger jurisdictions, let's use intelligently the larger jurisdictions that already exist—the county, for instance; or for problems which cross county lines, the state; or for metropolitan problems that are characteristically interstate, the federal government.

IF THIS last sounds like a dangerous invasion of our honored tradition of local home rule, consider what's happened in highways. Very few of our communities had made any real start in building the metropolitan highway system of the future until the new federal highway program was enacted. Now superhighways within metropolitan areas are an accepted part of the interstate system. Communities have the wherewithal to get these highways built, yet local control over the location of the highways is not truly lessened. City authorities participate to the full in these decisions. Under federal leadership we have improvised a *de*

*facto* metropolitan structure for highway-building which is working.

The same evolution is evident in regard to metropolitan water supplies. Municipal water supply has already become an important factor in federal river-development projects; eventually, it may be the major factor. And because of the multi-purpose use of water today, it may require a river-basin governmental agency to coordinate various consumer uses.

But to use our higher levels of government as we should in the solution of urban problems, two other political reforms are required:

1. We must bring the state legislature up to date, so that the tail of the rural counties stops wagging the dog of our huge urban populations.

2. We must re-orient a federal government superbly equipped to deal with the nineteenth-century problems of agriculture and natural resources, and hardly equipped at all to deal with the urban society which today it largely represents.

A federal government which does not pay as much attention to urban culture as to agriculture, to the conservation of cities as to soil, to the movement of people and goods within as well as between cities, is not adapted to today's America.

The third obstacle to restoring the city I have called political lag.

Thomas Jefferson warned that "the laws and institutions must go hand in hand with the progress of the human mind. . ." We must overcome the lag that separates the politician from the planner. The successful politician leads the people as well as reflects their views. Overcoming political lag means educating not just the politicians, but the public as well.

I don't suggest that creation of a Federal Department of Urban Affairs will determine whether the good society will survive. But I think it can be the focus for efforts to restore our cities—perhaps our greatest challenge in the age-old battle of man to control and shape the environment in which he lives. The struggle between man and his surroundings—both those he found and those he made himself—is the stuff of which history is made. Along the path of this struggle, civilizations have come and gone.

And in many ways, the city is civilization. It is more than form; it is substance, life, spirit. Streets, buildings and facilities exist for a purpose; they came into being because people need them to lead the type of existence which they preferred to any other.

And the desire to live in cities, the desire for urban culture—these will continue as long as civilization lasts.

## THE DILEMMA of INFLATION . . . by Paul M. Sweezy

PUBLIC DISCUSSION of economic problems and policies in the United States is increasingly dominated by the issue of inflation. And since every capitalist country has its inflation problem—sometimes actual and sometimes latent—the discussion can hardly fail to be of interest to people in other countries.

To begin with, it may be worth while to remind readers of the underlying factual situation which has made inflation seem an increasingly urgent problem in recent years. The following table shows the course of consumer prices in the United States

since World War II came to an end.

Consumer Price Index  
(1947-49 = 100)

1945	76.9	1952	113.5
1946	83.4	1953	114.4
1947	95.5	1954	114.8
1948	102.8	1955	114.5
1949	101.8	1956	116.2
1950	102.8	1957	120.2
1951	111.0	1958 (Nov.)	123.9

Thus in a period of thirteen years the dollar has lost approximately 40 per cent of its purchasing power. Or to put the point in another way,

savings accumulated during the war and held in 1945 have lost an average of 4.7 per cent of their value every year in the intervening period.

Some economists have attempted to make light of this record, arguing that inflation is an old story here and that if we have lived with it in

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the past we can surely do so in the future. For example, Professor Alvin H. Hansen of Harvard states in a letter to the editor of *The New York Times* (January 23):

During the decade just past, the compound rate of increase of wholesale prices was  $1\frac{1}{4}$  per cent per annum; of consumer prices,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  per cent. In contrast, in the sixteen years of peacetime prosperity from 1897 to 1913, the compound rate of increase per annum was much higher —  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. Taking the longer view covering the six decades from 1897 to 1958, the per annum rate of increase of prices (wholesale and consumer) was  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. . . .

Yet when anyone suggests a possible increase in prices of around 2 or  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent per annum over the next two or three decades, alarmists are apt to cry "ruin and disaster." This rate of increase is, however, precisely what the United States in fact experienced during the last sixty years.

It seems to me that this argument is quite superficial and misleading. Indeed, if we accept it, it is difficult to see why there should be so much concern over inflation at the present time.

Professor Hansen has overlooked two crucially important points. The first is that very few people now alive are strongly influenced in their thinking by what happened before World War I, so that the experience of the years 1897 to 1913 is largely irrelevant. What people do remember is the period of peace between the two wars, and this was a period of declining prices (the consumer index reached 85.7 in 1920, declined abruptly to 76.4 the following year,

and then drifted predominantly downward until 1940, when it stood at 59.9; the contrast with what has happened since World War II could hardly be sharper). Second, with the growth of savings accounts, life insurance, social security and private pension systems, the injustices of inflation affect many more people (both absolutely and relatively) than used to be the case. In other words, more people than ever before have a vested interest in the stability of the purchasing power of money.

IT USED TO BE thought that there was only one cause of inflation, namely, an excess of demand for goods and services over the capacity of the economy to supply them. (Whether the expansion of demand also implies, or results from, an expansion of the money supply is not a crucial question in the theory of inflation, though it is often made to seem so. Actually, a given amount of money can support very different levels of demand, depending on how rapidly it circulates.) But obviously the view that inflation can occur only under conditions of full utilization of capacity is no longer tenable. The trend of unemployment, both absolutely and as a percentage of the labor force, has been slowly rising ever since 1945; and while the precise measurement of excess capacity is impossible, no knowledgeable observer of the American scene doubts that it has been steadily increasing in recent years and has now reached formidable proportions. In other words, though the old explanation of inflation might have had a certain plausibility in the first few postwar years, it has increasingly lost its relevance.

New theories of inflation have therefore become necessary, and several have been put forward. The simplest, and the most popular in conservative circles, blames inflation exclusively on the strength of the trade unions. According to this theory, unions are in a position to enforce wage increases in excess of productivity increases. As a result, costs per unit are pushed up and prices must rise to compensate.

A more sophisticated form of this

theory holds that any wage increase is inflationary even if it does not exceed the rise in productivity in the particular industry in which it occurs, provided only that it is in excess of the average rise in productivity for the economy as a whole. As Professor Gottfried Haberler puts it, for inflation to take place, it is only necessary that there be "strong pressure exerted by powerful trade unions in excess of the gradual rise in general productivity of labor. For the operation of the mechanism it is sufficient that in progressive industries, where productivity rises faster than in the economy as a whole, wages rise no faster than productivity in these particular industries. This is enough to keep inflation going because the American economy is sufficiently competitive to transmit such wage rises after a short while to the less progressive parts of the economy (such as the service industries) which cannot absorb the rise in labor cost without a rise in their selling prices."

OTHER theorists, generally of a more liberal persuasion, have argued that the fault lies not only (or not at all) with the unions but also (or exclusively) with the big corporations that dominate the American economy and invariably exercise a greater or lesser degree of monopoly power in the markets in which they operate. The reasoning here is that monopolistic corporations, seeking maximum profits, either raise their prices, or fail to lower them, in spite of rising productivity due to technological progress. In either case the result is a widening profit margin, which naturally offers an attractive target to the unions. The latter press for higher wages, and the corporations are usually quite willing to grant them provided the increase is not so great as to wipe out the entire benefit of improved techniques. (The corporations may, and often do, use the wage increase as an excuse for a further price hike, though this is not essential to the theory.) This arrangement brings benefits to both the big unions and the monopolistic corporations in the more progressive sectors of the economy, and it transmits inflationary impulses to

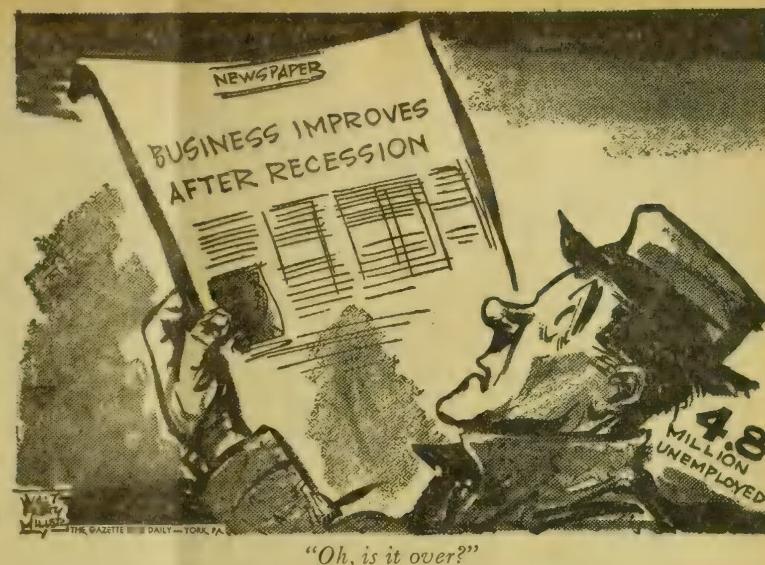


the remainder of the economy in the manner described by Haberler.

It is unnecessary, I think, to dwell long on President Eisenhower's favorite remedy for inflation, namely, preaching restraint to capital and labor, with the heavy emphasis usually on labor. Capitalism is a system in which the public interest is served, if at all, only by the individual capitalists and workers striving to serve their private interests, and it makes no sense to defend the system and at the same time ask people to behave in ways that are contrary to their own interests. What's more, such preaching never has worked in the past and shows absolutely no signs of working in the present or the future.

THERE ARE many conservatives, both in Washington and elsewhere, who still think the problem of inflation control is largely, if not wholly, a matter of restricting demand via higher interest rates, tight money and curtailed government spending. In one sense, of course, we can say that they are quite wrong. With 6 per cent of the labor force unemployed (this is the December, 1958, figure) and idle capacity widely distributed throughout the economy, it is absurd to attribute inflationary pressures to excessive demand. And yet, as Polonius said, "though this be madness, yet there is method in't." For it is clear that even if excess demand is not the root of the trouble, nevertheless a *sufficiently large reduction* of demand will put a stop to the threat of inflation. The *modus operandi* here is simple: the throttling of demand inhibits monopolists from raising prices and weakens unions by creating heavy unemployment. But this is merely another way of saying that inflation can be checked by depression. To be sure, this still leaves open the question of *how much depression* is necessary, but the principle is clear enough and is unlikely to be challenged by anyone.

It may well be that no one in the Eisenhower Administration actually *advocates* this method of inflation control, yet in practice it is unquestionably the method which has been adopted. Judged by any rational standard, the American economy is



"Oh, is it over?"

still a long way from being out of the depression which began in the summer of 1957. The Department of Commerce has just issued a new statistical series showing Gross National Product (GNP) by quarters in constant dollars of 1957 purchasing power. The latest figure is \$428.3 billion for the third quarter of 1958. Except for the even more depressed first and second quarters of 1958, one has to go back more than three years, to the second quarter of 1955, to find a lower real GNP. Taking account of the fact that population has grown from 165 million to 174 million during this three-year period, and that the productivity of labor has been steadily rising, one can see how true it is to say that the United States today is in a state of relative depression. And yet, far from initiating policies to combat this depression, the Administration is doing its best to restrain the growth of the very demand which is so urgently needed. Even so, it is by no means certain that a resumption of the inflationary process will be avoided. The President's annual Economic Report, delivered to the Congress on January 20, fairly bristles with warnings of more inflation ahead, and in effect holds out the threat of even higher unemployment should further government action to check a rise in prices become necessary. For the Eisenhower Administration, it seems, the two horns of the economic dilemma are inflation and depression,

and ironically enough it may well be impaled on both of them at once.

CRITICS of the Government have sought to derive political advantage from this situation, and liberal defenders of capitalism have seen the dangers implicit in it. Both groups have had to put forward alternative programs for dealing with the threat of inflation.

One such program, widely associated with the name of Leon Keyserling, chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers under Truman, seems to me to be nothing but a trick to avoid coming to grips with the problem while permitting its advocates to pillory the Administration. The reasoning is that if the economy were operating at a higher rate, unit costs of production would decline and prices would therefore fall rather than rise. From this it is concluded that the way to combat inflation is not through tight money and budget-slashing, but rather through expansionary credit and fiscal policies. The weakness of this argument is obvious: while it is true that lower costs might make lower prices *possible*, there is no mechanism at work in the system to bring about this result. Quite the contrary. Rising demand will tempt monopolists to raise prices, and declining unemployment will strengthen unions and encourage them to step up their demands on employers. Unfortunately for the liberal Democrats, they have not yet

had the luck to discover a way to eat their cake and have it too. The dilemma of inflation is a real one, not a figment of the Republican imagination.

A more serious program has been suggested, still very tentatively, by another group of liberals, most prominent among them being Professor J. K. Galbraith of Harvard, wartime Deputy Administrator of the Office of Price Administration and author of the currently best-selling book *The Affluent Society*. Galbraith is quite clear about the reality of the threat of inflation and has no illusions that capitalism can survive a continuous rise of prices without serious damage. He also knows perfectly well that credit and fiscal policies can check inflation only by creating a depression—no less dangerous for the future of capitalism. Thus, the conclusion is that the only solution may be to adopt a system of price-and-wage controls. In the words of David Demarest Lloyd, a former Special Assistant to President Truman:

Aside from the luckless farmer, the mechanisms of the economy are set to raise incomes to meet higher prices and not to bring prices down to meet incomes. In collective bargaining, in the halls of Congress, wherever wages are fixed, the argument is unanswerable that higher prices require higher wages. Against this conviction, the policy of squeezing credit is impotent; it ruins small business without affecting prices. This is the structure of our society, and it might be well to

assent to it and take a fresh look at inflation control. It may be that the thing to do is not to tinker with an elaborate machine of credit, interest rates, and monetary devices, but to take up the whole question of direct controls. (*The Reporter*, January 8, 1959, p. 20.)

It will be noted that Lloyd, like Galbraith, does not quite dare to come out in open advocacy of direct controls, in spite of the fact that the whole logic of his argument leaves him with no hope of an effective alternative policy. The reasons are doubtless partly political: men like Galbraith and Lloyd are looking forward to a political comeback in the near future, and they do not want to seem to get too far ahead of the main body of the Democratic Party which is still as much opposed to controls as the Eisenhower Republicans. But I wonder if there may not be another reason for this hesitant and lukewarm support of direct controls—perhaps something like an uneasy feeling that for a capitalist country to embark upon this path is to court new and unknown dangers?

Whether or not the liberal Democrats suspect something of this sort, I myself am convinced that it is true. To be sure, the United States, like other capitalist countries, operated a system of price-and-wage controls with reasonable success during World War II. But there could be no greater mistake than to assume that this proves that such a system would be similarly successful *permanently* and *in peacetime*. People will accept all

sorts of things in an emergency they know to be temporary which they would never willingly put up with in normal times and as a permanent arrangement. Moreover, wartime inflation really is the classical case of "too much money chasing too few goods," while peacetime inflation, as we have seen, has entirely different causes. It is simply not permissible to apply lessons learned from wartime experience to the problems which we now face. The latter are *sui generis* and must be dealt with as such.

This is not the place to attempt a full-scale exploration of the implications of direct controls in a peacetime capitalist economy. I will only say that it seems to me highly probable (no one can or should attempt to speak with complete assurance on a matter of this sort) that sooner or later the problems created would be at least as serious as those intended to be solved. The one real strength of capitalism—the ground on which it must always rest its claim to the loyalty of *all* the people—is that it provides (in the market, combined with production for profit) an *impersonal* mechanism for deciding "who gets what, when and where." Institution of permanent wage-and-price controls would mean scrapping this mechanism and making these decisions a direct function of political power. Whether this would be compatible, in the long run, with the continued existence of a private-enterprise system, readers must decide for themselves.

## NOTES on a CHINA JOURNEY . . . by Ella Winter

London

WE HAVE BEEN beaten over the head in our era, sometimes unexpected blows, and they have taught us caution.

ELLA WINTER, one of the few American writers to visit China in recent years, spent three months there last fall. A resident of London, Miss Winter is the author of *I Saw the Russian People* and other books.

So my baggage had plenty of grains of salt when I went to China. I would accept nothing at face value and I made a point of seeing those sides of life that could contain unflattering truth—a jail, a mental institution, divorce courts and slums. I interviewed ex-landlords, "capitalists" (their term for "businessmen"), rich peasants, cashiers. I asked exhaustive questions, double-checked and double-tested statements, statis-

ties, claims. They told me there was no stealing; I confronted them with photographs of a little Fagan gang stuck on a lamp post below my Hankow hotel. I was told working conditions were good; I showed them men embroiderers jammed together in a stone-floored room in Peking, where they also slept at night, earning about \$15 a month. I faced officials at the Ministry of Agriculture with the impossibility of growing

potatoes "in five layers" which I had been assured all over the country they were doing; and I queried the corn cobs "so big you could climb them" portrayed on wall fresco and workers' paintings, and "rice so thick you could sit on it as on a carpet."

I looked for discontent, suppression, regimentation; asked writers and artists about their lives (enough spoke my languages to dispense with interpreters); and I talked long to professors who might well be indignant at the "arrogant" attitude of pupils quite haughty about not being haughty any more. (Chinese intellectuals felt more superior about their eggheads than Americans do and seldom allowed physical toil to soil their hands.)

I checked with doctors, surgeons, nurses and social workers—American, British and French as well as Chinese—about claims made for medical progress, for abolition or near wiping-out of nutritional diseases, epidemics, syphilis, leprosy, and that particularly dread Chinese disease, schistosomiasis, which is carried by water snails in the rice paddies.

REPORTING China for the United States presents the particular difficulty that Americans have been kept in ignorance of developments for a decade. News that might have been taken in stride, with suitable caveats and descriptions of the feudal and pre-feudal society that was being superseded, may now hit too hard. You still see the old poverty, the seaborous alleys, clothing often ragged and few ties and collars. You see many goods—but on the level of Woolworth's, not Saks Fifth Avenue. There is no glue on stamps or envelope flaps, and no detergents and no bathmats (though plenty of towels embroidered with flowers and animals). Yet the cities and the factories and the news hum with cyclotrons and atomic reactors, Chinese-made, and I saw exhibits of farm machinery invented by peasants illiterate till yesterday that ploughed by electric cable, removed potato eyes, threshed grain and refined sugar. I saw it and did not believe it.

One must of course know what

China was like before: five hundred million peasants tied to landless poverty, working irregularly, often eating only roots; the country, every few years, subject to famine, flood and drought that carried away millions. Edgar Snow tells of the 40,000,000 dead in his first famine in 1928. One must know of the lack of hygiene, medicine, public health, the terrible diseases; infanticide, forced marriages, small girls sold into slavery. Tawney describes some of it in *Land and Labour in China* in 1936. The illiteracy (85 per cent), the taxation that landed peasants in jail or worse when they could not meet it, and the small number of wealthy landlords who held the position of feudal nobles with absolute power. Industry was infinitesimal—about 7,000,000 "capitalists" besides the "four families" who owned the billions with which they fled in 1949. Corruption and dishonesty were widespread. The poor submitted shufflingly to authority. In the centuries of Chinese history, this picture did not essentially change.

THAT China in the past decade has "leaped forward" few now doubt. What one sees side by side with the old slums are New Villages (many with individual houses), electric light, telephone, running water, radios. Sewers are taking the place of insanitary ditches that received filth and afterwards were drunk from. Children troop to hospitals for inoculations. Doubtless, the children are "indoctrinated" in kindergarten: they sing the song "Socialism is Good" the way the British sing "God Save Our Queen"; they also parrot "Under the leadership of Chairman Mao and the Communist Party of China" as my small son used to sing "Land where my fathers died." Women bear babies in maternity clinics instead of having the cord cut with rusty scissors or—as in a Yunnan minor nationality I visited—with a field knife because scissors were not permitted. Illiteracy is being wiped out by devices such as a word written on a blackboard in the paddy-field ("the word for today"); or by pinning sheets of pictures above the work-bench or in the clubroom; by distributing little

books for illiterates printed in millions; or in classes run by neighborhood committees, students, fellow-housewives or workers who have themselves just mastered the art of reading and writing.

Giant steam turbines, synthetic fibres, heat-resistant stainless steel, hydraulic forging presses, methane-generated electrical plants, pressurized electrostatic accelerators? They are being made.

ONE may suspect that such a pace of industrialization can be attained only by ants, slaves or forced labor and by the extinction of the human spirit. But what one sees in China are thousands of people digging, hauling, dragging, hacking—but also discussing, stopping every hour or two to determine the next assault on clay or stone or scaffolding. "Democratic discussion" is the order of the day and many an efficient "boss" tears his hair over it. The enthusiasm may be "manufactured," but that it exists there can be little doubt.

I talked to hundreds of people with large families still crowded into one or two rooms. Smiles met me, an eagerness to demonstrate the electric light, the two rooms and balcony, the tiny garden, the toilet (for fifty centuries, "night soil" was the chief Chinese fertilizer). It was I who was put out by the still-crowded roomlets, the brooms, mops, pails and clothes hung out to dry on the new balcony, the unsightly mess of shabby old suitcases that must still serve as furniture.

"I learned all I know from being beaten," a woman in a Peking textile mill said. "I worked in the Shanghai cotton plants since I was eight."

"My youngest is three," was the shining-faced response of a woman in a Hankow lane whom I asked about contraceptives available.

"I'm not going on with this," a pedicabber laughed. "It's not dignified; the government will help me to another job."

"We can go to the movies, walk in the park, see Peking opera twice a week," tobacco-factory workers in Shanghai said belligerently and determinedly. And a sad-faced water-

front docker remarked wonderingly, "I just married, at forty-five. I could never afford it before."

I walked over the first bridge to span the Yangtze River, which they built in two years. Through clean villages on tea collectives and rice communes, by cotton fields yielding those bumper harvests of 1958 whose figures people find incredible. How vital is it to count the exact ton or bushel or number, measure the size of the corn cobs, determine the

miles of irrigation, the cubic feet of dams and reservoirs? What one sees is the picture of a China building, producing, discovering, constructing and enthusiastically partaking in a communal life where women can leave drudgery behind and the peasant has a future. I saw the nights, throughout a nine-week trip, lit up by the little blast furnaces; I saw the millions of new saplings planted in city and countryside as windbreaks, for shade, against sand-

storms and for beauty. Why should people object or try to flee a country that is for the first time in their history giving them food, shelter, clothing, health and some leisure and entertainment?

What they say is, "Now we can stand up." You literally see confidence and self-respect replacing servility and self-depreciation. And when I asked over and over, "Are you better off?" they laughed in my face.

## Let Educators Run Our Schools . . . by Myron Lieberman

*This is a companion piece to "Four Myths Cripple Our Schools," also by Mr. Lieberman, which appeared in last week's issue. In the judgment of The Nation's editors, these two articles constitute the most constructive analysis of our public-school system published in recent years. They have been adapted from the manuscript of a book now in preparation.*

Mr. Lieberman teaches at the Graduate School of Education of Yeshiva University and is the author of Education as a Profession.

THE EDITORS

LOCAL CONTROL over curricula will be a major casualty of the growing national stake in the quality of public education. Within the foreseeable future, communities will no longer decide what subjects are to be taught in the public schools — nor will local PTAs, citizens' committees, veterans' organizations and other pressure groups which currently influence the school boards. Eventually, authority over the curriculum will be lodged with national professional agencies.

Of course, even today authority in this regard does not rest solely with local boards. In some states, certain subjects are required by state law; in others, a state government may make its financial support to school districts contingent upon compliance with state regulations concerning the curriculum. Furthermore, in approving curricula, local boards must respect the policies of accrediting agencies in order to ensure that students will be given credit when they

transfer to other schools or apply for admission to college. The colleges, through admission requirements, also exert heavy pressure on the public-school curriculum. Nevertheless, granting the existence of these and other pressures, it is the school board — composed of non-professionals — which ordinarily has the final word on curricula.

The folly of handing this authority to non-professionals is illustrated by the manner in which foreign languages are handled as a school subject. Many school systems offer no foreign language at all. This is not as foolish as offering it for only one or two years, as is common practice. There is no real point to the study of a foreign language unless the students acquire the power to use it — and this, with a normal curriculum, cannot be done in less than three or four years.

Offhand, one might suppose that local school boards customarily follow the recommendations of their professional staffs on all professional matters. This supposition is misleading even when true. The advice proffered by professionals is heavily influenced by their need to cater to the boards' prejudices. In many communities, the professional staff dares not recommend policies which are professionally sound simply because they are not politically expedient. This point is most clearly reflected in controversies over "subversive" instructional materials. It is or ought to be

obvious that instructional materials are neither subversive or non-subversive in isolation; the Constitution can be utilized for subversive purposes, just as the *Daily Worker* can be used to expose the nature of the Communist Party. However, very few public-school teachers or school administrators would dare to order the *Daily Worker* for classroom use. The teachers are not going to take any chances with a school board which, if it is typical, divides instructional materials into such ridiculous categories as "subversive" or "patriotic." And the board is not likely to "take any chances" on a headline in the local paper: "School Board Approves *Daily Worker* in the Schools."

Many prominent critics of public education believe that public-school personnel are responsible for introducing trivial subjects into the curriculum past the unsuspecting guard of school boards. No diagnosis could be more stupid. Subjects which have no real content or professional justification do not get included because school personnel ignores public opinion, but because it follows public opinion. The criticism that school administrators try to engineer public opinion to put over their own curriculum ideas is absurd; this is precisely what they ought to be doing, and are not.

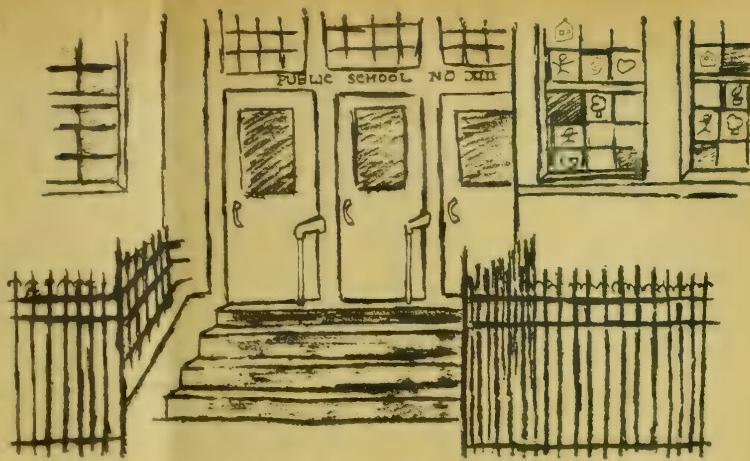
The notion that public-school personnel should not make an important change in the curriculum without first securing community support has been propagated by schools of edu-

cation, and especially their departments of educational administration. This counsel is typically labeled a "democratic philosophy" of education. Advocated, as it usually is, without any conception of professional autonomy, its effect has been to make insistence upon such autonomy appear undemocratic to the teachers themselves. Indeed, it has tended to eliminate the concept of professional autonomy from the consciousness of teachers. In effect, the schools of education tell teachers they are "professionals" while simultaneously undermining the autonomy which is an essential ingredient of professional status.

Today, advocates of professional autonomy in education are often regarded as "authoritarians" or as persons who have lost faith in the democratic process. The reason is not difficult to understand. The operative cliché here is that the public should determine *what* should be taught, and the teachers should determine *how* to teach whatever it is that the public wants taught. Like most educational clichés, this one has just enough plausibility to hide its absurdity.

THE CRUX of the matter lies in the words "what" and "how." The public determines *what* should be taught in the sense that it sets the broad purposes of education. The fallacy lies in regarding the *what* as a list of subjects instead of a set of purposes. "Teachers should teach students to communicate effectively" is one thing; "teachers should teach penmanship one hour per day in the sixth grade" is something else again. The first statement is one of purpose which should be made by the public; the second is a statement of the means to be employed, and this should never be a matter of legislation or of decision by a non-professional agency. At any time, research may justify changes in the time devoted to a subject, or the grade levels at which it is taught. This is why it is foolish for a state legislature to prescribe the curriculum.

The other side of this coin is the confusion over the *how* in "how to teach." Once it is accepted that the public should determine the broad



Drawing by Mel Weinstein

purposes of education, then it becomes clear that "how to teach" refers to subjects as well as teaching methods. When we say that a doctor knows how to cure, we do not mean to limit the *how* to a bedside manner. We mean it to include the substantive knowledge which the doctor applies to achieve a desired end.

The public expects the medical profession to prolong life and to reduce physical pain. No one in his right mind assumes that the public should decide what drugs should be used and that doctors should decide only how to apply them. Absurd as this would be, it is exactly analogous to the notion that the public should determine the subjects to be taught and that teachers should decide only how to teach them. "How to teach" should be interpreted to mean, "How to achieve the goals set for the profession by the public." It would then be clear that non-professional determination of the curriculum is a threat to, not a safeguard of, our democratic institutions. And it would also be clear that the decline of local control of education means more than a simple transfer of authority from communities to the states or to the federal government. It can, and indeed it must, mean a tremendous increase in the power of the teachers as an organized group. This is the key to a number of problems which will arise during the transition to a centralized educational system.

It is difficult to predict the form which centralization will take. It may take place even while a great deal

of our present educational structure formally remains intact. To understand this, one must bear in mind that a *national* system of education is not necessarily the same thing as a *federal* system. Under a federal system, the schools are operated by the federal government. But education might continue to be the legal responsibility of state and local communities, yet become substantially similar all over the country as a result of non-governmental pressures. Under these circumstances, it would make sense to speak of an educational system that was national, but not federal.

The point can be illustrated by the situation in medicine. Legally, medical education and licensure are controlled by state medical boards. Actually, these state boards are so dominated by the American Medical Association that we have, in effect, a national system. A similar situation exists in other occupations which involve professional training and licensure.

In the next few decades, it is unlikely that we shall have a *federal* school system which covers the entire country. Such a development would occur only if the failure of states and communities to carry out their educational responsibilities were to be brought home dramatically to the American people by some such event as the abolition of public education in the Deep South. I am convinced, however, that we are about to move rapidly toward a *national* system. The idea that the present

chaos in education is the price one has to pay for living in a democracy, or the even more nonsensical notion that this chaos is actually a pillar of our democracy, will linger on, but without any real force in our society.

Unquestionably, the most important barrier to a centralized educational system is the notion that it would provide an opportunity for a pressure group, say a political party, to seize control of the schools, and by introducing its point of view, maintain itself in power. Those who think this way usually point to Soviet Russia to illustrate the dangers. But one cannot assume that a centralized educational system *per se* is more likely to be totalitarian than our own. England, France and the Scandinavian countries all have national systems of education. In all of these systems, there is less political interference with teachers than there is in the United States. Put positively, there is more freedom to teach and to learn in all of these national school systems than there is in the overwhelming majority of public schools in the United States.

HOW WOULD any particular group in this country — religious or economic — achieve such complete control of all schools as to produce a generation of unthinking disciples? To develop such a generation would require complete control of our mass media; this, in turn, would presuppose fairly complete control of the government. Any pressure group which could achieve such controls would have no need to control the schools. Indeed, it could safely permit schools to operate as they do now, preparing generations of civic illiterates who firmly believe they have fulfilled the highest obligations of citizenship when they have flipped a lever in a voting booth.

People are opposed to a centralized system of schools for many reasons, not all of them noble. Some of the opposition comes from private-school interests which would not share in the federal funds necessary to undergird such a system. In this connection, it requires little imagination to realize that the arguments which some private-school spokesmen make against federal aid to education, or

to a federal school system, are ludicrous. Private educational institutions, whose *raison d'être* is to keep the faithful from being exposed to heretical points of view, oppose federal aid on the grounds that it would mean mass conformity and indoctrination. But the free and independent mind which these institutions claim to nurture is what some of them fear above everything else.

Nonetheless, it must be conceded that many people have a gnawing fear of a centralized school system which is devoid of any selfish motivation. Their fear is for the integrity of the system, not for the fate of their particular views on political, economic, religious, racial or other controversial issues. Ironically, their doubts are often based upon experiences with local control; and every inanity committed by a local board reinforces, rather than weakens, their distrust of a federal system. For they argue that, under the present system, the worst blunders are confined to a limited area; what would happen, they ask, if a national school board or federal school administrator were to engage in the educational follies which characterize some local school boards?

The answer is that it would be a calamity—but that the more we centralize our school system (up to a point, of course), the less likely is it that such a calamity will occur. *The crucial point is that at the national level, no one group has the kind of power to interfere with the educational program that one sees every day under a system of local control.* The rabble rousers who can successfully frighten a large city school system like Los Angeles to drop an essay contest on the United Nations would find it much more difficult to undermine the curriculum in a federal school system. Even the more legitimate pressure groups, such as the AFL-CIO and the NAM, would be unable to shape the educational program in a federal system to their own ends. Each would be watched and checked by all the others if it attempted any massive interference. Thus, since no non-professional group would have the power to dictate, and since classrooms would not be subject to local censorship, teachers

would be free to discuss points of view which are now proscribed by local boards.

But the contention that no pressure group would be able to dominate a centralized educational system does not sound very persuasive. What assurance is there that the balance of power will not change suddenly so as to provide one of the groups, or a combination of them, with the opportunity it seeks to subvert the school program to its own ends?

If by "assurance" is meant an iron-clad guarantee, of course there is none. We are choosing between practical alternatives, not between mathematical solutions, one of which is the perfect answer. It is local control of education which provides the greater opportunity, on a *national* basis, for national pressure groups to dominate the educational programs of the public schools. Local school boards are unable to withstand the pressures which can be generated by powerful national organizations. On the other hand, in a centralized system, teachers' organizations would probably play a much more important role in protecting the integrity of public education than they do at the present time. To grasp the significance of this possibility, it is necessary to consider briefly some fundamental changes which have taken place in American society during the past 150 years.

WHEN our nation was founded, the American people were a much more homogeneous group, in terms of occupations, than they are today. In 1789, over 90 per cent of the people made their living directly or indirectly from farming. At that time, therefore, the problem of avoiding an excessive concentration of federal authority required a geographical, rather than an occupational, distribution of power. Today, the reverse is true. A cotton farmer in Mississippi has more interests in common with cotton farmers in neighboring states than he does with engineers, teachers or grocers in his own state. Thus he attempts to advance many of his major interests through his occupational group rather than through state or local communities.

I do not wish to oversimplify this situation, but there is no doubt that the distribution of power among occupational groups has tended more and more to overshadow its distribution among geographical groups.

As occupational specialization increases, so does our interdependence; and as interdependence increases, the regulation of occupational affairs becomes more and more a federal instead of a state function. And as this happens, it becomes apparent that powerful occupational organizations are necessary to prevent an excessive concentration of federal power. Example: As an increasing portion of industry and commerce becomes interstate rather than intrastate, there is more and more regulation of industry and commerce at the federal level; but standing in the way of arbitrary federal action is the emergence of occupational autonomy and strong national organizations of employers and employees.

These considerations are appropriate to education, and especially so because education is or should be a profession. A profession is an occupation which requires some kind of expertise. It is in the public interest to accord the professional worker the autonomy to make the decisions which call upon this expertise. This is why it is undesirable to have non-professional control over the curriculum in any school system.

IN ASSERTING the need for professional controls in a centralized system, I do not mean to contend that all professional decisions, such as those relating to curricula, should be made at the national level. Some should be made at state or local levels; others should be regarded as the prerogative of the individual teacher. This is also true of educational decisions of a non-professional nature: some should be made at the national level, others at state or local levels, and still others should be made by parents or students.

Regardless of whether a decision is professional or non-professional, the extent of state, local, and/or individual option to make it must be decided in the first instance at a more inclusive level. This is only common sense. For obvious reasons,

the American people as a whole have made national defense a federal concern. On the other hand, we provide individuals with many options concerning the ways in which they can fulfill their military obligations; they can, for instance, within the limits of national policy, choose their branch of service or enlist in the Regular Army. In education, there is an urgent need for a clear-cut, comprehensive national policy outlining the educational decisions to be made at the national, state, local and individual levels.

Our chief concern should be the way in which professional opinion is recognized and articulated in a centralized educational system. For example, the fact that some educational decisions may be made by federal officials is not important *per se*. What is important is who these officials are, how they are appointed, what specific decisions do they have the power to make, to what extent is their tenure dependent upon satisfying professional opinion, and so on. Those who attempt to settle concrete questions of power and authority in education by generalized appeals to the virtues of a particular level of control can be ignored with great profit.

At present, there is confusion in every direction. The line between professional and non-professional decisions has all but disappeared, with non-professional agencies making an enormous number of professional decisions. In addition, local school boards currently have the power to make all sorts of non-professional decisions which should be made at state or national levels.

IT MUST be clearly understood that both professionalization and centralization can be overdone. There is no calculus by which we can classify decisions; each must be evaluated on its own merits to determine whether it is professional in nature and at what level it should be made. We will never make educational sense until we stop using phrases like "local control of education" or "federal control of education" or "academic freedom" as substitutes for clear thinking about the decision-making structure of

education. For example, there has always been *some* federal control over public education; like any activity of state or local government, it must be carried on within the limitations set by the Constitution. All the furor over racial integration in public education should not blind us to the fact that the Supreme Court has long been deciding such issues as whether or not children in public schools must salute the flag in school, or be released for religious instruction. And although some critics may have questioned the wisdom of the Court's decisions, no one has seriously questioned its Constitutional right, its duty even, to make them.

BECAUSE, under our present system, people are accustomed to having pressure groups of every kind shaping the school program, they presuppose that the same policy would prevail under a centralized system. Obviously, if the educational program in a centralized system were to be placed under Congressional control, or under the control of a politically-dominated national school board, the ensuing political melee could be disastrous. But the way out is to realize that the problem is not which public—local, state or national—should shape the educational program, but how to make certain that the program is in the hands of the teachers, where it belongs. Once the American people understand the occupational dimension to the distribution of power in our educational system, they will have overcome the major psychological barrier to centralization.

It is not just a question of whether a more centralized system would be better if it were characterized by professional autonomy. The crux of the matter is that centralization itself will hasten the establishment of professional autonomy. It will dramatize the admittedly abysmal weaknesses of current teacher organizations and put in motion the forces eliminating the weaknesses. Centralization and professionalization are inevitable not in spite of what people think, but because enough people will eventually think long enough and hard enough about public education to realize that no other policy makes sense.

# BOOKS and the ARTS

## The Great Whatever

**POPULAR RELIGION.** Inspirational Books in America. By Louis Schneider and Sanford M. Dornbusch. The University of Chicago Press. 178 pp. \$4.50.

**Gabriel Vahanian**

"FAITH in fallacies is better than no faith at all," wrote Henry Link, apparently without fear or trembling, in a book published in 1936 whose title, ironically, was *The Return to Religion*. About twenty years and a world war later the same craving sustains the masses, persisting even through the ominous hostilities or conflicts of fallacious ideologies. Only, it has become somewhat more refined, and for this reason perhaps still more fallacious than Link's crude statement could ever be. Today people — and some of them noted men — are most amazingly prone to make hyperbolic professions of faith, though these often do not surpass the rather ostentatious and self-consoling level of (to use William Lee Miller's phrase) a "Passionate Faith in the Great Whatever." Or they may be swayed by the succinctness of Daniel Poling's deceptive declaration: "I believe — those two words with nothing added" (Why bother with instant coffee? Just swallow the coffee bean). Or they may attribute profound wisdom to or simply concur with these unfortunate words of President Eisenhower: "Our government makes no sense, unless it is founded in a deeply felt religious faith — and I don't care what it is." Both by tradition and by choice the Puritan tradition and, generally, the Judeo-Christian tradition, from which this nation's character stems, certainly would care what kind of faith it is and in what. So also would a humanist, a man of culture.

Schneider's and Dornbusch's excellent book, *Popular Religion*, lucidly creates in the reader an increasingly dismayed yet extremely compassionate understanding of the contemporary forms, whether authentic or fallacious, that the masses' religiosity exhibits. Impartially and critically, though with charity and theological ease, these two sociologists have analyzed forty-six best sellers in the field of inspirational literature, dating

from 1875 to 1955. The writings examined are, to cite just a few, by Hannah Smith, Trine, Conwell, Fosdick, E. Stanley Jones, Emmet Fox, Link, Trueblood, James Keller, Joshua Liebman, Thomas Merton, Peter Marshall, Fulton Sheen, and last but not least, Norman Vincent Peale. These writings were not selected simply because they were best sellers. They had to fulfill four other criteria. They must: 1) reflect, however broken, some aspect of the Judeo-Christian tradition; 2) present a view of salvation, be it in this world or the next, peace of mind or success being "adequate" substitutes; 3) offer techniques (*how to . . .*) for the achievement of the end just mentioned; 4) concern themselves with the everyday problems of everyday people (in contrast to the monastic manuals).

The starting point of this study is the fact that inspirational literature is part of the American mass culture. And from this angle, *Popular Religion* enlightens our understanding of both the religion and the culture of the masses. Concomitantly, it demonstrates that the masses do read a good deal, yet most of what they read reinforces their anti-intellectualism; and that they are religious, yet theirs is a more-and-more-of-less-and-less religion. Indeed, religion can be a self-devouring monster. And, faced by the many evidences of a definite upswing of religious feelings, especially in the recent decade, one wonders how to interpret such religious manifestations — whether as symbols of a deep and meaningful revival or as symptoms of inflation; e.g., "religion eases the pain of decision-making." "If only you will find out the thing God intends you to do, and will do it, you will find that all doors will open to you; all obstacles in your path will melt away; you will be acclaimed a brilliant success; you will be most liberally rewarded from the monetary point of view; and you will be gloriously happy" (Emmet Fox). "High octane thinking means Power and Performance" (Hannah Smith).

The first conclusion which *Popular Religion* draws, then, is that religion has been hollowed out and filled up with substitutes. The authors call this the secularization of religion, and their documentation leaves no doubt whatever about it. There is secularization, not so

much because the masses are today more interested in secular matters than they were in ages past, as because they no longer find the key to the meaning of their existence in a transcendent absolute but in those perplexing realities of this world which they wish to subjugate. In other words, the masses have given themselves to the cult of false absolutes. However, their attitude is not too different from that of old-type believers for whom the only thing worth living for was some after-life of bliss, and for whom this world was evil and, consequently, to be denied.

There are two ways of expressing contempt for the world and life here and now. The first consists in subordinating them to some other-worldly end — and according to Schneider and Dornbusch this is what Roman Catholic inspirational literature still proposes. The second is more subtle but results fundamentally in the same dualistic attitude of contempt for this world. It does this simply by investing the world it subconsciously despises with the very attributes of the absolute. By contrast, in the view of the older Calvinistic ethos the things of this world were truly regarded as ephemeral, yet, just as truly, their transitoriness did not prevent them from being apprehended as the "theatre of God's glory." Likewise, those who put their trust in God and construed this as the key to the meaning of existence both grew spiritually and — *adventitiously* — happened to prosper materially as well. Faith, however, was not gauged by the rewards of this life: these, in fact no less than poverty, were tested by faith. But today religion is good because it works, i.e., it produces material wealth or, a more fashionable substitute for wealth, mental if not physical health. "Today any successful and competent businessman will employ the lastest (*sic*) and best-tested methods in production, distribution, and administration, and many are discovering that one of the greatest of all efficiency methods is prayer power" (Peale). Why this transformation? Why this degradation?

IT IS beyond the authors' concern to grapple with this problem. They simply and cogently substantiate the fact that a degradation of religion has been taking place, and, as was stated above, they call it the secularization of religion.

This description, however, does not seem accurate from a strictly theological

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point of view. It may be that this is a matter of semantics. In the opinion of this reviewer at least, the secular is not the opposite of the spiritual but that through which the spiritual manifests itself. From this perspective the secular becomes very much a matter of concern for the spiritual. Thus the spiritual, by definition, is this-worldly — and that is how it should be. Thus also, when religion shifts its concerns from some mythological future life to this life, the turn need not be viewed as a loss, at least theologically speaking.

What, then, is the nature of the malaise with which *Popular Religion* confronts its reader? Simply this: from the standpoint of biblical religion, the antithesis to faith is not the secular but idolatry or, what amounts to the same thing, the idolatrous concern about the secular. Though faith in God is all-encompassing and therefore concerns itself with all aspects of human existence, it can also show lack of faith in the way it voices its concern. In the end it tends to substitute this concern for God Himself, and thus idolatizes it. That is why, in this reviewer's opinion, what we are witnessing today, rather than a secularization, is the *idolization* of religion.

IN FACT, the authors corroborate this judgment in a footnote:

It is an intriguing speculation that, when faith lapses, the things it may ordinarily achieve for us without any particular thought or effort on our part become objects of technologically oriented behavior. The speculation is of interest both within and outside of religion. It has been suggested that preoccupation with the technology of sexual intercourse is likely to occur when love has become a problematic and dubious matter, as well as that technologies of child-rearing appear when "natural" love for children is no longer an early and spontaneous thing. Similar considerations may apply in the field of religion. If this kind of speculation has any merit, then the very emergence of a technological orientation in certain fields of human concern may be interpreted as in some sense a sign of degeneration.

That the literature examined provides evidence of this kind of "technological orientation" is beyond dispute. Almost without exception, the inspirational book contains a number of suggestions for all kinds of do-it-yourself divine providence and predestination and salvation.

Other conclusions drawn by Schneider and Dornbusch cumulate to reinforce the foregoing argument. Thus, for ex-

ample, the authors note the "mental science" strain characteristic of much of the recent religiosity (i.e., peace of mind and health rather than wealth as goal of the religious life). Also the popular religiosity more and more stresses a certain consanguinity between reason and religion — we live in the space age, don't we? — but so awkwardly that religion seems to have run out of reasons for believing in God. Small wonder, then, that it should idolatize peace of mind and all sorts of similar substitutes. And the fact that it does this by appealing to psychology or psychotherapy or technology or science by no means minimizes its adulteration, because this appeal itself "can be looked

upon as a sign of lapse of faith." As Jeremiah put it: "In vain you have used many medicines; there is no healing for you."

Of course, popular religiosity is and will always be a maze. It is just amorphous enough to prevent anyone from sitting in self-righteous judgment upon it. And yet, as Schneider and Dornbusch suggest by way of a conclusion: "Perhaps above all else, the literature gives a powerful impression that the search for the philosopher's stone has not ended; it has only taken on new form and is carried on under new circumstances. The market for magic still appears to be very much alive, as it presumably was in far antiquity."

## Humor in a Tough Age

*THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MARK TWAIN.* Arranged and edited by Charles Neider. Harper & Brothers. 388 pp. \$6.

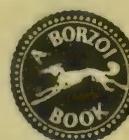
**Kenneth Rexroth**

WAS Mark Twain a schizophrenic? Van Wyck Brooks established his own critical reputation with a book proving that he was. T. S. Eliot, who has provided two generations of professors with their slim stock of ideas, said he was. It has often been remarked that he was a *laveur*, at least as far as clothes were concerned. Dressing only in white suits laundered every day, he must have been awful guilty of something awful. From the point of view of a small office in a provincial English Department, with rows of Henry James and Soren Kierkegaard on the shelves and hapless coeds slipping exercises in Creative Writing under the door—from this elevated point of view, Mark Twain certainly looks very queer.

I think this is all balderdash. Too few critics of his own kind have written about Mark Twain. What he suffers from in the midst of this twentieth and American century is a lack of peers. He needs somebody like Walter Bagehot or even H. L. Mencken or James Gibbons Huneker. He was a man of the world. He was a man of the nineteenth-century American world where presidents chewed tobacco and billionaires couldn't spell and vast audiences flocked to hear Bob Ingersoll (whom Twain in this book calls "the silver tongued infidel") and

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the labor movement was dominated by another silver tongued cornball named Terence Powderly, who could do nothing but orate, and "Thanatopsis" was considered the most philosophical utterance in the English language, and a small gang of merciless and ignorant brigands



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## THE PROFESSOR AND THE COMMISSIONS

by BERNARD SCHWARTZ

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put through America's Five Year Plans, and finally "overtook and surpassed" Europe. He was a man of that world that Henry James fled in uncomprehending horror. We have only to look abroad to understand exactly the kind of world it was. It was a world of driving expansion and brutal hard work that brooked no interference or dissent. A world of "primitive accumulation."

IT WAS the official culture which was schizophrenic, not Mark Twain. The whole meaning of Mark Twain is that he "saw life steadily and saw it whole." T. S. Eliot thought his billiard room jokes childish. They are pretty bad, but are they as bad a joke as Eliot's essay on Crashaw? Mark Twain's low humor was a technique of adjustment to the broadest possible areas of society. It made him a public figure, it gave him the confidence of presidents of the United States and of the principal corporations of the United States. And it gave him entrance to the American Home, back in the days before Mom had emasculated that institution. All sorts of people, practically everybody, thought he was very, very funny. T. S. Eliot's essay on Crashaw is a snickering little joke on a very small clique of people who were viable themselves only within a scarcely less minute clique—the few High Church members of the now long dead Bloomsbury circle. Furthermore, it owes its character as humor entirely to its incongruous treatment of the standard undergraduate course in Jacobean and Caroline literature—in other words it is *College Humor* in spats and bowler. In his autobiography, Mark Twain tells the story of his absurd brother Orion, who used to cool his brain by kneeling in the full bathtub and immersing his head for two minutes at a time. Once the chambermaid opened the unlocked door and ran screaming, "Mr. Orion is drownded!" and his wife said, "How did you know it was Mr. Orion?" Who is childish, Mr. Eliot or Mark Twain?

Like Jack London, Mark Twain says he went into writing because it was the easiest work he could find, so easy that at the end of his life he could say he hadn't worked a lick in fifty years—it had all been play. This is the remark of a man thoroughly at home in literature. Anything less like Henry James's ridiculous prefaces would be hard to imagine. Writers like Mallarmé and James and Flaubert, who are always squawking about how artistic they are and how much it hurts, really accept the judgment of bourgeois society that they are loafers. They are ashamed of

being writers and endlessly try to justify themselves. The amateur psychoanalysts of Mark Twain are the guilty ones, straddling their double standards. They can't understand this man who was hail fellow well met with cowboys and duchesses, who told the Kaiser that his cook baked potatoes just like a pocket miner he'd known during the Gold Rush. Since they are terrified even at a cocktail party given by another Literary Personage and have no social presence whatsoever and go into rages when their very freshmen can't see the relevance of the *Summa Theologica* to *Deerslayer*, they think Mark Twain must be a fraud and crazy to boot.

Mark Twain was just a very wise nineteenth-century man. He knew his way around socially in the age of the Robber Barons. He knew how to keep his head above water in the Period of Primitive Accumulation. Corny humor, broad anecdotes, after-dinner oratory, primitive vaudeville roles—the Missouri hayseed abroad, a Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court—these may be protective coloration, but they are not selling out. If it weren't Mark Twain but somebody several centuries previous—or Charlie Chaplin—the high-brows would call it the adaptation of folk forms to serious literature. Because those guffawing, tobacco-spitting travel books that made Mark Twain's reputation in the first place and that gave Van Wyck Brooks fainting spells are fundamentally right. Always Mark Twain points out the human meaning of St. Peter's or the pyramids or the Pantheon. What was the social price

paid for the Sistine Chapel when it was painted? What is the social price being paid today? It is true that he sweetened the pills, but the word for this is "mastering the terms of the folk culture." Who objects to it in Charlie Chaplin or Little Abner, or, for that matter, Count Basie? That he had to do this is shown by Charles Neider's preface to this very book. At the most, Mark Twain was a mild agnostic, usually he seems to have been an amused Deist. Yet, at this late date his own daughter has refused to allow his comments on religion to be published.

What is there to say about this book? It is a more coherent collection of Mark Twain's random reminiscences than the Paine or De Voto volumes, but it omits some of the political and social criticism that De Voto printed and that is certainly important to an understanding of Mark Twain. It is, of course, a book of Mark Twain in his bedroom slippers. Everybody who has read much of Mark Twain is familiar with this aspect of him because he went around that way most of the time. He was never ashamed to be seen in the maximum state of personal dishevelment. Only people who find it impossible to deal with other human beings unless they have on their social masks find this embarrassing. It is very corny, very male, very smoking car and billiard room. But it is all very normal too. Mark Twain remembered his childhood, and loved his wife and daughters and mourned their deaths just as your own relatives back home in Elkhart, Indiana did those things in 1906. He didn't do any of those things

## Departure

The figs on the fig tree in the yard are green,  
Green also, the grapes on the green vine  
Shading the brickred porch tiles.  
The money's run out.

How nature, sensing this, compounds her bitters.  
Ungifted, ungrieved, our leavetaking.  
The sun shines on unripe corn.  
Cats play in the stalks.

Retrospect shall not soften such penury—  
Sun's brass, the moon's steely patinas,  
The leaden slag of the world—  
But always expose

The scraggy rock spit shielding the town's blue bay  
Against which the brunt of outer sea  
Beats, is brutal endlessly.  
Gull-louled, a stone hut

Bares its low lintel to corroding weathers:  
Across that jut of ochreous rock  
Goats shamble, morose, rank-haired,  
To lick the sea-salt.

SYLVIA PLATH

The NATION

the way the folks do that you meet drinking Pernods in the Deux Magots. Those people in the Deux Magots find him very square—"straight" is the term in the *milieu*. They think he didn't really mean it, that something was going on behind the scenes. He meant it. This is not Mark Twain's public mask. It is him. He didn't have a public mask. Like all adults, his contradictions and contraries were simply part of him, like his right and left hand.

If Baudelaire was the greatest poet

of the capitalist epoch—and he was a mild schizophrenic, a sexual freak and a syphilitic—Mark Twain wrote its saga, its prose *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. And he wrote it because he knew how to survive to write it. He survived because he was an eminently normal man. No wonder it is the favorite prose fiction of the Russians. It is the archetypal epic of precisely the historical period they are now in themselves. Unfortunately, so far, nobody has known how to survive to write that epic in Russian.

## The Hypochondriac Bonanza

**REMEDIES AND RACKETS.** By James Cook. W. W. Norton and Co. 252 pp. \$3.75.

**David L. Cowen**

THE RECENT death of Samuel Hopkins Adams has called to mind the tremendous public service which *Collier's* performed, fifty years ago, in publishing his series on "The Great American Fraud." It also points up the deplorable fact that there is today probably no mass-circulation publication with both the courage and the freedom to run James Cook's *Remedies and Rackets*.

The book "grew" out of the series originally written for the New York Post by Mr. Cook and Peter J. McElroy. It is, however, more than an exposé of what is still called the "patent" medicine industry (what we buy are "proprietary" not "patent" medicines); it is a telling commentary on American life. The tremendous power of the advertising world, the national propensity for self-medication, the gullibility of the American public (the straightforward cautionary statement on the Bromo Seltzer label, for example, should scare the daylights out of any reasonably intelligent person), the tenacity of an economico-legal system that gives the breaks to the "patent" medicine maker, all reflect a kind of immaturity that is, literally, deadly serious.

Mr. Cook details the frauds, the exaggerations, the shenanigans of the "patent" medicine industry. He describes the tireless and futile efforts by private groups or government agencies to police these activities. He builds an overwhelming case for his recommendations.

The first of these is the need for changing existing law: the present di-

vision of responsibilities among three enforcement agencies (Federal Drug Administration, Federal Trade Commission, Post Office Department) needs coordination and strengthening. Regulations and penalties need to be stiffened and applied to deceptive advertising as well as to deceptive labeling.

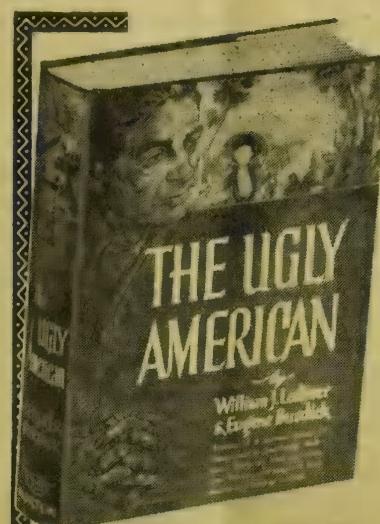
Mr. Cook asks, secondly, for more funds and personnel; he points out that the FTC and the post office have between them but nine enforcement officers working full time on drug mat-

ters! He urges that the agencies rely less on "gentlemen's agreements" and more on conclusive prosecutions. And he suggests that means be found to give mass publicity to the results of enforcement activities.

He urges, finally, greater consumer interest, both individual and group. Mr. Cook has some complimentary things to say about the work of the A.M.A. Bureau of Investigation, the Better Business Bureaus, Consumers' Union and Consumers' Research. But his call to the drug manufacturers to clean house, to publishers to examine their consciences, and to manufacturers, physicians and pharmacists to restrain the constant upsurge of medical costs is, unfortunately, wishful polemic.

The inclusion of some clinical horrors would have strengthened the argument. The author's passing references to bromide poisoning, child mortality from aspirin, the effects of phenylpropanolamine (appetite repressant), and one or two such others, are not sufficient to point up the fact that the problem is not basically one of economics, or business morality, or law, but essentially a problem in public health and welfare.

In addition, I believe that Mr. Cook



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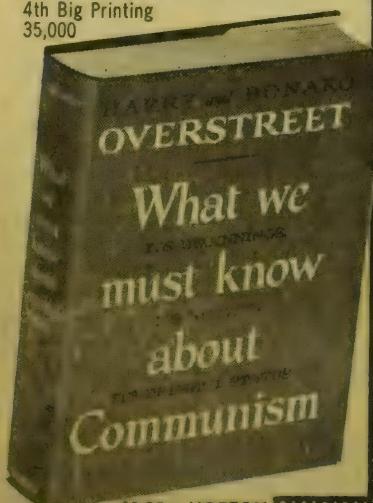
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**DAVID L. COWEN**, who teaches history at Rutgers University, has long interested himself in the special history of pharmacy.

March 7, 1959

has treated the Proprietary Association too gingerly. This unincorporated association, founded in 1881, described itself in 1952 as having "approximately 150 members who produce ninety per cent of the proprietary medicines sold in the United States." Its long role as a lobby is known well enough, but there is more to the association than meets the eye. It offers "associate memberships," which are open to advertising agencies and advertising media. Judging from a list of a few years ago (the publications of the association are not readily available to the public), the most important magazine publishers, the broadcasting chains and one major New York newspaper are such associate members. A good number of advertising agencies, including three of the very largest, are also asso-

ciate members. The social impact of this concentration of power and community of interests is obvious enough.

Finally, I feel that Mr. Cook has not taken a sufficiently firm stand on the movement afoot to place proprietary medicines on grocery shelves, and thus break down the "restrictive sales" policy by which medicines, including proprietaries, can legally be sold only by, or under the supervision of, a registered pharmacist. The prospect of greater freedom in the marketing of proprietaries, backed by the tremendous resources of Madison Avenue, is frightening. Indeed, not merely the public health, but the whole fiber of a people able to dose themselves at will with such a frenetic variety of drugs, is the issue at stake.

tions, small classes, general education, restricted college enrollments, long presidential tenures, professors as administrators, and the "publish or perish" theory. On the credit side, he thinks that the high schools are better than they were thirty years ago. He debunks the professors who deplore the lack of pre-college preparation, and correctly declares that all the non-scientist college entrant needs is the ability to read and write competent English.

Williams asks that the universities cure themselves by rigorous self-criticism and emphasis on better teaching. He requests that the university try to inspire four ideals in its students: the democratic, the scientific, the Christian, and the joy of learning. The presentation of these ideals is certainly neglected and needed in American colleges. Williams may often stroke with too broad a brush and with too vivid color, but any perceptive student can tell you that his criticisms are legitimate and vital.

## A Candid Look at the Faculty

*SOME OF MY BEST FRIENDS ARE PROFESSORS: A Critical Commentary on Higher Education.* By George Williams. Abelard-Schuman. 250 pp. \$3.95.

Bryce E. Nelson

SINCE the Russians sallied past the stratosphere, and the American education lobbies learned that they could equate their own legitimate interests with the national defense, Americans have eyed the plight of the secondary schools. James Bryant Conant has completed his study. Parents berate their school boards for inadequately preparing their children for college.

Professor Williams twists the knife a little deeper. He warns parents that American colleges are educationally inadequate for their children. The essence of his argument: "Students in our universities are not learning as they should and the teacher is at fault."

Professor Williams is right. Even at the best colleges, learning evokes little student excitement; few undergraduates understand the ideological foundations of Western Civilization; few find purpose or direction. Williams maintains that American colleges have not changed their attitudes or methods in at least the last forty years, even though the world has experienced drastic changes. He justifiably asks: "If Nero became infamous for fiddling while Rome burned, what will be the future reputation of the modern college professor?"

BRYCE E. NELSON has been president of The Harvard Crimson. Next year he will be a Rhodes Scholar at Oxford.

Williams can be easily criticized: his writing is sensational; he is too general; he has done relatively little research; he yields to the human desire to find a tangible villain, and discovers it always in the college teacher. Still, Williams is basically right. American colleges are selling their students short.

However, the indictment is not a blanket one: "This does not mean that the universities are complete failures; it means merely that they are far more unsuccessful, according to their own standards, than they are generally willing to admit." In large part, Williams attributes the failure of self-analysis to the limitations of the professorial personality.

THE SECTION of the book devoted to dissection of this personality will particularly offend academic readers. The professor finds himself described as "a moderate conservative in politics, clothes, and morals . . . satisfied with the world as well as himself . . . [displaying] a deep sense of inferiority, fear, and maladjustment overlain by an almost fantastic sense of superiority . . . 'a harmless drudge'." Williams rightly says that he might have called his book: "Some of My Best Friends Were Professors."

But Williams has complaints other than those arising from the academic personality. He has little use for the grading system, and especially for the university's tendency to equate academic standards with the number of low grades given — "the domineering element in the student's relation to his education is — the grade." He expresses his skepticism of: admissions examina-

### Lizzie Harris

First a rabbit died,  
and then a crow.

The children knew they had  
to go the measured way  
of funeral.

But Whimpy  
got the rabbit first;  
without the creaky comfort  
of a hearse he popt it  
into kingdom come.

And so the crow was left  
to ask the best of rites.

Accustomed to the weed-  
choked little graveyard  
just behind his house,  
the biggest boy picked out  
what seemed least occupied  
the longest time, a plot  
most fitting for a crow.

The name upon its pocky  
stone was "Lizzie Harris."

Then banging on a pot  
to beat the band, he led  
the four-man funeral  
to cries of "Good-bye,  
Lizzie Harris, good-bye!"  
as the youngest, dragging  
Lizzie by the neck, brought  
up the rear.

But Whimpy,  
having sped one parted  
guest, stayed home, intent  
upon the welcome-mat,  
to pay his full respects.

So she was laid to rest  
in such choice feather-bed.

T. WEISS

# THEATRE

## Harold Clurman

LES BALLET AFRICAINS (Lunt-Fontanne) are interesting, stimulating and fun. The over-all quality, surprisingly enough, is a certain sweetness. "Surprising" because from the constant beat of drums which punctuates the evening—now harsh and dry, now frantically exciting—one supposes that the final effect will be either one of "primitive" violence or of ominous mystery. Instead one is captured by a sense of intimacy with nature, a healthy feeling of life accepted with an innocent openness of spirit.

Reita Fodeba, organizer and director of these ballets—chiefly French African in origin—points out that the dances are wholly authentic, even though they are not of purely aboriginal or ancient tradition, because contemporary Africa has been influenced by contact with varying civilizations and cultures. So if we hear sounds that recall flamenco or Calypso song, if we observe a flash of jitterbug cavoring or if occasionally there are Parisian notes in the show, these "Ballets" are nonetheless indigenous to a considerable portion of the Dark Continent today.

The performance is richly captivating. There is a number in which a peasant at harvest time is bitten by a snake as he works in the field. The witch doctor tries to heal the stricken man but fails; the other peasants sing to soothe him in his death throes. This is impressive drama: gentle and touching. Work, anguish, compassion are depicted with unemphatic simplicity. Episodes based on legend and superstition reflect the inscrutable terror of earth forces with such naive directness that one asks oneself how one could ever think of these phenomena in any other way.

There are exuberant and playful bits that show the citified traits which have been grafted on the primeval roots with quaintly charming results. Oddly handsome instruments with subtly whispering timbres suggest sentiments too delicate for the boldness of speech and soften the effect of love songs shouted in tones of metallic resonance. Girls who should be naked have either taken on a strange elegance in copious finery or struggle in adolescent embarrassment at the predicament of their dress. There are flirtations without sensuality in which sex play is adumbrated with the natural freedom of eddying waters. The only obscenity I should complain of is the brassieres the New York license commis-

sioner has imposed on the women; in every other city they were bare-bosomed.

A word must be said about the settings—graphically modern and wholly right in the use of raw materials consonant with the climate and general environment of the places represented—settings which our designers should study to divest themselves of the stuffy Radio City decorativeness they so frequently employ to convey an exotic atmosphere.

A MAJORITY OF ONE by Leonard Spigalglass (Shubert) is not a play about which one can be critical. It stands in a category beside criticism, the kind of play which in one form or another has always been with us. It is a staple of metropolitan theatrics on its most popular level, and it would be silly to answer the question, "What do you think of it?" One needn't, one doesn't, one shouldn't think of it. Its movement on the stage marks a tickling passage of time. Such plays have always been smash hits.

A Majority of One is much more sophisticated than *Abie's Irish Rose*, but bears a distinct relationship to the basic pattern of that classic. There is a "switch": in the new play a nice Jewish widow from Brooklyn considers marriage to a Japanese widower and millionaire, despite the almost bigoted shock of the lady's "progressive" daughter and her son-in-law, an economic advisor of our State Department on assignment to Japan. The play's motto might be hands-across-the-sea: no prejudice against citizens of former enemy nations — regardless of their race or religion.

The Jewish lady compares every Japanese dish to one familiar in Brooklyn; the Japanese gentleman likens gefulfe fish to something in his Oriental diet. So we get a good-humored melting pot liberalism on a base of American Jewish jokes. Several of these are really funny. (Everything Jewish isn't funny!) The Japanese gentleman, when asked whether his daughter-in-law might object to his marrying a Jewish woman, answers "My daughter-in-law is not acquainted with the theological distinctions of the Caucasian world; her only objection might be that you are white." I thought that rather neat.

The most affectingly "Japanese" element of the show is the subdued wail hidden in Gertrude Berg's voice like a secret and enduring lament. Mrs. Berg is a good sensible woman of marked dignity. Her relaxation on the stage is complete. These qualities, in addition to her modest humor, are, despite a slight monotony, irresistible. Cedric Hardwicke supports her proficiently.

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# MUSIC

## Lester Trimble

ROGER SESSIONS' *Concerto for Violin and Orchestra*, which was given its New York premiere recently by violinist Tossy Spivakovsky and the New York Philharmonic, proved to be one of the most distinguished (and demanding) works to appear thus far on Leonard Bernstein's season-long panorama of American music. Like many fine, serious works, it has made its way slowly. Twenty-four years passed between its completion and its first appearance at Carnegie Hall; in the interim, it has had only scattered performances. And it is interesting to note that, even in

the case of an elder American composer, long and firmly established as one of his country's leading creative minds, no publisher would print the work and promote it into the repertory until Spivakovsky and Bernstein went ahead and gave it a big boost themselves. Moreover, the edition which has been put out, though clear, will never win a beauty contest. There is something disgraceful about the disinclination of American music publishers to nurture the very art from which they skim their livings.

The Sessions concerto is a long work, laid out in four movements, each of which hovers rather relentlessly around a single basic mood. In the opening *Largo tranquillo*, the orchestra flows along in even note values a good deal of the time, while the solo violin sings intricately above it. In the second movement, the mood changes to one of a *Scherzo*; in the third, a *Romanza*. The fourth is a sort of *tarantella*. While it is not literally true that the soloist plays every single moment, that is the impression one gains from an initial hearing. For the soloist does, in fact, play so much of the time, and his part is so highly evolved in an intellectual sense, that the listener's attention must be constantly, fully and intelligently engaged. That is not, in my opinion, an exorbitant demand. But it does mean that each minute shape in the solo line must be examined and related to its context. Following only general directional flows, broad melodic contours, or rhythmic expostulations will not suffice.

blanket. They are always doing interesting things, and important as well. But it is often hard to know precisely what these things are.

I will not attempt to guess why Sessions omitted the violins, but in a lot of such cases a notion is at work — one which says that thirty-two violins will certainly drown out or absorb the sound of a single one, and that if the bunch of them are just left out, the soloist can spin a more clearly audible line in the open air. To an extent, and with very involved qualifications, that is true. But the sounds produced by a solo violin and those produced by a section of violins differ more in quality than in quantity. A solo violinist can cut through an amazing amount of massed string sound. And, where he cannot, the orchestrator can help him out by a thousand devices less drastic than lopping off the torso of the orchestra. Such major surgery not only deprives the entire ensemble of a potential for clear-speaking; the soloist also loses much of the very kind of acoustical enhancement which is needed to make his part shine brightly.

In my opinion, the Sessions *Concerto for Violin and Orchestra* is one of the major contemporary essays in its medium. Without trying to place it on an exact rung of the ladder, I can say that it very clearly belongs in company with the Berg *Violin Concerto*, and that is a great deal to say. At the same time, I do not think it is possible to hear the work completely as it stands. One can strain to hear it; indeed, one can fairly well understand it. But not without extreme and unnecessary difficulty. The concerto is an intelligent work. But it is not intrinsically abstruse, and there is no reason for it to seem so. I am sure the composer could re-examine it in the light of the years of experience he has gained since its composition, and give its orchestral language the quality of sharpness already possessed by the solo line. It is a pity, after all, to speak less than clearly when one has something important to say.

Messrs. Spivakovsky and Bernstein deserve the highest praise both for their enlightened judgment in programming the concerto, and for the splendidly alert manner in which they played it. It is a tremendously difficult piece, requiring a virtuoso with musical brains as well as dash, and a conductor who can penetrate the internal complexities of the accompanying part without losing touch with his collaborative and supporting functions. I can think of no two musicians who could have done the job in a more exemplary fashion.

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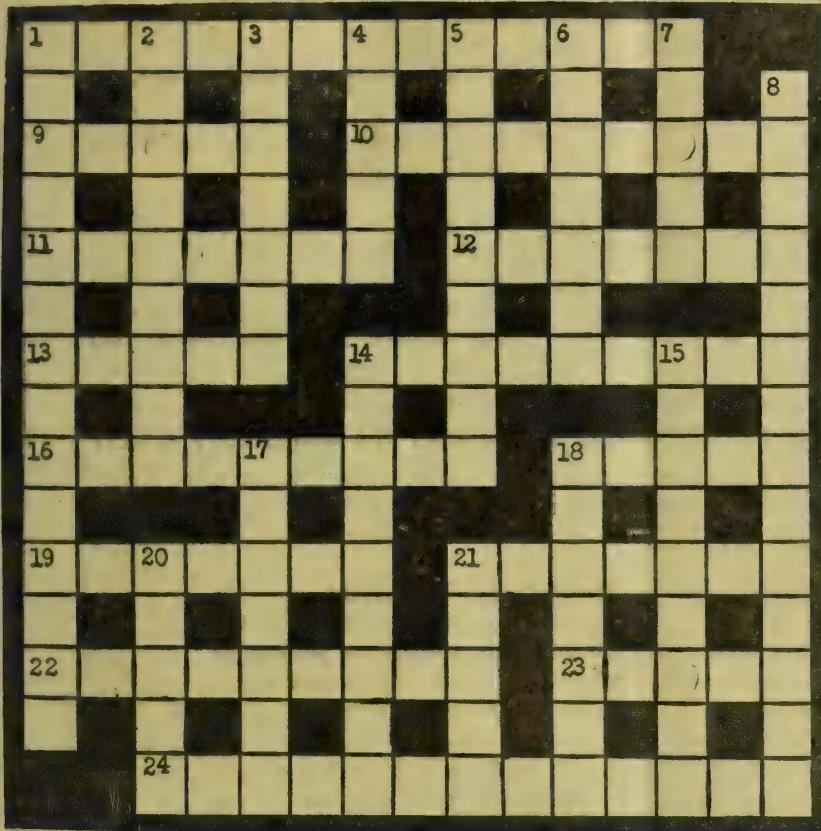
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# Crossword Puzzle No. 810

By FRANK W. LEWIS



## ACROSS:

- 1 and 20 down Does it involve opinion by only a few million Frenchmen of a picture? (8, 8, 2, 5)
- 9 Exposure to the risk of being hurt by the French? (5)
- 10 Calls it in a little? (9)
- 11 Implying a choice with a conservative manner of speaking? (7)
- 12 A general in retreat carries a sullen expression; perhaps one gets hooked. (7)
- 13 A song has more than one connection with this joint. (5)
- 14 A crying need is satisfied by such effusion. (9)
- 16 Behaves somewhat subdued in part. (9)
- 18 Its cast was not appreciated by Philistines. (5)
- 19 Rids Britain of its early occupants of shows? (7)
- 21 Its card implies severe complications. (7)
- 22 Getting closer together in the rain? Wrong! (9)
- 23 Does it sound like the cabinet of a Philadelphia lawyer? (5)
- 24 At the same time, it makes N.Y.'s only chorus. (13)

## DOWN:

- 1 Double-A topic? Of course, of course! (7, 7)

## SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 809

- ACROSS: 1 Buckwheat; 6 Horsa; 9 Nadir; 10 Bombastic; 11 Overshoes; 12 Troll; 13 Aries; 15 Dumbfound; 18 Angle iron; 19 Lodes; 20 Gamut; 22 Chambered; 25 Spaghetti; 26 Roost; 27 Crimp; 28 Paymaster. DOWN: 1 Banjo; 2 Cudgel; 3 Warms; 4 Embroider; 5 Tombs; 6 Healthful; 7 Ratio; 8 Accolades; 13 Analgesic; 14 Sweatshop; 16 Mendacity; 17 Underfoot; 21 Miami; 22 Cut up; 23 Berra; 24 Deter.

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# THE NATION

MARCH 14, 1959 . . 25c

## THE INCURIOUS INQUIRERS

*Unfinished Business of the Harris Committee*

Bernard Schwartz

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## DRAFT DILEMMA: A WAY OUT

John C. Esty, Jr.

# LETTERS

## 'If We Want Peace'

Extra copies of the special issue, "If We Want Peace," are available at low rates for bulk purchases. See order form on page 234 of this issue. — ED.

Dear Sirs: Your February 21 special issue, "If We Want Peace," was wonderful, wonderful, wonderful. If only it were possible for every family in the United States to read it! Of particular interest to me was the article, "The Voice of the People," by Stewart Meacham. It is heartening to have individuals and various groups throughout the nation speak out and act against global decimation by the cold war and hot arms race. Yet it is too bad that this movement should be so fragmented. . . . Would it not be better to have the numerous groups (and individuals not belonging to such groups) become one vast, driving force for peace?

ALLEN KLEIN

Mt. Vernon, N.Y.

Dear Sirs: May I express my deep appreciation of your splendid February 21 peace issue and particularly for the fine article, "A Purge of Obsessions," by D. F. Fleming. It is a masterpiece of keen perception and cogent presentation of what is perhaps our chief basic issue. It deserves the widest possible circulation.

ELLIS O. JONES

Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs: Thank you for your February 21 issue. It is worth much more than its price.

I read Urban Whitaker's article with special interest. I wish that Senator Jackson would stop saying that the armed forces need more money and weapons. If the Senator stood for human welfare, disarmament, world peace and cosmic safety, he would have the support of this Washingtonian.

PAUL H. ADRIANCE

Moses Lake, Washington

Dear Sirs: Your special issue of February 21 was a ray of sunshine in our hoary cold-war atmosphere. However, Urban Whitaker in his essay, "The Courage to Debate," is guilty of several cold-war depositions of the liberal genre. "We cannot fail to be honored when we oppose a massacre in Hungary or the destruction of the family in China. . . ."

says Mr. Whitaker. But the United States was not opposed to a massacre in Hungary; it was opposed to the massacre of Hungarians! Is Mr. Whitaker unaware that Radio Free Europe had by implication led the Hungarian people to expect American aid the moment they rose to slaughter their Russian masters? And once the uprising began, did not R.F.E. broadcast advice to the Hungarian people as to guerilla tactics—albeit incorrect ones?

LEON SALES

Elizabeth, N.J.

Dear Sirs: Your February 21 issue appeals to me very much indeed. The article by Professor D. F. Fleming, "A Purge of Obsessions," is particularly excellent. . . .

I hope to print a monograph which will give the reactions of a liberal minister to the world situation together with some of his experience. . . . And I would like to add as a supplement this article by Doctor Fleming. It is my plan to send copies of the document to every member of the Congress, and perhaps to leading churchmen and others.

GROSS W. ALEXANDER

Lucerne Valley, California

Dear Sirs: Congratulations on your special issue of February 21, including the editorial, the best I have read in years. We needed someone with the insight and courage to say that "The sentiment for peace is pious and toothless; a movement for peace, on the contrary, would threaten basic assumptions."

GEORGE FINK

Burlington, Iowa

Dear Sirs: It is my great pleasure to add my voice of congratulations to you for the outstanding contributions you are making toward the understanding of the issues of the day. . . . I specifically wish to mention the "Peace" issue of February 21. The articles, and the introduction, gave expression to the thoughts most peace-minded people have but find difficulty in expressing.

(MRS.) EMMA R. LEE  
Women's International League  
for Peace and Freedom

St. Paul, Minn.

Can we afford peace? On March 28 a special issue of *The Nation* will be devoted to scrutinizing the impact of disarmament on the national economy.

## Encourage — or Reward?

Dear Sirs: As one who has heard a certain amount of inside dope about the Ford Foundation's awards, I would like to applaud your editorial, especially the sentence: "This \$150,000 is spent not to encourage talent but to reward success." You did not mention the awards in theatre where, for example, the two New York directors were directors of hits (on or off Broadway), while the out-of-town awards went to the best-established outfits like the Goodman in

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## EDITORIALS

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### The General Remains Calm

"Darkening Shadows of Crisis," reads the *Newsweek* headline. "The countdown has begun," Lyndon Johnson warns. Secretary Dulles summons his top aides to Walter Reed Hospital. Prime Minister Harold Macmillan's visit to Moscow (again in *Newsweek*'s lexicon) was a "diplomatic disaster." "This is it," says Alf Landon. Senator Jackson calls for a show of "diplomatic muscle," Senator Dodd calls on the Boy Scouts to mobilize. Almost every political figure of consequence in the United States is publicly stripping to his fighting trunks in anticipation of the May 27 showdown over Berlin.

Except General Eisenhower, who will have to give the word to fight, if fighting there is to be. Often, we hope in a not un-Christian spirit, we have been critical of the President's qualifications for the high office he holds. But we have always noted in his favor (and thanked God for it) that belligerence is not in his makeup. With five stars on each shoulder and a chestful of ribbons, a man can afford to keep his head when all about him are losing theirs. Certainly General Eisenhower has given an admirable example of composure in these past weeks. When Khrushchev knocked over the applecart, the President merely reiterated his determination to stand fast in Berlin; he spoke more in sorrow than in anger. When Khrushchev righted the applecart, the President voiced cautious but receptive optimism. To anyone who has the slightest acquaintance with the art of negotiation, it is perfectly clear that the President is preparing to negotiate but, since he wants to do so on the most advantageous terms, he avoids excessive anxiety on the one hand and excessive eagerness on the other.

One does not require the President's sources of information to understand the necessity of negotiation on the German problem. It must be substantive negotiation, with disagreeable give and take on both sides. Short of war, which would be suicidal, the diplomatic weapons are quite evenly balanced. Tactically, the situation favors the Russians. With twenty divisions on the

ground and a preponderance of medium-range missiles, they can smile at the idea of a NATO armored column trying to crash through to Berlin. Strategically, they have nothing to smile at. East Germany has lost more than three million of its inhabitants to the West, including many of the most skilled. It can be indefinitely held only at the risk of a Hungarian-type revolt and armed repression. Even now Khrushchev cannot get a polite hearing in Leipzig, and things are going to get worse for him, not better. He must give up his tenuously held province, but the price is a stop to the nuclear rearmament of Germany and disengagement in central Europe. These terms are possible for Eisenhower, and if he needs convincing, Macmillan (and Gaitskell) will help convince him. Let our professional hysterics emulate Mr. Eisenhower's soldierly behavior and they may be able to get through the crisis without heavy sedation.

### Economic Isolationism: 1959

On the morning of February 27, a full-page ad by General Electric brought the sleepy morning audience of the Los Angeles *Times* to sharp attention with the strident caption: "What Price National Security?" If only the patriotic citizens of Los Angeles, the copy read, would tax themselves "less than 10 cents annually per person" for the life of certain equipment, the nation's security against certain unnamed enemies would be safeguarded. Reading further, the startled citizens learned that the bid of Brown Boveri Corporation of Switzerland for two large steam-turbine generators for the municipally-owned Department of Water and Power had been accepted over the bid of General Electric. Indignant, G.E. had appealed the decision to the City Council and, by the ad, sought to rally the public in support of its bid.

The threat to national security seemed so clear and grave that *The Nation* decided to make its own independent investigation. Here is what we learned: G.E.'s bid for the two generators was *more than double*

the \$9,260,000 bid of Brown Boveri. Normally quite excitable on the subject of national security, the Los Angeles City Council nevertheless quickly ratified the Brown-Boveri bid on March 4 — throwing national security to the winds. By so doing, it not only made a tidy saving, but gave timely encouragement to a good customer for American products. In January, 1959, Swiss imports from the United States totaled 69.8 million Swiss francs (approximately \$16.7 million) or 11.9 per cent of total imports for the month, while its exports to this country totaled 49.4 million Swiss francs (approximately \$11.8 million) or 10.2 per cent of the total.

All the same, we are forced to conclude that the bidding for the two generators did have clear implications in terms of "national security." In the highly exceptional circumstances that have prevailed in the post-1945 period, wage-price spirals, notably in the administered-price sectors of the economy, have slowly nullified gains in American productivity, with the consequence, as the *Journal of Commerce* pointed out the other day (March 5), that the United States has been pricing itself out of world markets. Instead of facing up to the facts, the first response of the administered-price giants has been to seek still higher tariff protection or, as in the case of the two generators, to shout that "national security" is endangered by the neutral, peaceable Swiss.

## "Mind Your Business"

It is against the background of such incidents as the Brown-Boveri bid that one must ponder the meaning of the ill-mannered suggestion of David McDonald, Steelworkers president, that Senator Kefauver should "keep his nose out of the steel industry's business." Senator Kefauver had proposed that the Steelworkers offer to limit their wage demands to an amount equal to the average increase in productivity in the industry as determined by an impartial board. In return for this modification of traditional union-wage proposals, the industry would agree to forego a price increase. To the Steelworkers president's boorish remark, Senator Kefauver replied that nowadays an increase in the price of steel is of concern to the entire nation, not merely to Dave McDonald and Roger Blough of U.S. Steel. The trade journals provide ample confirmation of the Senator's truism. Already the stage has been set for another wage-price hike in steel; indeed there are reports that the precise "package" has been agreed upon. Both the union and the industry, by a barrage of full-page ads and other publicity, have created the impression that a "prolonged" strike is "inevitable" once the current wage agreement expires on June 30. Seldom has an anticipated strike been so widely and thoroughly publicized by both parties so far in advance of the event. As might be expected, the result of this has been that customers have built up huge inventories—in fact so large that a "short"

strike — a strike of convenience — is predictable, since layoffs would mean an increase in supplemental unemployment benefits, whereas a strike would not.

Fortunately, there is some reason to believe that the industry is aware that an expensive "package" deal cannot be passed along to customers quite as easily as on former occasions. Steel's largest customer, the auto industry, faced with foreign competition and mounting consumer dissatisfaction, must hold prices down. Also, as Harold J. Ruttenberg of the steel-using Stardill-Keystone Company (he was once research director of the Steelworkers Union) has pointed out, there is a growing awareness that "this country is pricing itself out of more and more markets abroad." So it may be that in steel, as in the electrical industry, new competitive factors will force both industry and labor to realize that Senator Kefauver is right when he insists that the pricing policies of key industries are invested with a public interest. In Pittsburgh and Schenectady price policies are, indeed, related to "national security." As a nation we can neither be safe nor prosperous if American-made products are to be priced out of world markets and well beyond the reach of many American consumers.

## Oathism

Three Texas legislators have introduced a bill requiring school and college teachers in that state to swear their belief in a supreme being. No particular deity is mentioned and presumably faith in Baal would suffice.

We doubt that this idiocy will get far, particularly since educators and clergy have been quick and loud to denounce it. But our times are marked by disasters caused by failure to give serious heed to idiocy, so we offer notice that the deity oath is now abroad in the land. Oaths, we find, come in family groups, and this new one is first cousin to the loyalty oath: says Representative Joe Chapman, one of the sponsors, "I have a suspicion that a great number of atheists are Communists." There, now, is a libel to make old Bob Ingersoll roar in Heaven.

## Nice Work If You Can Get It

One of the basic duties of Congress is to investigate. In the discharge of this responsibility, both houses have delved into the affairs of innumerable miscreants and suspects, reflecting the rich profusion and color of American hornswoggling. Seldom, however, and then reluctantly, has the Congress investigated one of its own members. In this field, old-fashioned courtesy, respect for the privacy of the individual and a mellow charity seem to prevail. The admirable forbearance does not, unhappily, extend to the newspaper profession, which in recent weeks has been doing some delving of its own. Among the victims of a free press was the Hon. Steven

V. Carter, newly elected to the House from Iowa, who was found to be paying his nineteen-year-old son (who continued to attend college) \$11,872.26 a year to serve as his public-relations assistant. From Muncie, Indiana, came word that the Hon. Randall S. Harmon had leased his own front porch to the government for \$1,200 a year, the rent check going to Mrs. Harmon, who was already on the Congressman's payroll at \$344.10 a month to run the remodeled front porch as the Congressman's district office. And in New York City the Hon. Ludwig Teller has a district office, for which the government likewise pays \$100 a month, from which his administrative assistant, Mrs. Sylvia B. McNamee, on the government payroll at \$13,334 a year, ekes out a little extra change by selling insurance. Two other Teller employees attached to this office cost the government about \$2,100 a year each. Although information about the Senate is harder to get, the public prints have also revealed that Diana Carroll, a student at Georgetown University Law School, makes \$12,500 a year as administrative assistant to her father, the Hon. John Carroll of Colorado. It seems that Diana was getting only \$10,500 a year and her father learned she was thinking of quitting, so he raised her to \$12,500 as an inducement to stay.

In the meantime the Hon. Oren Harris, chairman of the House Oversight subcommittee, has complained that a book written by Bernard Schwartz contains "erroneous assumptions and conclusions" about his subcommittee (and will doubtless have the same to say about Mr. Schwartz's article on page 220 of this issue). Mr. Schwartz, it will be remembered, is the New York University professor who was fired from his temporary job as chief counsel of Representative Harris' committee when he displayed undue vigor in prosecuting its investigations. He is now back at N.Y.U., but as an investigator he remains unemployed. We realize that the suggestion is unlikely to fall on receptive ears but, if the Congress ever finds itself in a mood to investigate its Hon. Members, perhaps Mr. Schwartz would be willing to take a whack at it.

## Teller Is Always Right

It is taken for granted in modern technology that anything can be done provided the government puts up the money. The scientists and engineers will do the rest. Apparently there is only one thing the geniuses of applied science cannot do, and that is to detect nuclear tests with sufficient reliability to satisfy the Pentagon, the Atomic Energy Commission and the embattled corporations of the country. The Russians may detonate a couple of kilotons somewhere and we won't know it, and then all will be lost.

In this view, neither the Russians nor our own scientists can be trusted. The people should not be afraid

of strontium-90 in their milk; the real peril is the assemblage of U.S. and Soviet longhairs who, at the Geneva Conference of Experts last summer, concluded that a nuclear-test ban could be policed. In the current negotiations in Geneva the Russians are not making the policing easier, but their political objections are equaled by both political and newly hatched scientific objections in the United States. The Luce publications are sounding the tocsin loudest of all. *Time* informs its readers that new data "were enough to curl the scientists' hair," while in *Fortune* Charles J. V. Murphy, a former Air Force colonel and former special assistant to the Secretary of the Air Force, writing on "Nuclear Inspection: A Near Miss," finds that the "supposedly safe ground having crumbled under his feet, Mr. Dulles' problem was to back out of the trap he had all but set for himself while preserving at the same time the favorable impression that the original offer to suspend nuclear tests had registered upon world opinion."

Underlying the supposed near-debacle is the hypothesis that Dr. I. I. Rabi, Dr. Hans Bethe, Dr. James R. Killian, Dr. R. F. Bacher, Dr. James B. Fisk and other "liberal" physicists don't add up to a single Dr. Edward Teller. We are warned to be especially skeptical of Bethe and Rabi, who in "their deep distrust of a nuclear strategy that in their judgment can only lead the world to destruction" have, with appropriate safeguards, favored a test ban.

In the estimation of the Luce magazines, the safeguards have turned out to be illusory. We at *The Nation*, less omniscient in such matters, will not try to assess the arguments regarding thresholds for surface and underground shots, seismographic first motions, skip regions, background noise levels, etc. It may be we don't understand these things. But what we understand even less is why a nuclear-test control system must be absolutely "foolproof," when nothing else in engineering is. Nor do we understand why American technology, which has flights to the moon, Venus and Mars already programmed, cannot make some urgently needed advances in what Colonel Murphy calls the "dusty science of seismology." Can it be that this is another case where, there being no will, there seems to be no way?

## An End to Free Rides

Credit the Supreme Court with rare fortitude. Not content with having stirred up the lions of the American Bar Association, it has now provoked the tigers of Madison Avenue. Largely ignored by the press — but not by the trade publications — the Court has ruled that sums spent "for lobbying purposes, for the promotion or defeat of legislation, for political purposes, or for the development or exploitation of propaganda" are not deductible as business expenses. The ruling was handed down in a case in which liquor dealers in Washington

and Arkansas had sought to take deductions for advertising expenditures in a campaign to defeat dry-law proposals in those states. But the decision goes far beyond the facts of the particular case; it removes any doubt about the treatment of ads that seek to influence the outcome of a legislative battle, whether Congressional, in state legislatures or at the polls. Up and down Madison Avenue the agency boys are dismayed, furious and incredulous. The ruling, they say, interferes with "free speech" and "free press" guarantees. The

Court, however, anticipated these objections, pointing out that anyone is free to use lobbying ads so long as he pays for them himself — out of his pockets, not the public till. In a word, the guarantee of a free press does not also include the guarantee of a free ride. One wonders how long the ruling will stand before it is offset by some form of Congressional action. But, for the moment, John Q. Public and General Motors are now alike in that either of them, when seeking to influence political action by lobbying ads, will have to foot the bill.

## THE INCURIOUS INQUIRERS . . . by Bernard Schwartz

*Bernard Schwartz made headline news last year when he was dismissed as counsel for the Congressional Subcommittee on Legislative Oversight after he had accused the subcommittee of doing a "whitewash" job. Now teaching law at New York University, he is the author of the just-published *The Professor and the Commissions* (Knopf). —Ed.*

ON FEBRUARY 19, Representative Oren Harris announced the reconstitution in the 86th Congress of the Special Subcommittee on Legislative Oversight, which was responsible for so many newspaper headlines during the last Congressional session. Thus, there begins a new chapter in the strange and spectacular career of the body that has been well characterized as one Congressional investigating committee that tried hard not to succeed.

A year ago, Congressman Harris publicly promised that the Oversight probe would be "the most thorough investigation Capitol Hill has ever seen." This statement was a direct response to my widely publicized charge that Harris and his colleagues were attempting to smother the investigative materials which I had developed as chief counsel to the subcommittee. My dismissal as counsel and the resignation in protest of Representative Moulder, subcommittee chairman, forced Harris himself to slide into the head chair. And the public storm aroused by my charges of whitewash and subsequent dismissal did, without a doubt, force the Congressmen to present

publicly much of the material uncovered by its staff — notably the Miami Channel 10 and Adams-Goldfine cases.

Now that the Harris committee has been given a new lease on life, it is appropriate to bring its balance sheet up to date. An article in *The Nation* shortly after my dismissal declared that "The committee that didn't want to succeed is on its way to a greater success than anyone expected." Certainly, the subcommittee's subsequent hearings lent added force to this conclusion. At the same time, the country is sadly deceiving itself if the rash of newspaper headlines has led it to believe that the Oversight subcommittee has carried out the really thorough investigation of the regulatory agencies that is so urgently needed. The reluctant Congressional dragon of early 1958 did not suddenly become transformed into a zealous prober. On the contrary, Oren Harris and his colleagues have not gone one step further than they have been compelled to by press and public pressure.

PERHAPS I am unduly censorious in emphasizing at this time what the Harris committee did not do. "Be satisfied with success," says Marcus Aurelius, "in even the smallest matter." The Oversight probe thus far has accomplished important results, foremost among them the forced resignation of Federal Communications Commissioner Richard A. Mack and Presidential Assistant Sherman Adams. In our system, the deterrent effects of exposures of improprieties

cannot be overestimated. In this respect, the ouster of Governor Adams is of particular consequence. The fall from grace of one who occupied so pre-eminent a position in the White House is bound to give pause to would-be purveyors of improper influence.

The Oversight disclosures have already had a salutary impact on the regulatory agencies. Of course, the commissioners themselves are the same men they were a year ago—but they are badly frightened men. Their fear has made them more receptive to pleas in the public interest than they have been in two decades. Any lawyer who practices before the agencies is made aware of the change. Only last month, a leading practitioner before the FCC told me of a decision in his favor which, because of pressures brought on the other side, he had not had the faintest hope of winning when the case was begun over a year ago.

Moreover, the moral climate in which the regulatory agencies are operating has changed considerably. When I first urged upon the Congressmen the concept of the commissions as quasi-judicial bodies which must be completely insulated from all off-the-record contacts and influences, the reaction was one of derision. It was naive, the Congressmen felt, to expect the commissions to live in Olympian isolation. Today the need to insulate the commissions is generally recognized. The Attorney General has gone so far as to urge, in the rehearings before the FCC on the Miami Channel 10 case, that any

*ex parte* approach be enough to disqualify a party in a commission case. One who engages in such an approach, Mr. Rogers well asserts, is "a corrupter of the Government itself and is fortunate if he loses no more than the rights he seeks to obtain."

THE ABOVE constitute, without a doubt, important entries on the credit side of the Oversight ledger. What about its other side? It is vital that the public be made aware of the debits, for only public concern can force the Congressmen to complete their unfinished business. The story of the Harris committee to date is one of reluctant yielding to press and public pressure. The majority of the members had voted not to hold any public hearings on the Mack case, when my public disclosures exploded in their faces. In the Adams-Goldfine case, Oren Harris had "slammed the file shut"—Drew Pearson's phrase—when its essentials were spread in print in several leading newspapers, weeks before public hearings were held.

The committee's chief oversight so far has been its failure to go beyond the leads left by me. During the past year, its members have been engaged in presenting publicly the materials uncovered by its staff while I was still chief counsel. Even with this material, the committee has done no more than scratch the surface. In the FCC, the Congressmen have adequately presented at public hearings only the Miami Channel 10 case; I had scheduled no less than seventeen television cases for full-scale inquiry.

Perhaps the most spectacular of these (at least it has received the most newspaper attention) was the FCC's action in an Albany TV case, in which there was an intervention by the President's press secretary, James Hagerty. On February 26, 1957, the commission issued an order proposing to turn all television in the Albany-Schenectady-Troy area into UHF operation. On March 5, 1957, Mr. Hagerty wrote the FCC chairman, enclosing a letter from William J. Embler, an aide of the New York State Assembly's Republican majority leader. Embler had written that the Democrats were

making political propaganda about the FCC order and that he was writing as one "concerned with the success of the Republican Party." In relaying the letter to the FCC head, Hagerty, who had served with Embler in the Dewey Administration in New York, referred to Embler as a "personal friend."

When asked by reporters about this intervention, Hagerty stated that he did not see how he could have exerted any influence since the FCC order had already been issued before he sent his letter. The fact is, however, that three months after Hagerty intervened, the FCC reversed itself, making all television in the area VHF. Whether Hagerty actually influenced the commission to reverse on anything but the merits can only be determined by full Congressional hearings. Yet, even from the facts available, it is clear that there was an improper intervention. As Roscoe Drummond wrote recently in the *New York Herald Tribune*: "These quasi-judicial bodies have a duty to deal with every applicant absolutely evenly. How many people having business with these agencies can get a letter routed through an assistant to the President? On the face of it, this is not even-handedness."

Another TV case which deserves a full-scale Congressional probe is the award of a Boston channel to the Boston *Herald-Traveler*, New England's leading Republican newspaper, which already owned the most powerful radio station in the area. Hearings last month in the FCC have shown that a veritable galaxy of Washington luminaries were approached on behalf of the various applicants in this case. The publisher of the *Herald-Traveler* admitted having had private lunches

with the FCC chairman while the case was pending, as well as having discussed the matter with Sherman Adams, Commerce Secretary Sinclair Weeks and White House aide Maxwell Raab. Other applicants similarly approached the two Senators from Massachusetts, as well as other high Executive officials. Representative Joseph W. Martin, Jr., then Republican leader in the House, told a losing applicant, "You fellows have been outpoliticized." As if political considerations should have played any part in the decision!

Hearings in many other TV cases would reveal a similar pattern of off-the-record approaches and influences. After all, as George C. McConaughay, who was FCC chairman while most of these cases were decided, has testified, he "never shut the door on anybody" while chairman. Moreover, he asserted, other FCC members also made it a common practice to talk privately with applicants.

THEN there is the vast area of the FCC's work which lies outside television licensing. Close observers have been much disturbed over the commission's failure to implement anti-trust policies and its refusal to prevent patent monopoly in broadcasting. These matters have received only the most perfunctory attention from the Harris committee. The almost complete lack of effective FCC regulation of telephones and telegraphs is another matter of great consequence. Why did the FCC under Chairman McConaughay (a former telephone-company lawyer), overriding staff recommendations, terminate an investigation into A.T.&T. rates? Why did the commission permit A.T.&T. to earn during 1955-57 some \$159 million more than it was entitled to under the generally accepted theory of rate-making? The Oversight investigation has not even pretended to touch these important aspects of FCC operations.

Similar questions arise with regard to the work of most of the other regulatory agencies. Why has the Civil Aeronautics Board constantly discriminated against the non-scheduled carriers in favor of the large scheduled air lines? To what extent



has the Federal Power Commission succeeded in achieving the objectives of the Harris-O'Hara Natural Gas Bill through its "interpretations" of existing statutes? Has the Interstate Commerce Commission tended to equate the "public interest" with the interests of the railroads it is supposed to be regulating? Has the Securities and Exchange Commission applied exemption provisions of its laws so as unduly to favor certain large investment and other companies, particularly those with powerful political connections? So far as can be seen, the Harris committee has done absolutely nothing with regard to the whole field of regulatory activity outside the FCC.

WHAT is particularly distressing to one personally familiar with the Oversight probe has been the Congressmen's suppression of documentary evidence in their files. Thus, the Hagerty correspondence in the Albany TV case has been in the possession of the committee for over a year. Surely, here was a matter that called for further inquiry; but the Congressmen chose instead to keep it buried in the committee's pigeonholes.

Without a doubt, the most important documentary suppression has been of the material contained in the so-called "Mack diary." This document was brought out into the open on February 16, when the original losing applicant in the Orlando, Florida, television case filed a petition with the Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia, to which the case had been remanded last year by the Supreme Court. The petition alleged that the Mack diary contained evidence of improper influence and asked the court to aid petitioner in securing such evidence.

FCC Commissioner Richard Mack—who was forced to resign as the result of evidence uncovered during the Miami Channel 10 hearings—had kept a detailed account of all actions in which he was involved as a commissioner. The original of the diary, which runs to several volumes, is now in the possession of the grand jury which indicted Mack late last year. But the Harris committee retains a photostatic copy. Those who

have had the opportunity to examine it are united in their assertions that it contains some of the most explosive material revealed in Washington in many a year.

WHY HAS the Harris committee continued to suppress materials in its files like the Hagerty correspondence and the Mack diary?

The prime deterrent to a thorough investigation of an agency such as the FCC is, without a doubt, the fact that too many Congressional fingers might be burned. Any close observer of the regulatory process knows that members of the Congress are as guilty as any in bringing pressures on the agencies. The Albany station which benefited from the FCC reversal after the Hagerty intervention has among its stockholders five Congressmen, including Representative O'Brien, a senior member of the House Commerce Committee, to which the Oversight subcommittee is subordinate. Those who have seen the Mack diary have stated that among those most incriminated by it are members of Congress. The reluctance of Oren Harris and his colleagues to reveal some of the most damaging materials in their files is thus really a prime illustration of

that first axiom of Washington politics: Congress does not investigate itself.

Now that the Oversight investigation is about to be resumed, it is essential that the press and the public be made aware of the committee's unfinished business. For, as in the Mack and Adams-Goldfine cases, only press and public pressure can force into the open all of the materials in the committee's files—particularly those which concern the improprieties of Senators and Congressmen themselves.

It is true that improper influence in the federal agencies can be likened to an iceberg. Even after the most thorough investigation, most instances of improprieties will remain hidden. But this is no excuse for inaction. There is greater need today for investigation than there was when Speaker Rayburn urged the creation of the Oversight subcommittee at the beginning of 1957, for we have now had some indication of what is really going on in the commissions. Publicity, Justice Brandeis once said, is justly commended as a remedy for diseases in the body politic: sunlight is said to be the best of disinfectants, electric light the most efficient policeman.

## UN: THE TRUSTEES DEPART . . Jane Stolle

### *United Nations*

THE ISSUE before the U.N. this past month, complex on the surface, in reality was as simple as black and white. The documents on the horseshoe table of the Trusteeship Council read: "The future of the Trust Territories of the Cameroons under French administration and the Cameroons under United Kingdom administration"; and the talk was of termination of trusteeship, independence and how best to arrange it. But the basic issue was African nationalism vs. colonialism.

Under what conditions and to what extent can the former colonial powers retain a foothold in the new

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Africa? That problem motivated the thinking of the United Kingdom, France, Belgium, the Netherlands, Portugal, and often their great and good friend, the United States, on such apparently local questions as the holding of new U.N.-supervised elections in the French Cameroons before independence comes in 1960. The colonial powers opposed elections. Why? Because they believe that the opposition to the present French Cameroonian Government has pan-African, anti-European tendencies that bode ill for future collaboration in any part of Africa.

The African bloc, by plumping for new elections and for full amnesty of political prisoners, was at the same time rejecting the presence of sticky, colonialist fingers—and making their

own bid for leadership in a future United States of Africa.

And so it went, too, with the question of the British Cameroons' future. The words were different, but the underlying theme of "white imperialists, go home" was the same.

Certain keenly interested spectators with very black faces followed the debate, and you could tell the players without a program. It depended upon where they sat. Those behind the British delegate were members of the British Cameroons Government; those behind the French delegate, from the French Cameroons Government. They were the "ins"; and facing them from high up in the visitors' section—carefully self-segregated from the other visitors—were the opposition, the Cameroonian "outs." The "outs" had come from the Cameroons, and from exile in Cairo and other friendly refuges, as petitioners to the U.N. to raise their objections to the state of affairs in their native lands. At certain times they descended from the visitors' section to tables in the center of the horseshoe, where they were allowed to speak their piece—fifteen minutes each. Behind their pleas for just application of the amnesty law, for new elections, their condemnations of the British and French imperialists and their Cameroonian

"puppets"—sitting "there"—was the awareness of how often yesterday's "ins" become today's "outs," and vice versa. French Cameroonian Prime Minister Ahidjo, not long ago



an "out," is today an "in"; and the man he succeeded in office, M. Mbida, only yesterday an "in," is spending this session at the petitioners' table as an "out."

They seem a lonely group, the petitioners—sitting apart in the visitors' section, or spotlighted in the center of the room at the petitioners' table. But, just as the Cameroonian whom they have called "puppets" walk the U.N. corridors and dine in the delegates' restaurant with their French and British friends, so the petitioners have their own "connections" outside the Council room: the Ghanians, the Liberians, the nationals of the United Arab Republic, and that selective backer of nation-

alism, the USSR. And once in a while a stray "puppet" joins a group of petitioners for a chat and they're all just Cameroonians together.

In fact, the present seating arrangement in the Trusteeship Council has a very temporary look to it. There has never been any fundamental differences between the petitioners in the visitors' section and their countrymen at the delegates' table as to the ultimate goal: independence. Nor, despite what the petitioners say, have the Cameroonians ever been docile wards, whoever was sitting in the back row at the delegates' table. There have been disagreements that led to bloodshed, imprisonment and exile for some, and to leadership for others, over how soon there should be independence and under what conditions. But "ins" and "outs" have always agreed that the white man was politically dispensable.

So, come 1960, decisions taken during the 1959 debate on "The Future of the Trust Territories of the Cameroons under French administration and the Cameroons under United Kingdom administration" may prove purely academic. There will be no petitioners, no "puppets"; just Cameroonians.

The future, from where the whites are sitting, looks black indeed.

## THE DRAFT DILEMMA: a WAY OUT . . . John C. Esty, Jr.

SELECTIVE SERVICE and the teacher shortage carry one major common denominator: they are both serious national problems to which no acceptable solution has been found. Curiously enough, everyone knows about the shortage of teachers, but appallingly few people understand the dangers of the present draft situation. It is my intention to point out a few of these, and then show how both problems might be solved by one stroke.

JOHN C. ESTY, Jr., is Associate Dean and military service adviser at Amherst College and a captain in the Air Force Reserve.

On February 5, the House Armed Services Committee brought to the floor of the House of Representatives a bill to extend the draft beyond June 30, 1959. In his report, Chairman Carl Vinson of the committee made a convincing defense of the bill. It is worth examining some of his reasoning. In the first place, he pointed out that in 1948, when there was a hiatus in draft legislation, there were 1,384,000 men in the armed forces on a voluntary basis. This was well short of the two million men deemed necessary at the time; if projected to today's need of 2.5 million, it would be manifestly inadequate. (But since 1948, higher

pay rates, incentive pay and fringe benefits have combined to make a military career more attractive. In other words, we just don't know what strength levels we could predict today with voluntary service.)

Speaking to the point of alleged inequitable liability to the draft, Mr. Vinson cited Department of Defense figures to show that on November 30, 1958, nine out of ten qualified men attaining age twenty-six had served, or were serving, their obligation and that for all registrants, the ratio was seven out of ten. Projecting present strength levels and annual replacement needs, it was estimated that in 1963, of those

reaching twenty-six years of age nearly eight out of ten qualified men will have served; and of all men in the age group—including 4Fs and other deferments—the ratio will be five and a half out of ten.

During committee hearings, the Chief of Staff of the several armed forces testified unanimously on the absolute necessity of extending the draft. It was clear that each of them benefited from Selective Service—even though only the Army requires draftees—because of the large number of volunteers produced by its pressure. Debate on the House floor generated only mild challenging of the wisdom and acuity of these military leaders. In the end, an amendment to extend the draft for only two years, and to establish a fact-finding committee, was beaten down, and the bill to extend the draft for four years passed, 381 to 20.

THE OPPOSITION expressed itself mainly on the customary ground of hopeful abdication from world responsibility and sincere revulsion over mandatory bearing of arms. But unlike the debate four years ago, when the final vote was 394 to 4, there was a new element of discontent, partially characterized in the concern of a number of freshman Congressmen over the military effectiveness of present procedures. Their argument centered on the need for a new concept of manpower usage, more imaginative recruitment and re-enlistment policies, and the obvious inequities and uncertainties felt by young men who are facing

the draft. They emphasized the waste of money and morale attending forced conscription, and envisaged much bolder applications of the "Coordinator Committee" recommendations for an all-volunteer, competitively attractive, armed service. Their efforts were overridden by powerful bipartisan leadership in the lower house.

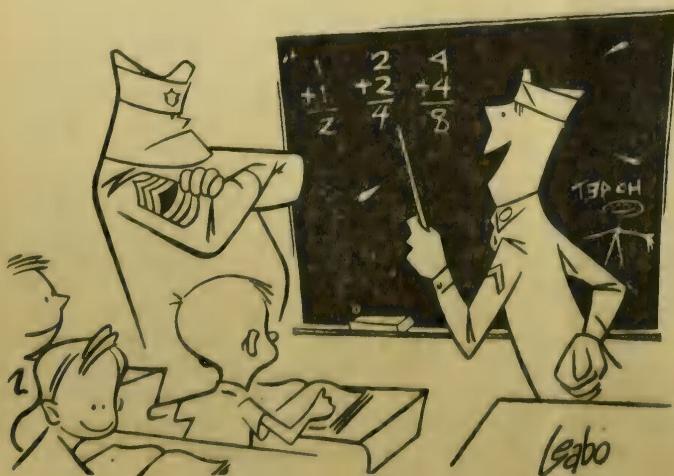
However, the insurgents were successful in the creation of a subcommittee on manpower needs. Under the chairmanship of Melvin Price of Illinois, this group will examine "all phases of defense-manpower utilization, including . . . the utilization of technically trained personnel in technical positions . . . a determination as to whether additional combat organizations may be created by more efficient utilization and without increasing the total strength of the military forces, and such other matters as may be pertinent to the foregoing." It is expected that a report will be available by midsummer (although anyone familiar with the involutions and sprawling elusiveness of the military organization might agree that a fair report would take two years). In any case, it is to be hoped that the subcommittee, in preparing its report —

1. Will realize that the Defense Department figures of Mr. Vinson overlook the working of the youthful mind. The statistics quoted deal with what can be said about twenty-six-year-olds. But surely a young man does not wait until he is twenty-six, then look back to see if he has been

handled justly. The figures for the men of age twenty-six in 1963 pertain today to the man who is twenty-two. He senses that only half his age group will have to serve, and wonders how to get in the half which won't. Even worse is the superimposition of service needs on a population curve just starting to bulge with the war babies. In 1963 about 1.8 million men will turn seventeen. Projecting the same service needs on this group means that only one-third will serve. In other words, the inequity is not even static; it progressively worsens.

2. Will take a long hard look at the reserve program, the most involved and most confusing of all the manpower programs, with the exception of a few outstanding units. The six-month program seems to me to bear utterly no relation to national defense in the nuclear age. Reserve-unit meetings are almost universally a farce. Why is the program so slick in theory and so chaotic in practice? The answers aren't to be found in Pentagon charts or generals; you have to go to the reservist who sits through boring, irrelevant programs one night each week.

3. Will realize the demoralizing effect on young men as they witness the Selective Service machinery, clogged with an ever-increasing input and much smaller military demands for the output, deferring larger groups for poorer reasons. For example, in the four years that fathers have been deferred by Executive order, almost a million men otherwise qualified have escaped the draft; in four more years, the figure will at least double. Several hundred thousand more will escape because they have the inclination or the money to continue their schooling. The key point now is that deferment, which extends the age liability legally to thirty-five, is necessary only to age twenty-six, after which age the draft boards are instructed to induct no one. The college senior, who is generally within hailing distance of twenty-six, thus sees his chance to escape and is sorely tempted to make a try for it. With so many ways to avoid the draft and watching so many men succeed at it, he loses his sense of duty. If he cannot become a father conveniently or



doesn't get to graduate school, the uncertainty of his status undermines any constructive plans for the future. (I have elaborated on this distressing phenomenon in "Draft Dodger or Patriot: The Dilemma of the College Student," *The Nation*, January 10.)

4. Will examine just who the people are who have been escaping. The largest category by far is the three million or so who are physically or mentally unacceptable. General Hershey has suggested that some civilian-defense duties be assigned to this group. Certainly there must be many thousands whose intellectual talents — albeit lodged in infirm bodies — could be used. The million draft-free fathers could be utilized some way without causing undue community hardship, especially those who have been educated or trained in critical specialties. And what of the group over twenty-six? Most of those who would be acceptable are the very ones deferred to continue their graduate training, the very ones whose talents could be of inestimable value directly in the national service. In other words, certain policies of the draft act systematically preclude a great reservoir of brains and talent to the Defense Establishment.

5. Will see the problem simply: too many men with two few places to utilize them effectively, and scandalous disuse of talent, particularly brainpower.

THERE IS one more chance for a public look at manpower legislation before it crawls back under the obscuring mantle of short-sighted, unimaginative execution.

Last week the Senate Armed Services Committee began considering the House bill on the draft. They will have to deliberate on the feasibility of several proposed alternatives, the most satisfactory of which is clearly a volunteer service established to compete in the market place qualitatively and quantitatively for manpower. Epitomized in the Cordiner report, this concept is an old story to Congress and apparently presents too bold a gamble for our military leaders. It has clearly not been sufficiently or seriously enough explored by either the Pentagon or

Congress, and one gets the uneasy feeling that this is partially because it is a new idea. The small steps already taken to implement part of the Cordiner proposals have proved effective in raising the re-enlistment rate, although the very duties for which the Pentagon says men are needed most received the poorest incentive increase. In any case, the whole concept seems unfortunately to be a dead issue.

Realistically, then, it would seem as though we must continue to operate under a system of forced conscription of *some* people for *some* military duties. The problem therefore reduces practically to finding meaningful and defense-related occupations for the huge surplus of trained brainpower which drains systematically out of the manpower pool. At this point I would like to suggest that the Senators view the problem, thus reduced, in juxtaposition to another national problem even more serious — the shortage of teachers. The instant, striking observation is that the wasted talent in one pool is potentially what is needed desperately in the other. Could we not create a scheme whereby the two problems resolve each other?

SO MUCH has been written about the teacher shortage that its existence no longer needs elaborating. Two points will suffice. Both the Rockefeller Brothers' report on education and the Fund for the Advancement of Education have positively stated that it will take something like one-half (about two million) of *all* our college graduates in the next ten years to meet the need for teachers. Recently about one-fifth have been entering teaching. The second point is that with all the efforts of hundreds of agencies and groups to increase the supply of teachers, the requirement cannot possibly be met; we probably can't even come close! But there is one untapped source of potential teachers which could supply the quantity and motivation needed: the surplus Selective Service manpower pool.

With the advent of Russia's Sputnik, it became clear that education and training were major weapons in

national defense. Congress recognized the relationship in the title of the National Defense Education Act of 1958. It would seem logical, therefore, to make teaching an extension of "National Service," and permit young men to satisfy their obligation by becoming teachers at whatever level they are able to find a job and for a specified period of time — say three years.

The principle would appear to be especially applicable to those who are now escaping the draft entirely because they are over twenty-six, fathers, or physically unqualified. The relief valve thereby created to the presently unmanageable surplus would eliminate many of the inequities which are a function of too many men with too few places to utilize them.

The idea is somewhat similar to Walter Reuther's plan of a broad, federal scholarship program in diplomatic, teaching, technical and service subjects to induce young people into these fields voluntarily in place of military service. The Reuther plan, however, is offered as a substitute for conscription, whereas my proposal seeks to make the best of a bad situation — the draft — with which we shall presumably be forced to live for at least another four years.

The proposal is not radical, for there is plenty of precedent for exempting certain groups and providing "alternative service." Ministers, for example, are exempt from military service; conscientious objectors may serve as medical guinea pigs and in hospitals; workers in "essential industry" are deferred as long as they remain "essential" (although this is not strictly alternate service); teachers of science can often be deferred, and will not be drafted at all if they teach until age twenty-six. It must be said that the Draft Law is at least this flexible, and some order may be brought out of the impending chaos through Executive action. But these groups comprise only some thousands annually, while the proposal to make teaching an alternative form of service would involve several hundred thousand men each year. This should probably be the province of Congress to sanction, and anyway, constructive action seems to be too

much to expect from manpower officials without prodding from Congress.

The proposal has these features:

1. The Selective Service System would be retained for its value in providing military inductees and volunteers, and for readiness in case of sudden large-scale need.

2. No great increase in administrative machinery is necessary. The procedure for reporting alternate service and employment in "essential industry" already exists. An approved list of institutions at which teaching could be credited is available from the Veterans' Administration and regional accrediting agencies. A man who has taught for three academic years at an approved institution would be considered to have discharged his service obligation.

3. If the number of vacancies now existing and projected in our schools and colleges were filled by alternate-service teachers, and there are more than enough trained, talented men in the draft pool to do this, then it would be possible for all young men (except the physically and mentally unqualified, who might be used in civil defense) to fulfill some sort of obligated service. This would more truly meet the "universal" concept and ease the democratic conscience.

4. Many more trained minds

could be utilized in the defense effort than at present, at no additional cost to the government.

5. The chance is provided for wholesale recruitment of potential teachers, many of whom might be permanently "captured" for the profession.

6. With more applicants than vacancies, the teaching profession could raise standards all along the line; if a prospective applicant didn't qualify, he would simply be inducted for military service.

There are a number of objections to this proposal—all of them, I think, answerable. *It is dangerous to*



*force people to teach.* Quite true, but I have talked with many college students about the plan, and almost unanimously they would feel so grateful for the chance to use their education and settle their plans, that they would give maximum effort gladly. *It is not a good idea to recruit teachers on a temporary basis.* There is always this risk anyway, and thousands of young women just out of college enter teaching with every likelihood that they will leave for marriage and a home after a few years. *Isn't the proposal a case of special rewards for a privileged class?* Yes, but we appear to provide the opportunity for any American with the urge and the brains to go to college, and it's certainly more democratic than to allow a privileged class to escape the draft completely, as now happens. *If you provide alternate service for teachers, why not for social workers, foreign-service people?* Why not!

The defense of this country rests fundamentally on two great systems: the one for enlisting talent in its service, the other for developing that talent. Both systems are now inadequate and can only deteriorate in the future. A relatively simple act of Congress could transform the weakness of one into the strength of the other.

## VICTIMS OF CHARITY . . . by Dan Wakefield

"CHARITY," the speaker said, "begins at home."

The hall, full of some of our affluent era's most underpaid and poorly benefited workers, clapped and cheered. They are workers who commonly average \$34 a week, without unemployment and disability benefits, without union representation, and in some cases, with a six-day week. They are waging a large-scale battle now against one of New York

City's most useful and important instruments of charity—the "voluntary" hospitals, supported mainly by private philanthropy. That philanthropy is not their benefactor, but their boss. In the kind of wages it pays, it has driven many of its workers to seek extra help from the public-welfare agencies of the city and state. Such are the tangled curses and blessings of our affluent society.

Until last year, some 30,000 men and women who have now been tagged as "New York's forgotten workers" were quietly toiling away in the city's eighty-one voluntary hospitals with wages and benefits—or lack of benefits—that made even most

of the exploiting employers who operate in conjunction with the "racket unions" seem rather progressive. But the hospital-employer was breaking no law, indulging in no sort of labor-racket trickery, and sweating no personal profits from the lowly-paid workers. Because of their status as charitable, non-profit institutions, the voluntary hospitals are excluded from jurisdiction under the Taft-Hartley Law and the State Labor Relations Act, and are exempt from unemployment and disability payments.

A comparable situation exists throughout the United States in voluntary hospitals, which make up

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a vital part of the nation's health service. There are three main types of hospitals, based on their means of support: city and state, voluntary, and private. The first type is supported by city and state funds; the voluntary hospitals are subsidized mainly by religious institutions or by contributions from private philanthropic agencies (for instance, the Federation of Jewish Philanthropies, which helps support Mount Sinai and Montefiore in New York City) and individual and family money (for instance, support from the Winthrop and Vanderbilt families of New York Hospital); the "proprietary" or private hospitals are privately-owned and, unlike the others, operate on a profit basis. The private hospitals are usually smaller institutions, ranging from 20-120 beds, but there are a number of them, and it is estimated that they employ around 12,000 workers in New York City. But the much larger voluntary hospitals, numbering eighty-one in New York City and employing roughly 30,000 workers, rank with the city-supported hospitals in total number of beds. The city-hospital employees have been organized by the State, County and Municipal Employees and a Teamsters Union local, but until the last few months all efforts had failed to launch a large-scale organizing drive among the underpaid workers of the voluntary hospitals.

Except for a few abortive efforts during the massive CIO drives of the thirties, unions had largely left these hospitals alone. The thousands of workers required to run them had been forgotten by unions, employers and public alike. But within the shining walls, beneath the highly paid and always short supply of doctors, beneath the efficient squadrons of Florence Nightingales (also short in supply, and organized into a professional nurses' group, though not a union) there have simmered in silence the thousands of non-professional and non-protected workers whose daily tasks are essential for the hospital's maintenance. They are cooks and dishwashers, nurse's aides and lab technicians, janitors and clerks, plumbers and laundry workers. In New York City, most of them are Negro and Puerto Rican.

A city-wide drive to organize these workers is boiling now under the leadership of the Retail Drug Employees Union, Local 1199, (an affiliate of the Retail, Wholesale, and Department Store Union). The local broke the traditional non-union front of the voluntary hospitals last December with a decisive 628-31 representation vote at Montefiore Hospital, climaxing eight months of organizing activity. Up till that time, the only voluntary hospital in New York City that had recognized a union was Maimonades, which had been passed on to Local 1199 of the Retail Drug Employees by the Teamsters several years ago. Local 1199, which was born in the thirties, has organized 85 per cent of the city's pharmacists — a total of about 6,000 workers. Now it has decided to try to extend the single voluntary-hospital group it already has in the fold into a wide-scale movement that will crack the whole non-union policy of these institutions.

THE crack at Montefiore resounded through the New York City press with a long-belated discovery of the "forgotten workers" in the voluntary hospitals. When Montefiore recognized the union, *The New York Times* editorialized:

Montefiore President Victor S. Reisenfeld and President Leon J. Davis of Local 1199 deserve public applause for having settled their dispute. . . . With City Labor Commissioner Felix they can take great satisfaction for having jointly blazed

a trail that looks as if it will be widely followed.

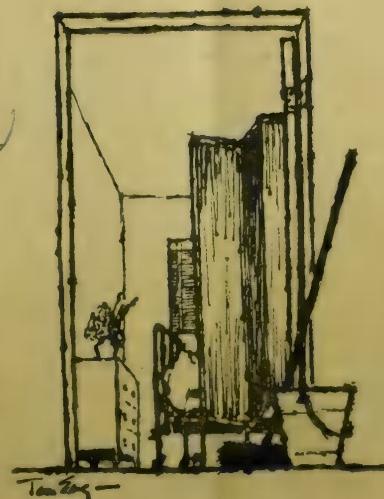
Local 1199 jumped into this clearing in the woods with everything it had, and shortly after its December victory at Montefiore was distributing cards and leaflets at forty-one of the city's eighty-one voluntary hospitals. Meetings were scheduled nearly every night at the local's midtown headquarters for workers from hospitals all over the city. Requests for information grew — especially from Puerto Rican workers — as *El Diario de Nueva York*, the largest Spanish language daily in the city, published more stories and editorials on what it called "La Cruzada de Local 1199."

"La Cruzada" in many ways is the only union-organizing drive of the fifties that the word "crusade," in any language, seems appropriate to attach to without provoking a tongue in the cheeks of the organizers, or a flush in the cheeks of the reporters looking on. To walk into one of these organizing meetings is to walk back into a time of the five-and-a-half and six-day week, the wages under a dollar an hour, the fears of firing from the boss for "talking union," and the almost revival-meeting enthusiasm of workers suddenly awakened to a way out of their plight.

Last January, some fifty workers from Lenox Hill Hospital sat in a smoky meeting room at Local 1199 and looked up, not toward a white-coated superintendent, but to an organizer in open-necked sport shirt and horn-rimmed glasses. He was telling them in firm, slow words, "It is no secret that till recently workers in this city felt a hospital job was one you come into, save a little, and go on. Everyone felt there was no future in hospitals. Now, for the first time, they know that if they organize well enough they can get decent wages and conditions until they can look on hospital work as a job where they can be treated as respectable human beings."

The organizer said that Lenox Hill, with a total of 600 workers, now had 200 signed up with the union; he asked the brothers and sisters assembled how the prospects looked for getting a majority.

A Negro lady from the nurse's



aides' department spoke up to say: "We're doing pretty good in our department, but a lotta people are afraid — they think they're gonna be fired. And some of the nurses told the girls they shouldn't join a union because then the hospital would be like a 'business.'"

The others hooted, and one voice raised above the rest to say, "It's all right for the nurses to talk, they get plenty and they don't want us to get it."

A lady from the kitchen staff raised her hand and reported that "The ladies in the cafeteria say they get paid mostly by tips and the union can't help them. One of the supervisors said the union can't help us, we'll still have to work no matter what the union does. Well, all I know is when I see those people making \$32 a week I'm ready to join anything."

After most of the departments had reported their progress, and the organizer had answered questions and urged them on, a Negro organizer from the union staff got up to assure "his people" in the audience of the fair treatment they would get in this union. The union, he said, had no discrimination, and "welcomed Negro people, Puerto Rican people, Jewish people." Later on, he asked how the Puerto Ricans were doing, A Puerto Rican boy rose to report with pride: "We signed up all the Spanish people in the kitchen but the cook."

The organizer smiled and said, "You fellas can do a good job, see, you can speak on the job and the boss don't know what you're talkin' about."

BEFORE the questioning was over, there arose the problem that comes up in all these sessions — the balking of the white-collar and "professional" workers. Clerks and lab technicians don't fare much better than the other workers, but in the grand old tradition, attempt to supplement their income with pride through distinction from the masses. College-trained lab technicians usually make less than \$50 a week in these hospitals, but along with the office workers, they are the last to accept the union. It was the constant task of the organizers to remind the other work-

ers that the white-collar brothers and sisters usually didn't make enough to keep their collars white.

The Lenox Hill meeting was about to break up, with another scheduled for two weeks off, when a lady hesitantly raised her voice to ask what seemed a possibly embarrassing question: "Some of the ladies heard they have to pay dues and a big fee to get in the union, and I don't know what to answer 'em." It was the organizer's pleasure to assure the assemblage that "We're not asking hospital workers to give us one penny for dues or anything else — until the day we get a contract for them with better wages and conditions. Then, our dues are \$3 a month; but the rest of our union has decided that the hospital workers are getting so little to begin with that they won't have to pay an initiation fee at all."

The audience applauded in relief and approval, and got up to file out the door, some of them stopping to pick up more cards for the continuing crusade. These smaller conclaves of organizing committees and department meetings, both at union headquarters, and at temporary halls rented out near the larger and "hotter" hospitals of the campaign, had grown by the first week of February to rallies of hundreds of workers from hospitals that had reached a majority. By then, Local 1199 had rolled up majorities at four hospitals and claimed to be nearing the mark in several others. President Leon Davis of Local 1199 on February 4 sent letters to the directors of Mount Sinai and Beth David in Manhattan, the Jewish Hospital in Brooklyn, and the Bronx Hospital, announcing that a majority had been reached and requesting recognition and contract negotiations. He also announced that the union was approaching majorities at Knickerbocker, Lenox Hill and Flower Fifth Avenue hospitals.

The Mount Sinai workers, who represented the largest of the bastions newly encircled by the union, met at 1199's headquarters on February 4 to hear new congratulations and exhortations. There to express the shame of neglect and promise of fulfillment from the city's organized labor movement was Morris Iushe-

witz, secretary of the Central Labor Union Council of New York, who admitted that the 30,000 unorganized toilers in the voluntary hospitals are the "shame of the labor movement" of this city.

Davis told the hall, packed with more than 300 workers from Mount Sinai, that they were finally making their way out of the wilderness: "I don't know of any organizing drive that took on the kind of crusading spirit that you have—it's taken exactly three weeks and two days to get the majority signed up at Mount Sinai. . . . This is the beginning of a new day—a new day of dignity and self-respect. The hospitals will never be the same and the workers will never be the same."

THE audience was with it, and out of the rows came low "Umm-hmmm's" of approval in the tone and cadence of the "Aaaa-menn's" that rise spontaneously at revival meetings. "Yes, yes. . . . You said it. . . . Oh yes. . . ." came from ladies swaying slightly back and forward in assent. The problem of the union was not so much to urge them on as to keep them in line.

"We must," said one of the organizers, "have discipline." He explained that some over-zealous workers in the hospital had already broken ranks in private "strikes" of their own invention: "Last week a couple of people in Oxygen decided to strike on their own—they just walked off the job, and now they're waiting to be called back. . . . A couple of others over at the Animal House, in the lab, stopped working and started making demands. Well, we just can't do it that way."

Local 1199 has a specially sensitive responsibility in organizing the hospitals because of the obvious dangers involved in workers walking out of oxygen wards and surgery rooms. Such potential dangers have been major factors in keeping the hospitals a sacrosanct field long held untouchable by unions. The very phrase "hospital strike" sounds almost villainous. But Local 1199 threatened just that at Montefiore —though of course with careful safety precautions that would keep essential functions going—and had even

# LETTERS

(Continued from inside front cover.)

hired a strike hall before the last-minute recognition was granted. Davis has said that his union will use the strike, as a last resort, in fighting for recognition at the other hospitals. But at the meeting of the Mount Sinai workers, the union leaders repeatedly urged the group to have patience, and not to make any sort of move without consent from the union. The crowd listened to all these appeals for faith and patience, and at the end of the evening a man from the back of the hall got up to ask the first question: "When," he asked, "are we going to strike?"

AFTER their long sleep, the hospital workers have awakened with impatience and outrage. There is still a long way to go before the traditional non-union front of the voluntary hospitals is broken, but the first break has come and thousands of workers are knocking at the white-painted walls. Already a major step toward better conditions has been brought about by the union drive through a \$12,000,000 increase in the city's payments to voluntary hospitals, announced last month by the Mayor. The city contributes \$16 a day for each ward patient in the voluntary hospitals, but the cost of maintaining these patients is \$25 a day. The new grant will mean an increase to \$20 a day for each ward patient, effective July 1; and in three more years the grant will rise to \$24 a day. It has been the argument of the non-profit voluntary institutions that they already operate at a deficit, and can't afford to increase workers' wages. The union can now point to the increase as a source to be used for this purpose.

The tide that is running now in New York will also inevitably seep into the hinterlands. Only in California are other voluntary hospitals organized, but the precedent in New York City will probably shake the customs across the country. The last of the "forgotten workers" seem finally launched on the crusade that most of their brothers performed in the thirties. The rhetoric of battle is nearly the same, but in our complex era of affluence these underprivileged workers are not the victims of profiteers, but of charity.

March 14, 1959

Chicago and Actors Workshop in San Francisco.

Who chooses the plays that will be produced under Ford auspices? It is a "closely guarded secret," though everyone knows the richest producer in town is a jurymen. What plays have been chosen? A groan is going up from the theatres where they've been submitted: "These aren't plays, they're lousy TV scripts" is the characteristic summary. What plays were turned down? They include, to my knowledge, one of the best scripts of one of the best younger playwrights.

There is an analogy with the Rockefellers' activities on (or concerning) Lincoln Square: just to show we aren't suckers or bohemians or beatniks we are appointing for our non-commercial stage the same people (Mr. Whitehead, Mr. Kazan . . .) who are successful or damn soon will be in the commercial theatre.

JEROME CLEGG

Brooklyn, N.Y.

*Dear Sirs:* My purpose is not to defend the Ford Foundation, which can very well fend for itself, but only to defend the kind of novelists and poets who received the grants. These are the professional writers with several books to their credit who already have received wide critical appreciation, and who presumably want to continue to do serious work without crawling in the marketplace. Such writers get a very bad deal in America today.

The young, "promising" writer gets some help. There are other foundations which make small grants to them. Quite a few university appointments are open to them. And book publishers are quite often willing to finance one or two books. The number of "promising" first or second novels that are thus published is quite amazing. These people are presumably on the young side, and can afford to make personal sacrifices.

But what happens to them later, after they have published four or five books, often is nothing short of personal disaster. Suppose their first book was published when they were twenty-five, suppose four or five of their books were published in the next ten years, and suppose that all these books received fine reviews, and netted the writer for his ten years' work some \$20,000. This is a very high average income, though of course it can be spectacularly exceed-

ed in individual cases included in the average.

What are these people to do? They are now thirty-five, they can no longer defer responsibility. They can stop writing. They can go intensively into teaching, at the expense of their writing. They can compromise their standards. They can take off for Hollywood, or they can try to find some other kind of job and try to continue their writing in their spare time. None of these solutions is satisfactory from the point of view of the development of a high literature in America. I assure you that this is the type of problem with which publishers have to deal very frequently.

We launch writer after writer who is considered promising—a wicked word—and he disappears from the literary scene. In part the desire of the public is at fault. We kill our writers young in America. But more at fault is the fact that in America today the esteemed writer has trouble making a living. . . .

The Ford Foundation grants have not rewarded financial success, as your note implies. . . . It is quite clear that the grants were intended for writers who have been successful in the literary sense, so that they shall be even more successful in the future, and not swerve from the course to which their talent points.

HAROLD STRAUSS

Editor-in-Chief

Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.

New York City

## Back Issues Wanted

*Dear Sirs:* Some time ago we asked you whether anyone might be interested in back issues of *The Nation*. We had not expected that you would publish our request—as you did—in your letters column. The result was that we received inquiries from many laudable organizations. We disposed of the magazines on a first-come, first-served basis, and the American Friends of Vietnam won by a wide margin.

I now suggest that if anyone else has a whole set, or a substantial number, of back issues of *The Nation*, and would like to get rid of them, please write me. I have the name of a library in this country that would like to have them. I also have the name of a group in West Germany that is interested.

ROBERT SILVERSTEIN

500 West National Avenue  
Milwaukee 4, Wisconsin

# BOOKS and the ARTS

## The Admiral Fires the Faculty

*EDUCATION AND FREEDOM.* By Vice Admiral H. G. Rickover, USN E. P. Dutton. 256 pp. \$3.50.

**Myron Lieberman**

DURING the past few years, the mass media have propelled Admiral Rickover into national prominence as "the father of the atomic submarine." On this paternal note, the Admiral has been portrayed as a kind of naval Billy Mitchell, defying incompetent superiors who do not grasp the significance of the new weapon. If this book is any criterion, Rickover would not shrink from the comparison. Indeed, his scathing criticisms of organization men who give orders to technical experts are written with a thrust which must have pierced more than one hide in the Pentagon.

Rickover explains his interest in education very simply. His major obstacle in carrying out the research, development and building of nuclear reactors was "the inadequacy of the American education system in this dynamic twentieth century." Interviewing more than two thousand young men in the past twelve years, Rickover found only a very small number qualified to work on nuclear power projects. "This experience made a deep impression on me. It led me directly to a study of why our educational system produces so few men who are qualified to do the work which we must do if we are to progress."

In some respects, Rickover's ideas about American education are sounder and more advanced than the theories espoused by educators generally. He recognizes, as do few professional educators, that the tremendous diversity of academic standards for degrees and diplomas is a serious handicap to educational progress. He brings out the anachronistic nature of state certification of teachers, as if mathematics teachers in California should be prepared differently from those in New York. In this connection, Rickover effectively disposes of the charge that the estab-

lishment of national standards in education would necessarily endanger academic freedom. While his assertion that "only the mediocre have reason to fear the establishment of national standards" is an oversimplification, it is much closer to the truth than most educators realize or are willing to admit.

Rickover also summarily rejects the notion that more money will by itself solve our educational problems, though he minces no words on the imperative national need for larger educational expenditures. He admits that raising salaries immediately means paying many unqualified teachers more than they are worth, but insists that we cannot withhold the higher wages until the sheep have been separated from the goats. One of Rickover's major worries is the impossibility of securing qualified science and mathematics teachers as long as their salaries are geared to those paid teachers of driver education and home economics. Few professional educators would agree with Rickover on this, but I believe he argues correctly that salary differentiation according to teaching field is as important as salary differentiation between individuals according to merit.

Like many other contemporary writers on the subject, Rickover overestimates the extent to which education has been an institutional bulwark of freedom in American society. Nevertheless, he does have some valuable things to say about freedom as well as about education. Rickover emphasizes that we live in an age of experts and that there are grave dangers to democracy in its inescapable dependence upon expert authority. In his view, professional ethics must be regarded as our major institutional safeguard against this danger. His analysis of professionalism shows a sophistication which contrasts most favorably with the platitudinous trash on the subject in educational literature.

BUT for all its challenging insights, *Education and Freedom* is likely to be more blinding than illuminating; indeed it seems to me that on balance the book does a marked disservice to American education. Its valid points are submerged in sensational and quite irresponsible ranting about our educational situation. Those who can distinguish the valid comments from the invalid do not need the Admiral's advice; those who cannot,

are apt to accept his most unwarranted statements and overlook the others.

Take, for instance, the Admiral's tirades against John Dewey. According to Rickover, Dewey did not believe in intellectual training; according to Dewey, in his most important book on education, "The sole direct path to enduring improvement in the methods of instruction and learning consists in centering upon the conditions which exact, promote and test thinking" (*Democracy and Education*). Again and *ad nauseum*, Dewey was the chief apostle of "life adjustment education" which "merely aspires to adjust the child to life as it is. It does not bring out the potentialities in children which would change life for the better." Actually, Dewey repeatedly rejected this theory. He wrote that "Education is not infrequently defined as consisting in the acquisition of those habits that effect an adjustment of an individual and his environment. The definition expresses an essential phase of growth. But it is essential that adjustment be understood in its active sense of control of the means of achieving ends. . . . The savage is merely habituated; the civilized man has habits which transform the environment" (*Democracy and Education*).

THE Admiral's disregard for the facts is by no means confined to his anti-Dewey diatribes. Analyzing the decline of academic standards "all along the line," he asserts that "an average mark of 85% today is equivalent to the bare passing mark of 60% a generation ago." This statement is made without qualification as to subject, grade level, teachers or students comprised, or anything else. Indeed, the context indicates that no qualification is intended. Common sense calls not so much for a refutation as for a query into the sources of this astounding dictum.

However, the most striking weakness of the book is not that the Admiral navigates without data; it is that he sets sail in so many different directions at the same time. In writing about engineering, he emphasizes that no occupation can be regarded as professional unless it resists lay interference in carrying out its work. Yet he says approvingly that it is no longer possible to "fool" the American people into leaving education to the professional educators. He charges repeatedly that professional educators are a powerful group, but casually refers to a young principal who got fired be-

**MYRON LIEBERMAN** teaches at the Graduate School of Education, Yeshiva University, and is the author of *Education as a Profession*. He has contributed to The Nation two related articles (issues of February 28 and March 7) on the national problems of American education.

cause of community pressure when he instituted a tough academic curriculum for able students. He states that "profession" has a well-accepted meaning and spends the next two pages proving that it does not. He bleeds at the lack of professional status for teachers, but pleads for the licensing of "mothers who in a sense become retired when their children grow up but whose own good college education qualifies them to teach after a short refresher course."

When he writes about engineers, Rickover recognizes that every profession must fight to gain autonomy. Then he praises teachers for not seeking the power needed to ensure professional autonomy in education. On one page (181) the lack of public interest and support for educational reform is the biggest barrier to educational reform; on another page (189) "the mood of America has changed," and professional educators are the big roadblock to reform. "In a rapidly changing world no one can foresee what future problems will have to be met; but, on the other hand, "human problems have a way of persisting unchanged through the most revolutionary permutations of man's environment." In this last case, though, there is no need to worry about which statement is correct: the Admiral makes them both justify the same curriculum.

According to Rickover, the public schools, following a Pied Piper named Dewey, made the mistake of emphasizing social adjustment, athletics, social graces, and other non-academic objectives. These things may be as malignant as the Admiral makes them out to be, but I am at a loss to understand his cause-and-effect theory about them. As the Admiral writes the history of education, these evils are spreading upward

from the public schools to the liberal arts colleges. Actually, athletics, marching bands, fraternities and sororities, school dances, and all the other non-academic activities which raise the Admiral's temperature are hand-me-downs from the liberal arts colleges, where they still flourish. Even today, at most of the Ivy League colleges which Rickover holds up for adoration, the "all-around" student is preferred to the bookworm from Brooklyn. If and when these colleges honor intellectual achievement, the public schools will do the same.

Finally, I must mention the arrogance that pervades the book. Rickover tells us that the special schools he set up succeeded in giving engineering graduates the fundamentals of a liberal arts education, something they did not acquire during their college careers. Perhaps some day the Admiral will pass his teaching secrets along to the many engineering schools whose graduates were found so deficient. In another outburst Rickover warns us that he is "going to fly in the face of the opinions of all sorts of self-appointed experts on the needs of modern man by suggesting that familiarity with classical thought not only enriches life but is distinctly useful to any professional man." Just who other than himself appointed Rickover "an expert on the needs of modern man," or why he thinks himself a lonely champion of the usefulness of classical thought, is not made clear. But the apogee of Rickover's arrogance comes when he seriously compares his inquiries to those of Plato. I came from the book awed by the Admiral's monumental display of self-assurance—and also wondering whether he had helped to solve the problems of education, or had added himself as a new wrinkle to the problem.

## The Scope of Radar

**THE PULSE OF RADAR.** The Autobiography of Sir Robert Watson-Watt. The Dial Press. 438 pp. \$6.

**Carl Dreher**

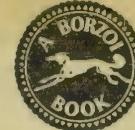
WATSON-WATT describes himself as a "sixth-rate mathematician, a second-rate physicist, a second-rate engineer, a bit of a meteorologist, something of a journalist, a plausible salesman of ideas...." Except for an occasionally obtrusive interspersion of mediocre quips and wise-cracks, he is also a good writer. Still, since much of his book is devoted to

technical details of interest only to the radio historian, it would hardly qualify as fare for the general reader except for one thing: it illuminates our times. Radar gets less publicity than missiles and nuclear energy, but it is part of the technological revolution which is sweeping us, at an ever accelerating pace, toward an unknown destination. How, why, and by what manner of men, is the technological revolution carried forward? Discursively, mainly by indirection, Watson-Watt supplies some of the answers.

The M.I.T. Radar School definition of radar is "the art of detecting by means of radio echoes the presence of objects, determining their direction and ranges,

**CARL DREHER** is a frequent contributor.

March 14, 1959



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## CONSCIOUSNESS AND SOCIETY

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—Hans Meyerhoff, *The Nation*\*

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recognizing their character and employing the data thus obtained in the performance of military, naval or other operations." Watson-Watt lays claim to the invention of radar in this sense or any other, and he makes good his claim to the extent that any one man, or even a team, can be said to have invented anything. Born in Scotland in 1892, in the nineteen twenties and earlier he was an obscure radio engineer working on direction finding in connection with atmospherics — natural static. In the thirties, although his name was unknown outside of radio circles, he was no longer obscure: he headed the radio department of the British National Physical Laboratory; he had christened the ionosphere, the radio-reflecting layer of the earth's upper atmosphere, and he was co-author of a monograph on "Applications of the Cathode Ray Oscillograph in Radio Research." The cathode ray tube is not only a primary laboratory tool, but the "scope" (for oscilloscope) of radar and the picture tube in TV.

BUT it was Hitler who gave Watson-Watt his great chance. In 1935 the director of scientific research of the Air Ministry asked Watson-Watt what he thought of the prospects of using "damaging radiation" — a "death ray" — in defense against enemy air attack. Watson-Watt replied immediately that he did not think much of the idea. He conceived it in terms of concentrating high frequency radio energy on the pilot of the aircraft and literally making his blood boil. This can be made to work at very short range, as when a steak is cooked in a high frequency oven, but sufficient energy could not be concentrated at distances of miles or even fractions of a mile. Even if the requisite energy could be concentrated, it would first be necessary to detect and locate the hostile aircraft. Almost as quickly as he saw that the death ray would not work, Watson-Watt realized that a radio ray, in the form of pulses of short duration, could obtain the desired information. It was chance that the inquiry came to Watson-Watt, but, as Pasteur said, chance favors the prepared mind.

Profit, oftener than necessity, is the mother of invention, but in the case of radar the sequence was the proverbial one. Although the beginnings of radar long antedated the fascist threat to Britain, it was the imminence and magnitude of that threat, in contrast to American feelings of security (exaggerated then as feelings of insecurity are exaggerated now), that accounts more than anything else for the fact that in February, 1941, when the first Ameri-

can SCR 268 came off the production line, the British had already turned out more than a thousand radar transmitters.

Subsequent American contributions to radar have been great and Watson-Watt does not minimize them. If proof is still needed that technological élan is not confined to any one nation, he supplies it. The obtuseness of technological bureaucrats is equally universal. Were it not so, radar could have been invented in Britain several years earlier. In 1931 two "bright young men" — Watson-Watt does not give their names — connected with the War Office Signals Experimental Establishment, proposed a scheme for finding the distance and bearing of a ship by radio reflection. The answer was that they could carry on researches, if they cared to do so on their own time, provided that on each occasion they obtained a pass authorizing their presence in the laboratory after hours. In 1925 King George V in person had asked the Admiralty if a radio system analogous to acoustic underwater detection might not be feasible. The department of scientific research dismissed the royal suggestion. "No," Watson-Watt remarks, "is one of the most dangerous words in any language."

He is at his best in his analysis of one of the most melancholy chapters in American military history, the radar fiasco at Pearl Harbor. During the United States Fleet Problem in the spring of 1938 the aircraft carrier *Saratoga* launched a surprise air attack on Pearl Harbor from a position a hundred miles distant. The Japanese merely copied this war game in 1941. It was successful both times. The United States had five operational radar stations in Hawaii in November, 1941. The Honolulu *Advertiser*, on the Saturday following Thanksgiving, carried a headline, "Japanese May Strike at Weekend," and on December 6, "Japanese Navy Moving South." But from 4 AM to 7:30 AM on December 7 only a telephone operator and a young Air Corps lieutenant were on duty at the Signal Corps Information Center, which was to serve as a radar plotting room but which was not equipped to plot anything, except perhaps crossword puzzles. The lieutenant had no instructions of any kind. He had never seen radar in operation and knew nothing about it. When the incoming Japanese aircraft were detected by two Signal Corps privates and he was notified, he told them, in effect, to "forget it." Asked at the Congressional hearings, "Why were you up there at all?" he answered, "Sir, I really don't know."

The lieutenant was not at fault and finished the war as a lieutenant colonel.

His superiors, the commanding general and the admiral who didn't speak to each other, were the ones who bequeathed to the people of the United States the Pearl Harbor trauma which still makes rational assessment of the country's military hazards perilous to anyone who undertakes it.

The same mistake will not be made again, but worse mistakes will be made if a third world war is permitted to occur. As Churchill says, war is little but a catalogue of errors. And today the scope for mistakes is enormous. With missiles, atomic explosives and radar systems available in abundance, the opportunities for blunder of World War II will be dwarfed.

Watson-Watt supplies a good many little-known facts and correctives, if anyone cares to make use of them. One hallowed theory which he disposes of is that technological advance is indissolubly linked with private enterprise. If private enterprise's borrowings from publicly financed research were nullified, the whole technological structure would collapse. The British wartime radar development was led by civil servants and university professors from beginning to end. Watson-Watt refers to himself as "thirty years a Civil Servant, now a socialist in 'private enterprise.'" The quotation marks are his.

*The Pulse of Radar* is provided with a glossary but lacks an index, an inexcusable omission in a book of its kind.

## Who Gives

Hushed waves of muttering  
lap the dumb cathedral stone  
when to an inscrutable river  
the suppliant turns in awe  
fluent as may be that bounty  
hoped for and flowing in legend  
through icon and stained glass.  
But they that stare at tinted stream  
unbidden dare not cross  
nor put their trust to questioning:  
Who asks; who gives; who receives—  
the wish denied or half-fulfilled.

In such a tide, unctuous and edgeless,  
my bright childhood angel drowns.  
That tall, self-sufficient angel,  
alien to this wine-dark atonement,  
was once possessed and as possessive  
as my cat usurping the softest bed  
knowing in way of her own survival  
all she needs to know:  
Whom to ask, what to give, and  
when to slip in feline pattern  
along the way of broken stone  
where her kind is absolute  
and dizzy mice extravagant.

MAY MILLER

*The Nation*

## Alive on Cyprus

*BELOW THE TIDE.* By Penelope Tremayne. Houghton, Mifflin. 192 pp. \$3.

**Robert Hatch**

THE AUTHOR of this account spent a year on Cyprus at the time of the EOKA terror; she is a woman of striking and varied excellence. She is not a professional writer, but has a marked gift for expression — one of those really rare examples of the heroic personality which can also record the substance and quality of a period of high action. Her publishers tag Miss Tremayne as courageous — a perfectly accurate and in the circumstances perfectly banal designation. Courage by itself would have carried her nowhere at all in Cyprus two years ago. She possessed a much more effective weapon — a scornful belief in human beings. Threats and violence frightened her; more important, they struck her as being basically fraudulent and she advanced on them in a dogged conviction that they were chimeras. She did not so much walk into situations as through them — she kept moving, psychologically, and she survived.

Miss Tremayne had been asked to go to Cyprus with the Red Cross, not because she was trained in that work but because she spoke colloquial Greek. And because she knew the language, she spent comparatively little time in metropolitan Nicosia and was for the most

### Obsolete

I'm going to drive up  
to the gate and tell him  
to take the knock out  
of the motor and the bump  
out of the spring  
and straighten  
the bent-in side,  
repaint the body  
and put in new upholstery.  
I'll pay him a fair price.  
I've sat behind this wheel  
ten years, I don't need  
a new car, I just need  
repairs. This fellow  
will blow up, he'll go mad,  
he'll want to beat me up,  
his eyes bloodshot, his voice  
thick to know  
if I'm a wise guy,  
with him standing  
in front of his new cars;  
and if he pulls me out  
and beats me up  
I'll know damn well  
he's admitting  
he can't make me obsolete.

DAVID IGNATOW

part stationed in outlying mountain villages. EOKA was organized on a village basis, and she well knew that some of her neighbors wore two faces. But what they would not admit, she would not admit; courtesy and the scruples of honor are so deeply founded in Cyprus that they easily encompass matters of life and death: Miss Tremayne succeeded in making her own continued life a point of decorum. That, for example, was why, when prowlers were trying her latches night after night, she did not remove a ladder that was conveniently at hand in the garden. It leaned there against a lemon tree as a sort of talisman for the English girl and her daytime Cypriot friends; what happened at night was obviously ritual, and would remain ritual while the ladder stood there to prove it. Tact, when you live as the lone hostile in a community burning with national pride and triggered to irresponsible violence, is a much more valuable attribute than courage.

Miss Tremayne came face to face with violence early and often during her year in Cyprus. She saw men horribly killed, she was present when bombs exploded, she helped to fight forest fires pointlessly started (it was Cyprus that suffered), she mentions mean and cruel ways in which anonymous extremists abused their countrymen as a means of fanning hatred of the persisting British. Miss Tremayne understood the quiet, almost delicate, pride of the Cypriots and sympathized with their touching faith in union with Greece; but for the men and methods of EOKA she expresses nothing but disgust. In this she is not entirely logical, because many of the village men for whom she had warm regard were undoubtedly powerful within the movement she despised. She made exceptions for her friends — or said to herself that insofar as they showed her friendship they were not typical terrorists. Perhaps they were not — or perhaps the remorseless adventurers the author thought of as "they" did not really exist. The tragedy of Cyprus was not unique. It obeyed the terror pattern that we know will emerge whenever imposed authority is disputed by guerrilla nationalism. It is at least as old in our own tradition as the Deerfield Massacre. When the situation is apt, men do monstrous things, but it is no explanation to call them monsters.

Just in the last few weeks, great and encouraging things have happened for Cyprus. A solution has apparently been found — a solution so obvious that one wonders why it took the British and the Cypriots so long to stumble on it. Curiously, the changed situation has almost



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no effect on one's response to *Below the Tide*. That is so because it is written with lively art and directed, for all its political asides, to the behavior of people, not of states. What preoccupies the reader is the community feeling of the

island, the light strength of its people, the men and women who by winks and smiles, raised eyebrows or murmured words, let the author know that, though her life hung by a thread, the thread was as strong as her faith in them.

## THEATRE

### Harold Clurman

GEORGE FARQUHAR's *The Beaux Stratagem* (Phoenix) might be set down as a hit of the 1707 London commercial theatre. It has the requisite topical material of the period: jokes about highway robbers as well as about impoverished gentlemen seeking adventures (including marriage) to extricate themselves from their embarrassment; also, jokes about country wives who long for the capital and about uncouth husbands who smoke, swill and swear to excess. The jests border on the licentious but, because the eighteenth century was to turn sentimental after the bawdy Restoration days, no actual adultery is committed and all the play's naughtiness is marked by a rural jocularity.

What *The Beaux Stratagem* has in addition is a freshness and lightness in dialogue, a witty dryness of expression which prevents its material from growing stale. I have seen the play several times

in England and now at last here, and have always had a pleasant time.

The acting style for this play comes more naturally to the English than to us because English society hasn't so much changed as to make the eighteenth century seem a totally different world from the one known to the present-day Englishman. Everything before 1914 seems almost mythical to Americans, so if an American production of an eighteenth-century comedy has something about it of a college romp with a dash of native vaudeville, we should not deplore the fact. The play still comes smiling through in its not untalented "translation" on East 12th Street.

*REDHEAD* (46th Street Theatre) may not be a good musical but it is an attractive show. It would be easy but not quite accurate to say that its sole attraction is Gwen Verdon. The complete

absurdity of the show's plot has been turned to advantage. The more ridiculous the plot became the better I liked it. At the end the show seemed to have developed something approximating a "style" of its own — that of a kid's entertainment akin to the merry hell of a Keystone comedy. The director-choreographer, Bob Fosse, ably seconded by a nice cast and Rouben Ter-Arutunian's clever sets, has transformed what might have seemed hopeless material into stage fun.

None of this could happen without the pivotal presence of Gwen Verdon. She has an extremely ingratiating speaking voice, a lovely figure, fine eyes; she dances delightfully and acts with charming spontaneity. Yet all these attributes, valuable as they are, do not explain the "mystery" which gives her — or any almost similarly endowed player — a star quality. Beyond all the separate gifts, there must exist a special element which crystallizes the others and makes them function with a particular fascination.

Ethel Merman, for example, possesses the hearty vulgarity of metropolitan restaurants and night spots; Judy Holliday, the slightly wounded honesty of the half-educated but feeling city girl; Julie Andrews, the dewiness of the old-fashioned music-hall favorite who still retains the fragrant atmosphere of an English garden. Gwen Verdon exemplifies the gay side of our contemporary theatre: she is a gem of light-hearted but consecrated show business — precious through its integrity and its bent toward self-perfection. Hers is a backstage sense of play and romance. Gwen Verdon is a Broadway dream.

PERHAPS the kindest way to characterize *God and Kate Murphy* by Kieran Tunney and John Synge (54th Street Theatre) is to call it an Irish mish-mash.

Kate Murphy, loving mother of two sons, has crippled the older one by preventing his becoming a priest (a profession to which he has always felt the call), while she torments the younger one into entering the priesthood which has never really attracted him.

We are given to understand through the older boy that Kate Murphy is "the mother of all Irish mothers." What particularly is wrong with Irish mothers? According to the evidence of the play they are, besides being greedy and dominating to the point of unscrupulousness, ruinously fanatic Catholics.

This may be a bit thick but what is even more troubling is the authors' treatment of their basic premise. For the older brother, who wholeheartedly believes in his religion, persuades the

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younger one — newly ordained as a priest — that it would be wrong to renounce his vows even though the young man has made it abundantly clear that he never felt anything much about his religion, is spiritually unequipped to make it his vocation and passionately prefers to marry a young girl from whom his mother has perversely separated him. Still the young man decides to go off to become a missionary in Africa — either because he has had a last-minute conversion to his faith or simply to get away from his infernal mother.

Is this irony or pathos? What a missionary the young priest will make, being devoid of any religious sentiment! And is the older brother, who speaks of Ireland as having seen the light of Catholicism and the need to redeem the benighted Africans, while he heaps filial (as well as national) contempt on his mother for personifying the sins of her country, to be viewed as a sympathetic or even a credible figure? Apart from the fact that the play's ending is wholly unconvincing, its moral and intellectual confusion is exasperating.

The play is well acted by Maureen Delaney and John McGiver, who have the only amusingly written parts, and by Mike Kellin, Larry Hogman, Lois Nettleton whose parts are miserably written. Fay Compton strikes me as disastrously miscast. She is villainously directed to play the villain.

## ART

### Maurice Grosser

WISHING to see again some of the museums of New England, I profited by a week-end in Massachusetts to visit the Wadsworth Atheneum of Hartford, the Smith College Museum in Northampton, the Worcester Museum, and the art museums of Springfield — as many stops as one week-end would permit.

The smaller New England museums have a color all their own. Rich as they are in works of art, they do not pretend to be treasure houses. Their aim is not so much to own art as to show it. Primarily educational institutions, they do not attempt to direct taste; they exemplify it. For the most part they are privately endowed, and thus independent of state subsidy and popular favor; as disinterested members of the republic of arts and letters, they direct themselves solely to that solid social class so important in New England — the college educated. They are as characteristic of the region, and as admirable, as

the New England school teacher, and just as different one from another.

Of those I visited, the Wadsworth Atheneum is the most sumptuous. Its collection is the most important, its establishment the most urbane. The entrance hall with its Baroque marble fountain was expressly designed for elegant functions and civic displays (the ball held there in 1935 with paper costumes and decorations by Tchelitchew is still remembered) and its Avery Memorial Theatre was inaugurated by the first performance of the Stein-Thomson opera, *Four Saints in Three Acts*.

The principal part of the Atheneum's collection is known to New York from having been shown here last year at Knoedler. It contains one of the best Rembrandts in America — a portrait of a young man, hard, handsome, determined and secretive; one of the most striking of all the Zurbarans — a *Saint Serapion* in the white robes of his order, fainting in chains; and a beautiful panel by Goya of two women conversing, in his cheerful, early, tapestry-cartoon style. The museum is rich in Baroque and Mannerist paintings which A. Everett Austin, its late director, was one of the first to esteem. There is a surprising number of first-rate pictures by comparatively unknown names. Contemporary pictures are numerous and well selected and include the collection of *Ballets Russes* designs, both scene and costume drawings which Serge Lifar inherited from Diaghilev. Everything connected with the institution is marked by a taste that is at once lively, distinguished, bold and up-to-date.

most spectacular pictures, an enormous unfinished Courbet and an even larger unfinished Degas, were certainly acquired for the light that such uncompleted work throws upon a painter's methods. The Courbet — *La Toilette de la Mariée* — is an elaborate and spacious composition, six by eight feet, with some fourteen figures. It is painted with a flat brutality that is surprising in so highly skilled an artist, and almost makes one suspect that the picture had been carried further than Courbet left it, by a less skillful hand. The Degas — *La Fille de Jephthé* — is more convincing. It has rich warm color, a biblical setting, and numerous figures in every degree of finish. Since the picture has not been completely pulled together, the subject and action are by no means clear. It nevertheless remains one of the most interesting of Degas' early works and the largest and most elaborate he attempted in the Beaux Arts Competition style.

Along with these are Bonnards, Vuillard, a fine Cézanne and one of the best of Seurat's preparatory paintings for *La Grande Jatte*. There is a sketch for a *Maréchal de France* by Hyacinthe Rigaud; an unexpected gray and green landscape, by Gauguin, of the Paris suburbs; a spectacular imaginary view of the pyramids by Hubert Robert; an equally romantic *Nocturne* by Eugène Berman, and one of the finest of the 1920 Cubist Picassos. The French part of the

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## MEETING

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Amer. Friends Service Comm.  
NY Saner Nuclear Policy Comm.  
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**WANTED:** I need secretarial and editorial assistance for putting into final shape a book-length manuscript that gives extremely important, never-disclosed facts about the case of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg—facts that can rip that “closed” case wide open. My immediate need is for a typist to type up revised copies of the manuscript and an editor to give it a critical look, the work to be paid for when the book is published or earlier if I can manage it—that is, if I can get the funds.

The manuscript is tentatively titled *The Suppressed Facts in the Rosenberg Case* and it centers on what sounds like idiocy or madness—the alleged betrayal of a world-shaking secret in 1945 and the sealing of an alleged copy of that secret in 1951 by the Rosenberg trial judge at the request of the Rosenberg defense attorney. The gist of what the facts convey is that the avowed foes of the Rosenbergs were engaged in a horrible miscarriage of justice while their avowed friends were engaged in the concealment of information that could have transformed the hostile climate of opinion on the case—and still can.

### How do I come by the facts?

I am one of the “intruders and interlopers”—the quote is Judge Kaufman’s—who, over the resistance of the Rosenberg defense attorney and defense committee, forced their way into the case with action that came within a hair’s breadth of snatching the Rosenbergs from death. My intrusion began in November 1952 when I published a pamphlet criticising the conduct of the defense, and it climaxed on the 17th of June, 1953, when a petition in my name as “next friend” of the Rosenbergs obtained from Supreme Court Justice Douglas that world-stirring last-minute stay of the execution.

The Rosenberg case is responsible for dangerous confusion in millions of minds, confusion that could work tremendous havoc if an unscrupulous demagogue decided to make use of it in a time of national tension. In the opinion of qualified people who have read my manuscript, its publication could go a long way towards the clearing of that confusion. Three world celebrities—Albert Einstein, Lion Feuchtwanger and Lewis Mumford—had read early drafts of the manuscript and gave it high praise in their letters of comment—Einstein thought it “excellent.” More recently Stephen H. Fritchman, the distinguished Minister of the First Unitarian Church of Los Angeles, after reading the manuscript, included in his letter of comment: “You have done a tremendous service to the cause of human justice in preparing this material. I am appalled at the implications . . .”

Not least among the implications is the fate of the surviving codefendant in the Rosenberg trial—Morton Sobell, the young scientist who is serving a 30-year sentence on the flimsiest evidence and the testimony of a self-confessed perjurer. My manuscript has a revealing chapter entitled “The Crime Against Morton Sobell.” The defense efforts made on his behalf in the past five years have centered on a legalism that left the public as cold as the courts—the issue of whether the Government used proper or improper means for effecting his arrest. Since Sobell was tried jointly with the Rosenbergs for one and the same conspiracy, an effective attack upon the foundation of the case against the Rosenbergs is bound to undermine the case against Sobell.

Involved in my manuscript are other important issues that have relevance to the progress of truth, freedom and justice. With adequate secretarial and editorial assistance it could be ready for publication in a month or two. Those in a position to help, please address:

**Irwin Edelman**

G.P.O. Box 463

New York 1, N.Y.

collection is supplemented by works from other schools, such as examples of American and English 18th century portraiture and English Romantic landscape. As one can see from the works cited, the pictures at Smith have been chosen with an eye to their value as typical or instructive examples.

THE Worcester Museum is a handsome building in a classical Renaissance style. It is richer and older than Smith; its scope is also wider.

From the main entrance hall with its Roman mosaic pavement from Antioch, one moves through a series of ascending galleries, from Egyptian and Mesopotamian, through Classical and Oriental, and so on to the work of today. The early exhibits, though not numerous, are carefully selected, — a wonderful Catalan 12th century altar frontal, for example, a particularly fine Cambodian head, and enchanting Persian miniatures. Later painting has a more copious display. There is Piero di Cosimo’s delightful *Discovery of Honey*, with all the fauns and satyrs banging pans to drive the swarm of bees, and Bacchus and Silenus thoroughly enjoying the excursion. There is a *Diane de Poitiers*, perhaps by Clouet, pale and bejewelled at her dressing table. There is a *Bergamask Captain* in black on gray by Morini, and two wonderfully cheerful Hogarths of a Mr. and Mrs. William James, so pleased at being painted.

The museum is rich in early American portraits (fine ones by Christian Gulligher whom I have not encountered elsewhere) and in 19th and 20th century Americans. One remembers especially a beautiful Whistler of a woman in a short, fur-trimmed jacket, painted in easy, liquid brushwork; and a late Monet of *Waterloo Bridge* in a purple dusk. The moderns include a well-known boy in profile by Picasso, a monumental standing nymph by Braque, and the various styles of abstraction. The whole establishment has something of the municipal dignity of New York’s Metropolitan.

SPRINGFIELD has two art museums. One, the George Walker Vincent Smith, has nothing of this intellectual elegance. Erected in 1895 to house the Smith collection, it is a dusty period piece, a monument to a taste now gone out of fashion. Amidst its armor, porcelains, bronzes, Renaissance-style furniture and other *objets d’art*, hangs an oil depicting Mr. Smith himself, his kindly face set off by a snowy two-pronged beard, and his severer wife, surrounded by their treasures. Some of the Oriental objects he amassed may be very fine — I am

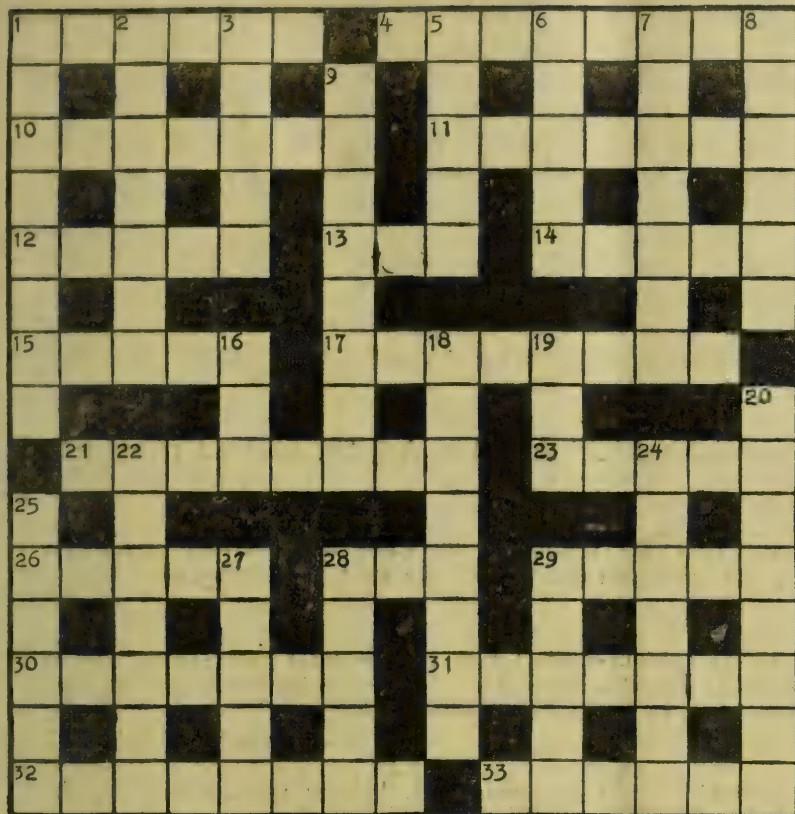
not capable of judging — but the statuary and pictures are without exception dreadful: polychrome marble busts of Germanic warrior maidens, Canova’s *Queen Elizabeth* with ruff in bronze, and justly forgotten American and Italian genre painters of the eighties in massive gilded frames. One wonders how any collector in that vigorous age of painting could have guessed so consistently wrong.

The real museum in Springfield, the Museum of Fine Arts, is quite another matter. It is a fairly recent institution. The building itself dates from thirties and is in the severe, uncorniced Rooseveltian post-office style of the time. The collection is perhaps less rich than Worcester’s, but has a remarkable piety. One remembers, for example, a 14th century Catalonian *Fall of Simon Magus* by Domingo Valls, in which the presumptuous ecclesiastic is ridden in his fall by three black spiky demons, while saints and gentlemen watch from below in scandalized disapproval. Here is the only Guardi portrait I have seen — a young boy in the blue and gold brocaded uniform of a Venetian military academy.

There is an exceptional Courbet of *M. Nodler the Younger*, an intense and unpleasant student-intellectual; and a quite wonderful unfinished painting of a vivid young man with palette and mahlstick — obviously a self-portrait by a painter — but here attributed to Delacroix as a study for a portrait of the Baron von Schwinter. The 19th and 20th century American group includes among its examples of *trompe l’oeil* John Haberle’s torn *20 Dollar Bill* — the most deceiving I have seen. There is a fine collection of American primitives, the grandest being the fantastic and enormous nine-by-thirteen foot *Historical Monument to the American Republic* by Erastus Salisbury Field. This, a mad architect’s dream, presents an edifice with ten pinnacles and becolumned marble towers, linked at the top by ribbons of girders, adorned with numbered bas-reliefs and statues illustrative of events in American history, the whole surrounded by trees, lawns and visitors in 1880 costumes, and enlivened by inscriptions in biblical, prophetic and topical vein. Pictures such as these, perhaps not the most valuable but each in its way unique, and chosen with an odd and humorous acumen, are what give the Springfield Museum its particular distinction. And museums such as this, not the richest, perhaps, but numerous and well directed, are what most clearly reflect New England’s intelligent preoccupation with art and culture.

# Crossword Puzzle No. 811

By FRANK W. LEWIS



## ACROSS:

- 1 Skate, for example, expected to be quiet. (6)
- 4 Was 3 down their next-to-last? (8)
- 10 What he does if his corset's too tight is a center of uncle's trouble! (7)
- 11 Does one have a capital hiding place, if somewhat less than most wealthy? (7)
- 12 and 13 Gets a certain amount of help otherwise denied as aiding the cause. (8)
- 14 Make 30. (5)
- 15 See 29 down
- 17 Nippers — or is their capacity larger? (8)
- 21 Approaches the extremities, but about equal — and measures both. (8)
- 23 Drop a sort of Bostonian snipe, by the sound of it. (5)
- 26 and 28 Discovers no response upon calling, evidently. (5, 3)
- 29 Certainly not 29 down and 15. (5)
- 30 How the ogre's wife ended up in the doorway? (7)
- 31 The model of a rather well-turned bird? (7)
- 32 Set off with a school partner around.
- 33 Saturday or Sunday might be a bad time for getting something done. (3-3)

## DOWN:

- 1 Is a snail somewhat like a phoney

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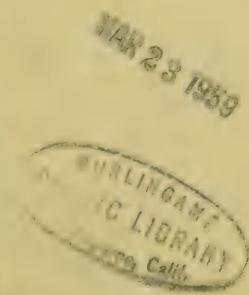
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# LETTERS

## Mr. Lieberman's Critique: Pros and Cons

Dear Sirs: The two recent articles by Myron Lieberman ["Four Myths Cripple Our Schools," Feb. 28; "Let Educators Run Our Schools," March 7] have been among the most thought-provoking articles on public education which I have read for a long time. I am particularly impressed by (and agree with) his thesis that national control of education is not *per se* bad. The important question is: Under a national system, who would the policy-makers be, what would be their professional background, and by whom would they be selected?

I am impressed by *The Nation's* understanding of such questions.

WILLIAM H. FISHER  
Superintendent of Schools  
*Las Vegas, Nev.*

Dear Sirs: I don't know how attention can be focused on Mr. Lieberman's articles. But I do know that he has made the most sensible statement on the subject of local control of public education that I have ever seen.

ROBERT M. HUTCHINS  
President, The Fund for the Republic  
*New York City*

Dear Sirs: Professor Myron Lieberman correctly distinguishes a simple yet crucial cause of most of the backwardness in America's public schools today: a lack of money. Much more emphasis must be given (and I hope he gives it) to the central problem of raising these needed funds. The substitution of a broadly based tax structure for the present discriminatory taxes on real property for the support of schools seems to me the unqualified first step in overcoming the dollar deficiency. Local property owners are asked, unfairly, to contribute an increasingly greater share of the financial burden of school support, while an overly large percentage of the population that escapes paying any direct educational tax increases in size. Little wonder the overburdened often take out their resentment by supporting ill-founded, emotional criticisms of their schools. In our local school system, there live actually millions of people, not unwilling nor unable to support financially public education, who never have been asked directly to do so.

Unfortunately, a federal education tax has gained little support among educators. For instance, much of the con-

tent of courses in school administration, as well as the efforts of teacher's organizations, are devoted to the public-relations problem of discovering techniques to create a public-spirited or non-hostile acquiescence to the further extension of property taxation, rather than laboring for taxation reform. Seldom is any radical or essential change of the present tax structure seriously broached by educators. A revolutionary, yet simple, idea such as a provision for an educational-tax section in the federal income-tax form, which would make each person responsible for the financial support of public education to the best of his ability, receives at best cold indifference. This, I feel, reflects the characteristic conservatism of teacher groups toward the financing of schools.

Rightly enough, there seems small chance for such tax equity as long as the myth of local control perpetuates an obsolete economics. In turn, without a fundamental change in the tax structure, how can the myth be destroyed?

PATRICK GROFF  
Assistant Professor of Education  
*San Diego State College*

*San Diego, Calif.*

Dear Sirs: Myron Lieberman's articles are the best and most easily understood explanation of our school problem I have seen anywhere.

W. C. MEYER  
*St. Louis, Mo.*

Dear Sirs: Mr. Lieberman's frontal attack on our local-control system of public education is a perfect example of "throwing out the baby with the bath." He mentions only the weaknesses, not the benefits, of a system which has raised American schools to the peak they now occupy among school systems the world over.

Its chief weakness can be corrected by Federal Aid to Education, which can equalize educational opportunity in the poorer states. . . . If Dr. Lieberman read some of the studies of the Institute of Administrative Research at Teachers College, Columbia University, he would see that local control, however cumbersome, encourages initiative and innovation and gets the best returns for the dollars spent.

(MRS.) CLARA BLITZER  
*New York City*

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## EDITORIALS

### The War Between the States

As the war now stands, the principal antagonists are the sovereign states of New York and California, and the front lines are held by their respective delegations in Congress. It is always difficult to discover who started a war, but in this instance California seems to be entitled to its well-known reputation for initiative. On January 19, the California delegation in the House formed a united-front committee pledged to halt the loss of defense contracts by the state's industries, electing Rep. Harry R. Sheppard (Dem.-Yucaipa) as chairman. Rep. Donald Jackson (Rep.-Santa Monica) pointed out that an aircraft manufacturer in his district had fallen from third place in the national ranking to thirty-seventh place, while Rep. Chet Holifield (Dem.-Montebello) complained that an aircraft manufacturer in his district faced contract cutbacks. Rep. John F. Shelley (Dem.-San Francisco) charged that Senators Magnuson and Jackson of Washington were trying to divert California's defense business to their state.

As in every war, solidarity on one side provoked solidarity on the other. Senators Jacob K. Javits and Kenneth B. Keating, Republicans of New York, began drafting a bill to increase the number of contracts awarded on the basis of competitive bidding, and took steps to form a bipartisan committee of Senators and Representatives from New York to "check on available defense contracts, inform contractors of opportunities and seek the Administration's cooperation." Thereupon the California delegation adopted a resolution accusing "New York interests" of trying to "pirate" defense contracts from the West Coast. Mr. Keating termed this "preposterous," and pointed out that, according to Defense Department statistics, \$20.3 billion worth of defense contracts out of a total of \$24.0 billion awarded during fiscal 1958 was placed without formal bidding. This was under the "systems engineering" approach which, if not invented by California, is as dearly beloved there as the sunshine. Systems engineering holds that modern weapons are so complex that the Defense Department has no choice but to turn procurement over

to a trusted prime contractor who, more often than not, is in California.

If there are any neutrals in this war, they might ask a pointed question. When Congressmen cry out for larger defense spending, is it defense they really want—or business, profits and employment for their home districts (i.e., votes for themselves)? It might look like the latter, but this cannot be so, for it was substantially what Nikita Khrushchev said a few days ago, and everything Nikita says must be a lie. In this instance, we only wish it didn't look so much like the truth.

### Our Ally

If the average newspaper-reading American were asked to characterize Syngman Rhee, he would probably depict him as a selfless old man who has spent his life in the service of his country. He would no doubt also give thanks for Rhee's services as a military bulwark against the nefarious North Korean and Chinese Reds. And he would say that of course Rhee is a democrat. The truth is that Rhee, much like Chiang Kai-shek, has never hesitated to spill the blood of his countrymen in the service of his own ambitions. His idea of democracy is rule by thugs who beat up and murder his opponents. Every institution in South Korea is subservient to him, and his Supreme Court has upheld the sentence of death passed on Cho Bong Am, head of the outlawed opposition party, the Progressives, who twice ran against Rhee for the Presidency. South Korea has been in a state of acute political crisis since Rhee forced the passage of a so-called national-security law against subversives, a law which is actually designed to maintain a one-party state.

To cover up his atrocities, Rhee has raised a demagogic uproar against the Japanese, who tried to return to North Korea some Koreans, mainly paupers, who preferred life in North Korea to destitution in Japan. Back in 1953, on the ground that every man has the right to choose his own domicile, Rhee broke the Korean armistice agreement; now he threatens the use of force against the Japanese if they act on the same principle. If he

had his way, the Korean War would promptly be resumed; all that stops him is American logistic control. He is an affliction to the American military advisers stationed in Korea, a burden to the American taxpayer and a menace to the peace of the Orient transcending even that of the Communists against whom he incessantly rants. The State Department helped to set him up as a dictator. Is it powerless to get rid of him? If so, all one can say is that we can cope with our enemies, but who will save us from our allies?

## Foreign News Versus the Comics

The case of Syngman Rhee shows how readily the publicity media can create a stereotype of an individual (or a people) which has precious little connection with reality. Some phases of the general problem were discussed early in March at a meeting of about 100 newspaper, radio and television executives held under the auspices of the University of Missouri School of Journalism. One would conclude from the proceedings that, simply to shield the reader from facts which are unpleasant or disquieting, or which seem to call for some slight mental effort, the truth is sometimes distorted or, more often, evaded.

AP and UPI executives complained that their wire services were sending out far more foreign news than their clients were printing. AP's Frank J. Starzel said, in the words of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, that "Editors were prone to want the news served up in neat packages, set forth in terms of win or lose, black or white." He cited the case of a series of articles about Red China, written by Dr. Sripati Chandrasekhar, an anti-Communist Indian. Many papers failed to use the material. When the AP made inquiries, it was found that, although the series was anything but favorable to Red China, the editors felt it was not unfavorable enough. They feared that the few good things the writer reported—there were some—might be offensive to their readers. These editors may be right, and the capacity for self-deception of the American public may indeed be limitless. But if so, why are newspapers so widely read? Why don't the customers confine themselves to comic books, or TV Westerns? Why does the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, which does print the news, prosper year in, year out? "The readers stay uninterested because they never see the news," said one editor, and if that is not the whole explanation, it is at least a part of it.

## Fast Work

Last week, in a cynical mood, we suggested that it would not be long before Congress acted to nullify the Supreme Court's 9-to-0 decision on February 24 upholding Internal Revenue Service regulations under which advertising for the purpose of lobbying is not tax-deductible. Hardly was the speculation in print be-

fore the legislation was introduced—by Rep. A. J. Forand, second ranking member of the strategic House Ways and Means Committee. The bill, H. R. 5193, would permit companies to deduct the expense of lobbying ads if related to a measure "duly submitted to the electorate on an issue affecting the business of the taxpayer." On its face a rather narrow escape hatch, it can easily be broadened in the course of hearings and debate. Ordinarily a measure introduced at this date would not have much chance of passage in a crowded legislative session, but we do not hesitate to predict that Mr. Forand's bill will be given the very highest priority. We are also confident that his timely rescue efforts will be given prompt and vigorous endorsement by a press which, with a few exceptions, ignored the Court's decision.

## The Haitians Need Help

In the chaos that prevails in Haiti, American influence, prestige, good faith and self-interest, not to mention our capacity as a people to react to acute human suffering close at hand, are directly at stake. If this chaos is not to bring on a major disaster, two basic Haitian needs must be met at once. The first is for food. The arid northwest coast has had almost no rain since Hurricane Hazel struck the island in 1954. Trees stand stark and leafless; even the weeds are gone. There is very little money in circulation; people cannot afford medicine even at cost price; donkeys and other animals are starving—and nearly half of the four million Haitians who live in the area are not much better off than the donkeys. For us, food presents no problem; we might even save a few million dollars in warehouse charges by rushing some of our vast agricultural surpluses to the Haitians.

The other need, for political stability, cannot be solved so easily. President François Duvalier insists that we should make large loans and grants to his regime and, at the same time, take steps "to assume full responsibility for maintenance of peace in the Caribbean area." But even close supervision of large-scale American aid would not necessarily achieve political stability in Haiti. The country is in a state of siege. Four "oppositionists" have been killed by Duvalier's police thugs in recent weeks. Fully aware of Duvalier's shortcomings, the State Department has nevertheless decided to "shore up" his regime. Such a policy only compounds earlier mistakes. The legality of Duvalier's title to the Presidency will not stand inspection and he is now opposed by a broad coalition that represents two-thirds or more of the people. Like most dictators and usurpers, he is cordially hated. Moreover, Castro's victory in Cuba has not only strengthened Duvalier's opposition; it has provided them with a convenient base of operations only fifty miles away.

Under the circumstances the State Department should abandon the notion of "shoring up" the Duvalier regime and negotiate an early "disengagement." A first step would be to withdraw the American military mission now in Port-au-Prince. It is not large, but even a single Marine on Haitian soil is interpreted by the Haitians as an indication of American support for Duvalier. Parallel with such a move, we should insist on early elections, under U.N. supervision, with proper safeguards against intimidation. To extend large-scale aid to Duvalier with no commitments on civil liberties and elections would be egregious folly.

What Haiti needs, we repeat, is food today, free elections tomorrow.

## The American Way

The Chrysler Corporation announces that its small car is ready to roll, but adds (through spokesman-president L. L. Colbert) that it will not appear on the road until Ford and G.M. are also ready for the big plunge. Mr. Colbert, the contemporary model of American free enterprise, is not one of those hopped-up Horatio Alger chaps who love to catch the competition napping. A refined game of "After You, Alphonse" is more to his taste, and not all the Volkswagens from Bangor to Pasadena will turn him into a reckless captain of industry.

## That Air Alert

The Congressmen who are telling the Strategic Air Command how to run its business do not have an impressive number of hours in the air. Apparently, if they had their way, something like half of our grand total of 2,000 bombers would always be flying. Thus we would supposedly be preserved from the imminent peril of a Russian air attack on our cities and bases. This is strategic nonsense; but since generals are taught to be polite to Congressmen, they seldom speak so baldly, at least in public. The truth is that the crews to maintain a substantial part of our bombers in the air do not exist. If they did, the only effect would be to wear out the bombers. An air force is not a squirrel cage which, if there are only enough squirrels, can be kept in continuous rotation. It is a vastly complex mechanical, electrical and electronic system which needs constant overhaul to keep it serviceable. If the system is over-flowed, it becomes unserviceable. Experts estimate that of the total bomber force, 200 to 400 (probably a number nearer the former) could be kept flying for any length of time, while with the present fifteen-minute ground alert, at least 600 are always ready to take off. For whatever deterrent value bombers have, the present system, under present conditions, is two or three times as effective as any which might satisfy the Congressional alarmists.

## MR. MURROW LIFTS THE LID

## SEX AS A SELLING AID . . . by Eve Merriam

SUPPOSEDLY, Mrs. Samuel Johnson entered her husband's study one afternoon and discovered him with housemaid a-lap. "Why, Samuel," his wife exclaimed, "I am surprised!" "Not at all, my dear," he replied with the nicety of his lexicon background, "it was I who was surprised. You were astonished."

Many Americans continue to be astonished at the presence of prostitution in our culture, yet rarely is the profession surprised by law enforcement or by a determined citizens' campaign. This is probably not to be deplored, since prostitution per-

se is scarcely the pillar upon which the whole house of hell hinges.

During recent years the incidence of venereal disease has lessened to a considerable degree. This does not mean necessarily that trade is down, but rather that sulfanilamide is up. How prevalent is the trade as of today, U.S.A.? Statistics cannot of course be ascertained, but New York police records reveal that violations in the three fields that are customarily associated — prostitution, narcotics and gambling — were substantially higher in 1958 than in 1957. Since the total of arrests is always the merest-sized token, it is plausible to assume that unrecorded violations ran into complex figures.

The number of women, however, making their living directly from the life does not constitute a decisive

voters' block; nor are call girls as influential as they would seem to be according to the glamorous build-up currently under way to make them out the Auntie Mames of the power trusts. Their work is not always steady, the clientele shifts, fees are erratic, there are obvious hazards, and take-home pay after what is given over to the procurer, pimp, landlord, and fancy and plain-clothes colleagues may average little more than a union job at a soberer trade. Even in the \$100-an-engagement bracket, a few may be able to afford the mutation of mink, the culture of pearls and the couch of psycho-analysis, but they have not added to their charm bracelets any international oil combines or railroad and banking mergers.

They are engaged by industry, to

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be sure: in an age of Organization Man there is a place for Accommodation Woman. Still, they are only one of many cogs that keep the big wheel spinning. On the whole, the rather commonplace device of using sex to advance business deals has, by now, been put in its modestly proper perspective by the Bureau of Internal Revenue. Deductible or non-deductible? That is the pertinent question about the wages of sin.

Therefore, to the majority of the audience that tuned in, the recent CBS documentary broadcast produced by Edward R. Murrow and entitled "The Business of Sex" came with all the shock value of last year's calendar. The information imparted—about the retaining of madams on monthly corporation payrolls, and the employment of climaxes to relieve tension and help climax sales—was strictly in the this-is-no-news department to any worldly listener. Understandably, the volume of mail and telephone responses ran very little higher than for any other sustaining show the network put forth, and the proportion of 80 per cent commendatory letters to 20 per cent opposed was about normal.

THE WORD *SEX*, though, contains built-in jumping beans, and the morning after the broadcast night, things began hopping. Loew's theatres in New York had a small-time picture, *Party Girl*, playing the neighborhoods. Immediately the exploitation office at headquarters swung into action with streamers and blow-ups proclaiming "All N.Y. Is Talking About That 'Party Girl' Radio Program." Television and night-club comedians set their gag writers to working on variations of what *Variety* referred to as "the three M's of the week—Madam, the Mann Act, and Edward R. Murrow." The Associated Press and United Press International each sent out a thousand-word report of the broadcast to their subscribers, and the *New York Post* published the entire fifty-five-minute script in installments over a four-day period.

Headlines from coast to coast had a gala; as charges and counter-charges were hotly flung about, it got to be like real cool. The Hearst

papers unleashed a congeries of reporters, columnists, cartoonists and editorial writers to demand that Murrow apologize for defaming business ethics, intimating that he might well be tried for treason, since his "unsupported smear against American enterprise, the prestige of New York City and the reputation of its police force" would be "a prize package for the propaganda machine of international communism." Against the broadcast's "unsupported" smear, they brought forward genuine rebuttal evidence produced by the *Journal-American*'s own poll-taking. "I have never seen the slightest bit of evidence in my firm or in any firms in the same field to support the statements made on this broadcast," said one company spokesman. And, "utterly unbelievable," said the public-relations representative of another corporation. "We would not even acknowledge that such unproved practices are encouraged or permitted anywhere." Finally, to crown the poll, "A public-relations man with one firm declared the picture Murrow attempted to portray is 'laughable. At the upper levels of big business today, everybody watches his step very carefully,' he said. 'Why, most of us are afraid to go to the races, let alone get involved with procuring women.'"

The senior citizens of the N.A.M. took off on another gambit of outrage. Never mind that Murrow was giving aid and comfort to Khrushchev; there was a more diabolic plot involved. Noting that this "innuendo, smear, snide implication and unsupported accusation" came from the man who had once dared attack Senator McCarthy, they warned that the broadcast was a Machiavellian attempt to divert public attention from the corruption of labor unions.

The Associated Press interviewed a sampling of executives in banking, manufacturing, oil, steel and utilities. Total result: out of twenty-two individuals queried, twenty-two replied that they had never heard of any company's employing prostitutes to increase business.

Lines of inquiry to police chiefs and mayors of cities across the country produced another overwhelming group of nays. On the West Coast,

Mayor Norris Poulson of Los Angeles: "I have no knowledge of such practices in Los Angeles"; Milwaukee's Police Captain Harry Kuszewski: "Those who come here for conventions, meetings and on business, and who feel desire for such things, complain that 'there's no fun available in Milwaukee — no girls available'"; Rochester (Deputy Police Commissioner John Rein speaking for the chief): "The call-girl situation here is very dim. We have very little, if any. We have a clean town"; U.S. Attorney Hubert L. Teitelbaum, in charge of the Pittsburgh district: "Certainly there are some indications that sex entertainment is afforded for business purposes. How widespread the practice is I do not know. I've never heard of anyone being on the payroll for that purpose."

Meanwhile, back in Manhattan where the broadcast had originated, everybody was, as *The New York Times* said, reacting in character. There was a surety about the step-by-step procedure, as with the dialogue leading up to the song numbers in a pre-*Oklahoma* musical comedy. While the-business-of-sex brouhaha lasted, a sweet nostalgia filled the air; you felt as though you were hearing a tune from the Jimmy Walker era played on an old hand-crank phonograph. The players in the charade were lovably familiar. There was the firm-jawed Police Commissioner, Stephen P. Kennedy, issuing a stern warning: "If sufficient evidence can be obtained against any businessman who is using call girls for business, he will be arrested and subjected to prosecution." And to aid in obtaining such information, the commissioner added an urgent appeal to the public: any employees of business organizations knowing of the call-girl system in their companies should get in touch with First Deputy Police Commissioner James R. (no relation) Kennedy by telephone or in writing. Dial direct CAnal 6-2491; mail orders receivable at headquarters.

Then there was the judiciously cautious judge's reaction. Said Chief Magistrate John M. Murtagh: "I could not help but feel that at least some of the material was based on impression rather than factual knowl-

edge. . . . I have sometimes been asked where in the world the best job has been done about combatting the practice, and my answer has always been 'right here in New York.'"

There was the go-for-broke determination of the district attorney's office. Said James O'Leary, press secretary for District Attorney Frank S. Hogan: "We are going over the transcript of the broadcast to determine if anyone involved in the show, or any of those quoted, have any factual information about vice in New York. We're not concerned with vice anywhere else."

THERE were also the ruminative remarks of Earl Wilson, New York Post's conductor of statistical surveys: "Fake! Fake! screamed B'way today about the big vice scandal . . . HOWEVER, I know personally that the wife of one Hollywood near-celebrity DID furnish herself and other girls from a deluxe 5th Ave. 'house'. . . . Another sharp girl 'auditioned' to 'book the talent' for a corporation—and made good, real good. And — for the deviationists — there was a 'call boy ring.' Credit cards — billing for drinks and dinners, not girls — were honored." (Mr. Wilson was recuperating nicely from the depressing effects of his recent trip to England, where he had been shocked by the open flaunting of sex for sale. "Brittania no longer rules the waves," he had summed up on his return to these shores. "Instead, she waives the rules — of conventional conduct and decency." Clearly, open solicitation in the streets was no way for a mother country to behave; it was good to be back home again with more daughterly items for his column.)

So the headlines huffed and puffed until even the tabloids got worn out from shouting. The topicality of the subject has palled; about the only place where its newsworthiness remains is in the novelty stores along Times Square where out-of-towners can purchase made-to-order newspapers with their names included in the headlines. At latest report, the best seller was still "Joe Doakes Hits Town; Call Girls Overworked."

To be sure, the use of sex as a commodity to help sell other com-

modities is not always a cause for merriment or *laissez faire* on the part of all members of American society. When the General Electric Supply Company sales convention of two years ago in Newark was revealed as having hired Nedda Bogart to furnish call girls as part of the company's standard kit for salesmen, many wives of the men who attended the convention became irate. The human electricity in the air had to be grounded, and it was: a huddle with a firm of top-notch public-relations counselors, and a positive rather than a negative approach was decided upon as best suiting the situation. Plans were formulated for at least one sales convention a year to include the wives from that time on. Moreover, it was arranged that these meetings be held at some fun-in-the-sun spot for the distaff side as well, such as Florida or Las Vegas. (There would be nothing improper about Las Vegas, surely, for the decree of 1906 had long been repealed; no longer did the district attorney's office post notices to the effect that "saloons maintaining or running in connection with places of prostitution or employing women to solicit trade on commission or otherwise, must pay a license of \$500 in addition to the regular saloon license." Rather, the wives of the salesmen could enjoy the healthful outlook produced by the advent of cleaner H-bomb testing, where the Chamber of Commerce was sponsoring a young lady known as Miss Atomic Blast, attired in a Bikini, the bra featuring an 88-carat diamond

called "Spellbound" and the panties displaying another gem entitled "Spirit of Hope.")

As far as can be noted, internal relations at the General Electric Supply Company are now quite all right. In any case, there was no boycott of any of the company's products on the part of dealers or consumers, and many an American could empathize with the explanation of company executive Lewis E. Rinker, who testified at the court trial in February, 1957: "I did it because it was part of my job" — adding that he understood the girls' services had helped sell seven carloads of appliances.

If the operation had fizzled, and sales had not increased, there might be some justification for complaint. It was evident, however, that this was no mixing of pleasure with business; it was a bona fide business legitimacy. Our salesmanship economy is at a fearsomely competitive level, and ill fares the people's capitalism where wealth accumulates and sales delay. All knights must to the jousting; the lieutenant of General Motors who went buckoing around Madison Square Garden last autumn, blasting a six-shooter and shouting "You Auto Buy More" was hardly in a more dignified position than Mr. Rinker.

In the case of the General Electric Supply Company, all's well that ends well for everybody concerned, since even though there was sufficient evidence to convict Mme. Bogart, the all-male jury acquitted her. As one of the jurors explained some-



Drawing by Palladino

what apologetically to one of the reporters after the trial, they felt it wasn't quite fair to convict her and let all the men get off free. This is a radical departure from the prevailing gentlemen's code of conduct where, in any prostitution raid, the women are found guilty and the men released without their names being revealed. This may seem like simple sex discrimination, but it is really noblesse oblige toward women and children. We must at all times maintain the sanctity of the home and protect the institution of the family. Since most of the men who patronize prostitutes are married and fathers to boot — well, as a chivalrous male, you would not want anybody's wife embarrassed at the next P.T.A. meeting. Besides, the notion of the female as a Niagara and the male as the salmon leaping upstream against his will has a venerable and still-revered place in our patriarchally-oriented society. St. Paul was scarcely the original Mister Misogynist, and although we have come far since his burning edicts, advances in morality are not our principal concern. As the latest General Electric advertisements state, "Progress Is Our Most Important Product" — progress in sales. If the hiring of call girls is a helpful adjunct to that progress and can unload seven carloads of appliances onto already overstocked dealers, then may seven times seven fructify your future.

For where, in an earlier, less taxing period of business competition, there could be a postprandial celebration over the fact of the dotted-line signature, today it often has to come before, as the *apéritif*. The use of sex-for-hire as one of the devices to get the stubborn hand relaxed enough to fill out the order pad is merely one of many available aids. Expected bribes and pay-offs run a wide gamut, with "lush entertainment" (feminine companionship there subsumed) only one item in the listing. *Sales Management* reports that in addition to vicuna coats, Oriental rugs and free hotel suites, there are less publicized but more common items of exchange such as guns, whiskey, hand tools, sporting goods, radio and TV sets, fire-protection items, electric shavers, fishing tackle, clothing, appliances,

paints, gift certificates, amateur radio gear and vacation trips. The reasons given by *Sales Management* for salesmen extending such bribes sound most plausible: "To retain the business" (29 per cent); "to obtain a bigger share of the business" (51 per cent); "to break into the prospect's firm" (55 per cent).

As the "free world" contracts, and as international trade is curtailed by cold-war policies, the domestic market has to loom larger than ever; it also becomes harder than ever to keep on getting a larger share of that market. If you don't exert yourself to go on making it larger, it will shrink. It is not only in Looking-Glass Land that you have to keep running fast to be able to stay in the same place.

*FORTUNE* extols the miracle of "the new All-American market — the moneyed mass middle-class rising"; more customers for what they now refer to as "the wonderful, ordinary luxury market." They find that "millions of Americans enjoy their great Christmas foray into the luxury market, but this market is by no means a seasonal curiosity. What has happened is that luxuries in the U.S. are becoming unexceptional, habitual, functional."

It might be more accurate to note that in the drive to distribute these luxuries, many practices — with the use of sex-for-hire as only one trick under the counter — are becoming unexceptional, habitual, functional. In the shape-up for sales to come, the device of hiring call girls may be one of the most innocuous that will be employed to keep the trade wheels turning on the home scene.

For *Fortune* is forced to recognize that "the wonderful, ordinary luxury market" is not just there for the taking. As they see it, "the challenge to business is to keep up with the market's potentialities not only by making and selling more of everything, but by improving, varving, and adorning everything — by blurring still further the already blurred line that distinguishes Americans' luxuries and Americans' necessities."

It is not so easy to keep blurring that line when four and a half million Americans are out of work, and

when a rise to five million or more unemployed is predicted for the future. Salesmanship is going to have a hard sell on its hands.

All kinds of ingenious ways and means will have to be found to fit in with the thesis advanced by John Kenneth Galbraith in a lecture on "Economic Power in the American Setting" before a Polish audience. In what is surely the epitome of understatement, he declared that "Profits are still an important test of performance in our business system." More of a clue may be had in the remarks of Dr. Theodore Levitt, marketing adviser to Standard Oil of Indiana and other corporations. Speaking before the Harvard Graduate School of Business, he titled his remarks, "The Dangers of Social Responsibility," and came swiftly to the heart of the matter:

The point is this: The businessman exists for only one purpose, to create and deliver value satisfactions at a profit to himself. He isn't and shouldn't be a theologian, a philosopher, an Emily Post of Commerce. His job is ridiculously simple. The test of whether the things he offers do indeed contain value satisfactions is provided by the completely neutral mechanism of the open market. If what is offered can be sold at a profit (not even necessarily a long run profit), then it's legitimate. The cultural, spiritual, social, moral, etc., consequences of his actions are none of his personal concern.

It is rather a relief to know that there need be no further worries about distinctions between okay and non-okay bribes. *Chacun à son coup*. Those with an over-cultivated taste for the spiritual, social, moral and etcetera consequences of actions will simply have to learn to include prostitution as one of the facets of our many-splendored business system.

It should not be so difficult to broaden our threshold of tolerance. In our salesmanship economy, the treatment of sex as a commodity cannot really be interpreted as a perversion of our dominant ethos; it is a perversion of it. Sex is part of the come-on pitch in everything from automobiles to soup mixes; why should it not be carried to its logical conclusion and be incorporated as part of the business-deal pay-off?

# TWO-HEADED ARAB WORLD . . . by Edward Wakin

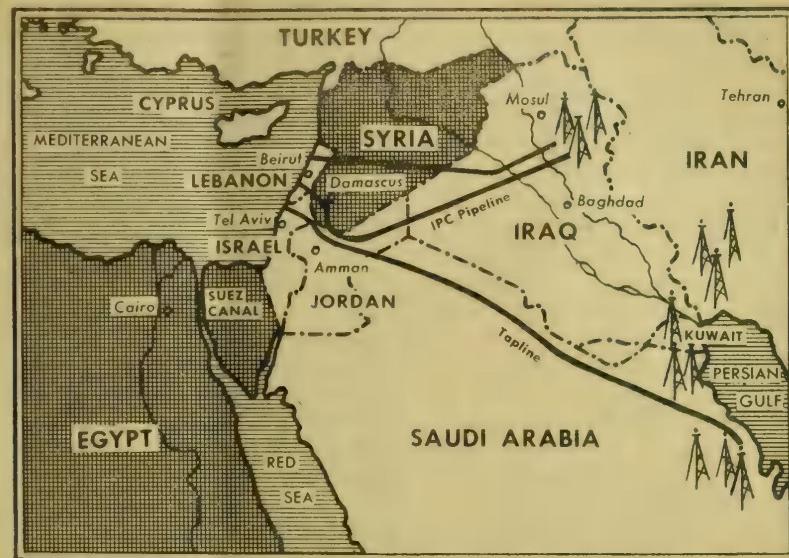
FROM THE EDGE of a Saudi Arabian oasis to the bar of the Nile Hilton, foreign policy in Middle East countries seems to owe much to the Arab proverb: "My brother and I will fight my cousin . . . my cousin and I will fight the foreigner."

In its current application, the proverb revolves around Syria-Egypt (brothers), Iraq (cousin) and the West (foreigners). This translates into two parallel competitions which are taking place, regardless of Arab propaganda and the cold war. Two versions of Arab unity are competing, each championed by erstwhile rivals, Baghdad and Cairo, each trying to use East and West as pawns.

For Syria and Egypt, the dream of Arab unity lies in the direction of strong centralized rule and they have set the example in the United Arab Republic under Gamal Abdel Nasser. For Iraq under Abdel Karim Kassim, it lies in close cooperation, even federation, but not loss of sovereignty.

This is a pat view of the current Middle East charade, but applicable even to the latest outburst in Iraq with its typical paradoxes. It explains how a rebel colonel in Mosul turns against a Baghdad regime friendly to the Communists and toward a Cairo regime which is also friendly to the Soviet Union. It explains how Egypt can call all Arabs brothers and then try to undermine fellow Arab nations like Jordan, Lebanon, the Sudan and now Iraq. It puts in perspective Cairo's purge of Egyptian Communists side by side with its courtship of Kremlin diplomats. By removing our Dulles-tinted glasses, we can see the competition of Baghdad and Cairo and of two versions of Arab unity. Difficult as it is, we must accept that the Arabs are more interested in their cold war than in ours.

My favorite case in point is a Syrian political chameleon and sometime vice president of the United Arab Republic, Sabri al-Assali. Since



Syria and Egypt have just celebrated their first wedding anniversary, it is fitting to speculate whether el-Assali is still cheering a merger he helped engineer. A few months ago, in Cairo where he was given a handsome office, he was accused of conspiring to do with Iraq — in 1954 — what he actually did with Egypt. Pursuing, like other Arab leaders, the dream of unity, he had tried to arrange a merger of Syria with Iraq.

The sin for which he was denounced by Egypt was not loss of virtue, but his original choice of partner. As it turned out, Nasser took Syria out of the crescent-shaped shadow of unity with Iraq, Jordan and even Lebanon. The traditional drive toward such geographical unity has always excluded Egypt — a discordant theme to set before Nasser.

Long before Nasser's rise, Arab commentators pointed out that the Middle East had been hoping for the rise of an Arab Prussia to unify the Arab world. Egypt is strenuously putting forth the view, and it has been widely accepted, that the Arabs are waiting for Nasser.

According to this view, any Middle Easterner opposed to Nasser is opposed to Arab nationalism and unity, two emotional stimulants second only to anti-imperialism in potency. That powerful psycholog-

ical weapon has been used against Kassim, just as it was used against the predecessor he liquidated, Nuri as-Said.

When Nuri federated Iraq with Jordan early last year, he challenged Cairo on a very vulnerable point: the natural joining of adjacent kingdoms with cousin-kings in contrast to the unnatural merger of Syria and Egypt. The federation almost had everything—oil, blood relationships, geographical and political compatibility, expectations of Western aid and backing.

It is ironic to recall the official optimism for Nuri's action which I heard one day in the office of Khlosy Khairy, a Jordanian and the federation's Minister of State for Foreign Affairs. Nasser, he said, is using merger by force instead of federation by free choice; his aim is to control rather than administer. "In the long run, ours is the really popular way to Arab unity," he said.

A month later the Minister was in Baghdad when Iraq's July revolution ended his federation and its chance for "popularity" in the long run. For, as a matter of fact, Nuri's Iraq regime and the federation had everything but popularity. In other words, it had eevrything but Gamal Abdel Nasser.

On the other hand, the Syrian-

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Egyptian merger was handicapped by the fact that both countries are separated by Jordan and Israel. The merger joined Syria's prosperous, free-enterprise economy with Egypt's state-controlled, deficit economy; it joined the xenophobic Syrian with the newly inflated Egyptian. But the merger had Nasser, the cement that so far is still strong enough to bind.

Nonetheless, the shadow of the Fertile Crescent and Greater Syria unity still darkens the merger. If Syria is lost to Nasser, he will probably never recover his chance to dominate the Middle East.

Kremlin support, with accompanying guns and economic credits, are necessary to this dominant role. Yet, at the same time, Nasser has to crush native Communists for two reasons. They oppose his control of Syria and they also represent a propaganda weapon in Cairo's traditional competition with Iraq. In effect, the West and anti-Communist Middle East countries have been told that Nasser is an ally against Communist subversion, while Kassim has been soft on the Communists.

One can only speculate how much Iraq could reduce Egypt's "shock" at softness toward Communist agitators merely by letting pro-Nasser Nationalists have a free hand to bring Iraq into the Egyptian web. Clearly, both Iraq and Egypt are trying to use their local Communists as pawns in their competition.

Meanwhile, the rule book of Arab nationalism requires lip service for unity with Iraqi cousins as well as Syrian brothers. "We will never allow imperialist agents or opportunists to drive a wedge between the U.A.R. and Iraq," Nasser said recently.

The ultimate enemy, as always, is the foreigner, Nasser reminds the Iraqis. The Westerner might point out that the new Iraq under Kassim agrees with the old Iraq under Nuri on a basic point: opposition to Egyptian hegemony in the Middle East. Even Nasser's denunciation of the doomed Baghdad Pact was mostly a matter of his power struggle with Iraq. By the summer of 1958, Nasser was strong enough not only to attack pro-Westerners, but also to condemn Arabs who reject Cairo.

For long-term policy decisions, instead of the frustrating game of Who's-in-the-Minaret, the United States must resolve the question of whether the Nasser way is going to win out, as his supporters insist. The choice is between the undeniable and often irresistible appeal of Nasser and the glacier-like movement toward a natural geographical unity involving Iraq, Jordan and Syria.

The latter's pull toward Baghdad for economic, political and emotional reasons still remains strong enough to present a constant threat to the U.A.R. Moreover, it is possible to speculate that the Iraq-Jordan federation would have already re-ap-

peared if it were not for a major psychological hurdle created by the July Iraq revolution. The murder of King Faisal is too much for his proud cousin, Hussein of Jordan, to accept for now, and to do so would violate the strong family loyalty required of Arab leaders. If Jordan and Iraq still have a strong gravitational attraction to one another, and if Syria is still far from Egyptianized, then the pull of Arab unity toward Baghdad or, at least, away from Cairo, is underlined.

The argument against Nasser's long-term success runs this way: Egypt is dominating Arab nationalism and the drive toward unity in an imperialistic manner. It does not have the natural advantages of geography and economics, or even tradition, on its side. Even Syria, Nasser's first success, is chafing under his rein. Egypt lacks the administrative machinery to run such an empire and is also pushing the area toward dictatorial control.

The immediate problem would be solved by a cooperative Nasser; and the State Department seems inclined at present in this direction. Once we show favoritism for Nasser, we may, in effect, commit ourselves to the ultimate gamble that Cairo will win over Baghdad. But the strange case of Sabri al-Assali is a reminder of the dangers of over-commitment, what with today's brother likely to turn up as tomorrow's cousin and enemy.

## THE REBIRTH OF KRUPP . . . by James Stewart Martin

FOURTEEN YEARS ago this February, I went to Germany. My job was to undertake a program to end the "excessive concentration of economic power" then vested in a handful of German industrial firms, banks and cartels. For three years, as head of the Economic Warfare Section of

the Department of Justice, I had pursued investigations into the affairs of giant firms like I. G. Farben-industrie, Siemens, Krupp, Mannesmann, Vereinigte Stahlwerke and others whose managements had bankrolled Hitler. Based on such findings, President Roosevelt had said, "Defeat of the Nazi armies will have to be followed by the eradication of these weapons of economic warfare."

My superior at the time, Attorney General Francis Biddle, then told the Kilgore Committee: "I propose that

we break the power of the German monopolistic firms. The purpose of such a program would not be to destroy German economic life in its entirety, but to put its industries into a form where they will no longer constitute a menace to the civilized world."

Today, the spectacular rebound of Alfried Krupp, his repudiation of restrictions on further mergers and expansion of his firm, and his eye-opening proposal for a \$200 million investment in Canadian iron ore to provide more steel to Russia, have

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again focused attention on German economic concentration.

On this subject it is easier to generate heat than light, so it may be best to begin with a summary of what has been happening. Headline topics in recent months have included: (1) proposals to integrate much of Western Europe into a common market area, with elimination of tariff barriers; (2) Germany's imposition of a protective tariff on coal to keep out imports from the United States; (3) Krupp's repudiation of the war-crimes decree that would have required him to divest himself of his coal and steel holdings by January 31, 1959; (4) Allied approval of Krupp's purchase of the Bochumer Verein steelworks, which he has merged with his Rheinhausen steel firm in a combine that will account for over 25 per cent of German steel production; (5) the proposed deal by which a consortium headed by Krupp would put \$200 million into Ungava ore development as part of a three-way agreement reportedly reached by Krupp, Cyrus Eaton and Russia's Mikoyan; and (6) a rash of recombinations and regroupings in German steel, chemicals, electrical equipment and banking, which brings back together Thyssen and Phoenix as key parts of the old Vereinigte Stahlwerke; will combine Bayer, Hoechst and Badische of the old I. G. Farbenindustrie; will divide the electrotechnical industry among Siemens, A.E.G. and I.T.&T., and the banking business among the old Deutsche, Dresden and Commerzbank groups.

THESE HAPPENINGS raise policy questions on which debate can be expected. One is the question of German economic revival, as distinct from the concentration of control over the revived German economy. Much current comment seems to equate revival of Germany's productive economy with letting firms like Krupp push their way into dominant positions. A related question is that of the ability of the German Government and the European Coal and Steel Community to control the tendency toward concentration of power. A *New York Times* dispatch in February said, "The consensus is

that the High Authority of the six-nation European Coal and Steel Community has sufficient power and responsibility to prevent unhealthy concentrations of industrial might in West Germany." If it does, of course, it will be the first time in history for any authority anywhere. Another report, in *Time*, quoted Chancellor Adenauer: "There is a great future danger that a handful of economic structures will control the German economy to such a degree that government will be forced to take drastic steps against them." If the Chancellor said that, it must rank as the most fatuous comment to date on the whole subject.

Finally, we have the question whether certain "indispensable men" like Alfried Krupp, Friedrich Flick and other released graduates of the Nuremberg trials must necessarily be the ones to steer the new industrial mergers and consolidations, even if it should be granted that nothing can be done about the re-concentration itself.

IN HISTORICAL perspective, we are not dealing with something new. Spengler was neither the first nor the last to point out how the creative human types who build cultures are eventually replaced by manipulators who, in the name of profits and efficiency, push rapidly toward centralization and concentration of power. Not all historians agree that this centralization leads inevitably toward dissipation of energy and capital, and eventual disintegration of the very structure it was supposed to support. But there is enough doubt to make it worth while to ask these questions: First, is the concentration of control over industry actually indispensable to healthy economic recovery and growth, or is it something that comes *afterward* — when the plums are already ripe for plucking? And secondly, are the headlined individuals who presently stand in the shoes of the fabled Ruhr barons personally indispensable to the German economy?

One thing that makes it hard for Americans to understand what is happening is that we do not have in the United States exact counterparts of men like Krupp, Flick, Willy



Alfried Krupp

Schlicker and other German operators. The nearest we come may be in a few headliners who always turn up in proxy fights — operators who take over a corporation, milk it and then move on to bigger adventures. Such men, unlike the Ruhr barons in their homeland, command little respect here; they operate generally far below the top levels, and they are too much in-and-out to become real industrial barons.

That Krupp is a skillful operator can scarcely be denied. Consider, for example, how he arranged the stages of the Bochumer-Rheinhausen merger in spite of the war-crimes decree. First he started to "comply" with the decree by selling his Constantin the Great coal mines to Axel Wenner-Gren, the Swedish millionaire adventurer who has been a perennial cooperator in the cloaking of German holdings during wartime, and in the evasion of postwar controls. After World War I, he helped Alfried Krupp's father get control of the Swedish Bofors munition and steel works, so that Krupp could get around the Versailles Treaty prohibition against German armaments manufacture. In the present case, Wenner-Gren acquired control of Bochumer Verein, and had Bochumer buy the Constantin coal mines after he had purchased them from Krupp. Then, after Krupp obtained

High Authority approval of his merger moves, Wenner-Gren sold the Bochumer - Constantin properties back to Krupp.

Granted that Krupp is a shrewd operator. Aside from the fact that he stepped into control of a vast family fortune, however, why is he personally considered so important to the German economy? When I first saw him in 1945, his story was that all through the prewar period, and during the war, he was too young to know much about what was going on in the works. He was only thirty-four when Krupp plants were employing slave laborers from concentration camps in the "extermination through work" program — which he somehow managed to phrase as if it were a fringe-benefit program for the workers. In short, his story was that of an innocent, new to the game; shy, retiring, hesitant, unfamiliar with the setup, not entirely aware of the decisions others were making.

KRUPP TODAY maintains the same attitude of shyness, though he is fifty-one. He has been running the firm only since his release from prison in 1951, if we are to credit his disclaimer of full prewar and wartime authority. The executive drive that is carrying the firm today is gen-

erally attributed to Berthold Beitz, picked by Alfried as general director in 1953. At that time Beitz, forty years old, knew nothing about steel. He had formed an insurance agency in Hamburg after the war, and before the war held a minor job in a bank.

Somehow this does not add up to a picture of experienced management whose services are essential to German economic recovery. "Krupp denies aim is bigger empire," says one headline. "Krupp promises new addition to his empire will be last," says another. Krupp himself says the Bochumer merger is "an inevitable technical process necessary to compete." What it does seem to add up to is a picture of a hard-hitting crew of operators getting set to elbow their way to the top of an already thriving economy. We should keep in mind that when the Krupp firm began its drive for expansion about four years ago, Germany's spectacular economic recovery was already history. The central fact is that the present wave of mergers and the re-concentration drive by the firms that backed Hitler started after Germany was on its feet. And it is no answer to say that Krupp is only doing what other German firms are doing, because the list of the firms that are doing it now is simply a roster of the same firms that did the same thing before.

IF THAT much of the old pattern is being repeated, what else? In the midst of the excitement over the Krupp merger came the announcement of a West German tariff of nearly \$5 a ton on imported coal, designed to cut off about nine million tons scheduled for shipment from the United States in 1959. The immediate aim is said to be protection of the German coal industry; coal from the United States can be delivered anywhere in Western Europe cheaper than European coal. This is an ironic reversal of the usual story that the United States needs tariffs to protect our economy against products of cheap European labor. It is also reminiscent of a noteworthy situation after World War I, when German firms in the Ruhr concentrated on building up

an essentially high-cost industry based on German coal and imported iron ore from Sweden, Spain and Newfoundland. They did this to make up for the loss of the more efficient plants in Lorraine, which had gone to the French under the Treaty of Versailles. The German government subsidized the high-cost Ruhr plants, and the Ruhr coal mines withheld shipments of necessary coal to the French mills. The combined result was the eclipse of the French industry and the emergence of the German as the dominant force in European steel. This dominance was then perpetuated through the International Steel Cartel, with headquarters in Luxembourg. The cartel, it is said, was not revived after World War II; instead, we have the European Coal and Steel Community, with headquarters in Luxembourg, which approved the Krupp merger plans in the belief that it retains adequate power to deal with any "undue" economic concentration that might arise.

Meanwhile, as of the end of January, we had a rash of stories and editorials on the theme that a new view was needed of Krupp and all the other "cartel" firms in West Germany. Time, it was said, has changed the Germans from a menace into a valuable ally; and therefore we have to change our "anti-trust" attitude toward the key German firms. Typical comment ran something like this: The West has more to fear from the spread of Soviet communism than from a revival of Hitlerism; and therefore we need the strength of West Germany. It would be impractical to require Krupp to sell his steel holdings, because it would be hard to find a purchaser. But—and here is the twist in the argument—Krupp's present holdings cannot survive and compete unless he is allowed to expand and integrate his holdings by absorbing certain other producers. (The ability of German firms to "compete" in the last eight years has been quite evident to anyone who has watched firms like Krupp, Mannesmann, Siemens and others walk away with Central and South American markets in steel products, machinery and the like.)

Also, the argument continues, the



St. Louis Post-Dispatch  
"Tall Oaks from Idle Axes Grow."

Mannesmann firm has been allowed to re-integrate; some six parts of the old I. G. Farben trust are re-integrating; so are principal pieces of Vereinigte Stahlwerke, and so on. Why pick on Krupp? Besides, the West German Government has laws against the revival of cartels, Economics Minister Erhardt is known to advocate competition, and the Coal and Steel Community has strong controls available. It is admitted that firms like Krupp may wield monopoly powers, and could form a part of a newly aggressive Germany. But the best hope in this case, it is said, lies in a democratically strong German government, and a peace-preserving sense of European unity.

A tougher line of pro-Krupp comment goes like this: The original policies against concentration of control over German industry were framed in the wake of World War II, when the Allies also imposed a limit on German steel production. This limitation was scrapped when Germany joined the Coal and Steel Com-

munity. Today the more steel Germany makes, the better, because it is now a partner in the North Atlantic Alliance and in the European Economic Community (common market). The original aim was to reduce German military capacity and to curb the political power of the industrial trusts. Today, Germany is a valuable ally whose industrial capacity is a Western asset. Therefore it is only natural to drop the old policies as both unworkable and undesirable today. (The false premise here is that concentration of control is necessary to efficient production, and that the original policies against concentration of economic power had either the purpose or the effect of limiting production or impairing productive efficiency.)

THE EASE with which Krupp and Mikoyan appear to have found a common ground on which to work for their mutual interests should at least give pause to some people. Commentators have talked easily about West Germany's position as a

buffer against Russia. It has been assumed that West Germany can be developed best as a buffer if the old crowd is allowed to regain control of German industry.

In this context, it is surely an oversimplification to assume that the pattern of reconcentration being followed in Germany is nothing more than the drawing together of isolated bits into integrated enterprises modeled after industrial firms in the United States. A small group of very determined men has far more to say about the pattern in West Germany than any one group of eco-political operators has ever had in the United States, even in the day of our own "robber barons." The signs are that Germany is headed toward more complete concentration of control than the prewar Ruhr barons ever dreamed of. Under these circumstances, it is questionable whether a European common market can develop in reality as anything more than a broader base for a power play by these regrowing German industrial complexes.

## VOICE of the AMERICAN BAR... *by Daniel M. Berman*

THE RESOLUTIONS on the Supreme Court adopted recently by the American Bar Association should occasion little surprise. For many years now it has been clear that the A.B.A. could merge with the Daughters of the American Revolution without any drastic revision of its credo. It was only to be expected that, sooner or later, the association would adopt the Daughters' practice of including an incantation against the Supreme Court in its liturgy [see "Kill the Umpire!", *The Nation*, March 7, page 197].

By asking Congress to nullify the effect of recent decisions involving communism, the A.B.A. has acted in accordance with its traditionally

conservative political principles. But if the organization's ideology has undergone little change during its eighty-year history, the extent of its influence has not remained static. Its power and prestige have expanded steadily as its numerical strength has increased; in the past six years, membership has almost doubled and its annual budget is now in excess of \$1 million. Some Congressmen fairly jump to do its bidding. There is little doubt, for example, that its recent resolutions have greatly increased the probability that new legislation will be adopted to combat the Court's decisions on communism.

Even closer than the A.B.A.'s rapport with Congress is its relationship with the White House. President Truman instituted the practice of asking the association's Committee on the Federal Judiciary, as well as the FBI, to pass on the qualifications

of candidates for district- or appeals-court judgeships. An unfavorable recommendation from either would doom the candidate's chances. Under President Eisenhower, the arrangement has been continued. Last year, Bernard G. Segal, chairman of the A.B.A. "clearance" committee, told the association: "It is difficult to see how the liaison between our committee and the Attorney General's office could be better or more satisfactory than it is now."

Until 1956, the A.B.A.'s veto power over judicial appointments did not extend to the Supreme Court. Thus the association's committee played no part in the selection of Chief Justice Earl Warren in 1953; and at the time that John Marshall Harlan was nominated, the group's function was limited to the presentation of laudatory testimony before the Senate Judiciary Committee. When the

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name of William J. Brennan was brought to Eisenhower's attention in 1956, however, the President wanted to know what the A.B.A. thought of him. Attorney General William Rogers has disclosed that the nomination was held up until clearance could be obtained.

There is no indication that in evaluating a candidate, the committee considers anything except his professional qualifications. But "professional qualifications" may be a difficult term to define, especially in the case of Supreme Court justices, wherein social vision is at least as important as legal competence. The very existence of the A.B.A.'s veto power, unaccompanied by any responsibility to the public, invites abuse.

PRESUMABLY, Congress and the President attach importance to the association's views because they consider it truly representative of the legal profession. The presumption is open to some serious doubt. Despite the success of its recent membership drive, the organization has not yet enrolled even a bare majority of American lawyers. Former A.B.A. President E. Smythe Gambrell has openly expressed perplexity over the fact that while members of professions with "less prestige and position in the community" flock into their associations, lawyers stay away from the A.B.A. in droves. For instance, more than 80 per cent of doctors and dentists belong to their respective national organizations; and even the American Institute of Accountants has done better than the A.B.A. in enrolling members.

The organization's failure in this regard is especially striking in the light of its bargain-basement dues. Under a sliding scale, freshman lawyers are assessed only \$4 annually for two years, and the most any member has to pay is \$16. A free subscription to the A.B.A. *Journal* is thrown in, too.

In 1936, the association made what appeared to be a valiant effort to broaden its base by creating a second governing body — a House of Delegates — to which the various state bar associations, previously unaffiliated with the national organization,

were entitled to seats. Groups like the American Judicature Society and the Association of American Law Schools were also granted House seats if one-fourth of their members were in the A.B.A.

Hopes that creation of the new governing body would result in democratizing the association, however, proved vain. Some A.B.A. members think that it actually made matters worse by introducing petty state kingmakers into the councils of the national organization. In any event, a leap of faith is required if one is to believe that the House of Delegates is really representative of the entire American bar.

There are factors to indicate that the association's older and "lower" governing body — the Assembly — is not necessarily representative, either. By giving Assembly seats only to those who register at the annual convention, the constitution excludes about three-fourths of the total membership. The only lawyers who attend conventions are those rich enough to desert their practices for a week and pay — or get a wealthy client to defray — the considerable expense involved.

The annual meetings, therefore, are no more the impecunious lawyer's dish than the resolutions which emerge are the impecunious layman's. Particularly on economic questions, the A.B.A. usually manages to avoid antagonizing anybody's rich client. In 1933, for example, it began an extensive — and successful — campaign to block a Constitutional amendment which would have ended child labor. For decades, it has promoted a Constitutional ban on the graduated income tax.

IT IS NOT only on economic issues that its rightist leanings have been displayed. For sixty-five years, the organization was lily white — except for three Negroes who were admitted in 1912 because of an error. Then, in 1943, the convention resolved that membership "is not dependent on race, creed or color" and dropped a provision in its by-laws which had permitted Southern members of the Board of Governors to blackball Negro applicants. But even today the Negro membership is still very

small. On the school desegregation decision of 1954, the association's *Journal* has generally followed a blandly impartial line, publishing articles both pro and con. Concerning human rights on a world scale, the association is less equivocal. It is four-square against the international conventions on both human rights and on genocide, and claims credit for the failure of the United States to ratify either.

As a matter of fact, the A.B.A. has a marked isolationist tinge. It is true that it has had some internationally-minded leaders and Charles P. Rhine, its immediate past president, campaigned tirelessly for the extension of legal principles to world issues. But in 1956 the organization refused to appoint an observer to the U.N. And one of its past presidents, Frank E. Holman, is credited with authorship of the A.B.A.-supported Bricker Amendment, which would curb and possibly kill the federal government's power to make treaties. In 1950, the association voted to oppose the International Trade Organization on the ground that Congress had no right to delegate control of national fiscal policy to an international body.

SUCH consistently conservative policies have naturally made the liberals in the A.B.A. restive. Their dissatisfaction led, in 1936, to the formation of the National Lawyers' Guild. The Guild, however, never constituted a real threat to the A.B.A.; even during its New Deal heyday, its membership never rose above 7,000. In the 1940s, conflicts within the small organization resulted in the resignation of some of its ablest members and leaders.

Attorney General Herbert Brownell chose the 1953 A.B.A. diamond jubilee convention as the forum from which to announce that he was initiating proceedings to add the Guild to his list of subversive organizations. Although the Justice Department has since given up the proceedings, the combined pressures have reduced the organization to a membership of about 1,000. Liberals still in A.B.A. generally acknowledge that the Guild performs exceedingly useful functions, but apparently prefer to make

their influence felt within the larger organization.

For a few years there was one important A.B.A. body about whose work liberals could be unreservedly enthusiastic. This was the special committee on the Bill of Rights, created in 1938, which filed several liberal briefs on behalf of the parent body. One of the briefs denounced as unconstitutional the actions of Mayor Frank Hague in expelling labor organizers from Jersey City and denying to the Congress of Industrial Organizations the right to distribute literature, carry placards and hold public meetings. Another of its briefs — in a Jehovah's Witnesses' case — supported the right of school children in Pennsylvania to refuse to salute the flag if such a ritual would offend their religious principles. During this period, the committee included some distinguished members. Grenville Clark was chairman and three of his colleagues were Zechariah Chafee, Lloyd K. Garrison and Charles P. Taft. With financial aid from the Carnegie Corporation of New York, the group began publication of a magazine, the *Bill of Rights Review*.

BUT THE MAGAZINE, the liberal members and the civil-libertarian beliefs all soon disappeared. In 1948, the committee decided not to intervene on behalf of the Hollywood Ten. "These people were quite adequately represented," it explained. "And, moreover, as it was not a crime to belong to the Communist Party, they should be compelled to answer" [Congressional committee inquiries]. That year, the committee urged Congress to force Communists to register or be prosecuted, and it offered its assistance to House investigators of un-American activities.

By 1949, the committee appeared to regret the very existence of the Bill of Rights which it had supposedly been created to defend. "Solicitude for the unrestricted freedom of the individual has overshadowed proper concern for the civil rights in the citizens as a whole," it declared.

The individual Communist is prone to invoke every protection under the Bill of Rights and, having been accorded that protection, to flout not

only the letter but the essential spirit behind the Bill of Rights. [Communists] have repeatedly climbed to power through the Bill of Rights (or equivalent) of a democratic system.

The Bill of Rights thus disposed of, even the committee's name was expunged. It now became the "special committee on individual rights as affected by national security." But this problem was apparently considered too complex to be handled by a single committee, and in 1950 the House of Delegates voted to set up a new body, the "committee on Communist tactics, strategy, and objectives." Under the chairmanship of Herbert R. O'Conor, who had been a member of the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, the new group got to work at once on questions like how to effect the disbarment of lawyers who were Communists or had invoked the Fifth Amendment when questioned about leftist connections. It is this committee — now operating under Peter Campbell Brown as chairman — whose recommendations concerning recent Supreme Court decisions affecting Communists were accepted last month by the A.B.A.'s House of Delegates.

Brown is a former New York City Corporation Counsel and, more significantly, a former member of the Subversive Activities Control Board (SACB). In the latter capacity, he was on a panel which was asked to recommend to the entire SACB whether the Communist Party is a "Communist action organization"



and therefore subject to the registration provisions of the McCarran Act. In fact, Brown became chairman of the panel under rather extraordinary circumstances midway in the proceedings. Charles LaFollette, who started out as chairman, yielded the chair to Brown as a dramatic way of protesting the latter's fanaticism and courtesy. This is what LaFollette said:

We will have a speedier hearing, I am sure, because the Panel Member, Mr. Brown, whom I asked to preside from now on, has already evidenced the remarkable capacity to make speedy and immediate rulings upon all objections presented to this panel. The fact that they almost uniformly amount to a sustaining of any position taken by the Petitioner [the Government] and a rejection of any position taken by the Respondent [the Communist Party] is purely coincidental, I am sure.

WHEN THE A.B.A. works in non-political areas, there are few who will challenge its motives or question its effectiveness. It deserves credit for its role in the formulation of the Federal Rules of Civil Procedure, the creation of the Administrative Office of the United States Courts, the development of a system of federal courts of appeal, and the invaluable contributions its eighteen specialized sections make to the law.

There are some liberals in the association who think it not entirely hopeless even in politically sensitive fields. They attribute its almost unrelieved conservatism to the fact that liberals have not been willing to exert themselves sufficiently to gain positions of importance from which they can nudge the organization into more progressive attitudes. An example of one who has exerted himself, gained an office of some significance and used it effectively, is Harry N. Rosenfield, former executive director of the President's Commission on Immigration and Naturalization. Now chairman of the A.B.A. Administrative Law Section's Committee on Immigration, Rosenfield has the association's support as he battles for humanization of the McCarran-Walter Act. But such liberal success stories are rare. If they were more common, the association would

not now have to adjust to the resignation of its most distinguished member, Chief Justice Warren.

Some A.B.A. members are looking to 1960, when Whitney North Seymour will become president. In 1937, Seymour persuaded the Supreme Court to reverse the conviction of Angelo Herndon, Negro Communist organizer, who was sentenced to eighteen years on a Georgia chain

gang for allegedly violating an anti-insurrection statute passed during Reconstruction. Seymour served on the committee of the Association of the Bar of the City of New York which recommended that the federal loyalty-security program be limited to sensitive jobs involving access to secret material. And he helped to persuade the A.B.A. that lawyers should not refuse to represent defen-

dants who are politically unpopular.

But presidents serve for only one year and the association is too big for any one man, particularly a moderate, to reform. The real question, however, is whether reform is really wanted. Do the lawyers feel that the A.B.A. is misrepresenting them? Or is the American bar as conservative as the association which claims to speak for it?

## ANATOMY OF TERRORISM . . . by Brian Crozier

London

I HAVE BEEN in some alarming places, on strictly civilian errands. I have had my pockets frisked by a French black African in search for hidden weapons, on entering a movie theatre in Algiers to see Brigitte Bardot. I have had a submachine gun pointed at me by a British soldier in Nicosia, Cyprus, and felt bullets of hatred between my shoulder blades when walking down Ledra Street (sometimes called "Murder Mile") in the old walled city. In Saigon, Vietnam, my auto has been stopped and searched for hand grenades or other means of delivering sudden death. In Malaya, I have driven with my family through the deserted village of Tras, heard rifle shots and stepped on the gas. (Tras was where the murderers of the High Commissioner, Sir Henry Gurney, had come from. Hence my nervous reaction: how was I to know that the shots had been fired by home guards in practice?)

I cannot claim, as of this writing, that I have ever found myself in the path of a hand-made bomb or a mass-produced bullet. In this I have been lucky rather than a good manager. At any rate, I have been in enough potentially unpleasant situations to ask myself *how* they came to be unpleasant for others. The answers would fill a book. But in finding them, I have reached some conclusions about terrorism.

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I start with a simple assertion: terrorism is a weapon of the weak. If a group of like-minded men feels strong enough, it will attack its enemy frontally. In the early stages of a rebellion, the insurgents seldom feel that strong. Terrorism, in fact, is nearly always the weapon in the first stage of "resistance." The second stage is guerrilla war; the third, all-out war. Some insurrections never get beyond the first stage: Cyprus, for instance. Some progress to the second stage, as in Palestine in the years before Britain gave up its mandate; or start with it, like the Irish insurrection in 1916. Some go all the way, like the anti-French uprisings in Vietnam and Algeria. Then, of course, all three stages may run concurrently, again as in Vietnam or Algeria.

IN CUBA, on the other hand, the ultimate stage of outright war was never reached. But this was only because there was no fight in dictator Fulgencio Batista's soldiers by the time Fidel Castro's bearded guerrillas starting marching westward. In all other respects, Castro's insurrection was a classic. In the early days of unpromising weakness in the Sierra Maestra, he sent his agents to plant bombs in the movie theatres and gambling joints of Havana. That was the first phase of terrorism; then, gaining in strength as smuggled arms came in, he moved on to guerrilla war. Popular support and the internal collapse of the dictatorship made the third and ultimate phase unnecessary.

It is not my purpose to deal with all three stages, only with the first. Even alone, it has had spectacular successes; but its failures easily outnumber the triumphs. For terrorism is a weapon of diminishing returns. Its success is usually spectacular but brief; if abused, it turns against those who use it. And even when terrorists have won complete and final victories, they have owed their achievements to exceptionally favorable circumstances.

Does this sound sweeping and dogmatic? Let me get down to cases. Terrorism was at most only partially successful in Vietnam, Malaya, Cyprus and Algeria. It failed utterly in Kenya. Probably the only clear-cut victories of terrorism since World War II were those in Iran, Palestine and the Suez Canal Zone. In each of the three, the British were forced to quit.

Why did terrorism succeed in some places and fail in others? The answer, I believe, lies in the methods used by the terrorists and the circumstances in which they operated. It is surely no coincidence that in all of the places where the terrorists failed, or enjoyed only short-lived successes, the bulk of their effort went into terrorizing local populations—i.e., they hit at their own side first and at the enemy a poor second. In the places where they succeeded, the enemy received their undivided attention.

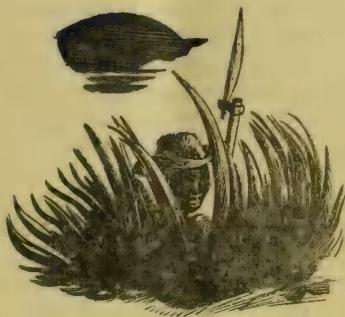
In Vietnam, the Vietminh terrorists' efforts were concentrated in the south, in Cochin-China. (This again was no coincidence, for in the south

the Communist-led Vietminh were far weaker than in the north.) Nguyen Binh moved into Cochinchina in November, 1945, and soon set up assassination committees. One aim was certainly to make life uncomfortable for the French. But Nguyen Binh's principal aim was to bully the Cochinchinese peasants into conformity. Village notables were kidnapped, tied to stakes and murdered. To the corpses were pinned pieces of paper with the words *Việt gián*, meaning "traitor" or "collaborator." In Malaya, similarly, the Communist-led "Malayan Races' Liberation Army" consistently killed more Asians—Chinese, Indian or Malay—than Britishers. In Cyprus, at the time of my visit in mid-1956, many of the whitewashed walls were defaced with the slogan "Death to Traitors." The Greek Cypriot terrorist organization, EOKA, has killed three Greek Cypriots for every two of its British foes.

ONE FINDS the same pattern in Kenya and Algeria, but in more gory wrappings. The oath administered by the Mau Mau terrorist society to Kikuyu tribesmen in Kenya bound those who took it to kill Europeans. But it also contained these words: "If I am called upon to do so, I will kill a Kikuyu who is against the Mau Mau, even if it be my mother or my father or brother or sister or wife or child." An authority on the Kikuyu and Mau Mau, L. S. B. Leakey, writes in his book *Defeating Mau Mau*, that the terrorists killed far more Kikuyu than Europeans, including many thousands for having refused to take the oath. In Algeria and France itself, the F.L.N. (National Liberation Front), in rebellion since November, 1954, has consistently killed more Algerian Moslems than French settlers, police or servicemen. The rebels demanded the active collaboration of their countrymen, not merely non-cooperation with the French. In Algeria, a rebel warning might herald a fate that would make death seem preferable, such as mutilation of the nose, ears, lips or sexual parts. Particularly in danger were—and still are—members of the rival nationalist organization, M.N.A. (National Algerian

Movement). The F.L.N.'s most spectacular act of mass terror was the massacre of 300 villagers at Kasba Mechta in May, 1957.

SUCH ARE the methods. How effective are they? In each of the examples I have mentioned, the local people were frightened into acquiescence or collaboration with the terrorists. The British or French found life at times nerve-shattering. But policy-making was not affected, or else affected only in a sense unfavorable to the terrorists. After a while, measures of security or retaliation began to carry weight and the morale of the local population improved. In



Malaya, for instance, the British police and army were ill-prepared for the emergency of June, 1948. Isolated rubber planters or tin-mine owners, subjected to ambush or attack, clamored for protection. When it came, and when Malayan villages that had been collaborating with the Communists were regrouped under supervision, the insurgents found that terrorism brought diminishing returns. The Chinese Communists, wiser through experience, pointed out the futility of their ways to the Malayan Communist Party. In October, 1951, the month of High Commissioner Gurney's murder, the party's Central Committee, in a 14,000-word directive, ordered its men to cease "all acts of sabotage, arson and intimidation calculated to alienate the masses." But it was too late: the insurrection had missed its chance of becoming a mass movement.

In Vietnam, the Communist victory was due not to terrorism, but to French mistakes, brilliant generalship and massive Chinese aid. In Cyprus, the new settlement of the island's future as an independent republic was brought about, not by

terrorism, but by the demonstrated sterility of former Greek and Turkish policies. In turn, the greater willingness of the British to reach a settlement was brought about by other factors besides the continuing cost of fighting EOKA; principally to the realization, born of the Suez expedition, that Great Britain can no longer wield the big stick and that Cyprus is a poor base anyway. Moreover, EOKA was not fighting for independence but for *enosis*—union with Greece. The settlement was therefore a defeat, not a victory, for the terrorists. In Kenya, terrorism recoiled against the population. In Algeria, the F.L.N.'s successes have been due to organization and sound guerrilla tactics, rather than terrorism.

These observations do not apply to Palestine between 1944 and 1948, or to the Suez Canal Zone from 1951 to 1954. In Palestine, for much of the time, the two Jewish terrorist groups, Irgun Zvai Leumi and the Stern Gang, found ready collaboration from the more orthodox military organization, Haganah. Occasionally Irgun went too far, as when in July, 1946, it blew up the King David Hotel, killing a hundred people. Shortly afterwards, the Jewish Agency launched a campaign against terrorism. Stern twice went too far: The murders of Lord Moyne, the British Minister-Resident in the Middle East, in Cairo in November, 1944, and of Count Bernadotte, the United Nations mediator, in Jerusalem in September, 1948, caused a revulsion of feeling that harmed the Zionist cause.

IN EGYPT, terrorism against the British in the Canal Zone took the form of continual harassment; murders were relatively few, thefts of property and acts of sabotage extremely numerous. Both in Egypt and in Palestine, terrorist activities forced the British into an upward spiral of expenditure. And, in the final analysis, neither was essential to Britain's survival. It is quite plain, from a reading of the debates in the British House of Commons, that terrorism was the dominant reason for Britain's decision to surrender

the mandate in Palestine, and to abandon the Canal base.

It is worth emphasizing again that there was no "death to traitors" campaign in either Palestine or Egypt. Such a campaign was not necessary; the population, by and large, was in sympathy with the terrorists. The same thing was true in Cuba; there was no need for Castro's terrorists and guerrilla fighters to disperse their energies by fighting their own people, because nearly everybody was with them. These facts suggest that terrorism tends to win if the terrorists enjoy popular support, not if the support is itself imposed by terrorism. In the latter case, terrorist successes are short-lived.

Terrorism can be beaten, but only when the local population is out of sympathy with the terrorists and supports the measures of repression. Such was the case in Malaya, where the Communist terrorists were almost entirely Chinese in a multi-racial society; or in Kenya, where the Kikuyu were only one of many tribes. The crushing of Mau Mau may, however, turn out to have been only a temporary victory. By 1958, a new secret society, the Kiama Kia Muungu (K.K.M.), had emerged — clearly the Mau Mau under another name. As recently as February 12, the British Colonial Under-Secretary, Julian Amery, told questioners in the House of Commons that the K.K.M. had gone very deep in certain areas, and added: "There is still a good deal of an emergency

problem in Kenya." But it does seem doubtful that terrorism of the Mau Mau type will ever, by itself, gain political objectives in Kenya. A much more likely winner is African nationalism of the kind symbolized by Tom Mboya, who boycotts the Kenya Legislative Council. Mboya, who is only twenty-eight, was the chairman of the All-African People's Conference held at Accra, Ghana, in December. And in contrast with some other delegates, Mboya advocated a *non-violent* struggle against colonial rule whenever possible.

A FACTOR that needs passing consideration in connection with terrorism is world public opinion. In more than thirteen years since World War II, the tremendous growth of mass communication media — such as the international wire services, television and radio, and the new forum of the United Nations — has canalized public opinion as never before. Yet this great international outpouring of news and views seems to have had little effect on terrorist tactics. Terrorists are, by definition, desperate men. Adverse publicity does not seem to deflect them from their chosen course, although, curiously, they often go to some trouble to disclaim responsibility for atrocities — i.e., the Algerian F.L.N. In any event, the very growth of facilities for the expression of public opinion has been self-canceling: the voices condemning EOKA's methods in Cyprus were always countered by

other voices condemning British methods of repression. In a different context, the limitations of international opinion in a world of sovereign states was exposed very recently in Cuba. Once in power, Fidel Castro set about executing his enemies in large numbers and after summary trials. And the process continued — though with less fanfare — well after the newspapers and politicians of other countries had expressed their revulsion.

The crushing of rebellions — as distinct from mere terrorism — is a different story. The British demonstrated how *not* to do it in Ireland during World War I. The blundering brutalities of the Black and Tans were self-defeating and the growth of critical public opinion played a part in the Irish victory. A generation later, in Malaya, the British showed what can be done by enlightened political concessions accompanied by determined police measures.

Batista, in contrast, alienated what popular support he might have had by torturing and killing captured rebels. The Russians, on the other hand, showed in November, 1956, how the uprising of an entire people could be crushed by tanks and a total disregard for public opinion. But then, this critical opinion came from abroad and never reached the Russian people, who were denied all but official information. Official terrorism still works, but only in a totalitarian state.

## DISSENT BY DEMONSTRATION . . *by Vera Brittain*

London

AFTER FORTY YEARS, the international peace movement which began when the League of Nations was founded has suddenly developed a new phase of life. The change is comparable to that which occurred

early in the century when militant suffrage stole the headlines from the decorous constitutional feminism which sought to educate and persuade.

Education and persuasion are essential processes; no sudden advance is possible over ground which has not been prepared. But in every campaign a moment comes when a few crusaders realize that their tactics must change. Such a moment is now recognizable the world over in the

*The most recent book by Vera Brittain, noted English writer and lecturer, is Testament of Experience: an autobiographical story of the years 1925-1950 (Macmillan).*

minority campaign against war. In Britain, those who perceive it have adopted a new name, the Non-Violent Resistance Group, which has brought into the news such unfamiliar English villages as Aldermaston and Swaffham.

For their precedents this group looks back, not to the useful campaigns which publicized the League of Nations after the First World War and the United Nations after the Second, but to Gandhi's Civil Dis-

obedience Movement in India and to the non-violent resistance of the Norwegians against the Nazis from 1940 to 1945. The first brought Indian independence which not only cast off the British Raj, but transformed the long-dominant imperial master into a supporting friend. The other, though carried out by unarmed civilians largely composed of women, succeeded, for example, in resisting a Nazi attempt to dictate methods of teaching history owing to the simultaneous absence of all teachers from the schools until the decree was withdrawn.

Since the atom bomb obliterated Hiroshima, the developing threat of extinction for all mankind has led a growing minority to study the technique of non-violence. First they used an early textbook, *The Power of Non-Violence*, written by Richard Gregg, an American follower of Gandhi. Another, *Defense in the Nuclear Age*, has recently been published by the British ex-naval Commander, Stephen King-Hall, who interprets the same technique in more modern terms.

Within the past few years a worldwide crescendo of similar endeavors has not only brought encouragement to the small groups trying on their own initiative to break through the impotence and frustration imposed upon them by power-wielding governments, but has provided evidence of comparable thinking by widely-separated organizations and individuals whose only link has been the power of example.

The objective has not always been identical. At Montgomery, Alabama, the bus boycott organized by Martin Luther King was a protest against racial segregation and not, like most recent instances of non-violent action, against the H-bomb and nuclear testing. But each of these episodes has been a phase of resistance against the war on humanity by the possessors of power, and whatever the precise objective, the technique has been similar.

The protest might be made by an individual, such as Sir Richard Acland, M.P., who resigned his seat in the House of Commons to test British opinion on the H-bomb; or another Englishman, Harold Steele,

who endeavored to get to Christmas Island in 1957; or American Earle L. Reynolds, who tried to sail his yacht *Phoenix* into the Pacific nuclear testing grounds. [See "Forbidden Voyage," by Earle L. Reynolds, *The Nation*, Nov. 15, 1958.]

It might be passive, such as the behavior of the British group which sat down on the pavement outside the War Office on January 11, 1952, after the British Government had decided to manufacture atom bombs; or legally active, like the march of 2,000 women wearing black jackets or armlets who, two summers ago, walked through London to Trafalgar Square in a sudden drenching shower to demonstrate against nuclear tests. There the writer of this article was one of a half-dozen wet and bedraggled women who made speeches from the plinth with raindrops splashing down their backs to a surprisingly large audience which stayed to listen protected by umbrellas. Another speaker on this occasion was Dr. Edith Summerskill, M.P.

The non-violent protest might also be illegally active, such as the attempt made last December to enter the nuclear-rocket base at Swaffham, Norfolk, by a batch of demonstrators who preferred to spend Christmas in prison rather than promise not to return to the base. But whether individual or collective, legal or illegal, the newly-developed method offered an escape from the previous powerlessness of the ordinary citizen to dissent effectively from his government's policy.

THROUGHOUT 1958 these experiments multiplied, touched off by the American crusade for a Sane Nuclear Policy and the British Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, which launched its protest against the bomb in February with a mass demonstration at the Central Hall, Westminster, supported by four overflow meetings. A month later, Albert Bigelow sailed his ketch, the *Golden Rule*, from California via Hawaii towards the nuclear-testing zone in the Pacific. When he was arrested with his crew, sympathizers paraded outside the Honolulu courthouse carrying banners which bore the words "Let

*Golden Rule* Sail" and "Stop the Bomb Tests in U.S., Russia, Britain."

In April, 1958, 7,000 marchers converged on the United Nations headquarters after walking ninety miles from Philadelphia. Almost simultaneously occurred a demonstration in Frankfurt, Germany, where Social Democratic Bundestag member Dr. Gustav Heinemann addressed 4,000 people on the theme "Atomic armament is a deadly experiment." In Hamburg, during the same month, another rally heard a similar speech "against atomic death" by the Socialist Mayor Brauer. Confessional Church leader Martin Niemöller conducted vigorous protests against nuclear arms for Germany, and Nobel Prizewinner Otto Hahn refused to work on atomic weapons.

BETWEEN April and October, last year, occurred the British non-violent actions associated with the now significant name of Aldermaston. At Easter, nearly 6,000 demonstrators met in Trafalgar Square, London, and over 3,000 of them started on a fifty-mile hike to the Atomic Weapons Research Establishment at Aldermaston, Berkshire. From July to September, during one of the wettest summers within recent memory, fifty demonstrators staged a nine-week picket at this nuclear-weapons center. In October, sixteen men and women, who included the prominent Methodist preacher Dr. Donald Soper, conducted a six-day round-the-clock vigil in continuous rain and seeping cold outside the entrance to the plant.

In June, Earle L. Reynolds with his yacht *Phoenix* continued the protest of Albert Bigelow, and during the same month a week-long walk from Wilmington, Delaware, and Winchester, Virginia, culminated in a poster parade outside the White House. Two months later, Fellowship of Reconciliation member Kenneth Calkins organized a demonstration comparable to the one at Aldermaston, though the numbers were smaller, at the ICBM base near Cheyenne, Wyoming. Simultaneously a massive group of peace marchers in Japan spent a month in walking from Hiroshima to Tokyo.

These world-wide protests inevi-

tably had their effect upon the British Labor Party Conference at Scarborough in September, 1958. Restive delegates compelled their leaders to agree that Britain should abolish nuclear testing if Labor won the next general election, though these leaders illogically insisted that they would not stop the manufacture of bombs.

This departure of key Socialists from Labor's once traditional pacifism was one factor which provoked the Christmas, 1958, demonstration outside the nuclear-rocket base at Swaffham, Norfolk. Here the Reverend Michael Scott, the Anglican priest who has compelled the world to listen to the African people's demand for justice, and who flew from the All-African Conference in Ghana to join the demonstrators, stood in silent prayer outside the base before the protest began, and was subsequently among those sent to jail.

Another Aldermaston march is planned for this Easter. It will take place from Aldermaston to London, since it is in London that the policies develop which cause the Aldermaston Research Establishment to exist. On Easter Monday the marchers will assemble at a mass meeting in Hyde Park, London. Deputations to British political leaders and to the embassies of the nuclear powers will follow the march.

It may be of interest briefly to trace the evolution of the Aldermaston resistance. In December, 1949, the pacifist Peace Pledge Union set up a Conference in Friends House, London, under the title of "Steps to Peace." Among a number of study-groups set up by the Conference was one on non-violence. For the next two years the group met regularly, studying the place of non-violence in pacifist philosophy, as well as the possibility of a non-violent economy for Britain which would respect the rights and needs of all peoples, and the aims and methods of a possible non-violent British foreign policy. It was from this group that the passive resisters came who sat down outside the War Office and were arrested when Britain adopted the atom bomb. Finally, the news that the bombs were to be made at Aldermaston sent a coach-load of

demonstrators in April, 1952, to parade with posters round the still uncompleted research center three miles from the village.

Subsequent demonstrations, timed for the noon break when the Aldermaston workers come through the gates of the research plant to get their buses, received little publicity, but gradually led to the recent marches and meetings now fully reported by the press.

IN THE MIND of the ordinary newspaper reader following the reports of these demonstrations, two questions are likely to arise. First, why should these protests spread across the world and make such a powerful impact after years of virtually ineffective dissent? Secondly, how far are they successful in attracting sympathetic support from both the press and the public?

"The action at the Norfolk missile bases was both real and symbolic," wrote Michael Scott in the *London Observer* after his release from prison. "Forty or more people said in effect what has been said by English men and women many times in past history: 'We would rather forego our liberty by a deliberate choice than be party to a course which we believe to be fundamentally wrong.'

"They were not trying to force the Government to obey their will. They were only trying to get the Government and their fellow-citizens to recognize that the course being followed is one that will lead to people voluntarily going to jail. They hope to make people think."

This process of thought would undoubtedly lead a number of uncommitted citizens to realize that, whether they wanted to coerce their government or not, their government had long been busy coercing them—and without consultation. On February 13, the British pacifist weekly *Peace News* carried an article on the two White Papers on British defense published a few days earlier. The writer of the article, Christopher Farley, emphasized the "supreme contempt" shown in these papers for both the public and the Parliamentary opposition. "Apart from a few lines of introduction in one paper, the Minister of Defense

does not think it necessary to explain or defend his policy. The papers merely contain statistics and technical 'progress' reports."

A fortnight after the Swaffham demonstration, the London *News Chronicle's* Gallup Poll showed that more people disapproved than approved of the British Government's handling of foreign policy, and the *Daily Express* poll showed a marked popular disapproval of any larger program of rocket development. Whatever label a government may wear, its contempt for such popular opinion is totalitarian in essence, leaving the citizens of a democracy almost as powerless to give effect to their disagreement as the anti-Nazis under Hitler and the inhabitants of the Iron Curtain countries under Stalin.

ALMOST, BUT not quite. The immense interest that the Aldermaston and Swaffham protests aroused, the space given to them in the press, the courtesy of the police while arresting the demonstrators, the relatively sympathetic reporting of the various episodes, the allocation by the sober and responsible British Quaker weekly *The Friend* of the first six pages of its issue of January 2 to a detailed account of the trials which followed the Christmas arrests, all testified to a deep if as yet half-conscious relief that a new way of saying No to war had at last been found.

Now that it has been said effectively, it is likely to be repeated until it produces results. The imminent British general election, due to be held in either May or October, will probably provide further opportunities for the dynamic expression of opinion. Even though the Labor leadership, according to its critics, is conventional and reluctant, it could find itself unable to resist a following which was already markedly dissatisfied at the party conference last autumn.

General elections tend to be occasions in which restraints are abandoned and people's real sentiments break loose. The election of 1945 could provide, in its own way, as surprising and decisive an expression of national opinion as that which startled the world in 1945.

## The Progress of Iris Murdoch

R. J. Kaufmann

*His inability to write a great novel is a tragic symptom of a situation which afflicts us all. We know that the real lesson to be taught is that the human person is precious and unique; but seem unable to set it forth except in terms of ideology and abstraction.*

THE moving final words of Iris Murdoch's brilliant little book on Sartre as a philosophical artist place him accurately; more important, they provide both a warning and a goal for Miss Murdoch herself. She is a sophisticated philosopher, and it is her evident aim to put us back in intimate touch with our own being by using the indirect and dramatic strategies of art. She pursues in the novel what philosophers have always claimed to seek — reality.\*

She comes well equipped to this quest. In fact, it is hard to see what can prevent her from growing into a great novelist. Her books show an organizing intelligence of the highest order, warmed by an attentive love for people and things. She has the rich resources of humility, of learning and of wide-ranging humor — humor impudent enough for slapstick and controlled enough for that wry Tacitean irony which is nearly tragic in tone. She is a disciplined worker and self-critical enough to learn from creative missteps. In her first two novels her imagination was too free-wheeling and hyperthyroid, but as she has developed she has quit indulging in novelistic virtuoso turns on magic rites, scenes of wildly farcical cross-purposes and quasi-allegorical spectacle. (Waugh, Firbank, even Kafka have skimmed the cream here before her.) Growing fast, she has enrolled in the company of Tolstoy, George Eliot and D. H. Lawrence and seeks to match her powers against the inexhaustible contradictions of Yeats's "foul rag and bone shop of the heart."

This unsentimental concern for people marks Murdoch's activities in her

political role as apologist for the Socialist cause and in her very distinguished professional work in ethics (she is a Fellow of St. Anne's College, Oxford). There, as in her fiction, a hard-headed openness, a discriminating tolerance, is clearly evident; it makes nonsense of the facile critical equations making her an English Mary McCarthy or Simone de Beauvoir. All three writers are incisive and learned in ways that lady novelists usually are not, but a kind of gleeful hostility towards their characters mark McCarthy and the French existentialist. Iris Murdoch is much more generous and hospitable to her characters than the former and much more intelligently perceptive of them than the pretentious latter. She is an existentialist along the humanistic lines of Camus and displays a real sense of the current Continental developments in literature. It is Iris Murdoch's strange privilege to restore high intelligence and virility to the English novel. Here at last is someone developing the breadth of sympathy and the depth of psychological insight which could enable her to take up the English novel where D. H. Lawrence left it a long generation ago.

HER first novel, *Under the Net*, gives the impression of having been written to an unconventional formula calling for relentless spontaneity. The result is amusing but pretty stagey. The book is more tale than novel, and follows the misadventures of its narrator, Jakie Donaghue, a hack writer with gifts, but lazy and ingeniously dedicated to failure. Only now and then does his reflective monologue swell out into scenes large enough to include other characters — a Guru-like screen mogul, a socialist orator, an ungrammatical logician — as active agents. The novel seems to write itself as Jakie, who is fearful and evasive of responsible love and duty, ricochers from one wild improvisation to another. This is good, it is fresh, and Murdoch has remarkable insight into the sieve-like character of Jakie, in whom reflection so dissolves all sensible motive that every move (whether it be kidnapping a dog movie star, eavesdropping on his friends or spasmodically attending to affairs) seems prompted only by external accidents. Jakie is funny, he is feckless;

he is also Hamlet's shirt-tail cousin, his ultimate reduction — in him thought makes action impossible, so appetite and surprise supply what reason cannot.

The title declares the book's mission — to get under the net of theory in which we try to trap life only to find it dead in captivity for our pains. A good idea, *Under the Net* is too direct an attempt to move up close to life, to get it immediate in all its jerky, extemporized irrationality. Still, it is a brilliant book and discloses an abundance of intelligence as well as a painter's eye, a robust liking for the world of the senses and a poetic sense of place. What it lacks is the patient attention to characters other than the narrator as people in their own right. Murdoch does show, even in this first book, a generous tolerance towards her characters; but she doesn't penetrate them. She has never again used the philosophically constricting mode of direct personal narration. The price of fresh particularity can come too high.

AFTER a two-year interval her second novel, *The Flight from the Enchanter*, was as baffling as it was welcome. It is a hard book to capsulize. None of the conventional remarks about it seem right. The book is sparkling and full, but imperfectly successful. It is too hybrid. Murdoch wants too much from her material. On the one hand the book is a multi-viewed story of revenge — at least it could be called so if the story were told by a conventional intelligence. On the other hand it is an epistemological fantasia such as Pirandello might have written were he gayer and English. Rosa Keepe (of whom we see too little), is the heroine and central character of a group which has felt the ambiguous magic of Mischa Fox, a symbolically wealthy, mysteriously devious and powerful man whose special qualities are a talent for silence, an incapacity for forgiveness and a compulsion to reduce everything to dependency. Like many people who assiduously seek power, he seems not so much to want everything as to leave nothing free that he might want. By his silence and his charismatic charm (it is a weakness of the novel that the charm is postulated but never really shown), he appears to play the midwife to people's latent delusions both of groundless fears and unearned hopes. He is enig-

\*Sartre: *Romantic Rationalist*, Yale University Press (1953), 78 pp. \$2.50; *Under the Net*, Viking (1954), 288 pp. \$3.50; *The Flight from the Enchanter*, Viking (1956), 320 pp. \$3.75; *The Sandcastle*, Viking (1957), 342 pp. \$3.95; *The Bell*, Viking (1958), 352 pp. \$4.50.

matic in an annoyingly theatrical way. Rosa Keepe seems to have been the only person able to refuse his dominating love and the novel finds her vainly trying to rehabilitate herself without him. The levering action of the book is Mischa's reduction of her to dependency through a blackmailing scheme of dazzling indirectness. Along the way, he casually wrecks a bunch of lives, remotely occasions a suicide, and at the end rejects a penitent Rosa. Yet he seems passive and puzzlingly guiltless. *The Flight from the Enchanter* leaves the reader in about five kinds of fruitful doubt and sounds the alarm that Murdoch is going to have to tame her ingenuity if she is to become the novelist she can be. She does just that in her third book, *The Sandcastle*.

This novel is as easy to summarize as the prior one is difficult. It is the story of William Mor, a public schoolmaster of real but diffused abilities. He is married to a clever, negative wife whom he fears and yet weakly relies upon and is the father of two children he hasn't the gumption or available imagination to reach with his love. He falls in love — something the reader knows long before he does (Murdoch's restraint is perfect) — with a young artist, Rain Carter, who comes to the school to paint a portrait of the retiring headmaster, Demoyte. Demoyte is a fiercely selfish, lucid old man who plays the role of a chorus of plain truth throughout. The story follows the outwardly inept course of Mor's growing love for the completely uncompromised, dedicated girl whose "sense of vocation is like a steam hammer."

By the honest, "hands-off" manner of her narration, Murdoch does two marvelous things: she makes the fly-blown subject of an affair interesting; and she lets Mor's numbed, scattered, forgotten feelings slowly find their way to the surface where they unite into a love which, with the most vital believability, briefly gives him back an identity. The sustained delicate tact with which the author carries through this awakening from "the weariness tinged with amazement" which so often substitutes for life is evidence of a major talent. *The Sandcastle* is a rare thing, a plain book that is beautiful in its truth. When Murdoch dares the "anti-climax" of Mor's return to his family, she clinches the special validity of the book. She knows (as few novelists seem to) how limited is even a very good person's talent for truth. At the end Mor is not triumphant but he is restored. *The Sandcastle* sustains the proposition that so far each of Miss Mur-

doch's novels has been better than its predecessor.

This means that the latest, *The Bell*, has to be good. It is, and establishes her as the most potent English talent to appear since the war. Complaints about the novel's complexity seem to me unwarranted. The action is throughout purposive and self-clarifying. The story makes harmonious sense at several levels. It is a humane critique of evasions of responsibility — politically in the form of irrelevant Arcadian socialism; morally in the form of ersatz primitive Christian behavior; and personally in the form of pursuit of a vocation for which one lacks the will. Trying to parlay a desire for wholeness into a successful experiment in communal living on a modern Brook Farm, the people in *The Bell* are brought to grips with their own particularity, their own history, their own quotient of integrity.

Not all the dozen or so characters are studied in depth, but Mr. and Mrs. Mark, who are there to save their marriage by wholesome craft activity; Catherine, who mistakes an obsessive and undecidable love for dedication to Christ; Nick, her twin, who finds at Imber only the way to suicide; and James Pace, a modern Charles Kingsley — all are justly presented if not deeply read characters. Only Paul Greenfield, a madly jealous husband whose immense

culture as an art historian has no conditioning effect on either his manners or his human perception, seems a caricature sacrificed to plot. His wife Dora is as conscientiously observed as a person can be whose defect is an almost total lack of character definition. She, like the other major characters, slowly wakes to an identity; a modest one but yet her own. In terms of the image on which the book centers and which is skillfully ramified throughout the book, Dora, like a bell, possesses her own voice and her niche. So does adolescent Toby, whose direct contribution is to make an open passage from innocence into the near fringes of maturity. But Toby's portrayal, while sensitive, is really important only insofar as it enables Murdoch to get at the main character, Michael Meade, the leader of the Imber religious experiment. The patient, scrupulously controlled revelation to Michael of the human meaning of his homosexuality is to routine novel character study what removal of a brain tumor is to an appendectomy. It is the first thoroughly unpartisan and mature treatment of the subject I have seen which still stays within the confines of art. Murdoch's intelligence and humanity contain it. How long has it been since a novelist so hospitably gave place to the rare but exotic *particular* within a view of the world so sanely inclusive and recognizable?

## The Half-Open Spaces

*SUBURBIA: Its People and Their Politics.* By Robert C. Wood. Houghton Mifflin. 340 pp. \$4.

*Robert Claiborne*

DURING the past forty years the lure of the suburbs has replaced the lure of the city as the prime mover of America's ambulatory population. Some 25 per cent of us now live in suburbia and the figure keeps going up. If there is such a thing as a typical middle-class American, the chances are that he lives in a suburb.

Professor Wood, himself a suburbanite, has produced a thoughtful and stimulating survey of the species. He has traced the call of the half-open spaces to its roots in American social mythology, mapped the social and political lineaments of the curious classless societies which now surround our great cities and

dissected the complex administrative and financial problems of suburban government. The suburban migration, he believes, stems in great measure from the American idealization of the small, autonomous community. This ideal, which evolved in the Colonial era, remains so persuasive that the suburbs cling to their autonomy despite a level of governmental inefficiency sufficient to damn other communities.

If Wood's study is less than definitive, the fault lies not with him but with American sociology, which has failed to accumulate enough primary data to make a definitive survey possible. The sociological map of suburbia is blotched with *terrae incognitae* containing at best only the speculative contours of Riesman, Whyte, et al. Not the least of Wood's merits is his refusal to accept the occasionally inspired guesswork of these commentators as fact. For the most part he carefully labels both the speculations of others and those which he himself must put forward to present a coherent picture. Occasionally he falls

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victim to suburban mythology — most notably, and unfortunately, in his apparent acceptance of the cliché that a white collar and a white skin are the badges of good citizenship.

Suburbia, he makes clear, is here to stay. In one way or another — most conspicuously by means of state and federal subsidies — suburban government has managed to survive the ramshackle tax and administrative machinery which should have destroyed it. Having established that suburbia will survive, however, Wood is brash enough to question whether it should survive. In his final section, most stimulating and least satisfying, he attacks the suburban ideal as such.

Most critics of suburbia, he points out, deplore its conformity while harking back to the equally conformist small town as an ideal. He himself believes that conformity is built into the small, politically autonomous community at all times and places. The social and political institutions of any such community, he feels, inevitably substitute a muddy conformity for healthy controversy, rule by clique for the rule of law and a kind of bonhomous Groupthink for individual freedom. His remedy is to fuse the suburbs with their central cities in "a gargantuan metropolitan government and social order."

UNFORTUNATELY, though Wood's case against suburbia is plausible, it is almost entirely speculative. For lack, one supposes, of contemporary data, he is forced to base his critique of suburban life on past critiques of small-town life. But the twentieth century is not the nineteenth, and today's suburbanite is a different breed of cat — or mouse — from his small-town predecessor. Urban nostalgia has doubtless blurred the deficiencies of the small town, but Wood fails to prove that suburbia must inevitably inherit the same deficiencies. One could with equal plausibility argue that conformity is built into American society as a whole. Class and geographical mobility, the assimilation of the immigrant and Cold War prosperity are only some of the factors producing suburban — and urban — conformity.

Moreover, the picture of urban life which he counterposes to suburbia seems somewhat hazed by distance. I doubt, for example, whether "government by law" is quite so typical of city life as he appears to believe. And to the extent it is typical it can too easily become the petrified working-to-rule of (say) the New York City public school system. Wood is doubtless correct in holding that the oppressive impersonality of

urban life has been modified by political machines, which "grafted the intimacy of a neighborhood on to the organization of a political party." But alas, "grafted" too often was and is the operative word.

In fact, Wood's own earlier chapters make clear that the suburban ideal is more than an illusion. Not cultural lag alone but also contemporary social reality have led the suburbs to cling to their inefficient autonomy. Middle-class America, wriggling in the clutch of Big Government and Big Business (which are, in a sense, two names for Big Bureaucracy) has sought a habitat where it can be the master of its fate — at least after working hours. In suburbia, as Wood

himself concedes, fighting City Hall is not mere Quixotery; the law's wooden impersonality is frequently softened by personal acquaintance. Some millions of Americans have apparently been willing to purchase these psychic goods at the price of conformity and inefficiency.

Whatever the validity of Wood's critique, therefore, his practical proposals must inevitably collide with the desires of suburbanites themselves. Until he or some other reformer can devise a way of incorporating the real virtues of suburbia into city living, his scheme for fusing urbs and suburbs into a bigger and presumably better metropolis is likely to remain on the pages of this book.



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# Closing in on the Self

**WORDS FOR THE WIND: THE COLLECTED VERSE OF THODORE ROETHKE.** Doubleday. 212 pp. \$4.  
**BODY OF WAKING.** By Muriel Rukeyser. Harper. 118 pp. \$3.50.

**M. L. Rosenthal**

PICK UP one of Theodore Roethke's longer poems and you are confronted with a stunning mishmash of agonized gibber, described by the poet himself in an essay written some years ago as "the muck and welter, the dark, the dreck" of his verse. The same essay ("Open Letter," published in Ciardi's *Mid-Century American Poets*) asserts that he nevertheless counts himself "among the happy poets." And indeed, Roethke at his best throws all kinds of dissimilar effects into the great, ceaseless mixer of his sensibility, stirring together notes of driving misery and hysterical ecstasy, of Rabelaisian sensuality and warm, wet regressiveness:

Believe me, knot of gristle, I bleed  
like a tree;  
I dream of nothing but boards;  
I could love a duck.

Such music in ■ skin!  
A bird sings in the bush of your  
bones.  
Tufty, the water's loose.  
Bring me a finger. . . . ("Give Way,  
Ye Gates")

Some of the allusion here is a little too private. ("Tufty, the water's loose," for example, has all sorts of obvious physiological connotations but probably has something to do with Roethke's boyhood experiences helping out in his father's greenhouse. And it would take more than a feather to knock me over if I were suddenly to learn that "Tufty" was a family nickname for Theodore.) But the passage as a whole, which begins the poem, is a wildly bawdy outcry of desire, thinly and wittily veiled in euphemism.

Later in the poem all this exhilaration withers up and is replaced by language of frustration and suffering, and then of a sort of minimal self-consolation. The over-excitement of the first part, in which the pain of the need behind desire was muted or hidden in humor, is balanced off by a gross, almost in-

fantile desolateness. The images now are of impotence and shame:

Touch and arouse. Suck and sob.  
Curse and mourn.  
It's a cold scrape in a low place.  
The dead crow dries on a pole.  
Shapes in the shade  
Watch.

This projection without comment of opposed psychological states is characteristic of Roethke's most interesting work. A desperate exuberance that seems at one moment unrepressed joy of life, at the next the pathetic hilarity of the unbearably burdened, makes the manic-depressive mood-spectrum the law of life. Each opposite is implicit in the other, and that is the only necessary logic at work here. The universe of Roethke's poems is a completely subjective one — not what source of meaning the speaker has outside himself but how he feels within is the key to everything. The private sensibility is a mad microcosm; the speaker responds violently to everything that touches it; and he struggles frenetically to win through to a moment of calm realization in the sunlight of "wholeness." The ebullient anguish of poems like "My Papa's Waltz," "Child on Top of a Greenhouse," and "The Shape of the Fire" is a triumphant realization of the aesthetic of hypersensitivity. Consider the opening stanzas of "The Shape of the Fire."

What's this? A dish for fat lips.  
Who says? A nameless stranger.  
Is he a bird or a tree? Not everyone  
can tell.

Water recedes to the crying of spiders.  
An old scow bumps over black rocks.  
A cracked pod calls.

Mother me out of here. What more  
will the bones allow?  
Will the sea give the wind suck? A  
toad folds into a stone.  
These flowers are all fangs. Comfort  
me, fury. . . .

The reader will come somewhere near the poet's intention, I think, if he imagines the speaker to be giving a voice to the fire and responding to it. It crackles and whispers—what is the secret of its voice? There is a horror in that devouring sound that considers the wood or coals (or anything else) "a dish for fat lips"; the second stanza gives further images for that dry, merciless sound and its terror—the receding of waters before the "crying of spiders" perhaps the most nightmarish of them. The third stanza shows the speaker overwhelmed with the sheer dread of mutability and annihilation that has been accumulated through all these impres-

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sions. The whole process is not so much conceptual as it is self-hypnotic. This is the shaping sensibility in operation, and in this sort of thing Roethke is brilliantly successful.

But it is not his only sort of thing, for in addition he often does try to conceptualize, and he tries to give his poems a further implication of victory over the frenzy through a Freudian rebirth of the Self. These efforts are not, by and large, very convincing. Thus, the last two movements of "The Shape of the Fire" are attempts to soar and transcend in the old sense—like the ending of "Lycidas": "To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new." But Milton had a vision of "the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love," and the mourner of his poem speaks to a completely different scale of values—that of the macrocosm ruled over by "the dear might of him that walk'd the waves." That is not the universe of Roethke's poems, and so his ending is contrived, though in its way lovely and delicate.

Something similar happens in "The Lost Son," whose title suggests the psychoanalytical, inward turning of the poet's eye. Roethke's essay "Open Letter" says of this poem that it is at first "a terrified running away—with alternate periods of hallucinatory waiting . . . ; the protagonist so geared-up, so over-alive that he is hunting, like a primitive, for some animistic suggestion, some clue to existence from the sub-human." So be it—this panicky hunt for pre-intellectual sources of the sense of being truly alive is without doubt one of the real, if uneasy, enterprises of the modern mind. But the poet is not ruthless enough to carry the hunt through—any more than he was able to remain true to the realizations at the beginning of "The Shape of the Fire." He finds another clue to salvation, an easier one, than the frenzied beginning would imply was possible. It is the "lost son's" psychological re-entry into the world of his most vivid childhood memories—the world of the "long greenhouse" which he has called "my symbol for the whole of life, a womb, a heaven-on-earth."

Re-entry into this paradisal womb, one gathers, is the necessary preliminary for a rebirth of the Self. The true "coming-through" into mature, calm reconciliation has not yet occurred, but faith is expressed that it will do so—

A lively understandable spirit  
Once entertained you.  
It will come again.

The promise is too pat and wishful—of a Freudian romance with a happy ending. As in most of Roethke's longer

work, the dénouement does not live up to the poem's initial demands. Shorter poems like "The Return," "The Minimal," and "The Exorcism" are really better in the way they sustain a sometimes Dantean close-up of minutely detailed, realistic horror on the terms with which they began. I would add also the beautiful "The Visitant," the guilt-filled "The Song," the deeply sad and very original "Dolor," the dreamlike "Night Crow," and the sweetly, feverishly, embarrassingly alive greenhouse poems from Roethke's 1948 volume *The Lost Son and Other Poems*. Together with certain passages in the longer poems, such pieces constitute Roethke's more lasting achievements.

MURIEL RUKEYSER, a younger poet than Roethke, has throughout her career been concerned with a similar, and equally painful, search for wholeness of the Self. Though Roethke's is the greater "naturally" demonic force, she shares his gift for giddy release among the gaudy *Walpurgisnacht* images of the tormented subconscious life. She has fallen into various traps of overstatement, false emphasis, sentimental insistences at various times—I do not believe that the special kind of Romanticism she and Roethke represent permits of consistent control of materials and perspectives. However, hers is a far wider-ranging mind than his, and she uses her intelligence more actively in her poetry. There is nothing in Roethke, for instance, to match the general awareness of a whole world's interlocking meanings that one finds in these three simple lines of a poem she wrote two decades ago as a girl in her twenties:

All that year, the classical declaration of war was lacking.

There was a lot of lechery and disorder.

And I am queen on that island.  
("Nuns in the Wind")

More quietly, the opening poem of *Body of Waking* draws us just as directly into the poet's wider contemplations. We are shown people having before a storm—not hoping or dreading, apparently, but just "doing." It is a clear token of the world's predicament and a clear call for accurate gauging of it—

the sky

Will not wait for this golden, it will  
not wait for form.

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or not—gives *Body of Waking* a poised intensity that is a new turn for Miss Rukeyser. "F. O. M.," her poem on the suicide of Matthiessen, is curiously objective in its backward glance at the significance of our period of intellectual radicalism between the 1930's and the postwar years. Matthiessen is the symbol of a violent maelstrom whose engulfment of individual lives was as mysterious as it was tragic. Earlier poems by Miss Rukeyser have been as turbulent and tortuous as Roethke's, and in much the same fashion. Here she seems to have put the turbulence at a certain remove without denying its presence and pressure:

It was much stronger than they said.  
Noisier.

Everything in it more colored. Wilder.  
More at the center calm.

Everything was more violent than  
ever they said,  
Who tried to guard us from suicide  
and life. . . .  
Defend us from doing what he had  
to do

Who threw himself away.

Of a similar order of penetration and originality is "The Watchers," a poem about a marriage. The husband and wife

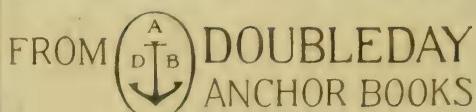
are described in language suggesting both incompatibility and infinite mutual forebearance; there is room for the triumph of love through compassionate understanding. That summary may make the poem sound like something between a soap-opera script and a newspaper columnist's advice to the love-lorn—but in reality it is a strange dream-piece informed by an adult mind that does not fear its own maturity and the iron implications of adult knowledge. The same mature strength is to be found in "Rite," a poem on the American trauma brought on by a young girl's puberty—the fear of and for her felt by her parents, and indeed a whole culture's shock at the growing-up of its little girls.

To one who knows Muriel Rukeyser's earlier work, then, the most striking aspect of this volume is its controlled, inward calm. She has always had a remarkable lyric ease and musicality, perfectly obvious to anyone who paid attention; but the rhetorical and mystical insistences, and the endlessly involved strugglings toward self-identification, of her poetry have in the past almost obscured these essential poetic endowments. Now they are more in the foreground, in such work as the highly

imaginative love song called "The Young Girl of the Mississippi Valley" or the ingenious incantation for rebirth called "Mother Garden's Round"—

Something is dancing on leafdrift,  
dancing across the graves:  
A child is watching while the world  
breaks open.

The translations from the Mexican poet Octavio Paz, which place a section of "pure poetry" at the heart of the book, symbolize the importance of this new emphasis. Indeed, so do the poems from Miss Rukeyser's book on Willkie: *One Life*, published in 1957; for though they reflect her continued interest in the dynamically representative figures of American civilization, they are all primarily lyrical in character. Here and there, certainly, we find poems that repeat certain old clichés of the Rukeyser vision—the over-assertion, as happens with Roethke also, of possibility or of the imminence of rebirth. But there is enough in this volume to show that Miss Rukeyser remains among our genuine poets both in discipline of style and in her contribution to that brave closing-in on the Self which has marked our foremost poetry continuously since the first World War.



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SOME thirty or more works of Raphaelle Peale — still lifes, "deceptions" and miniatures — done in the first quarter of the last century, are on show at Knoedler throughout the month. Raphaelle was the eldest son of Charles Willson Peale, the well-known Philadelphia artist, who, in his passionate devotion to art, named most of his children after painters. There were Angelica Kauffman Peale, Rembrandt Peale, Reubens, Titan, Sophonisba Anguisciola, and Rosalba Carrera Peale. Several even took up the profession. Raphaelle himself had little success in it. He seems to have been lively, unfortunate and somewhat dissipated, a good mimic and ventriloquist, and never prosperous. The miniatures on view are skillful and evidently very resembling. "His price is ten dollars" runs one of his advertisements. "No likeness, no pay." The still lifes which form the major portion of the show are compactly composed and carefully painted, small and neat, like Dutch seventeenth-century work but with none of the Dutch opulence.

The "deceptions"—cards and scraps of papers on a board — are microscopic in rendering. Even the news print is legible. The most engaging of the pieces, the "covered picture" called *After the Bath*, is a joke, a picture of a picture. It is a representation in *trompe l'oeil* of a painting — presumably a nude — which has been modestly covered with a throw-cloth. The whole exposition is charming: innocent, historically not very important and quite delightful.

TWO SHOWS of the Belgian Surrealist Magritte are on view until the 28th, one at the Bodley Gallery of his drawings, the other at Iolas of his paintings. Magritte's work is the type example of "magic realism"; the painting is clear, simple and almost offensively banal, the ideas depicted elaborately obscure, and the titles completely mystifying. Why, for example, should a painting of a glass of water atop an open umbrella be called *Les Vacances de Hegel*, or a chair out of whose seat grows a lion's tail be called *Une Simple Histoire d'Amour*? A stone interior with a stone man in a stone Prince Albert, with a stone lion at his feet and on the wall a stone picture signed "Magritte" is *Souvenir de Voyage*, while the Tower of Pisa leaning against a feather is *La Nuit de Pise*. The only title making any work-a-day sense is that of a picture of a

tree in summer dusk, in front of whose black foliage rises the crescent moon. This is called *Le 16 Septembre*, the day on which it was finished.

The images in the pictures are provocative and difficult to forget. The painting is less good. The naive paint surface and sign-painter's drawing style are unquestionably deliberate, intended to render more piquant the high sophistication of the riddles. Perhaps the joke is carried a little far. The drawings shown at the Bodley have the same subjects as the oils. Without the heavy-handed paint, they are more direct and pleasing. But of the oils, only *Le 16 Septembre*, with its convincing postcard version of approaching night, is seriously interesting as painting.

Magic realism such as this, with its careful edges and over-all neatness, may seem at first sight very near to the *trompe l'oeil* tradition of Raphaelle Peale's "deceptions." Actually, nothing could be more different. *Trompe l'oeil*, if it wishes to deceive the eye, must also deceive binocular vision. Consequently it is limited to painting shallow space. It can take as subjects only those without recession — such as letters in a rack or objects hanging on a door — and paint them as if lying close behind the canvas. *Trompe l'oeil* is a frivolous form of still life, and its tight drawing and concealed brushwork are simply further aids to the deception.

Magic realism, on the other hand, is a serious form of fantasy painting, differing from other fantasy painting only in that it attempts to endow the dream world which is its subject with a convincing air of concrete reality. For this effect it sometimes imitates photography — which our time is prone to mistake for visual reality itself — and paints with the all-over sharpness seen by a well-corrected lens. Or it takes advantage of the common symbols for reality to be found in naive painting. Actually, the visual reality the painter sees is much too complex for the camera's simple vision, or for the naive painter's limited formulas. Which is probably why magic realist painting often seems either over-elaborate or devitalized, and this despite the fascination of its underlying poetic ideas.

LEON KROLL is holding at the Milch Galleries, through March 21, his first exhibition in a number of years. Kroll is one of the deans of American paint-

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ing. He and Speicher are the two figures remaining from that great expansion of the twenties which contained Bellows, Marsden Hartley, Gifford Beale and Guy Pène du Bois. They were all more or less influenced by Post-Impressionism, and formed a group which probably will in time assume a great deal more importance than it is now allowed. Kroll's subject in the present show is principally landscape, with and without figures. The more recent pictures are dry and dead in color. This cannot be said of the large unfinished nude, painted along with her reflection in a

mirror, sure in drawing and nacreous in tone. The earlier ones, in particular the *Cheyenne Mountain* and the *Summer Days, Camden Maine* (actually a picture of the Bellows' house, yard and family), are vigorous in surface and richly colored; in every way admirable.

EIGHTEEN works by Ben Shahn, in watercolor, ink and tempera, are on show at the Downtown Gallery through March 28. Shahn's highly personal painting is almost too well known to describe; according to the catalogue, examples are owned by fifty-two museums in America and one in Australia. His pictures are bright, flat and semi-satiric, in a style which evokes the painting of children. The line is dry and brittle, with something of the acrid wit of Klee, Gross and Steinberg. The composition, enormously elegant, is based on oddity of shape. The drawing is of the symbolic type in which five fingers with nails denote a hand. The color is beautiful.

The subjects of the present show are a great deal less biting than one expects: musicians play jazz; a man contemplates a molecular diagram; one called *Cosmos* shows two rich gentlemen, possibly capitalists, and a bunch of flowers; in *Conversation*, two men, having removed their masks, converse. It is all forceful enough but about generalities, full of references to science and the humanities. There are atoms and molecular structures, phoenixes in flame and mathematical expressions for the space-time continuum — all good decorative motifs. The pictures themselves are decorative, a little wry perhaps, and a little thin.

The room below contains a selection of Shahn's prints, among them, presumably an earlier one, of Sacco and Vanzetti in chains — intense, noble, thin and terribly pathetic. Then I saw why I was disappointed. Ben Shahn is the most wonderful political caricaturist of our time. He has gone respectable.

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*OCCUPE-TOI D'AMELIE* written by Georges Feydeau in 1908 and revived a few years ago by the Barrault company in Paris was a very funny show. *Look After Lulu* (Henry Miller) the Noel Coward adaptation, follows the play more or less faithfully and is in most respects sprightly enough to correspond to Feydeau's farcical masterpieces.

The production, directed by Cyril Ritchard, is not at all bad: there are some very able performances in it; Cecil Beaton's sets and costumes are gay — occasionally even pretty. It should therefore be easy to recommend *Lulu*, as a sort of theatrical desert for the carefree gourmet.

I hesitate, however, because the show doesn't altogether function. I might carp at some of the acting, despite what I have just said in its favor, because in a certain sense it is not "serious" enough. The lovers don't have enough zest, the *cocottes* are not sufficiently cocotish, the lechers not sufficiently foolish, the make-believe is too much make-believe. But the fault, I surmise, is not really in the actors as such but in the actors as part of the audience. We are to "blame"; we aren't well cast for this play. And the actors — though gayer and more eager than the audience — reflect the audience's unsuitability for its role.

The Parisian audience of 1908 knew the play was nonsense — a machine to

make one laugh. But laughter doesn't arise out of a vacuum. The sources of laughter are always in the same appetites, pleasures, flaws and fears as are the sources of tragedy. A farce can strike an audience as funny only when it shares some strict moral code in which marriage, chastity and the recognized proprieties of social behavior are psychologically dominant and operative for the majority. The fun in Feydeau's farces springs from defiance of such a moral code — a defiance by those either rich enough to get away with it or poor enough not to be harmed by it. In either case such defiance is proof that the moral code, though vulnerable to laughter, is still powerful.

Our audience is not the least bit shocked by the Parisian cocotte of yesteryear and therefore cannot be truly amused by her. We can be sentimental about prostitutes but hardly entertained. The idea of a whole social category which flourished comfortably alongside, but entirely separate from, the institution of a tight family life isn't either an escape for us or an object of piquant curiosity. Our society today is amorphous; it is on the whole barely conscious of its moral ideas, too vague and general in its notions of proper behavior to become either indignant or intrigued by the middle-class hierarchy of the French Third Republic at its crumbling height.

Thus it is difficult for our actors to be innocent in scabrous ribaldry or charming in smut — the state needed to convey Feydeau's world.

WHEN Arthur Miller's adaptation of Ibsen's *An Enemy of the People* was done on Broadway in 1953, the press and public were cold, and the play failed.

There were, it is true, weaknesses in the production, the worst of which was that while the performance was propagandistic in spirit, its execution was too close to an old-fashioned and half-baked realism. The result was that we had neither a new nor an old Ibsen. But perhaps a more cogent reason for the play's initial failure is that very few serious old plays — "revivals" — ever succeed on Broadway. The audience responsible for success on Broadway's economic terms seeks novelty in entertainment rather than human statements. Unless a configuration of stars can be made to shine over an old play — which by and large means the best drama — the place for it is off-Broadway.

1953 was an inchoate time for public discussion so that *An Enemy of the People* probably discomfited its Broadway audience as something possibly tainted with political infection. Now at the Actor's Playhouse (on lower Seventh Avenue) the play comes to a raw and explosive life as a social melodrama — and none the worse for that. It is a shriek of protest against conformism. The play is vigorous no matter how you view it. The actors in Greenwich Village are very American and forthright, and though it is clearly arguable that their presentation is not "pure" Ibsen I confess — to put it in the mode of their production — I got a bang out of it.

## RECORDS

### Lester Trimble

BY NOW, Glenn Gould, the young Canadian pianist, is almost as famous for his personal eccentricities (including a fantastic platform manner), as he is for his virtuosity and keenness of mind. All these qualities influence his new records of Beethoven's *Concerto No. 1 in G Major* and Bach's *Concerto No. 5 in F Minor* (Columbia ML-5298).

In the Beethoven, Gould adopts exceedingly brisk tempi for the first and last movements. This gives energy to the reading, and an air of youthful vivacity; at the same time, the type of brilliance achieved for the opening *Allegro* tends to lie on the surface, and the final *Allegro*

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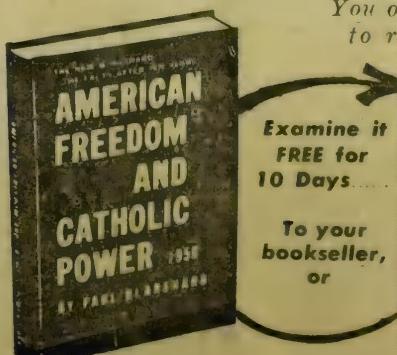
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*Scherzando* can only be called rushed. Indeed, Gould launches into it so precipitately that its first theme is thrown rhythmically off kilter and remains that way until the orchestra enters to set things straight. For two of the movements, the pianist has composed cadenzas which are frankly out of the Beethoven style. As a matter of fact, they don't even match each other. Yet there is something curiously appealing in their willfulness.

Gould's interpretation of the Bach Concerto is more satisfactory. He plays the fast movements with a consistent articulation that makes the piano sound a bit like a harpsichord. Some people object to this kind of Bach playing, but I will say in its favor that it gives immense clarity. When it is combined with Gould's marvelous sense of motivic phrasing, his joy in the music, and his rhythmic verve, I find it both valid and attractive. It is a pity, though, that his tone is not warmer in the slow movement, and that the sound of the Columbia Symphony Orchestra under Vladimir Golschmann is so close to dry.

Beethoven's "Eroica" Symphony, as recorded for Columbia by Bruno Walter and this same orchestra, again shows that quality of tone, so I infer that it is a product of the players and/or recording techniques, rather than the conductor (Columbia ML-5320). Of all Beethoven interpreters, Bruno Walter is most renowned for the warm and ample tone he can draw from an orchestra, and for the breadth of his interpretive conceptions. This performance, however, is just a very good Beethoven reading.

It is a far cry, though, from the peculiarly misconceived reading of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony which Ferenc Fricsay achieved, with the splendid resources of the Berlin Philharmonic, the Choir of St. Hedwig's Cathedral, and soloists Irmgard Seefried, Maureen Forrester, Ernst Haefliger, and Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau (Decca DXB-157). On these discs, everything seems slightly out of focus. In certain places, such as the open-fifth beginning, an almost Impressionist approach has been taken, which violates the music's basic mood and style as thoroughly as anything I can imagine. But that does not explain other passages, where supporting "pedal" chords are given strident predominance over important thematic material, or still others, where vital parts of the texture can't be heard at all. The readings of Beethoven's Leonore Overture No. 3 and the Egmont Overture are similarly poor.

More cheerfully, I can report that

Manuel Rosenthal has drawn performances of Debussy's *Prélude à l'après-midi d'un faune* and *Fêtes* from the *Orchestre du Théâtre National de l'Opéra de Paris* which are as ravishing as anyone can ever expect to hear. On the same disc, Debussy's *Jeux* and *Nuages* come off less effectively. Their innately static quality is emphasized (or corroborated) to such an extent that the listener's interest flags (Westminster XWN-18771).

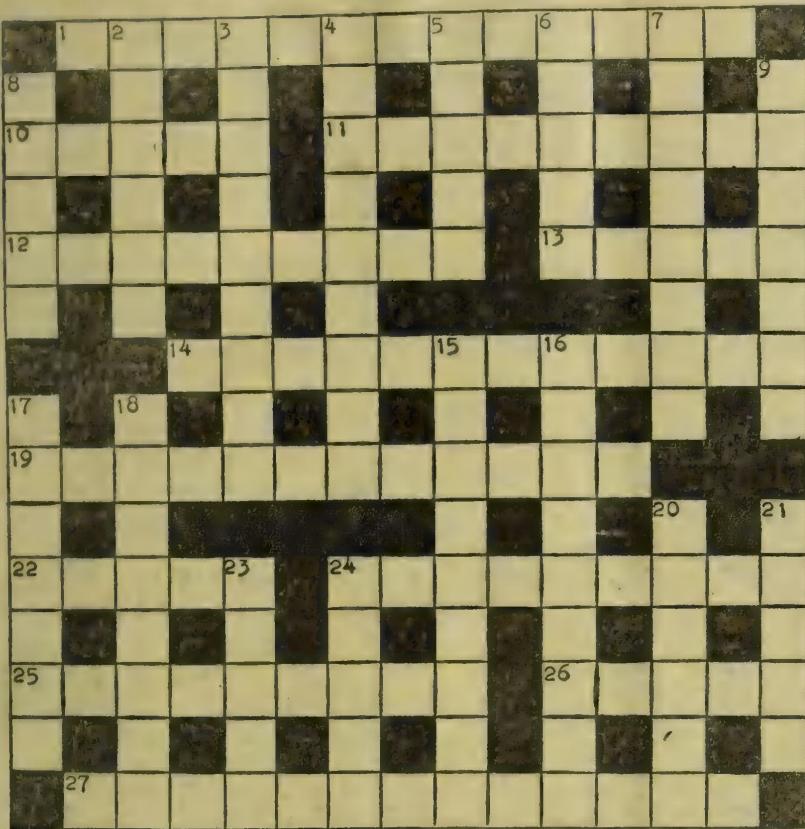
A RECORDING of Indian music played by Ravi Shankar, Chatur Lal and N. C. Mullick has been issued by World Pacific Records (WP-1248). If I am not mistaken, the composer-performer, Shankar, is at the very top of India's formalized musical hierarchy, and judging both by this recording and by a program of his music I heard a couple of years ago in New York, he is one of the most fabulously gifted musicians alive. In this improvised music, the quality of Shankar's invention and his sense of organization are so highly evolved that they speak directly to the mind and senses: the exotic foundations of the music are incidental, insofar as the Western listener is concerned.

Archive Productions has issued two discs, (part of the History of Music Division of the Deutsche Grammophon Gesellschaft) devoted to works of J. S. Bach as played by the American harpsichordist, Ralph Kirkpatrick. They include the six French Suites and a *Fantasia and Fuga in A Minor*. Kirkpatrick is not the most fanciful harpsichordist in the world, from a coloristic or emotional point of view, but he is cultivated, musical, solidly intelligent (ARC-3113).

THE Vivaldi Violin Concerto in G Minor, the Rameau Concerto No. 6 in G Minor (transcribed from a group of harpsichord pieces), and the Handel Violin Concerto in C Major are recorded for Monitor (MC-2018) by the young Soviet violinist, Leonid Kogan, and violist-conductor Rudolf Barshai, with the Moscow Chamber Orchestra. The solo performances are good. Kogan, as usual, seems a little unformulated, but refined. Barshai is an extraordinarily fine violist, and his instrument (a Stradivarius which once belonged to Vieuxtemps) produces the most beautiful violin sound I have ever heard. As a conductor, he seems to be no great shakes, however, and the Chamber Orchestra has a consistently heavy-footed sound. Handel is a delightfully fresh and awkward composer—his music sounds like that of an eighteenth-century Russian Grandma Moses.

# Crossword Puzzle No. 812

By FRANK W. LEWIS



## ACROSS:

- 1 The way a gangster might deceive a government agent, with time turning into alliance. (13)
- 10 A branch of the law it helps make? (5)
- 11 Take the place of speed? Sure! (9)
- 12 Not on top in the return transaction, and all washed out! (9)
- 13 Important engagements of July 1, and July 13, 1863, for example. (5)
- 14 A fine thing to trifle with, considering he used to carry the load. (6, 6)
- 19 The lasting effect felt wrong, continually causing sickness. (7, 5)
- 22 The garnish of Degas' pictures. (5)
- 24 Were homes located so indefinitely? (9)
- 25 Take a taxi to somewhere in South America, and rent another car! (9)
- 26 Was a marine type plucked by Holmes' harpies? (5)
- 27 Check for bond support in addition. (13)

## DOWN:

- 2 The total project would be rejected, if wrong-end-to! (6)
- 3 Possibly three points, to boot! (5, 4)
- 4 Record color it seems, in doubt. (9)
- 5 Tied up with a little work losing money? (5)
- 6 Worn out, like any car might be. (5)

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# LETTERS

## The Mark Who Was Twain

Dear Sirs: To Kenneth Rexroth, reviewing Mark Twain's autobiography ["Humor in a Tough Age," March 7], the humorist was completely normal. No schizophrenia whatever. No feeling "awful guilty about something awful." Personally, I've always felt that Mark Twain's decision to dress completely in white from head to foot...was equivalent to "coming clean."

Was it really so normal for Mark Twain to be a pilot on those floating brothels of the Mississippi, and then a miner in the rough West, and then a journalist in the gay and uninhibited Bohemia of San Francisco, and still remain a virgin until he was thirty and got married? Of course he may not have been a virgin. I only know what I read, and that there was never the slightest whisper of a woman in his life until his marriage.

And that marriage! Is it normal for a thirty-year-old man to fall desperately in love with a portrait in miniature, as Mark Twain did when he first saw Livy's portrait in Smyrna, Asia Minor, some 6,000 miles away from that girl's residence? And then, how normal was the story of that girl, which he heard at the same time, a girl who was a millionaire's daughter, and who had just spent two years on her back, paralyzed, and beyond the help of all physicians, until a faith healer entered her room one day and said: "Rise!" Whereupon she rose and walked.

And this pure youth falls in love with this dollar-princess who has obviously been under the spell of a wicked sorcerer. Mark Twain himself was addicted to these ancient forms. Didn't he write two volumes on the virgin Joan of Arc? (Explaining that once in his youth a bit of paper torn from a book had been blown by the wind into his face, and that he read it and it was about Joan of Arc, for whom he henceforth conceived a passion — perhaps anticipating the miniature that would also by chance come into his life.)

It's all quite normal. He writes a piece of erotica or two, to show where he stands; but at the same time, when his daughter goes to college and by chance he discovers that they use a book there that stands up for the poet Shelley (who abandoned his wife, Harriet), he goes into an awful rampage about morals and the desecration of innocent girlhood, and writes a thing called "In Defense of Harriet Shelley," and it's a scorcher for

anyone who would step a single inch outside the path of absolute virginity and immaculate conception. But some years later, with the daughter dead, and his wife dead, Mark Twain greets Elinor Glyn as the greatest writer on earth, come to bring to male and female a new freedom.

No schizophrenia there. This is the poor printer's devil who dreams of becoming the first billionaire in the world through his fostering the invention of a machine that would eliminate printer's devils. And as the extremely affluent husband of a millionaire's daughter, this poor Southern boy writes a tale of a changeling, *The Prince and the Pauper*. And he writes the story of a poor man with a million-pound note.

No guilty feelings there. But why did he lie about his experiences in the Confederate Army? He did desert. And though he never joined the Northern cause, he was later able to identify himself so completely with the Grand Army of the Republic as to join their reunions, introduce General Grant as the speaker, and publish Grant's *Memoirs*. And write a book about a poor Southern boy who helps a Negro escape from slavery. And then send Negro boys through college. And with no guilt feelings whatsoever, he nevertheless worries about the death of his brother, feeling himself to blame, and the death of his son, again feeling himself to blame, and is so insensitive about these matters that he never forgets a childhood prank of his that cost a little boy his power of speech, and a half-century later writes a book about that: *The Mysterious Stranger*. Guilt feelings? Balderdash....

Mark Twain tells us that his autobiography was intended to be in a great many volumes. And terribly true. But what we have is a few fragments, and of no great importance. That's my reading of the case. Why, what happened, is guesswork. But there's some mystery here, that's for sure. Perhaps a trivial one. But working powerfully in Mark Twain, the twain, the split man.

GUY ENDORE

Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs: Mr. Rexroth, referring to Mark Twain, writes ". . . and it gave him entrance to the American home, back in the days before Mom had emasculated that institution." As a psychologist who has done considerable research in the field, I do not accept that Mom has emasculated the home: (1) Women have not emasculated men — this is a Madison Avenue distortion of Freud's concept of penis envy, and man's feeble excuse for not examining him-

self and his responsibilities; (2) women, even though they numerically outnumber men, are a minority group . . . the whipping girls for any unsolvable problem; (3) American family life requires deep study and not smug, off-the-top-of-the-head derision.

ANNE STEINMANN

New York City

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The Nation, March 28, 1959. Vol. 188, No. 18

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## ECONOMIC HAZARDS of ARMS REDUCTION

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** When we planned our politics-for-peace issue — "If We Want Peace," February 21 — there was omitted from its purview the politico-economic impact of our own defense program and the role it plays among the many factors contributing to international tension. The omission was deliberate on our part, for we felt that this complex subject is in many ways the core of the problem, and as such deserved separate treatment.

The following pages, then, are to be taken as complementary to our earlier issue. They have been pre-

pared under the general guidance of Paul M. Baran of the Economics Department of Stanford University, who enlisted the cooperation of two of his Stanford colleagues and of Paul A. Sweezy, co-editor of the *Monthly Review*.

Some readers who share *The Nation's* concern with peace will be disturbed by the harsh and unequivocal nature of the writers' conclusions. Our own reaction is quite different, and is based on the truism that realization of the magnitude of any problem is the first requisite to its solution.

### The Choice Before Us... *by Paul A. Baran*

ACCORDING TO official statistics, the unemployed in January numbered 4.7 million. Trade-union economists consider six million to be a more accurate estimate. This is the highest total for January since 1940. It is important to realize that the extent of this unemployment is *not* a reflection of a cyclical trough in the economy. It represents rather the accompaniment of a pronounced recovery from the sharp decline of output in 1957-58. As the First National City Bank's *Monthly Letter* for February observes:

...Overall manufacturing output has regained more than 80 per cent of the ground lost during the recession, but only one fourth of the decline in the number of factory workers has been recovered. While longer work weeks and better utilization of labor have played their part in the marked rise in output per worker, the major influence has been improved efficiency of operations, including the installation of new facilities and the shutdown of the least efficient units to reduce costs.

In other words, even a complete return to the pre-recession boom levels of output of 1956-57 would lead only to an inconsiderable increase in employment. Yet productivity is rising, and is bound to go up further as a result of the massive investments and the sweeping technological advances that characterized most of the postwar period. If earlier average rates of expansion of output per worker serve as a guide, this year's industrial output can be produced next year with 3 per cent less labor. This would mean an additional million people out of work. But meanwhile the population grows; considering the prevailing rate of increase and the evolving age-distribution, approximately 1.3 million new job seekers will enter the labor market every year in the near future. Thus if output were to remain constant, unemployment can be expected to swell by more than two million per year.

Putting the problem in different terms: for something resembling full

employment to be maintained, output will have to grow at the rate of approximately 5 per cent per annum. In the light of the historical experience of advanced capitalist countries, this is a tall order. The editors of *U.S. News and World Report* have every reason to wonder: "Is big unemployment here to stay?" (February 20 issue.)

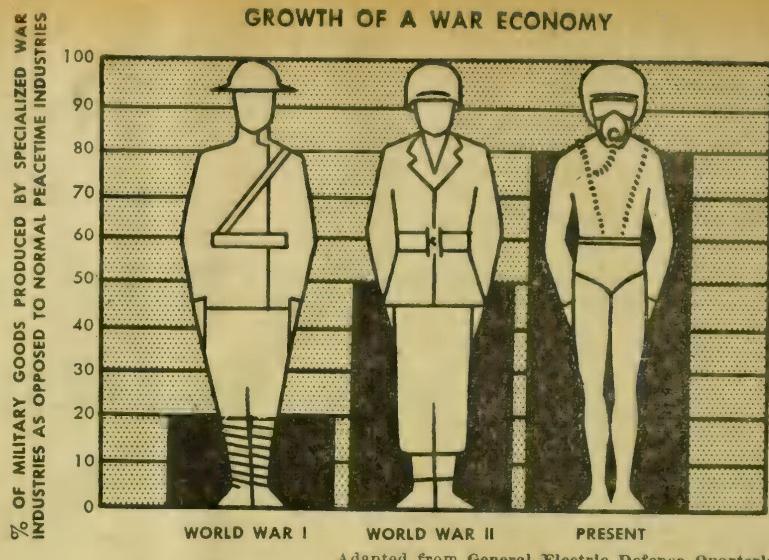
It must be borne in mind that what we are considering here is *not*

### CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

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what would be a consequence of massive disarmament, or even of a partial reduction of military spending. Indeed, the threat of chronic large-scale unemployment, of "creeping stagnation," faces us in spite of the fact that nearly \$50 billion are spent annually for military purposes, in spite of the fact that, all things considered, \$100 billion worth of effective demand—a quarter of our entire Gross National Product—is based upon military outlays (as shown in Professor Tarshis' article on page 267). What would happen to the economy if the military pillar were to disappear is not easy to visualize. Federal taxes, undoubtedly, could be reduced, but not even the most optimistic economic analyst would expect the resulting increase in private spending to exceed or even to equal the decline in government purchases. Actually, confronted with a disappearance or a major curtailment of the armaments market, business may even reduce its investment appropriations—regardless of federal taxation policies. One should not forget what happened to business investment in the early thirties, when the tax collector could hardly have been accused of standing in the way of business expansion. That not too much should be expected from the tax-reduction remedy is apparent from Dr. Goldberger's paper (see page 271), even if its conclusions are somewhat more sanguine than would seem to me to be warranted.

But why rely on tax reductions? Could not public spending on welfare fill the gap? Considering the question in purely abstract terms, one obviously must answer in the affirmative. In fact, the Friends Committee on National Legislation has presented, in its recently published *Questions on Disarmament and Your Job*, a sensible program that could be substituted for the present armaments race. The committee proposes the following expenditures in the course of the next ten years: \$20 billion on aid to world development; \$25 billion on public health, hospital buildings and medical research; \$25 billion on natural resources, roads, waterways and recreation areas; \$20 billion on old-age benefits, child welfare and other so-



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cial security; \$30 billion on adequate school buildings, better teachers' salaries, scholarships and research; \$30 billion on new housing projects, slum clearance, area and urban renewal; \$20 billion on a civilian research program for the space age, and \$30 billion on tax reductions so that "individuals may enjoy better private living, more leisure and artistic expression." One need not agree with this particular breakdown to acknowledge that some such program of resource allocation would not only be feasible, but also incomparably more conducive than military expenditures to the security, health and development of this nation and of the world at large.

IT MAY BE objected that we are trying to force an open door, that the preferability of welfare expenditures to military spending is undisputed, and that the former would be in the center of our national policy were not the latter imposed upon us by the exigencies of the international situation. Both of those objections are highly questionable. Dr. Sweezy's essay (page 275) discusses the economic and social forces which stand squarely in the way of a welfare-oriented governmental policy. His analysis is reinforced by the consideration that the producers of military "hardware"—the manufacturers of airplanes, missiles, electronic equipment, etc.—represent now, perhaps for the first time in American

history, a powerful, articulate bloc of vested interests whose survival is predicated upon the continuation of the armaments program. The "countervailing power" of those who speak for reason, sanity, education, health, urban renewal and aid to poverty-stricken nations is alas! no match for the modern "merchants of death" and to their witting and unwitting allies. There is very little reason to assume that in the absence of international tension, public welfare would be the guiding beacon of our "power elite."

Worse still—and this brings us to the second consideration—much is to be said for the proposition that both a genuine relaxation of international tensions and a genuine disarmament program are bitterly opposed by those whose interests are best served by the continuation of the armaments race. Those who insist on our current attitude toward China, those who are perpetually ready to bring us to the brink of war in the Near East or in Germany, are neither architects of peace nor protagonists of peaceful coexistence. Peter F. Drucker has put his finger on the nub of the matter: "In international affairs . . . it is quite possible that it is defense technology which is causing the basic international tension rather than that the tension is responsible for our defense efforts." Indeed, it is sheer hypocrisy to insist on the settlement of international disputes as a precondition

for disarmament. There can be neither peace nor even a fruitful search for peace as long as rattling with H-bombs and A-bombs is considered to be the best means of diplomacy.

Genuine disarmament would undoubtedly have a highly unsettling effect on the American economy. This fact must not be obscured, but faced honestly. But to avoid unemployment by means of an arma-

ments race represents the height of social madness. Unemployment can be and must be avoided by providing meaningful outlets to our economic and social energies, by planning for a rational utilization of our vast national resources. America's program of peace and prosperity depends crucially on the elimination from power of those whose vital interests are inexorably bound up with

preparation for war. The nationalization of the armaments industry and the development of an imaginative, long-term plan of economic reconstruction are the basic prerequisites for the growth of a free, democratic society. They will not be attained until they become the battle cry of millions of American workers, American farmers, American liberals in all walks of life.

## The Arithmetic of Defense Spending . . by Lorie Tarshis

THERE CAN BE no question about the overriding importance of our defense program, though there is a sharp conflict of opinion as to whether it is important for good or for evil. To many it represents the price we have to pay for survival; to others it seems a major contribution to the world's demise. These are terrible and paramount issues; and they are mentioned here not because we are going to discuss them, but rather because we are not.

Our task, if less important, is at least simpler: to consider the economic effects of the defense program, and these alone. Whether the program is too small or too big, effectively organized or not, adequately responsive to the military requirements of the next war or of the last—these are questions beyond my competence. Nor can I do more than guess the answer to the question of whether our best defense is indeed military defense. Instead, I am going to limit myself to considering the effects of the defense program upon our economy, and no more.

More than 60 per cent of the federal budget is presently earmarked for missiles, H-bombs and other devices to secure our ramparts. And with an Administration that feels it must have in its pocket a dollar of tax yield to finance each dollar of expenditure, no matter what the circumstances, we can just about feel these pennies for the Pentagon being squeezed out of us. It hurts, and so it is scarcely surprising that so many ask, "Can we afford it?" But just about as many voices—and oddly enough they are often the same ones—solemnly declare, "If it were

not for our defense program, we'd be facing economic collapse."

Between the "Do we need it for prosperity?" and the "Can we possibly afford it?" which surely represent viewpoints at very nearly the extremes, the truth probably lies. In the following notes, I intend to set out some of the background facts which may help the reader to determine just where it lies.

### How large is the defense program?

This is partly a matter of definition. Depending upon what we think it sensible to include, we might answer, "About \$40 billion a year, or \$60 billion a year—or even more." Clearly, any of these figures is large in absolute terms: say, for the smaller one, a line of pennies stretching about 45,000,000 miles into space, or more than fifty trips to the moon and back. Here, at least, is one lunar probe by the Pentagon upon which we can count with complete confidence.

The figure of a little more than \$40 billion annually comprises the so-called direct defense expenditures: procurement of aircraft, missiles, military research and development, and ships; expenditures for the Atomic Energy Commission; military pay and allowances, and so on. The \$60-billion estimate includes pensions for veterans, foreign aid and interest on the federal debt (the bulk of which was contracted in World War II). Still further additions could certainly be made; for instance, the amount spent to cover the expenditures of private business firms to finance their expansion to meet prospective military orders—an elusive

figure, but appropriate. Clearly, some allowance to reflect a part of the cost of adding to the productive capacity of the electronics, aluminum, steel, petroleum, chemicals and many other industries, might be included.

Absolute figures of this kind—say \$40 billion, or \$60 billion, or maybe \$80 billion—even though impressive are not really meaningful. They must be set against something to which they can be sensibly related, something more relevant than the distance to the moon. A usual method is to set them against the size of the entire federal budget (though for a number of reasons, this is not at all a good basis for comparison). The \$40-billion figure, for what it is worth, now constitutes about 60 per cent of federal government expenditures; the \$60 billion comes to 80 per cent (the equivalent figure for the fiscal year 1946 reached 86.5 per cent).

About all one can say for such a comparison is that since Congress and the Administration apparently regard the expenditure total, as set out in the budget, as the sum available for all their various programs, we can get a picture of the place of the military program in their system of priorities. But nothing else can be said for such a comparison because:

1. The budget figure for expenditures includes some entries that are not expenditures at all, as any half-trained bookkeeper would know if he were to scrutinize government accounting procedures. Transfers to the Social Security Account are a prime example. It also omits some items that should be included. In short, in

this case the denominator is not very meaningful.

2. Nor, for that matter, is the numerator. The figure for defense spending (and, by the same token, for the total of federal government expenditures) includes some items the purchase of which constitutes no drain at all upon the economy's capacity to meet our wants, while others—and they are in the majority—impose a real, solid demand upon the productive machine. This can be illustrated by comparing, say, expenditures on pensions for veterans with those to finance the purchase of aircraft. The former consists in sending a check through the mail for which no current service is rendered in return, and in connection with which, therefore, no labor or machinery must be diverted from other uses. The latter, in contrast, requires the use of all kinds of resources, labor and machines; and clearly the more of these that are used for aircraft production, the fewer remain available for producing to meet other needs. Under some circumstances, it makes sense to express our problem as one of "aircraft or butter," but never as one of "pensions or butter." Be that as it may, the importance of comparing one sum of quite dissimilar subtotals to another sum of dissimilar subtotals is not likely to be helpful, even if our arithmetic can be carried out to several decimal points.

THESE remarks should set the stage for the entry of a far more useful comparison: the proportion of the total product of the whole economy that is directed to national defense and security. On this basis, national defense in the third quarter of 1958 absorbed about 10.1 per cent of our total output; national security (which includes foreign military aid) about 10.7 per cent. (These figures do not make any allowance for that part of our total output that was taken by private business firms to expand their productive capacity to meet defense requirements.) Thus from each dollar's worth of the nation's output, a bit more than ten cents' worth is taken by the Pentagon or the AEC.

One final note on the size of the program. In 1953 (when the defense program was somewhat larger, at \$52

billion), about \$23.5 billion of our total output was in the form of automobiles and things needed for their operation; \$1 billion was spent on higher education, \$11.9 billion on recreation and \$77.2 billion on food.

#### Can we afford our defense program?

This question—usually answered so vigorously and firmly—is in fact a very complicated one. It requires an assessment of costs and benefits, and in this particular instance, such an assessment raises difficulties.

The economic *cost* of any "program"—defense, automobile production, education, or what you will—cannot be higher than the value of what must be given up to secure its realization. If the economy doesn't function properly, it can easily be lower.

When something like \$40 billion of our national output is taken by the Pentagon, the cost to society is the amount of other things that we would have been able to enjoy had we not undertaken the production of missiles and aircraft.

Can we afford that cost? In a society like ours—affluent beyond all others, though hardly yet deserving of Mr. Galbraith's title—the question actually has little meaning. What do we give up? Longer tail fins? Larger refrigerators? More vitamins added to foods which, in their processing, have been stripped of vitamins? Softer mattresses? If that were all, and if more missiles spelled greater security, we could clearly afford them. And even though there are more urgent needs—raising the living standards of a large proportion of our population, better education and better housing—the answer might still be in the affirmative; surely shorter tail fins, smaller refrigerators and even some poverty could be endured if the price were survival. Though, as a society, we cannot afford everything, presumably we can afford all that is very important to us.

This answer is, however, too simple. Sometimes—today, for example—producing more guns does not require a reduced production of butter. There is a margin of unemployed resources upon which society can draw for its needs. When this situation rules, we cannot even measure the

cost of the defense program by the value of what has to be given up in its behalf. In such circumstances, the cost is literally zero—and clearly an economy *can* afford something that has no cost.

The reader may find this puzzling, and feel tempted to brand the economics as topsy-turvy. So it is, but the fault lies not with the analysis so much as with the world it attempts to understand.

Can we afford a defense program of the present size? Even if there were no unemployment, this is like asking: Can a millionaire afford a three-dimensional Hi-Fi color television set with neon lights on the antenna, four electric windshield wipers and power steering on the controls? When unemployment prevails, you merely have to add in the information that the equipment described above is free. In short, it is silly to claim that we cannot afford \$40 billion a year for defense.

#### Does our defense program sustain prosperity?

Here we shift our focus and instead of considering the cost of the program, we look at it as the basis for a very large and attractive market. From this standpoint, our first impulse is to answer in the affirmative. Especially now, when the aggregate market is not quite large enough to absorb as much as our economy could produce if it were operating at capacity, one cannot overlook the importance of a \$40-\$45 billion market. Indeed, in answering this kind of question, we have to take account of a very considerable supplement to the market: the added purchases of those whose incomes are derived from their participation in the defense program. After all, a Boeing worker will spend more when employed on a B-52 contract than if he were out of work; and the same goes for Boeing's stockholders. Taking all this into account, the total market (when defense spending is \$40 billion) is roughly \$100 billion larger than it would have been without the program.

But here we have to be careful. If there were no defense program, there might well be some offsetting factor that would restore at least a part of the market. Think, for example, of the very probable tax cuts,

and what this might mean for the market. The size of the effect would depend upon the kind of taxes remitted (this matter is considered in detail in the next article in this issue); but in any case most economists would not expect the market to be restored in full.

A second possibility must be mentioned. If the defense program were scrapped, some might expect the government to embark upon other projects—perhaps public housing, highways and education. If this were done, and as much spent as is now being spent for defense, the market would be fully restored.

Does our prosperity, then, depend upon a large defense program? In a way, yes, though the answer must be in the conditional. Prosperity and defense are linked if taxes are held fixed and no other program is substituted for a canceled defense program. If, however, taxes were re-

duced, the threat to prosperity would be somewhat less serious; and if a substitute spending program were adopted in addition, the threat could conceivably be removed altogether.

This does not mean that there is no limit, that the larger the program the greater our prosperity. Too large a program would very likely lead to serious inflation, which could only be checked by raising taxes still further.

**OUR REMARKS**, so far, have been concerned with the aggregate size of the defense program. We must now consider any effects it may have by reason of its administration. A few observations to fill in the background are in order.

Of the roughly \$40 billion spent annually, a little more than one-quarter goes for pay or allowances to those in uniform, and for salaries of civilians connected with defense. About this fact, there is little to be

said save that it uses up labor which might be given to other purposes (or wasted in unemployment); and it supports a far from negligible market for consumer goods. The remainder of the \$40 billion is spent upon the products of business firms—mostly for goods produced under contract and occasionally for goods purchased “off the shelf.” The purchases under contract give rise to further complications.

If most of the money were spent upon small, familiar items like .30-caliber ammunition, or rifles, there would probably be little ground for worry about the economy on this score. In fact, however, most of the money goes to buy large, and very complicated items—missiles, jet aircraft, H-bombs, nuclear-powered submarines, radar equipment and the like. And a large amount of it pays for the research and development activities of large, specialized, business

## FOCUS ON GRAND PRAIRIE . . by Rip Manning

### *Grand Prairie, Texas*

MRS. B. M. HERD was in her kitchen making candy for Christmas when the economic bomb hit her home on Dec. 17. Her husband, a sheet-metal worker at Chance Vought, was one of the first of the 4,000 workers knocked out of work when the Navy canceled, without warning, two big defense contracts at the aircraft company's plant here, ten miles west of Dallas. [See St. Louis story on next page.]

“I looked up to see my husband walk in about 8:30 at night,” Ruby Herd recalled grimly. “He usually didn't get home until 1:20 in the morning. I got scared when I saw him. He looked so hurt and discouraged. He just said, ‘Well, I got laid off.’”

“All I could think of was Christmas was just a week off and we had planned on giving the kids a big Christmas. Seemed like we'd had so much bad luck this last year. I'd been in the hospital three times and we were just kinda getting on our feet when this happened.”

The story of the Herd family was like those of thousands of others in Grand Prairie and surrounding towns when the Navy announced it was canceling about \$200 million in Chance Vought contracts. For days

after the mass lay-offs, Grand Prairie was like any town struck by disaster. Faces of the townspeople reflected first the bewilderment of the unexpected blow. Then came the gnawing worry of unpaid bills and no paydays. A pall fell over the business district in what would normally be its busiest week of the year.

“Business hasn't fallen off—it's stopped!” Grand Prairie merchants said. The Dallas *Times Herald* thundered for “a searching re-examination of defense procurement policies [to] both serve the cause of strong defense and forestall future stunning blows to industries and communities that are closely tied in with defense production.” Senate Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson protested to Navy Secretary Thomas S. Gates, Jr. Stormed Speaker of the House Sam Rayburn: “I don't know why they did it. We gave the President a billion dollars more than he asked for.” Senator Ralph Yarborough said he would call for a Congressional investigation of the methods of procuring and letting defense contracts. And Representative George Mahon, chairman of the powerful House subcommittee on defense appropriations, said he would call in Defense Secretary Neil McElroy and Navy leaders to explain their actions.

Stunning as the economic blow was, Grand Prairie was not hit as hard by the mass lay-offs as it might have been. Main key to the town's escape from complete disaster was the fact that although 3,000 of Chance Vought's 16,000 employees lived there, by far the largest number of them were high seniority workers. When Chance Vought employment rolls dropped to 12,000, Grand Prairie still housed about 2,200 of them.

One other factor was important in halting any complete collapse in Grand Prairie. This was the dogged optimism of the merchants and city officials. “Even some of the Grand Prairie people laid off at Chance Vought have gotten other jobs,” Mayor C. R. Sargent said proudly. “Of course, some of them had to sell their equities in the homes and move out. But generally they were replaced by others moving in.”

“You see, everybody still has a lot of confidence in Chance Vought and in the ability of the firm to qualify for other defense contracts. Of course, the people who work there are still pretty jittery about lay-offs. They know that if 4,000 could be laid off as they were just before Christmas, it could also happen to them.”

laboratories. The Pentagon then orders a variety of items which by their nature are bound to be relatively unfamiliar and are made even more unfamiliar by the numerous changes in specifications which occur after the contracts are first signed. (To those who feel that the explanation for the high price of American cars lies in the annual change of models, the spectacle of the hundreds and even thousands of changes in specifications for, say, a jet bomber must be more than alarming. But whether expensive or not, we are assured that these changes are necessary for our survival.)

Because the bulk (in dollar value) of objects bought are so complicated, and also because so often their development stems from an initial "research" deal with one of the larger industrial laboratories, the contracts for their purchase frequently are placed with one large firm, or at best with two or three. Moreover, the contracts are rarely placed on the basis of bids invited from a number of firms; very often only one firm has the "know-how," and the price must be negotiated. These practices, which I am prepared to believe are almost unavoidable, are likely to affect the structure and operations of our economy.

#### Does the defense program foster monopoly?

At first glance it would seem that when so much money is directed to the single producer of a certain product, or to two or three producers, the economy's structure is bound to respond. Most of us quite erroneously picture our economy in terms of many items, each produced by a large number of relatively small producers—like the typical 100-acre farmer. A great deal of our social folklore ("Each man's success depends upon him and him alone"), and even much of our economic analyses, are based upon this unrealistic picture.

The intrusion of a Pentagon purchaser into this dream world would be traumatic indeed. He would single out one, or maybe two, producers of an item, offer an enormous contract and exclude all other producers. No other buyers for the product would appear—after all, how many of *The Nation's* readers are in the

market for an ICBM?—and the industry would soon consist of the lucky one or two firms which had landed the contract. Concentration and monopoly would inevitably result.

The situation in fact is not quite as bad as that, partly because it starts from a much worse initial position; even excluding defense business, concentration in many industries is already marked. Nevertheless, the situation is rather striking: in 1958, 40 per cent of all procurement contracts were awarded to ten business firms and 75 per cent went to the 100 largest prime contractors (the 75 per cent figure represents a 10 per cent gain over the preceding year). If one cares for preservation of the competitive (not only the capitalist) economy, these figures are frightening.

ing. Probably never has so large a buyer had his needs supplied by so few. And while this arrangement may not *create* a highly concentrated economy, it surely contributes mightily to it — far more mightily, indeed, than the combined efforts of the Federal Trade Commission and the Antitrust Division of the Department of Justice contribute in the other direction.

There is one qualification to be borne in mind. Prime contractors commonly do a certain amount of subcontracting. Thus the small-business sparrows may manage to fatten if the horses are well fed. Certainly the horses are looked after; but then, sparrows rarely develop into horses.

#### How does the defense program affect the price mechanism?

The operations of an unplanned

## FOCUS ON ST. LOUIS . . . by Ted Schafers

*St. Louis*  
FOR SIX months preceding last December 17, officials of the McDonnell Aircraft Corporation, biggest single employer in the state and a booming firm for two decades, were in a state of acute apprehension. It had a new fighter plane for the U.S. Navy, the F4H-1, which the Navy liked very much. But the Navy also liked a new fighter developed by the Chance Vought aircraft company of Texas. Last fall, the House Appropriations Committee said the Navy could have one, but not both.

The result? Jubilation for McDonnell and for St. Louis. Had the contract been lost, the company would have been forced to lay off 6,000 employees. [In Grand Prairie, Texas, the result was the lay-off of 4,000 workers; see article on preceding page.]

The loss of 6,000 jobs would have been a serious economic blow to St. Louis. Last year the average annual payroll at McDonnell was \$5,594. At this rate, the annual payroll loss would have been \$36,000,000. Using the old rule of thumb that each dollar earned in a community turns over five times a year, the area's economic loss would have been about \$182,000,000.

Not only is McDonnell's own work force a big economic factor here, but some 800 area subcontractors and suppliers do business with the com-

pany. Had the Navy contract been lost, more than 400 of these subcontractors would have suffered. A good slice of McDonnell's \$400,000,000 in sales last year went to make up payrolls of subcontractors and suppliers.

A sizable number of other St. Louis plants are dependent in whole or in part on defense orders. General Steel Casting's plant (just across the Mississippi River) has most of its 1,500 work force producing castings for Army tanks. Emerson Electric Manufacturing Corporation (sales in excess of \$72,000,000) has over 1,200 engineers and technicians among its 4,000 employees engaged in defense work. The company has become an important producer of electronic parts for missiles and aircraft-defense systems. Atomic energy keeps a staff of some 600 Mallinckrodt Chemical Company employees busy producing uranium fuels.

Almost every major St. Louis firm does some kind of defense work—either supplying the raw materials, like steel, or important components.

Aside from this industrial production, many government installations contribute heavily to the economic stability of the community.

St. Louis is fortunate in the diversification of its industry. But, in today's era of \$100 million-plus contracts, a decision in Washington can send shivers down the spine of the most diversified community.

economy are organized by the so-called market mechanism. Suppliers produce what they expect to be able to sell at a profit, and are subject to very strong pressures to produce as efficiently as possible. Buyers, too, in a model market economy, are under pressure to buy cheap and to economize in their use of what they get. There is, of course, a lot of unwarranted sentiment in favor of this kind of arrangement, but there is no doubt that it is highly effective in the solution of certain problems; so much can be inferred from the efforts of countries like Poland and Yugoslavia to restore the market mechanism to working order. Its achievements are the consequence of its ability to communicate information, and to provide incentives for an appropriate response to any change in the data.

Unfortunately, however, the market mechanism is a frail one. Its operations are hampered by too much monopoly, or serious price inflexibilities, or too high a level of taxation, or too rapid an inflation. In any of these situations, it either fails to communicate or passes along the wrong information, or it fails to provide sufficient incentives. Let us see now how the intrusion of our monolithic buyer would affect the mechanism, remembering that it is already subject to considerable strains.

The greatest danger is that the contracts themselves, by their very nature, weaken incentives to efficiency. Even assuming the utmost in-

tegrity and a very real desire to buy on the best possible terms on the part of the Pentagon's negotiator, he is normally not able to do any better than to sign a cost-plus contract in one of a number of guises. Indeed, something like 94 per cent of all procurement contracts are basically of this kind. And the producer who operates under such a contract is not under the pressure that really counts —his dollar profits—to keep costs to a minimum. Moreover, if he himself is not so influenced, he is unable to press his subcontractors and suppliers to be as efficient as they might be.

THE PENTAGON and Congress are, of course, conscious of this difficulty. Congress has indeed called for more contracts set in terms of fixed-price on the basis of advertised bids; but the difficulties of this procedure are staggering. In any case, the Pentagon has devoted a good deal of effort to the task of building-in incentive features to encourage efficiency. However, I seriously doubt their merit. Provisions for renegotiation may do away with the more flagrant opportunities to "cash in" on these contracts; so, too, may the government's right to inspect the firm's books and plants. But unless contracts are given on a fixed-price basis—and I mean *really* fixed—it is hard to see any way in which the producer can be given a real incentive to raise the efficiency of his operations. And, granted the sincere desire

to prevent profiteering in a situation in which there is no competition, and the inability to secure accurate information about the appropriate level of costs, it is impossible to award contracts at prices that are *really* fixed. In this circumstance, it is not only efficiency in the use of the economy's resources of labor and capital that suffers; there is also a failure to communicate the desired information as to relative scarcities. If aluminum, for example, can be substituted for copper at no operational sacrifice, cost considerations ought to be decisive. But given the methods of Pentagon procurement, there is no reason to expect this outcome.

It is indeed ironic that the terribly expensive efforts we are making to guarantee our national security should so threaten the most valuable features of our economy.

IN summary: The current defense program undoubtedly weakens competition, and probably discourages efficiency; nevertheless, it is an important prop under our prosperity. Whether it should be regarded as a "burden" in the sense that it actually diverts resources away from uses which would have contributed handsomely to our well being—assuming our security to be not adversely affected—depends exclusively on whether we would be capable of utilizing them in an alternative way or would permit them to be wasted in depression and unemployment.

## Conversion: the Magnitude of the Task.. by A. S. Goldberger

ECONOMIC FORECASTERS are notorious squabblers; according to an old, by no means inaccurate, saw, all the economists in the world, laid end to end, would still point in different directions. In spite of this hallowed tradition, hardly a forecaster is now alive who doubts that the United States will soon pass that landmark of affluence—the half-trillion-dollar year.

As 1959 began, Gross National Product (G.N.P.)—the total output of goods and services—was pouring forth in the United States at the rate

of \$455 billion per year. Reporting on the President's new, barely (but blatantly) balanced budget, the *Wall Street Journal* (January 20) noted that the responsible government officials were predicting a rate of \$480 billion by December. Conceding that this piece of official optimism may be premature, most forecasters would consider it a good bet that by 1962, Americans can demand and obtain 500 billion dollars' worth—at today's prices—of G.N.P. per year.

There is, indeed, little reason to doubt that productive capacity to

satisfy this demand will be there. A growing labor force, with increased skills and equipment, is in the offing. In 1958's recession year, the 66.5 million employed Americans produced G.N.P. of \$437 billion. Annually, the labor force increases by some 900,000 men and women. Output per worker is also due to increase, by perhaps 2 per cent per year. Even with 4 per cent of the labor force out of work in 1962, a \$500 billion G.N.P. should be within the grasp of American households, businesses and governments.

Production potential, however, is not the same animal as production. The demand, as well as the capacity, are required if 1962 is to be a \$500 billion year. Currently, the national defense establishment directly absorbs some 10 per cent of total G.N.P. in the United States. Nipping off this chunk of demand would certainly set the forecasters spinning. Where would they point after settling down?

This year's defense expenditures—for personnel, parachutes, jets, missiles and other "goods and services"—are slated to be \$45 billion. Those who see a G.N.P. of \$500 billion by 1962 have in mind a continuation of defense spending at no lower than the present rate. Dismantling the defense establishment would call for some hasty recalculations on their part.

WE MAY at least speculate on the outcome of such recalculations. Abolition of military expenditures—matched, dollar for dollar, with tax cuts—will have obvious implications for particular trades, industries and geographical regions. And even speculation in the large will lead to provocative conclusions. For what is clear is that the transfer of purchasing power from the military back to the taxpayer is unlikely to leave the total demand for G.N.P. unchanged.

The defense establishment, after all, exploits its purchasing power to the utmost. A dollar of tax receipts by the federal government is turned, with unseemly haste, into a dollar of demand for current production. Consumers are not spending machines in the same way. Finding his tax liability reduced by a dollar, the individual is likely to exploit only part of his increased purchasing power in demanding current production. Typically, something will be saved—to increase his bank account or life insurance, perhaps to reduce his debts. None of these acts makes a demand on the productive resources of the economy.

Reductions in personal taxes can, then, be expected to increase the current demand for consumer goods and services, but not dollar for dollar.

As for business, firms are likely to

step up or step down production in response to changes in the demands they face. The shift of purchasing power from government to consumers, which a package demilitarization program involves, will naturally change the pattern of demand facing business firms. Construction of new plants and equipment to turn out consumer goods should tend, in part, at least, to offset the vanished need to expand and replace the plant and equipment now used for defense production. By and large, business demand for new capital—plant and equipment—tends to rise and fall with the net profits, after taxes, earned by business. If corporation-profit taxes are reduced along with personal taxes, the net profits of firms are likely to rise.

Today's \$455 billion of Gross National Product includes \$295 billion of consumer expenditures, \$65 billion of business capital expenditures, and \$95 billion of government purchases. Of the last, \$42 billion is spent by state and local governments and \$53 billion by the federal government. The federal expenditures comprise about \$8 billion on non-defense items and, as we have seen, \$45 billion on defense. In projecting G.N.P. forward to the near future, the forecasters find it convenient to consider the following components in turn.

First, how does G.N.P. shape up if present trends continue? State and local governments have been increasing their expenditures by some \$2 billion annually; it seems likely that they will continue to do so. Federal non-defense purchases, on the other hand, show no recent upward trend. Price increases apart—and without demilitarization—defense expenditures are likely to remain at a constant level.

A growing population will stimulate consumer demand; by early 1962, there will be almost ten million more Americans. If the present tax laws persist, and if consumers' saving patterns also persist, consumer expenditures of \$325 billion by 1962 are in the offing. Increased profits and replacement requirements could then push business' capital expenditures up to \$74 billion.

The cold-war economy of early 1962, then, would shape up like this:

consumer expenditures, \$325 billion; business' capital expenditures, \$74 billion; government purchases, \$101 billion; total: \$500 billion of Gross National Product. The tax laws now in force would catch enough of the rising incomes to make 1962 a balanced-budget year, taking all levels of government together.

BUT IF PEACE should break out? Suppose that federal non-defense expenditures do remain about the same, while state and local governments continue to increase their expenditures by \$2 billion per year. With the \$45 billion defense budget eliminated, the total government demand for goods and services would be down to \$56 billion per year in early 1962.

Turn to government revenues, where a matching \$45 billion reduction is to be made. Would-be forecasters should first note the obvious: dollar for dollar, some tax cuts would stimulate private demand more than others.

In 1957, the federal government's tax take included \$12 billion of excises (sales taxes), \$22 billion of corporate-profits taxes, and \$36 billion of personal-income taxes. There are many ways of reducing the total tax take by \$45 billion. The following is a conceivable package: eliminate all federal excises, cut the corporate tax in half, and lower the personal-income tax rates to yield \$22 billion less. With 1957 incomes and sales, this tax cut would have yielded \$45 billion less in government receipts than actually was taken that year. Introduced today as part of a demilitarization program, these drastic changes in the federal tax system would match the reduction in federal expenditures, and would undoubtedly stimulate to some extent the demand for both consumer and producer goods.

In estimating how consumer demand would respond to this tax-cut package, the forecasters will want to sort out wage-and-salary earners from other consumers. Past experience indicates that this breakdown—briefly, between labor and property income—is necessary to predict, at all reliably, how consumer spending will vary with consumer income.

Students of consumer-spending

## FOCUS ON SANTA MONICA . . by Gene Marine

Santa Monica, California

THERE WAS a time when Santa Monica got along quite well on the revenue from its tourists, its moderate-income rentiers, its few really wealthy residents and a number of small industries. No more. Santa Monica's largest taxpayer, by a margin so great as to put it into a class by itself and even to make Santa Monica dependent on the revenue to a surprising extent, is the Douglas Aircraft Corporation. Today, when Douglas' contracts (and payroll) diminish, all of Santa Monica utters an agonized and anguished cry.

Early in December, the Southern California officials of the International Association of Machinists decided that layoffs at Douglas, both in Santa Monica and in other nearby Douglas plants at El Segundo and Torrance, were getting too heavy and lasting too long for comfort. The I.A.M.'s vice president for the area, Roy Brown, wired California's Senators. The union told its members that Douglas has fallen from third place in military contracts to 37th, and that they, too, should start the letters flowing.

Not often, at least in California, does a labor union start a movement so eagerly joined by businessmen. The Santa Monica Chamber of Commerce asked Congressmen to check on "discrimination against Douglas." Civic groups and businessmen's clubs got into the act: the city council added its collective voice, and the county's Board of Supervisors chimed in.

From what the Douglas people say to all this, the whole unhealthy syndrome of Southern California's new disease can be pieced together. Match 1958 against 1957 in any

month you like, and the employment situation in the aircraft industry here hasn't looked so good. Between the two Aprils, for instance, aircraft jobs dropped from 285,200 to 239,600.

Pointing out that the firm's president, Donald W. Douglas, Jr., had predicted "declining job opportunities" a year ago (no great trick in a growing recession), a Douglas statement notes that there are a few less obvious reasons for the drop in jobs. The world-famous DC-6 and DC-7 transports, all products of Santa Monica, have given way to the jet-engined DC-8, which is being built in another Douglas plant (in Long Beach) and which is only just getting started. This is a sample of a changeover taking place all through the commercial-aircraft segment of the industry.

Far more important is the fact that when the California Department of Employment talks about "aircraft" they mean "airplanes." While the November figures for "aircraft" employment show something of a drop between 1957 and 1958, the department also advises that between the same two Novembers, employment in the manufacture of "electrical equipment" rose from 101,000 to 103,600, and employment in "ordnance" rose from 33,400 to a new all-time high of 46,800.

"Electrical equipment" includes the sort of things they put into missiles. "Ordnance" includes missiles themselves.

Fewer aircraft, more missiles—this is the real source of Santa Monica's cries of pain, of the Machinists' anguish, of the ambiguousness of California employment figures. "Much of this situation," says the Douglas statement itself, "has come about as

a result of the transition from airplane to missile production, which requires fewer man-hours of direct labor."

What does this mean for Southern California as a whole? Quite a bit. The contract backlog as of December 31, 1958, for the immediate Los Angeles area alone, amounted to about \$1.5 billion for military aircraft and about \$642 million in missiles. The trend can be seen by looking at two other facts. For the first time in years, commercial aircraft contracts total nearly the same as military aircraft contracts. And looking back six months, we find that the military aircraft backlog then was higher (\$1.7 billion), but the missile backlog was lower (\$529 million). In other words, the aircraft figure is getting smaller, the missile figure is getting larger.

Machinists' Union President Al Hayes has another word about the situation, too. According to *The New York Times* of last October, Hayes has charged the Defense Department with setting a ceiling on wage rates "without authority from Congress or directive from the White House." Whatever else it means, this can be taken as an indicator that wages are getting tighter.

The prognosis, then, is clear. With the Defense Department and the contractors watching wage rates more closely, and with the shift to missiles instead of aircraft, it seems safe to say that while Southern California will still get large chunks of arms-race money, there will probably be less of it finding its way into pay envelopes, and from there into the coffers of the hi-fi shops and the used car lots that are the outward faces of Santa Monica and her sisters.

patterns find clear differences between wage-earners on the one hand, and farmers, businessmen, professionals and rentiers on the other. Out of each added dollar of personal income after taxes, wage-earners typically spend about 75 cents; the corresponding figure for the others is about 50 cents. In accounting for this marked difference, some analysts would stress the lower income of the average wage-earner; others, the plowing back of profits by the individual businessman. In any event,

increased after-tax property income is likely to stimulate less demand for consumer goods than increased after-tax labor income.

With this in mind, consider how the demilitarization program is likely to affect the division of after-tax income between labor and property.

First, a large part — perhaps 40 per cent — of the defense budget goes directly as wage income to government employees, including the uniformed forces along with civilian employees of the military establish-

ment. Second, the balance consists of defense procurement from business. Studies at Harvard's Economic Research Project indicate that labor shares in the income of these businesses in about the same proportion as it shares in the income of producers of consumer goods. If anything, the wage component of the defense procurement dollar is somewhat higher than the wage component in other enterprises.

Third, the tax-reduction program is likely to be relatively unfavorable

to wage-earners. The federal personal-income tax law is not as progressive in practice as it appears to be on paper. Still, it does work in the direction of equalization of after-tax incomes in the United States. Any reduction in the personal-income tax would then tend to render incomes less equal. Reductions in the corporate-tax rate would reinforce this tendency.

On at least these three counts, the package demilitarization program would reduce wage-earners' share in increased after-tax incomes. With relatively more income flowing to those who spend only 50 cents on consumer goods, the demand for consumer goods could not be expected to rise in proportion to after-tax incomes of consumers.

In spite of this, the forecasters will continue to expect population growth to contribute to increased consumer demand. Also on the positive side, cuts in profit taxes may call forth some expansion of plant and equipment by business. Again using past experience as a guide, net capital formation by business could increase by 50 cents with every dollar's increase in after-tax profits.

Pulling these threads together, the perseverant forecaster might come up with this picture of a demilitarized American economy in early 1962: consumer expenditures, \$340 billion; business capital expenditures, \$90 billion; government purchases, \$56 billion. Total, Gross National Product of \$486 billion. The reduced tax rates would yield government (at all levels) revenues just sufficient to cover their expenditures.

THIS speculative exercise suggests that a demilitarized America would be demanding \$486 billion per year by 1962, well above today's \$455 billion rate, but also substantially short of the \$500 billion projected for a continuing cold-war economy and considerably less than necessary to sustain full employment of human and material resources. Private demand, in other words, should not be expected to rise to the opportunity created by an abandonment of the national-defense program.

Does this speculation — or numbers game to the more cynical — im-

ply something more than disappointment to the 500-club of forecasters? Recall that the productivity, as well as the size, of the labor force is on the increase. By early 1962, the labor force will have grown to just over 74 million. Increased productivity will mean that some 71 million persons would be required to produce a \$500 billion G.N.P. Even a cold-war economy, then, would leave 4 per cent of the labor force unemployed.

The \$486 billion of total output demanded by a demilitarized America could, in 1962, be produced by some 69 million persons. This would leave 5 million unemployed—6.7 per cent of the available labor force. And this is close to the average rate of unemployment which prevailed last year, during the Second Eisenhower Recession.

This unemployment picture, in turn, should lead the cautious forecaster to reconsider the estimates of business capital expenditures. Even with profits after taxes running high, vast expansion of plant and equipment would be unlikely in the face of excess capacity and substantial unemployment. Our picture of the demilitarized 1962 economy put capital expenditures at \$90 billion—over 18 per cent of G.N.P. But such a high rate of investment (and the concomitant rate of expansion of output) would be virtually unprecedented in our history, and it is doubtful that it could be sustained. To Gerhard Colm of the National Planning Association, perhaps the most renowned economic projector in America, even the 1955-57 rate of 15 per cent "suggested that the economy has been moving towards an imbalance in our economic structure which would have to be corrected sooner or later." (*American Economic Review*, May, 1958.)

Returning to consumers, expenditures of \$340 billion in 1962 would boil down to \$1,837 per capita, which is almost 10 per cent above the current figure. This, in turn, implies that consumer-goods expenditures per capita would have increased by an average of just over 3 per cent per year, which has indeed been the average over the prosperous years from 1951 to 1958. Even in this affluent society, consumers have been

devilishly clever in finding ways to spend their money. But there is some evidence that the well of ingenuity is being depleted. John Kenneth Galbraith claims that the increasing din of the hucksters is itself evidence of a diminishing intensity of demand in the souls of consumers.

SUCH SECOND thoughts on the rate of capital formation by business and the rate of increase in per capita consumer expenditures would convince the cautious forecaster that our estimate of a \$486 billion G.N.P. for early 1962 leans on the optimistic side. But this rather sobering conclusion clearly stems from a good dose of guesswork. Doesn't our experience with a much deeper demilitarization program—the post-World War II reconversion—support a happier view today?

In 1945, federal government expenditures—almost exclusively devoted to the war—ran to \$75 billion, over a third of total output. Two years later, federal expenditures were down to \$13 billion. Measured at today's prices, this slice in government demand sized up at \$110 billion, which is almost 2½ times as large as a demilitarization program would be today. The war's end also brought major tax cuts, and demand by consumers and business leaped forward.

But behind the postwar surge in private demand lay not only tax cuts, but a hope chest of suppressed desires—and a treasure chest of accumulated funds—which had filled up during the war years. Even so, it was not until early 1950 that total output in the United States returned, price increases apart, to its 1945 level.

Automobile manufacturers, who are not famed as prophets of gloom and doom, would be among the first to concede that no such repressed demand throbs in the hearts of today's consumers. Nor, as 1959 opened, did American industry find its capacity strained to the utmost. At a recent hearing of economists by the Joint Economic Committee of Congress, the "most optimistic view" expressed—according to the *Wall Street Journal*—was that of a Chase Manhattan Bank executive, William F. Butler, who did not foresee capacity production in the nation be-

fore late this year or early in 1960.

With no pent-up consumer demand, and no pressure on capacity, increases in private demand in a de-militarized America would be based upon tax cuts and population growth.

If taxes are cut by no more than the cuts in the military budget, private demand might still suffice to push total output up to \$486 billion by early 1962.

The \$500 billion year would still

be beckoning; but from still farther off in the future. It is possible that sharper cuts in taxes could close the gap. An obvious alternative would be increased non-military expenditures by government.

## Power Blocks to a Peace Economy . . by Paul M. Sweezy

EARLIER ARTICLES in this issue have shown the important sustaining role defense spending is now playing in the United States, and how serious the consequences would be of a drastic cutback without a compensating increase of government spending of a non-defense, or welfare, character.

The inference is that if and when it becomes possible to reduce defense spending, there should take place a comparable expansion in the budget for constructive civilian purposes.

This inference forms the basis of a liberal faith and a liberal program. The faith, in the words of America's most eminent liberal economist, is that "We Can Prosper Without War Orders" (John K. Galbraith in *The New York Times Magazine*, June 22, 1952); the program consists of an enumeration, more or less detailed, of the projects and enterprises which ought to take the place of arms in the government's budget.

Fortunately — so it seems — there is no lack of things for the government to do. Nearly everyone agrees that relative to the needs of the age we live in — an age dominated by science, a rapidly expanding population, and the competition between social systems — our public services are in a deplorable state both quantitatively and qualitatively. We need more education, more social security, a better environment, more conservation — and much else besides. And we are under no illusion that these things can be provided by private enterprise: they are, and will certainly remain, the responsibility of government. Nor is there any question about the quantitative sufficiency of the need for increased public services. Take the plight of our cities, for example. Reginald Isaacs, chairman of Harvard's De-

partment of City and Regional Planning, after extensive research for the American Council to Improve Our Neighborhoods, concluded that urgently required outlays for urban renewal will total almost two trillion dollars by 1970! "The real and total costs of urban renewal are almost beyond cities' and citizens' comprehension," he writes. Even if we are very sanguine about the share of the burden to be borne by private enterprise and local governments, "necessary federal participation expenditures alone will rival those for national security." It would be easy to demonstrate that the need for other public services likewise amounts to many billions of dollars annually. And if by any chance we should ever run out of worthy domestic projects, the development needs of the rest of the world could easily fill the gap for decades to come, and with a great deal more benefit to the American people than they can hope to derive from arms spending.

Against this background, it seems obvious enough that the crux of the economic problem is not to find ways and means for the government to spend money, but rather to decide which projects should come first and which should wait and for how long.

IS THIS, then, the answer to the question whether we can prosper without war orders? It would be most agreeable if it were, but unfortunately there is more to the matter. There is also a political problem involved — not, to be sure, in the superficial sense of party platforms and personalities, but in the deeper sense of the structure of institutions and interests in a private-enterprise society, and the pressures and compulsions and taboos which arise from this structure. When we adopt this standpoint, we will find, I think,

that the problem of "prospering without war orders" is very much more difficult and complicated than it first appears.

LET US begin by examining the nature of arms spending and the characteristic reactions to which it gives rise in various sectors of the population. We will then be in a position to make meaningful comparisons with welfare spending. There are four points which it seems to me require special emphasis.

1. Arms spending neither creates nor involves competition with private enterprise. Its impact on private enterprise is all the other way: the military is an ideal customer, willing and able to buy enormous quantities at generously profitable prices. Moreover, arms spending typically entails various direct and indirect subsidies to business, especially in the area of research and development and the training of specialized personnel at government expense.

2. Arms spending does not directly conflict with the short-term interests of any major pressure group. (That it conflicts with the real long-term interests of everybody is a fact which, up to now at any rate, seems to have but slight political significance.) This means that there is no powerful group in society which is moved by its special interests to oppose arms spending. On the other hand, some powerful groups derive special advantages from arms spending in the way of profits and power — the military itself, the shipbuilding and aircraft industries, and so on. These latter groups have every reason to push as hard as they can for more and more arms spending — and, given the lack of determined opposition, they are for the most part pushing on an open door. Organized labor and agriculture, both tradition-

ally spending-minded, tend to interpret the arms budget in terms of jobs and markets and hence are favorably disposed to its enlargement. Small business, even though it is fully aware that a disproportionately large amount of armament money goes to big business, reacts not by opposition but by demanding an increased share for itself.

3. From the point of view of the power elite as a whole, the militarization of society, of which a large arms budget is of course the keystone, has the inestimable advantage of inducing, or if necessary enforcing, attitudes of conformity and docility in the underlying population. No one saw this more clearly or stated it more incisively than Veblen. A war-like policy, he wrote in *The Theory of Business Enterprise*, "makes for a conservative animus on the part of the populace"; and the more a country is subjected to militarism, "the more effectually will the members of the community be trained into habits of subordination and away from that growing propensity to make light of personal authority which is the chief infirmity of democracy." It is, I believe, almost impossible to overestimate the importance of this consideration to a ruling class which is determined to resist the present world-wide trend to radicalization. Given the power elite's ability to shape and manipulate the ideology of the entire society, we have here what amounts to a built-in, deeply rooted bias in favor of arms spending.

4. The great disadvantage of a large arms budget is that it necessitates heavy taxation — and this of course affects in varying degrees all groups and classes. The inhibiting strength of this factor, however, is decisively weakened by two counteracting forces. First, there is pretty wide agreement among economists that big business is now able to treat a large part of its taxes (including the corporate-income tax) as costs and to pass them along to the consumer. Since big business is also the main beneficiary of arms spending, it follows that it gains much more from this source than it loses through the related higher taxation. Second, the reluctance of the rest of the com-

munity (which cannot shift its taxes) to pay higher levies in support of the military is effectively neutralized by the "instinctive" force of patriotism. "War taxes," William James observed in *The Moral Equivalent of War*, "are the only ones men never hesitate to pay, as the budgets of all nations show us."

IT SEEKS clear, in sum, that a private-enterprise society generates enormously powerful pressures in favor of, and only weak opposition against, the enlargement of arms spending. How is it with welfare spending?

Here, too, there are strong, indeed irresistible, pressures making for expansion. They stem basically from the sheer necessity for more and better public services as population grows and society becomes more complex. In this season of budget making, the newspapers bring us daily evidence of the ubiquity and imperative nature of this necessity: Republicans and Democrats, economists and spenders, Governor Rockefeller and Governor Brown, all are inescapably driven to assent to more welfare spending and more taxes to pay for it. Thus at first glance there would seem to be a striking parallel between this case and that of arms spending. Yet a closer look will show, I think, that the similarities are superficial and the differences profound. If we ask the same questions about welfare spending as we asked about arms spending, we shall see that the balance of interests and prejudices is strongly *against* welfare spending and that its rate of increase is therefore held down to the minimum consistent with the continued functioning of the private-enterprise system.

1. *Competition with private enterprise.* There are many urgent social needs which government can satisfy only by entering into some form of competition with private enterprise. Two examples will suffice. River-valley development—a logical government function—is essential for flood control, water conservation, rebuilding eroded soils and so on. But it also produces public electric power which competes with private power and is therefore bitterly opposed not only by the utilities, but by the

whole big-business community. The history of TVA is eloquent testimony to the effectiveness of this opposition. World-famous, and by any rational standard a brilliant success, depression-born TVA has lived most of its life on the defensive, has been prevented from realizing anything like its full potential, and has never been duplicated in any of the many other neglected river valleys of the United States.

A second and more topical example comes from the field of transportation. Our present system is a crazy patchwork of duplication and inefficiency, regulation and subsidization, inadequacy and (in the provision of commutation services) impending breakdown. It is no secret that the solution lies along lines of comprehensive planning and rehabilitation, and even the ideologues of private enterprise are beginning to understand that this can be accomplished only by a vast extension of government ownership (see, for example, the article "A Plan to Save the Railroads" in the August, 1958, issue of *Fortune*, which implies much that it either doesn't want or doesn't dare to say). Yet so strong is the taboo against government in business that even in the disaster-threatened field of commutation there is no discernible pressure for government ownership. This is not to say that government ownership will never come. It will, of course; but as things now stand it will come only when it is literally necessary to the orderly functioning of the system, and it will bring few of the positive benefits which would flow from bold action and imaginative planning. The moral of this case, as of TVA, is surely plain: wherever welfare spending requires or implies competition with private enterprise it will be energetically fought by the most powerful groups in the community. The contrast with arms spending could hardly be sharper.

2. *The attitude of major pressure groups.* Even when there is no question of direct competition with private enterprise, welfare spending often creates conflicts of interest among important pressure groups and hence evokes the kind of determined opposition which is lacking

in the case of arms spending. Low-cost housing, potentially a vast field for welfare spending, is the best case in point. An effective low-cost housing program would necessarily call for extensive building in open spaces (which abound in most American cities). But this is just what the powerful, urban real-estate interests are against. Hence the concentration on relatively small-scale "slum clearance" projects which liberally reward slum landlords without making an appreciable dent on the shortage of low-rent housing. It is true that labor as a whole has no vested interests which are violated by welfare spending, and in the long run, as we shall see below, this fact may be of decisive importance. But it is also true that once prosperity has become dependent on arms spending, as is the case in this country today, there is bound to be strong resistance in the labor movement to a shift to welfare spending as a substitute. The job pattern would unavoidably change and to the detriment of some of the best-organized groups in the labor movement. This goes far to account for the otherwise baffling fact that the labor movement has provided strong support for arms spending and has done little in the way of formulating and promoting a substitute program of welfare spending on the required scale.

3. *The general bias against welfare spending.* We saw above that militarism induces a general docility in the underlying population which the power elite has used to create a generalized bias in favor of a large arms budget. For an analogous reason, the power elite opposes welfare spending: the more that people come to rely on the state for the satisfaction of their wants and needs, the less respect they will have for the eternal verities of the private-property order and the more open they will be to socialist influences. It is easy to laugh at the cries of alarm about "creeping socialism" and the like, but the truth is that for the propertied classes it is no laughing matter. In the United States, capitalism's greatest strength lies in its unquestioning acceptance by the vast majority of the people. The preservation of this acceptance requires

## FOCUS ON DETROIT . . by B. J. Widick

### Detroit

THE KOREAN armistice marked the end of the "good old days" for Detroit and Michigan, once "the arsenal of democracy." A whole new set of forces has been operating to revise the impact of the war economy on this area, including the expansion and decentralization of the auto industry, the increasing diversification of General Motors and the changes in the nature of war weapons.

Unofficial but reliable estimates suggest that 150,000 jobs have been lost to Michigan in the last five years due to the cancellation of defense contracts and shifts in the character of defense spending. While most economists estimate that between 10 and 15 per cent of the total national work force is occupied in the arms sector, in Michigan today the figure is closer to 5 per cent.

Michigan averaged 406,000 unemployed during 1958. This was 13.9 per cent of the state's total labor force, which averaged 864,000 in manufacturing and 2,112,000 in non-manufacturing (including farming) for the year. Within this framework, the approximately 50,000 workers who still hold down defense jobs in the area loom large. A further cut in defense employment would hurt badly; even good years by the auto industry in 1959 and 1960 would not take up the slack. If the auto industry has a 5.3 million-car year in 1959 (plus a million trucks) there would still be 356,000 unemployed (12.2 per cent of the work force); in a 6.4 million-car year in 1960, unemployment might go down to 293,000 (10.6 per cent of the work force). In this context, any further decrease in military contracts for Michigan would aggravate a very sore and permanent problem.

General Motors, the country's leader in defense contracts, is firmly fixed in the public mind with the manufacture of automobiles; the fact is that 35 per cent of its total business is non-automotive. This diversification, including electrical equipment, diesel motors, locomotives, refrigerators, etc., give General Motors an enormous advantage in its bidding and subcontracting. But little of this helps Michigan now, since G.M. no longer concentrates its military work in this area.

The impact of unemployment in Michigan on the United Auto Workers union, as well as on the state as a whole, scarcely needs belaboring. What is less known is how the general cutbacks in defense have affected the power and influence of the U.A.W. Says the current issue of *Solidarity*, official U.A.W. publication:

Tens of thousands of U.A.W. members in the aircraft industry have been laid off due to Defense Department cutbacks . . .

Among U.A.W. organized plants affected are Chance Vought in Dallas, Bell Aircraft in Buffalo, Martin Company in Baltimore, Vertol Aircraft Corporation in Morton, Pa., Douglas Aircraft in Tulsa and Tucson, Fairchild, Long Island, N.Y., several Curtiss-Wright divisions and other plants.

Further cutbacks in military contracts would certainly add to Michigan's hardships, but most economists agree that even increases would be of no permanent help. Apparently the time has come when the U.A.W., the politicians and the business and industrial leaders of the state will have to begin to think in terms of a more basic solution than the props of a war economy.

not only that the system should work reasonably well, but that it should do so without the state's acquiring too dominant a role; and this in turn forces the power elite into an unremitting struggle on every front, especially the political and ideological fronts, against any expansion of the state's welfare functions beyond the necessary minimum. Capitalism came into the world fighting the feudal state for the uncondi-

tional supremacy of the private economy, and capitalism's defenders today know that its doom will be sealed when that supremacy is lost. This is the main source of that generalized bias against welfare spending which liberals like Galbraith find at once so anachronistic and so frustrating.

4. *The influence of taxation.* Quantitatively, the taxation associated with a given amount of welfare

spending is not likely to be significantly different from that associated with the same amount of arms spending, and since big business can in either case pass its supposed share of the burden along to consumers, it might appear that this is a relatively minor factor in the choice for or against welfare spending. This is far from being so, however. When it comes to welfare spending, the reluctance of the average individual to paying taxes is no longer neutralized by patriotism, and emerges to lend powerful reinforcement to the anti-welfare-spending campaign of the power elite. "It is curious," we read in a letter to *The New York Times* (February 6), "that many people will freely and voluntarily spend every dollar they can afford and sometimes more on individual purchases of goods and services and at the same time complain bitterly about their taxes. The common attitude seems to be that private spending is beneficial to the community, while money paid in taxes is 'poured down the drain' and does nobody any good." The observation is keen, and it explains much of the opposition to expanded welfare spending. But why is it curious? Most people have to struggle to make ends meet and naturally resent the impositions of the tax-gatherer; and the "common attitude" referred to merely reflects one of the oldest and most deep-rooted articles of capitalist faith.

THERE is one further obstacle to welfare spending which ought to be mentioned. The legislators and administrators of a private-enterprise society for the most part belong to, or share, the preconceptions of the power elite. They are against welfare spending beyond the minimum necessary. When they undertake a program because they think they have to, they see to it — consciously or unconsciously makes no difference — that the job is sufficiently botched so as to vindicate their prejudices and demonstrate to the underlying population the futility of expecting salvation from the state. Many examples of this could be cited, but one will suffice: public housing, potentially one of the largest objects of welfare spending. During the

1930s, public housing was a popular cause. Many expected great things from it; others regarded it as a menace; few doubted that it would become increasingly important in the future. Now, little more than two decades later, federal appropriations for public housing are relatively insignificant, and cities are not even using all the funds available to them. "The movement today," write the editors of *Fortune* in *The Exploding Metropolis*, "is so weak that most real-estate groups hardly bother to attack any more." There is no simple explanation of this, of course, but neither is there any doubt that one of the most important reasons is disillusionment with public housing as it has been practiced to date. Fatally wedded to the doctrine of slum clearance, it has done little to relieve housing shortages; while the typical mausoleum-like "project" has signal- ly failed to provide a congenial environment to live in. If there had been a deliberate plot to sabotage public housing, it could hardly have succeeded more brilliantly.

IF, AS I THINK, it makes sense to speak of a need for arms spending and a need for welfare spending — needs that are objectively valid even if quantitatively imprecise — then the foregoing arguments can be summed up in the proposition that all the pressures generated by capitalist society tend to set the level of arms spending far above need and the level of welfare spending far below need. It follows that whenever, in order to offset depressive forces at work in the private economy, there is a need for government spending as such, there will be a strong tendency for the flow of public funds to go into arms rather than welfare.

How does this bear on the question whether we can prosper without war orders? Fortunately, it is not necessary in this connection to raise the issue of how great the need for arms spending is at the present time. For the sake of the argument, we can postulate that it is as large as, or even larger than, the present national defense budget. The point is that, assuming a decline in need, there is no guarantee that arms spending would go down with it.

And if arms spending should decline, there would be formidable psychological, political and ideological barriers to a compensating increase in welfare spending. On the basis of experience to date, the probable alternatives to a sharp reduction in the need for arms spending would appear to be prosperity with continuing war orders or depression without them. Those of us who believe that arms spending is already inflated out of all proportion to need will feel that this theory has already been tested and found valid: for others the test will begin to come if and when they in turn are convinced that the need for arms spending has fallen significantly below the defense budget.

NONE OF THIS should be taken to indicate a fatalistic acceptance of the choice: prosperity through war orders or depression. This choice rises out of a given constellation of socio-political forces which is neither unchangeable nor unchanging. It is even possible to indicate the kind of changes which would be necessary to pose the problem in a new form. Some powerful segment of American society would have to become conscious of its stake in prosperity through expanded welfare spending and of the dangers of continued reliance on arms spending, and it would then have to organize to fight for basic changes in government policy. That the labor movement is the only serious candidate for this role emerges from what was said above. Taken as a whole, labor has no short-run vested interests in arms spending as opposed to welfare spending, and in the long run it stands to be the main beneficiary of the increased public services which welfare spending would bring with it.

Of course, even an aroused labor movement, fighting for its own interests — which in this case are also the interests of society as a whole — would not automatically achieve success. But it would at any rate open up new vistas and create new possibilities. In the meantime, it is hard to avoid the conclusion that in the absence of some such development there is no realistic hope of prospering without war orders.

## The Discovery of Africa

Anthony Sampson

WHEN asked about African writing, most people think of white writers. That is not surprising, for in the last ten years there has been an impressive upsurge of white writing from Africa. But inevitably such literature is incomplete, as the white communities themselves are incomplete; and under this smooth surface there begins to emerge something rougher, cruder, but much more powerful — the self-expression of Africa itself.

To understand the black culture of Africa, one must first look at the white culture which has overshadowed and dominated it — and to some extent shaped it. West and East Africa — apart from occasional books by European visitors (Graham Greene, for example, wrote *The Heart of the Matter* after his visit to Sierra Leone), or the charming East African tales of Isak Dinesen, or the sensational Mau Mau novel by Robert Ruark, *Something of Value* — have produced no serious body of European literature. The bulk of white writing comes from the southern tip of the continent, from South Africa and Rhodesia, where the white population is concentrated.

Many people have compared the white South African novelists to the Russians before the revolution — in their themes if not in their power. They show the same passionate absorption in the peasantry; the same broad landscape of a vast, unhappy country; the same fascination with gross contrasts of wealth and poverty. Some English writers have found in the conflict and tragedy of South Africa a stimulus and force that they feel is gone from their own country. How far the South African literary flowering is due to this stimulus, how far to a coincidence of talents, is a point much argued; but certainly its literature cannot be separated from the political dilemmas that form its background.

Nearly all the major South African writers are involved to some extent in the racial conflict. It is true that probably the two finest of them, Nadine Gordimer and Doris Lessing (a Rhodesian now living in London), have written

ANTHONY SAMPSON, on the staff of *The Observer* (London), is the author of *The Treason Cage*, which deals with the recent trials in South Africa.

March 28, 1959

about many other settings than Africa. They are both very delicate writers, both at their best in the short story, concerned more with the subtleties of personal relationships in tranquillity than with the bold antitheses and dramas that racial themes are apt to produce. Nevertheless, they derive much of their intensity and their irony from the background of racial unease. Even when they write about white people only, their stories are thrown into relief, and given an extra tension, by the sense of fear and foreboding from unseen Africans — in a way that recalls much Southern writing in America.

In her latest novel, *A World of Strangers*, Miss Gordimer is wholly concerned with the mutual impact of white and black, as seen through the eyes of a young Englishman who lives in both worlds in Johannesburg. It is probably the most perceptive study ever written about African race relations — the more so since it is quite without the sentimentality of polemic — and in many ways it represents the summit of white achievement in the literary exploration of Africa.

Most South African writers are much more directly involved with politics: two of the best of them, Alan Paton and Harry Bloom, are almost as much propagandists (and very good propagandists) as novelists. Paton's *Cry, the Beloved Country* has remained a monument to South African liberalism. But it was written in the days of comparative optimism for the future, as a "story of comfort in desolation." The grimmer side of the coin is shown in Harry Bloom's *Episode in the Transvaal*, a masterly story of an African location riot, which holds out little hope of comfort.

Other South Africans are involved less politically, but just as powerfully, in the crisis of color. The young novelist, Dan Jacobson, in his bizarre, superbly written melodrama, *Dance in the Sun*, catches the frenzy of racial obsession on an Afrikaner farm; it strikes echoes of the Deep South, but is infused with a simplicity and tautness that is all African. This undercurrent is found again in his strange comedy about illicit diamonds, *The Price of Diamonds*. Laurens Van Der Post, the romantic Afrikaner novelist and explorer (*Venture to the Interior*

and *In a Province*), derives from the African predicament a vague Jungian mysticism, a sense of primeval powers and dark influences, which enthralls some readers and exasperates others.

These English-speaking writers (as opposed to the white Afrikaners, who are largely preoccupied with their own people and problems) attempt to penetrate the black man's mind, to tap the mysterious thoughts which arouse the curiosity of every white man in Africa. Ever since the veteran South African writer William Plomer (now living in London) first explored the theme in his story *Ula Masondo*, the classic journey from the reserves of Zululand or Pondoland to the gold-mines of Johannesburg (a quarter of a million Africans make the journey on contract every year) has haunted European writers. It reappeared in *Cry, the Beloved Country*, in Mopeli-Paulus' *Blanket Boy's Moon*, in Phyllis Altman's *Law of the Vultures*. From a mixture of genuine curiosity and racial narcissism, white writers seem compelled to speculate on how a primitive black visitor must first see the white man's world.

SOME of this writing — Plomer's, for example — is perceptive and revealing and based on a true compassion; but a great deal, including much by reputable writers, is trash. The representation of black men in white novels is often an excuse for the worst kind of sentimental, unrealistic fairy-tales, which no one could get away with in writing about his own race. Simple "Uncle Tom" Africans talking fake Biblical English about "white man's magic," in a way that no African was ever heard to talk, are forever appearing in the inferior writing about Africa. It is one of the minor forms of racial exploitation, but one of the most pernicious.

Because, however seriously most white South Africans try to explore black minds, they remain unwilling to regard them as straightforward human beings, with minds and motives of their own. The interest for most white writers is in the point of contact between black and white — a contact which is only a very small part of a black man's life. Only in a few writers, like Nadine Gordimer, do black men appear, not as villains or heroes or victims, but as private people with private problems.

This, of course, is the gist of the complaint of educated Africans against white writing. They appreciate the efforts of

white liberals to convert other whites, but they bitterly resent the picture of themselves as helpless chips in the white game. They dislike it the more because, having little tradition of writing themselves, they are easily dominated by the skills of white writers and fall to imitating them — the more readily because publishers, too, are white.

A recent, aggressive example of how the Africans kick against the image of themselves in white books is given by a sophisticated South African writer, Ezekiel Mphahlele. In "The Non-European Character in South African Fiction" he undertakes to show how rarely white writers, even liberal writers, have really shown Africans as complete human beings. It is only among the older, more detached European writers — Kipling, Conrad or Forster — that he finds a serious understanding of non-European people. Well-meaning books like Paton's are the ones he attacks most bitterly for over-simplification.

WHAT, then, is the black answer to this? For most African writers in the continent write either in English or French, and it is within their power to right this wrong. Mphahlele himself — his autobiography *Down Second Avenue* will be published later this year — is one of the articulate black South Africans. His story, which is still another variation of the tribal child who comes to the big city, is both more complex and more believable than the guesses that Europeans have made. His childhood was more influenced by a broken home than by the impact of white supremacy; it was dominated, as are the lives of most country boys, by the certainties and wildnesses of nature. Books like his, or like Peter Abrahams' autobiography *Tell Freedom* — which describes his slum childhood in Johannesburg and his discovery of literature — make it clear that in much of their lives Africans are much more like Europeans than Europeans care to admit.

These two life stories, and others from territories further north (like the French African Camara Leye's *Dark Child*) are part of the birth, or rebirth, of African expression, liberating itself from white domination and groping towards that much-talked-of phenomenon, the "African Soul." As literature they remain incomplete, limited on the one hand by a closeness to European models, and on the other hand by an obsession with race, and an insistence on African rightness, which blurs the subtleties of white and black character. Only in a few books, for example, Abrahams' later novel about Ghana, *A Wreath for Udomo*, is there

as yet any serious criticism of Africans by Africans.

While in South Africa there begins to appear a group of self-conscious, disciplined black writers, producing a Westernized literature adapted to the African terrain, West Africa is developing another kind of newness. African writers there are less bothered by race, less disciplined, and more excited by the opportunities of discovering language and twisting it to their own ends. Their fantasy has found its most picturesque expression in the stories by Amos Tutuola, whose *Palm Wine Drinkard* and its successors have blended tribal folktales with a bizarre use of English, in an enchanting world of "ghostesses," "revend devils" or "deads." Even in less eccentric West African writers an Elizabetian freedom of language restores virility and freshness to old words.

Everywhere up and down Africa you can hear young intellectuals discussing their new Utopia. "Here are the dreams about the great things we yet will do," says a Johannesburg writer, Can Themba, introducing a forthcoming anthology of African writing, *Darkness and Light*: "the long dictionary words and the colorful regalia with which we swathe our dark bodies: that is us." Paradoxically, though, it is not so much in South or Central Africa — where the color bar segregates the African intellectuals, and forces them into nationalism — that the shape of the new Africa is most discussed, but in French Africa, where the educated Africans are free to assimilate with Europeans in Paris and elsewhere, and where, having assimilated, they are determined to be themselves. Only from outside Africa can you see Africa clearly; and the Africans in Paris, centering on a thoughtful and provocative periodical, *Présence Africaine*, have produced a succession of urgent discussions about the true nature of African culture, and how it must differ from the white man's.

Formidable French Africans like the politician-writer Leopold Senghor, for instance, believe that Africa, itself the means and the victim of the European Renaissance, is witnessing a renaissance of its own in which the analytical, materialistic standards of Western culture will be superseded by an intuitive and far more humane African culture. There, among other things, all art and beauty will be linked with a purpose; and he points to the fact that in African languages there is no word for beauty divorced from the object of it.

There is much confusion in these discussions. For instance, Richard Wright, the American Negro Parisian who has

an oddly ambivalent attitude toward his African colleagues, sees the African renaissance as more rational, not more intuitive: "Thank you, Mr. White Man," he writes in an essay called "Tradition and Industrialisation," "for freeing me from the rot of my irrational traditions and customs, though you are still the victims of your own irrational traditions and customs." Each writer, no doubt, sees Africa in his own image. But on one point they are all united — that the marks of the new Africa must be compassion and humanity. "To the absurd utilitarian agitation of the whites," writes Sartre in an introduction to a book by the French African poet, Aimé Césaire, "the black offers the long authenticity of his suffering."

## Old Fires

*THE RETURN.* By Herbert Mitgang. Simon and Schuster. 242 pp. \$3.50.

**Nelson Algren**

MEN of our time whose most intense moments were lived out overseas in embattled hours, will be stirred by this novel, and a little troubled by it as well; as the past brought back is always troubling.

Joseph Borken, an American veteran of the North African and Sicilian campaigns, returns to Sicily, a decade later, as a geologist representing one of those international oil monstrosities that constitute nations in themselves.

His mission is to locate an ore peculiar to volcanic earth, his duty to avoid entanglement in Sicilian affairs.

Borken had, however, entangled himself in a Sicilian affair before Mussolini fell. Her name was Franca Florio and they had met in a bar where bouquets of many flowers mixed with bouquets of many wines.

He finds bar, bouquets and Franca too. She has been married, widowed and is again engaged; but the old fire between them rekindles. Borken hires both Franca's papa and her best fellow, an earnest boy named Eduardo, as guides in his search up the slopes of Mt. Etna.

Out of Eduardo's secret suspicion of a relationship between Franca and Borken, an inner conflict develops as they climb. While outwardly the ancestral conflict between peasants and aristocracy over ownership of the land also brews. Beneath their feet the mountain begins an anti-American rumbling.

**NELSON ALGREN** frequently reviews fiction for *The Nation*.

The air becomes sulphurous, like the air of old battles being fought once more; returning to Borken his best and hardest time. Ultimately all three conflicts, of love, of land, of his search, are resolved for Borken.

The author, who himself served in the North African and Sicilian campaigns, must have soldiered honestly, for he writes like an honest soldier. His account of the inner workings of a great cartel is well informed, and his story of Franca and Borken is tender enough to remind many readers of Alfred Hayes's *The Girl on the Via Flaminia*.

draw the hem of their garments from America's mass culture, saying in effect "This is none of it!" We are all, as he says, part of what is wrong with America; the currents of our culture flow through all of us. But some of us — editors of *Time*, for example — have a great deal more to do with directing those currents than others. To be sure, the notion that we are all equal partners in one big other-directed enterprise has received impressive rationalization (if not documentation) at the hands of David Riesman and his associates. But Griffith, who is within handshaking distance of the real seats of American power, should certainly know that some are a lot more equal than the rest.

Denunciations of the conformity, mediocrity and irresponsibility of American society are getting to be a dime a dozen. The common, conformist hallmark of many of these denunciations is the assumption that these unpleasant phenomena just happened, and that nothing very much can be done about them. It would have been nice if Griffith had gone a little further and tried to analyze the institutional roots of conformity and its role in the American power structure. Lacking such analysis, his portrayal of our waist-high culture remains skin deep.

## The Irresponsibles

**THE WAIST-HIGH CULTURE.** By Thomas Griffith. Harper and Brothers. 275 pp. \$4.

**Robert Claiborne**

IT would be unkind to suggest that this book is the most trenchant criticism of America which one can expect from a continuing member of the Luce organization. In fact, however, it is difficult to be either kind or fair to a book which is at once irritating and trivial.

The irritation stems partly from Griffith's heavy stylistic dependence on what he himself calls "third person imperative" — a style which can be sampled any week on the editorial page of *Life*. What makes his book trivial, however, is not his use of third person imperative but his obsession with first person plural. For Griffith, everything which is wrong or right with America is a matter of the way "we" behave. "We . . . acknowledge the necessity of advertising. . . . We respect the arts in principle — but reward the illustrator more than the artist, the jingle writer over the poet . . ." And in world affairs "We had not aspired to world leadership and responsibility; we had merely wanted to be rich and left alone. . . ."

Proletarian, politician and press-lord, all are swept up into this verbal catch-all which makes all of us responsible for everything and none of us very responsible for anything. It is tempting to echo the Churchill quotation which Griffith himself cites in another connection: "I refuse to be dealt with as part of a blob!"

One can sympathize with Griffith's distaste for those intellectuals who with-

**ROBERT CLAIBORNE** is a writer and magazine editor who has written previously for *The Nation* on political and social topics.

March 28, 1959

## THEATRE

**Harold Clurman**

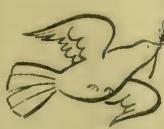
TENNESSEE WILLIAMS' *Sweet Bird of Youth* (Martin Beck) interested me more as a phenomenon than as a play. Its place in the author's development and its fascination for the audience strike me as more significant than its value as drama.

Williams is a romantic; one of the characteristics of the romantic is a pressing need to reveal himself. Though the play's narrative is realistic, the characters are frequently called upon to address the audience directly. Both in its content and its form one senses the author's urgent impulse to say everything he feels right out. Here I am, he seems to be telling us, naked and unabashed, and I am going to speak my piece. At the end of the play the central character turns to us and says, "I do not ask for your pity or even your understanding. I ask you only to recognize me in yourselves."

What is it we are asked to recognize in ourselves? That we are corrupted by our appetite for the flash and clamor of success, that we are driven to live debased existences by the constrictions and brutality which surround us, that

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the sound instincts of our youth are thus frustrated and turned to gall, and that we have an inordinate fear of age, for the passing of time makes us old before we mature.

There may be truth in this. More important is the manner in which this truth is conveyed. Chance Wayne is an average small-town boy born and reared somewhere on the Gulf Coast. At the age of seventeen he has an idyllic affair with a girl of fifteen. But because he is poor, the girl's father — political boss of the town — calls an abrupt halt to the romance. The boy goes to New York in the hope of becoming enough of a big shot as an actor to impress the folks back home. Because he has good looks but very little training, he gets nothing but jobs in the chorus of musicals. He also gives unbounded satisfaction to numerous women.

He is drafted for the Korean war and he suffers the awful fear that his splendid youth will be cut off by mutilation and his ambition thwarted by death. On his release from the Navy one of his jobs is that of masseur at a Florida beach resort. He earns money on the side as a gigolo. One of the women he encounters is a fading movie star in flight from impending failure. Her terror makes her take refuge in drugs and promiscuity. Chance Wayne brings her back to his home town. He clings to this woman — whose whore he becomes — because he plans to make her the key to a Hollywood career for himself. To make sure that she will live up to her end of the agreement, he uses a dictaphone to blackmail her — she has confessed to having smuggled the hasheesh they both smoke. In the meantime, he uses her Cadillac and takes her money to spend conspicuously so that his former girl, her father and the boyhood friends will be awed by his "position."

At some point before these latter events, Chance had resumed his affair with the girl who is his true love. Sometime during his career as a gigolo he had contracted a venereal disease and had unknowingly infected his beloved. Her father has her undergo an operation which renders her sterile. The girl bids the boy — still ignorant of what has happened — to leave town for good lest her father have him killed.

There are many more details portraying the girl's despair, the vile hypocrisy of her father, the maniacal vindictiveness of her brother, the savagery of the town's political gang. In the end the movie star, who for a moment had shown signs of compassion for the boy, abandons him because she has made a Hollywood comeback and can think of nobody

but herself. By remaining in town after he has been repeatedly warned to get out, the boy virtually invites the castration with which he has been threatened.

I HAVE no categorical objection to this heap of horrors. I can believe that they occur in life, indeed that they have occurred. But the telling of this story is very close to lurid melodrama. What saves it from being just that is the fluently euphonious idiom and vivid grace of Williams' writing. Even more telling is Williams' ache and what might be called his ideology.

Is there any virtue at all in Chance Wayne? Williams names it. Chance has given great pleasure. He is consummately male, a wonderful lover. When he hears that a Negro in his town has been castrated for assaulting a white woman, Chance cries out, "I know what that is: it's sex envy" — which is surely the author's comment rather than the character speaking. Sex potency is held forth as a special order of merit bestowing amnesty for every misdeed.

Williams does not ask us to admire the boy, but the whole play suggests that he is sufficiently typical to induce us to share some kinship with him. A nonentity can be made central to a modern tragedy as is Clyde Griffith in Dreiser's book, but the novelist did this by weaving a web of environmental circumstance so complete in each detail that we are objectively convinced. Taken literally Chance Wayne is an atrocity. He is not a real person but a figment of Williams' commanding sentiment.

The simplification and distortion which mark the portrait of Chance are evident in the play's other characters as well — schematic types whose bareness is covered only by Williams' colorful verbiage. The movie actress is the best of them, for there is a grotesque humor about her — a kind of wry pity not far removed from contempt. The most crudely drawn figure is that of Boss Finley, a caricature of a Dixiecrat, a dirty dog beyond compare, more bogey than man. Indeed there is something about all the people in the play which seems calculated to scare us to death.

Much of what Williams has attempted to say here has been implied in some of his earlier plays, but they had more texture in characterization and reality. What we suspect in *Sweet Bird of Youth* is that Williams has become immobilized in his ideology; that it has not been refreshed either by any new experience or by mature thought. He has only become much bolder. The result is that we feel in this play an inverted sentimentality and a willful stress which produce

more ugliness than lyricism or credence. We know that a great part of what Williams feels about American life is valid; many novels and sociological studies in the past thirty-five years or more have helped us recognize its validity. So it is perhaps useful for Williams to cry havoc at theatre audiences still largely protected from the rumor of the real world. Scandal on Broadway may be beneficent. But I observe that the audience at *Sweet Bird* is entertained rather than stirred, piqued rather than sobered. It doesn't truly believe what it sees: it is simply enjoying a show with a kick in it. And this lack of shock may be attributed to something specious in the stage proceedings.

The production, directed by Elia Kazan, is admirably cast throughout: Paul Newman, Sidney Blackmer, Diana Hyland — all are good. Geraldine Page as the movie star creates an especially striking image — more on the comedy character side than on the pathetic. A sure and sharp showmanship is always manifest. The sets, though bare, are prettified by Jo Mielziner's sumptuous lighting.

I must leave Lorraine Hansberry's *A Raisin in the Sun* (Ethel Barrymore) for next week. In the meantime let me note that I liked it very much.

## ART

### Maurice Grosser

THE National Institute of Arts and Letters is putting on display until April 4 the seventy works submitted by thirty-five American painters and sculptors invited as candidates for its annual grants. The Institute's exhibitions are quite different from other large group shows in that the committee in charge, which changes from year to year, is itself made up of painters and sculptors. The exhibiting artists are thus invited more for their individual professional excellence than as representatives of any particular artistic trend. And the annual shows, though they differ from year to year in make-up and quality, can be taken as a rough cross section of contemporary American art from a professional point of view. The present show, by a committee as yet unannounced, seems particularly interesting.

Perhaps most striking is the skillful and professionally respectable representational painting, so noticeably absent today from officially sponsored exhibitions. There is Leonid's *Normandy Cliffs*, with its tiny fishermen and beach

perspective seen from the heights above; and John Koch's *The Movers*, a smoothly painted, almost "genre" picture, all in old gold and grays, of furniture being brought into a richly decorated flat. Leon Hart's *Still Life with Red Fish* is a charmingly perverse alignment of objects in gray and mauves reminiscent of Bonnard. And Martin Jackson in his *Clock Shop* has invented an original and convincing way of painting glass, brass and glitter.

Among the fantastic and satiric paintings, the most impressive is James Kearns's large *Caesar*, a frightening caricature of a dictator crowned with laurels and spotlighted from above. The most touching is Gregorio Prestopino's *Pensive Girl*, a Negro child with shack and chickens, in a flat, almost comic-strip, style. The most unusual, and perhaps the most attractive, is Joe Lasker's *Rome*, a dream-world evocation with figures, wild perspective distances, tessellated pavement, wolf, and in the midst, a strange decorated cylindrical structure like a green porcelain fountain.

The painters who abstract from nature are equally well represented. There is a charming *Late Spring*, a riverside landscape by Frank Duncan in tender greens with elusive interlocking planes like those of Braque's middle Cubist style; and Dean Ellis' *Sentinel*, a patterned abstraction of a lighthouse at night with harbor lights, in rich dark color. Sidney Laufman's *Sanctuary* is a tight trellis of massive tree trunks, stylized like some of Derain's forest pictures but in a flatter plane. Sam Fisher has a *Still Life with Lemons*, the fruit indicated in what seems like the most brilliant Fauvist brushwork, but which is actually collage. While Karl Zerbe's *Tundra: Arctic Light — Occluded Sun*, with its sophisticated textures and lovely color, if it were not for the title, could pass for non-objective action painting.

As one can see from these examples, the show covers the complete range of today's painting techniques, from the desiccated tempera brushwork of Paul Cadmus and Robert Vickrey to the rich concretions of paint in Abstract Expressionist manner of Karl Zerbe and William Congdon. Surprisingly, however, there is not a single painting without image. Even *The Stream* of Walter Stein, which looks at first like an action painting, turns out on closer inspection a convincing view from somewhat above of a small brook running through leaves and grasses.

Among the sculptors, only Jose de Rivera with his spiral antennae in polished steel, and Bernard Rosenthal's constructions in welded metal plate can

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be called non-objective. The best and largest part of the other works is fanciful rather than strictly representational, light in structure and full of holes, built on a system of incurving surfaces, and with a marked predilection for terrifying insect and half-comic monster forms. Ezio Martinelli's *Jersey Devil*, for example, is an eight-foot travesty of an erect mosquito.

In all it seems to me a group show of great variety and exceptional quality. One wonders whether non-objective painting is peculiarly displeasing to this committee—there has been a great deal of non-objective work in the other annuals I have seen—or whether this absence is the beginning of a trend, of a reaction within the profession itself against the decorative side of contemporary art so systematically exploited in the official and extra-professional exhibits such as the recent Carnegie International.

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## FILMS

### Robert Hatch

WHAT with the title, the crass advertising and the fact that Fernandel is a renowned zany, the critics have felt required to insist rather didactically that *Forbidden Fruit* is a seriously intended picture with considerable relevance to human experience. It succeeds, not by any great originality of narrative or depth of penetration, but by a close, accurate and sympathetic observation of mundane behavior. A small-town doctor, trapped into a routine of bleak duty by his position and by the authority of an executive wife and a bitterly protective mother, stumbles into a blazing passage of sex with a cafe girl during a professional trip to the city. The doctor is no longer of an age to take such adventures lightly, and he attempts, quite irrationally, to establish it permanently. He adds the girl to his office, finds discreet lodgings for her in town and undertakes to live a double life in a community where he is as much on public view as the local war memorial. It is a pathetically impossible exploit — the device of a very innocent man — and it does not last long. But though it causes pain, it skirts tragedy and does rock the doctor's family out of gray tedium.

The film is derived from a novel by Simenon, who has a gift for making such domestic crises persuasive. But Fernandel's performance, directed by M. Verneuil, gives *Forbidden Fruit* its quality. He plays with no trace of buffoonery, but with the acuteness of gesture and expression which underlies the work of all good clowns. The figure he creates is a decent, useful and attractive, but considerably less than masterful man. The type is common enough in life, but in the theatre it is difficult to play so moderate a personality with any dramatic intensity. Fernandel succeeds by intelligent sympathy supported by a superbly trained talent.

You can also see Fernandel in his familiar antic style, playing with the Italian comic Toto in *The Law Is the Law*, a farce based on the confusion implicit in a town that straddles the French-Italian border. Fernandel is a French customs guard, Toto an Italian shopkeeper-smuggler, and the absurd convolutions of the plot provide the ground for their allied but quite individual virtuosities. Fernandel works in broad sweeps of character, Toto builds personality with neat, almost covert details. There have been complaints that the piece is too obviously a stage for

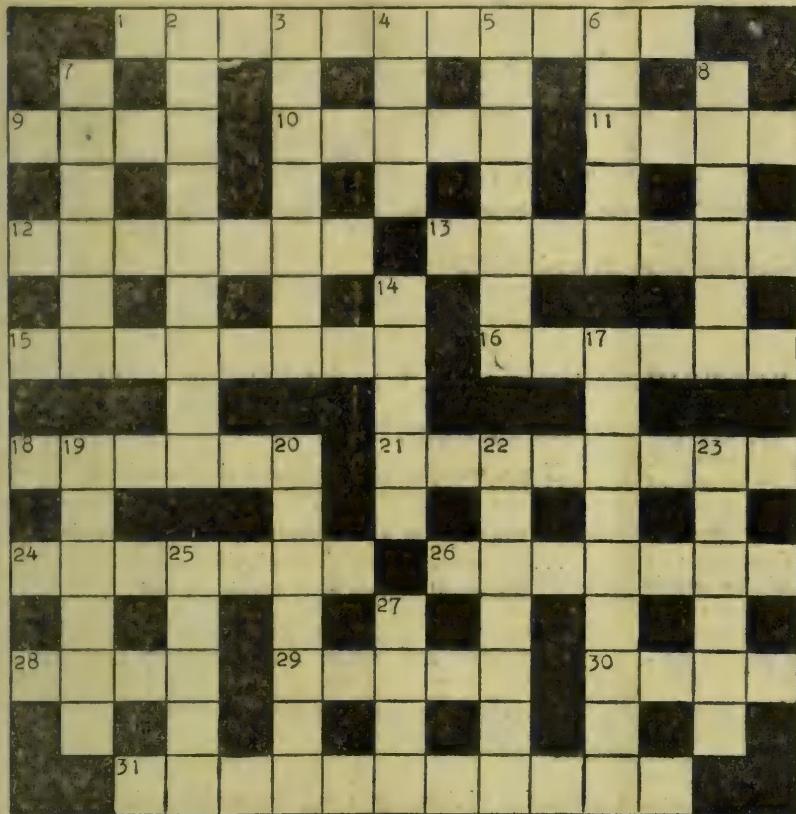
mugging matches and burlesque dialogue, and it is true that the two comics spend considerable time in attempts to out-clown each other. But if this means that the film is not great, it still produces frequent uproarious passages.

**THE TWO-HEADED SPY** is nonsense, pure, simple and entrancing. The English do this sort of foolishness with a straight-faced solemnity and respect for detail that is irresistible, and Jack Hawkins is the kind of ham who speaks volumes with an eyebrow. The picture keeps you sitting on the edge of your seat and laughing at yourself for doing so. Hawkins plays an English agent on Hitler's general staff (now just which of the infamous palace gang would that be?), his contact is an aged clockmaker, his aide reports to Himmler (Himmler, by the way, is admirably reconstructed by Alexander Knox) and as for that beautiful Italian girl who sings for the beastly Germans . . . Custom ought to stale this old machine, but it never quite does.

Something, however, has stalled *The Journey* — pretentiousness, perhaps, combined with a desire to profit from the cold war without getting involved in controversy. This is a star wagon — Yul Brynner, Deborah Kerr, Robert Morley, Jason Robards, Jr., Kurt Kazzner — and, as often happens when such a cast is hired, each star is determined to shine with its own familiar light. This gives an unfocused effect — a rather crowded group of solo turns — but in the present case it wouldn't have helped much if Anatole Litvak had been able to persuade his actors to attend to the work in hand instead of addressing their publics. The story is solemn and undigested, the characters clash but they do not connect, and the whole thing rises to an evasion. It concerns a mixed company of travelers who are attempting to get across the border from Hungary to Austria during the time of the terror. Robards is a wounded freedom fighter traveling on a false British passport and aided by Miss Kerr, a British lady who loves him deeply. Morley is a busybody; Brynner, still exalted by his Karamazov act, commands a frontier garrison and is determined to show his enforced guests that Russian officers have plenty of heart. This he does by drinking plenty of vodka, bullying a gypsy orchestra, showing affection for his horse, making absurd statements about his rapport with Hungarians and forcing his attentions on Miss Kerr. He is a picturesque throwback to the army of Boris Godunov, that being as close to Soviet reality as Hollywood cares to approach.

# Crossword Puzzle No. 813

By FRANK W. LEWIS



- 1 Certainly not the 30 of 9 across. (3, 8)  
 9, 28, 8 down and 30 Snow-white could identify it. (4, 3, 1, 6, 4)  
 10 Green stuff around in the change of green stuff? (5)  
 11 30 across. (4)  
 12 Grows up in the same rut, evidently. (7)  
 13 Hounds a stupid person into wagers! (7)  
 15 Was the eagle trying to speed it down in the dumps? (8)  
 16 Such an awkward collection of rubble is not likely to produce excellent tar. (6)  
 18 A girl with an extreme case of the shakes is likely to be rather acid! (6)  
 21 Where one hopes the side on top is not away? (4, 4)  
 24 Sounds somewhat like Walton Gap. (7)  
 26 Just a second type of beverage during this month? (7)  
 28 See 9 across  
 29 This might serve as a broken temporary peace agreement. (5)  
 30 See 9 across.  
 You might find Rose amusing, but not very bright. (11)
- DOWN:**
- 2 If your partner's feet have toeless pumps on them, you'd better dance this way! (2, 4, 3)

- 3 Hide in a brief description of where Ierapetra is located. (7)  
 4 Leave off about the middle of 1. (4)  
 5 Where the horse might be set up. (7)  
 6 Exploiters of a mess Charlotte's qualifier made? (5)  
 7 Was such a good front put up by Walton with the help of Sitwell? (6)  
 8 See 9 across  
 14 The Golden Bough states they were originally linked with the idea of fertility in nature. (5)  
 17 A trifle 21 without a place to stay! (9)  
 19 Orwell's farm. (6)  
 20 Where a drink seems to sort of happen with more than one article. (7)  
 22 Brave spirit? (7)  
 23 Little things of an extremely shortened 19, when I'm headed wrong.  
 25 Can't part of Shakespeare's language without apostrophe? (5)  
 27 Part of the brass to touch up? (4)
- SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 812**
- ACROSS:** 1 Confederation; 10 Withe; 11 Supersede; 12 Laundered; 13 Dates; 14 Powder monkey; 19 Scarlet fever; 22 Aspic; 24 Somewhere; 25 Cabriolet; 26 Eagle; 27 Reinforcement. **DOWN:** 2 Output; 3 Field goal; 4 Discredit; 5 Roped; 6 Tired; 7 Overtake; 8 Swell; 9 Jerseys; 15 and 21 Rheumatic fever; 16 Overwhelm; 17 Askance; 18 Palpable; 20 Bergen; 23 Cairn; 24 Soldo.

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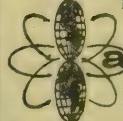
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## ATOMIC ENERGY: SEVEN KEY ISSUES

*Senator Clinton P. Anderson*

## NATO: Appraisal and Forecast

*Geoffrey Barraclough*

# LETTERS

## Collective Howl

Dear Sirs: Algren [Nelson Algren, "Chicago Is a Wose," issue of Feb. 28] would have been a lot more sympathetic to our work in Chicago if he'd attended our reading and not taken his information from expurgated radio tapes, local newspaper crap and *Time*. None of us lisps. What fairy he been talking to?

GREGORY CORSO

*Gregory Corso, in respect to Shelley*

ALLEN GINSBERG

*Allen Ginsberg in the name of  
Myakovsky*

PETER ORLOVSKY

*Peter Orlovsky, heart felt with the  
beauty of Sergei Esenin*

P.S. Algren — I beg you, go today to Lois Solomon at the Shaw Society and *Listen* to the complete tape reading. Don't judge Poetry from secondary vile sources. Too much philistinism in the world already.

ALLEN

## Teachers and the Draft

Dear Sirs: John C. Esty, Jr., of Amherst argues ["Draft Dilemma: A Way Out," March 14] that if we make teaching an alternative service under the Selective Service System two problems will be solved: (1) present inequities in the draft will be reduced, and (2) the teacher shortage will be eliminated.

The worst thing wrong with the peacetime draft is not its inequities but its irrelevance. President Eisenhower, in his press conference on March 11, said: "A nuclear war as a general thing looks to me a self-defeating thing for all of us. . ." He also ruled out ground warfare in Europe, saying, "We certainly are not going to fight a ground war in Europe. What good would it do to send a few more thousands, or even divisions, of troops to Europe?"

If the President himself believes that our present military posture is irrelevant to our defense needs, why should a prospective draftee feel differently?

And certainly the teacher shortage cannot be solved by drafting teachers, directly or indirectly. There are three reasons why teachers are in short supply: (1) they do not get paid enough; (2) their profession has been downgraded, and (3) they are naked targets for every bigot in the community. To bring teachers into the classroom under the whip of alternate draft service will do three things: (1) it will further de-

grade the standards of the profession; (2) it will strengthen the salary-bargaining power of the school boards and reduce the bargaining power of the teachers, and (3) it will make teachers even more vulnerable to the attacks of the bigots who will then be able to add the cry of draft-dodger to the rest of their super-patriotic invective. In other words, the real problem of getting good education into the classroom will be made worse rather than otherwise. . . .

The best thing that Mr. Esty and his academic colleagues could do about the teacher shortage would be to fight for the kind of conditions (academic freedom, status, pay) which will inspire young people to seek teaching, not as an alternative to anything, but as a commitment and a vocation.

STEWART MEACHAM

*Philadelphia, Pa.*

Dear Sirs: I quite agree with Mr. Meacham on the irrelevance of the draft to our apparent military needs at present. Elimination of conscription would obviously solve the problems of inequity, uncertainty and conscience. I tried to suggest in my article that this possibility has been insufficiently explored, and that part of the argument for continuation of the draft was spurious. It became clear to me, however, from a close reading of the Congressional debates and direct conversations, that the draft extension would be railroaded through Congress. I therefore thought I could be most effective working within that clearly inexorable context. Mr. Meacham's idealism is terribly important; I must choose to be practical.

Mr. Meacham analyzes succinctly and, I think, correctly the reasons for the teacher shortage. I cannot agree that increasing the supply of potential teachers — by whatever means — would degrade standards; for the first time we might be able to raise them. The next point is a good one — and a danger in my proposal. But I am not convinced that where a teacher shortage now exists, the salary-bargaining power is greatly improved. On Mr. Meacham's last point, I can only conjecture that the climate seems to indicate a heightening public respect for and acknowledgment of the importance of sound education and the recruitment of qualified teachers, which might keep the bigots subdued.

Of course, teaching should inspire young people as a commitment and a vocation. Of course, my academic colleagues are actively fighting for conditions conducive to this kind of motivation. But it is precisely because the bat-

tle is manifestly a losing one that I made my proposal. Again to be practical: I think temporary teachers searching for an alternative to the draft are better than no teachers at all.

JOHN C. ESTY, JR.

Associate Dean, Amherst College  
*Amherst, Mass.*

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## EDITORIALS

### How Firm Can One Stand?

For reasons of accepted political psychopathology, a statesman dealing with a detested foreign government must present to his public an image of granite-like resolution. This is expected of him, much as the soldier is expected to be brave. However, the same constituents who love the statesman for his firmness are aware that the other side also possesses grenades, tanks, missiles with nuclear warheads, etc. They do not want the peerless leader to push matters to a suicidal pass, even though the enemy will share in the general immolation. The statesman is thus faced with a dilemma inherent in the nature of the sovereign nation-state no longer able to resort freely to the use of its excessively powerful weapons. While not giving an inch, he must simultaneously be prepared to negotiate. In the present combat of nerves, all the contestants — Eisenhower, Macmillan, Adenauer, Khrushchev, de Gaulle — have shown how one can be immovable, yet never stay in the same place very long. There is no firmer man than John Foster Dulles, yet before his illness he too was in the early stages of negotiating the unnegotiable.

If one reads the papers of a few months ago, one perceives that even in so short a time terms change their meaning. The inference is that change will continue. We know, today, that "disengagement" is a stratagem of the Communists which it would be fatal for us to consider, even in principle. But by midsummer, disengagement may become altogether respectable. Some unexcitable commentators have pointed out that we have disengaged before. The Seventh Fleet is in the Taiwan Strait to keep the nefarious Chinese Reds and the godly Chinese Nationalists disengaged. We have been refraining from engagement in Central Europe for years, notably in the Berlin riots of 1953, the disturbances in East Germany and Poland and, most conspicuously, in the Hungarian uprising of 1956. Of course, we can never consent that the satellite states shall remain enslaved, but we are not setting a date for their liberation. We are careful not to carry our firmness to a fatal extreme, and by all indications the same caution will be exercised by others. None of this may be heroic, but it represents a formula for survival.

### Atomic Publicity

Among the principal opponents of a nuclear-test ban at the present time are the Atomic Energy Commission, the Pentagon, John Foster Dulles, General de Gaulle, and scientists like Edward Teller and Willard F. Libby. Among the proponents, with reservations of varying degree, are Ambassador Wadsworth, Ambassador Lodge, some officials of the Central Intelligence Agency and the State Department (including Acting Secretary Herter), and scientists like Harold C. Urey, Linus Pauling and, more important as far as access to the President is concerned, James R. Killian. Positions on a question so complex and so momentous will naturally differ and no one should be condemned for his views per se. What is reprehensible is the coloring and timing of the release of inside information to mislead the public. This has been the practice of the Atomic Energy Commission, the Pentagon and others in the pro-test camp, and that it has not been wholly successful in hoodwinking the average American is due largely to Senators Clinton P. Anderson and Hubert H. Humphrey.

The ordinary well-intentioned American, in common with his counterparts in every country of the world, instinctively recoils from the "crackpot realism" of those, both on the Western and Soviet sides, who wish to see testing resumed. Hence it is necessary to feed him misinformation, which is done heavy-handedly by a Teller and more subtly by a Libby. Everyone knows by now what Teller is up to: moderation is simply not in his make-up or, it may be, he is convinced that atomic war is inevitable. Libby puts on a show of objectivity, but somehow always manages to interpret the data to minimize the dangers of fallout and to magnify the difficulties of policing a test ban. A typical Libby miscalculation occurred in connection with fallout of strontium 90. Libby initially estimated the time for 50 per cent fallout at seven years. When Defense Department findings could not sustain this figure, he dropped it to four years. He demurs at the two-year estimate of other experts, but one cannot help suspecting that his conclusions are still influenced by his loyalty to the official AEC position.

This position has not been changed substantially

from the one established by former AFC chairman Lewis L. Strauss, whose name is now before the Senate for confirmation as Secretary of Commerce. Last year the Lewis and Rosa Strauss Foundation, named for Admiral Strauss's parents, awarded \$5,000 and the Albert Einstein medal to Edward Teller. This year the \$5,000 and the medal went to Libby. Through the foundation, if in no other way, Strauss still has a hand in the atomic setup.

For these revelations and many others, Americans are indebted to Senator Anderson, who takes seriously the right of citizens of a democracy to be informed (see his article on page 288). If it were not for Senators Anderson, Humphrey and a few others, the talks in Geneva might already have collapsed. Senator Humphrey has urged the President to accept a plan whereby the West and the Soviet bloc would each have two votes on the seven-nation control commission which is to be set up to supervise the test ban, with three neutral votes on the seven-nation body. He would also limit on-site inspections to meet Soviet objections.

Among them, these Senators have injected an element of sanity into a situation which otherwise would be indecipherable to the ordinary citizens, whose lives are as much at stake as those of the high controllers, be they commissioners or commissars.

## The Engineer as Creator

The Institute of Radio Engineers is now the largest engineering society in the world. At its annual convention in New York City, it mobilizes 55,000 (some estimates go as high as 60,000) members and guests for what is probably the greatest technological show on earth. But the show is not entirely technological and scientific. As the irreverent Homer Bigart of *The New York Times* puts it, "the annual body-snatching of electronics engineers — four days of intensive raiding of each others' staffs by hotly competitive companies," is also a feature of the convention. Lurking in \$130-a-day Waldorf-Astoria suites, the talent scouts await the discontented engineer who, in the standardized phrases of the fraternity, feels that his present job is not "sufficiently challenging," who seeks a "creative job climate" in which he can "grow professionally" and realize his "personal parameters." And, Mr. Bigart suggests with sordid accuracy, maybe would appreciate a little more money.

And yet, even those who are already getting more money than any engineer could hope to earn a few years ago, who are creative, whose jobs are challenging, who have reached the top and whose personal parameters are bulging at the seams — even these lucky ones may not be as happy as, one would think, it is their duty to be. "Our missile program is the swan song of a dying civilization," shouted Dr. A. R. J. Grosch

at a conference of scientists at Cal Tech on March 19. "We don't need better missiles to destroy each other — the ones we have now will do the job adequately. And there isn't any point in zooming off into outer space. We could spend the money better solving problems here at home — taking care of our overcrowded, underfed millions." Dr. Grosch's outburst followed some equally critical remarks by Dr. Louis J. Ridenour, Jr., who is assistant general manager of research and development in the missile-systems division of the Lockheed Aircraft Corporation. Dr. Grosch is manager of space programs for the International Business Machines Corporation. It may be precisely because of their creative abilities that these two eminent engineers have succumbed to heretical doubts. The members of the Institute of Radio Engineers who are seeking a "creative job climate" should take warning. Apparently there is such a thing as being too creative.

## The "Silent" Faculty

*The Daily Texan* (University of Texas) has been conducting an editorial appraisal of the "silent" faculty. The paper's observations are the more persuasive — and the more generally applicable — because the editors do not find a convenient villain. It is not a case of throwing out the rascals, but of recognizing the dynamics. They key to the situation rests in the statement that whereas in 1900 one in twenty-five of our youth attended college, the ratio today is one in three. This explosion of students (and no account is taken of the accompanying rise in population) implies a parallel explosion of administrative machinery. Higher education, whatever its ends, operates by the means of big business.

Now the mark of a good administrator is his ability to keep the corporate engine operating smoothly and economically. It is therefore pointless to attack President Logan Wilson of Texas (and the *Texan* does not attack him; it merely reports his position) for saying that conflicts must be kept to a minimum in the academic community as in any large enterprise.

But if the president insists on harmony, the faculty must subdue its intransigent members, and that will result in a quiet faculty. The paper cites several instances of faculty members who fared poorly after being associated with what the president would presumably consider inharmonious statements or actions. Quite simply, they lost out at the pay window.

One sympathizes with Dr. Wilson's fear that the enterprise he heads is too large to suffer the eccentricities of men addicted to truth, beauty or abstract justice. The great vessel must steer straight for its goal — it cannot veer for voices heard in the night. But since the goal of good administration is good administration, faculty and students alike are caught in a circle. How to break out is not a subject to be disposed of in a

paragraph, but the way to begin is to define the situation. That is what the editors of the *Texan* have done, and we relay the gist of their thoughtful appraisal in the hope that it will arouse the controversy it deserves.

## The Multi-Purpose Commission

Aging New Dealers may remember the evils which were ascribed by their opponents to the multi-purpose dam, which combined in one structure flood control, navigation facilities and power generation. These evils existed only in the imagination of the enemies of public power, but the present Atomic Energy Commission setup should be scrutinized by the Administration and Congress. The protean commission researches, manufactures and tests nuclear weapons, licenses the industrial uses of radioactive materials for all purposes (including power generation), establishes and enforces radiation safety standards and, as we have seen, propagandizes against a nuclear-test ban. Clearly, it is trying to do too many things at once. The Public Health Service and the Food and Drug Administration surely have an interest in radioactive contamination of food and water supplies by atomic fallout or accidental release of radioactive materials. But these dangers are related to the formulation of radiation safety standards: therefore it would seem that the Public Health Service, in particular, should be given the responsibility in these areas. An advisory committee appointed by Dr. Leroy E. Burney, Surgeon General of the Health Service, has suggested such a transfer. The change would protect the public against over-zealous AEC weaponeers and take some of its functions out of politics. The Public Health Service would work in cooperation with state and local health bodies. All this seems highly desirable.

## Oil Politics

High tariffs were once unctuously justified in terms of high wages ("the full dinner pail"); now they are demanded in the name of "national security." The most recent instance is the President's imposition of mandatory quotas on oil imports to safeguard "national security" — even though it should be clear that the restrictions will only hasten the day when our dependence on foreign sources becomes critical. Moreover, Canadian oil does not move overseas and from a defense point of view might well be regarded as domestic in origin. So far as the Canadians are concerned, therefore, there is justification in Sumner H. Slichter's characterization of the quotas as "an unwarranted act of economic aggression."

On its face, this would seem to be a high price for the Administration to pay for the continued helpful support of Messrs. Rayburn and Johnson. But it is possible that the price might have been higher if the President had not signed the order. For according to one theory, the

real purpose of the curbs was to stall off legislation sponsored by oil-state Senators and Representatives which would have replaced the President's present discretionary power to apply quotas with a schedule of specific quotas fixed by Congress.

However, the indignant protests of Senator George D. Aiken, perhaps the most widely respected Republican in the Senate, echoed by virtually all New England Senators and Representatives and ably seconded by Senators Morse, Proxmire and others, may yet offset the remarkable influence which Messrs. Rayburn and Johnson exercise on all issues relating to oil. In the Senate, the campaign against mandatory oil quotas has now taken a new turn with the preparation by Senator Proxmire of legislation which, in effect, would require the President to countermand his order. This the President should do in any case, for the order represents, as Dr. Slichter has said, "sordid politics at its worst."

## The Powell Case

One of the few achievements of Herman Welker and William Jenner — neither of whom, happily, any longer serves in the United States Senate — was the indictment of Mr. and Mrs. John Powell and their co-defendant, Julian Schuman, under the 1917 Sedition Act. The charges were based solely on reports and comments on the Korean War and the Korean truce negotiations which were carried in the well-known *China Weekly Review*, which John Powell's father had founded many years previously. All of the comments were made and published in China. The defendants returned to this country in 1953 and probably would have escaped the attention of Messrs. Jenner and Welker had it not been for the fact that they did some writing and speaking about China and Chinese-American relations. Even so, no action was taken against them until 1956, when the Welker-Jenner agitation finally bore fruit. Nearly three years were then consumed in an unsuccessful effort on the part of the defendants to secure the testimony of witnesses residing in China. The case, which finally went on trial last January, was suspended when Judge Louis Goodman declared a mistrial on a technicality.

The charges were already stale when the original indictment was returned, and the fruitless efforts of the defendants to secure testimony in China may in itself constitute a denial of due process. Apart from these considerations, the case represents, in the judgment of the American Civil Liberties Union of Northern California (concurred in by the national office), ". . . A serious threat to fundamental liberties, particularly freedom of the press and fair trial." Stemming as they do from the miasmic political atmosphere of the cold war, the charges are without substance and should be dropped. (See "Sedition or Press Freedom?" by Gene Marine, *The Nation*, February 16, 1957.)

# ATOMIC ENERGY: 7 Key Issues.. by Sen. Clinton P. Anderson

AS CHAIRMAN of the Joint Atomic Energy Commission, Senator Anderson (D., N.M.) knows as much about our atomic-energy program as anyone not privy to the secrets of the AEC. He is also—fortunately for the country, as recent headlines attest — a firm opponent of the idea that this vital subject should remain the private preserve of a handful of officials. In this article, he answers the following question posed by *The Nation*: "What should every citizen know about the atomic-energy program?"—ED.

*Washington, D.C.*

IN RECENT YEARS the nation's atomic-energy program has become the subject of almost constant controversy. In fact, in the short span since the first atomic bomb flashed in the skies of my home state of New Mexico, dispute has become the most noticeable characteristic of our nuclear program.

The picture has grown so big and complicated that the thoughtful citizen has become confused. I shall try, in this article, to explain what the debate is all about by outlining the major problems facing our atomic-energy program and clarifying the positions taken by the various participants: the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy, the Atomic Energy Commission, the State Department, the Department of Defense, the Bureau of the Budget and (in certain instances) other committees in Congress.

To put the picture into perspective, let me say first that basically there is really one underlying problem. This is that the whole atomic-energy field still is so big, so new and so devoid of precedent and experience, that there are simply too few rules to follow when it comes down to the job of translating grandiose dreams into specific and attainable realities.

Because of the inherent nature of atomic energy, every new idea and new proposal opens up new and unforeseen problems. For instance, who

could have foreseen the problem of disposing of radioactive wastes before there was such waste to be disposed of?

With this broad idea in mind, let's get down to specifics.

There are a half-a-dozen or so major "sore spots" which today are causing disagreements between Congress and the Executive. These sore spots extend all the way from national policy down to the methods for carrying out mutually acceptable goals. In many cases, they cut across the heart of our political, social and economic life. They affect our foreign relations, our national defense and our daily life.

Let me pose and discuss seven policy questions which are currently under debate:

## 1. Do we need more plutonium production? If so, why?

Much, if not most, of the atomic-energy controversy stems from differences of opinion between the Joint Committee and the Administration over the need for increased plutonium production. This difference extends into national defense, foreign policy and the civilian-reactor program.

The answer to the "need" question must be sought in our national-defense philosophy. When the answer is found, the way will be paved for a realistic weapons program, a framework for carrying out the civilian power program and decisions concerning our place in the international picture.

Members of the Joint Committee believe that a decision must be reached soon at the top levels of government as to whether we should continue to rely almost exclusively on the massive-retaliation concept of national defense based on super-weapons or, accepting the limited-

war theory, increase what many consider to be our inadequate small-weapons capability.

Joint Committee members are convinced we should take the latter course. We have reached an atomic stalemate in the big-weapons field, the same type of stalemate which was reached with poison gas during World War II. Russia and the United States both have the capability to destroy each other. In fact, we have weapons so big that we would be hard put to find targets important enough to justify their use, weapons so terrible that neither side would dare use them. And we have as many of these weapons as we need.

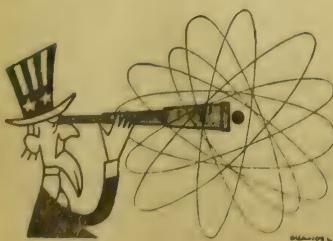
But instead of facing the prospect of all-out nuclear war, we find ourselves in the position of having to deal with numerous "brush wars." We see Russia nibbling away at the West in Korea, in Quemoy, maybe some day in Berlin.

WE CANNOT match the Soviet in conventional forces. Its manpower reserves are too great. On the other hand, we do not dare unleash our big weapons to put out small fires. The alternative, I believe, is to arm ourselves for limited nuclear warfare, to accept the fact that some day we may be forced to use small atomic weapons.

If we decide to follow the limited-war philosophy of national defense, we have answered automatically the plutonium-need question, because small weapons are the big users of plutonium. Its efficiency enables us to construct weapons of sizes which could never be feasible with the use of uranium.

I think that we must have a large arsenal of highly diversified small weapons. We need them for our anti-aircraft, anti-submarine and particularly our anti-missile programs. Plutonium is ideally suited to these weapons.

In addition, we must not overlook the peaceful uses of small devices. The Atomic Energy Commission is currently embarked on Project Plowshare, under which it is exploring the feasibility of using small nuclear ex-



plosions to blast out harbors, to mine ore, to develop oil fields. There is tremendous promise in this field, which may create a further need for plutonium.

For these reasons, the Joint Committee has insisted for several years that a need for more plutonium now exists, that the need will grow, and that steps must be taken at this time to meet it. The Administration, on the other hand, has refused consistently to admit the need. Why?

In my opinion, it is because the Administration fears that, once it yielded on this point, the Joint Committee would insist on the construction of dual-purpose reactors—reactors which would generate power as well as produce plutonium. And the Administration does not want the government to get any further into the power business under any circumstances. This attitude, I believe, is the root of the whole problem.

#### Look at the facts.

The Administration, although reluctant to admit the need for plutonium, last year came up with a proposal to establish a \$200 million revolving fund for the purchase of plutonium from foreign countries. But if there is no need for plutonium, why import it? And if there is a need, why not make it ourselves? The joint committee opposed the proposal on the ground that plutonium requirements should be met by production facilities in this country.

There is also the puzzling arrangement through which the Department of Defense and the Atomic Energy Commission determine the military requirements for plutonium. For many years, the Defense Department has managed consistently to request only as much plutonium as the AEC has planned to produce. Instead of making independent determinations of need based on long-term national-defense requirements and a realistic small-weapons program, the department has been projecting its needs for an unrealistically short period of time—shorter than the "lead time" necessary for the construction of new production facilities.

Last October, at the Joint Committee's insistence, the department

finally came up with a longer projection. But no one should be surprised if this projection, too, proves to be based primarily on the AEC's current production plus planned improvements. Thus there is still no indication that the department has changed its position significantly.

Why should this peculiar situation exist? Again, I think it can be traced to the fear that an admission of need would lead to construction of new reactors, which the Joint Committee might insist be dual purpose.

In any case, I believe that we must bring out the facts of the whole controversy, instead of impeding the atomic-energy program by evading them.

#### 2. What is the best method for meeting our plutonium needs?

Believing that the need for plutonium exists whether the Administration admits it or not, Congress last year appropriated \$145 million for a reactor at Hanford, Washington, which could be converted into a dual-purpose facility. Now the AEC has come up with a study which shows the reactor as proposed is not economically attractive. So here we go again.

I am convinced that we should build not only the Hanford reactor, but that we should build at least three additional reactors at AEC sites, all of them capable of producing power as well as plutonium. The Administration's suggested alternative—that we import plutonium—is not, in my opinion, a wise one; I believe that it was motivated by concern with the power problem. There is a possibility that the Administration may suggest another alternative: modernization of existing production facilities. This idea, though attractive economically, will not meet the problem, in my opinion.

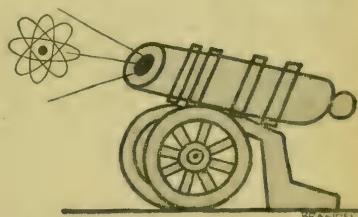
#### 3. What should we attempt to achieve with our nuclear-submarine program, and how far should we extend the use of maritime nuclear propulsion?

Four years ago, we launched the world's first nuclear submarine. Since then the *Nautilus* and her sister ships have written whole books of Navy history. Yet, except for refinements here and there, we have been more or less at a standstill in our seagoing nuclear program.

I have advocated additional progress in this field—the exploration of more advanced power plants, an increase in the size of our submarine fleet and the extension of nuclear propulsion into our maritime applications. Last year, during debate on an authorization bill, I had ready an amendment to provide \$7 million for construction of a nuclear reactor for the T-5 tanker, a proposal opposed by the Budget Bureau. I reluctantly withheld the amendment because of Senate floor debate over other portions of the bill.

The Atomic Energy Commission chairman has taken the position that we should await evaluation of the operation of the *Savannah*, the nuclear cargo ship now under construction, before extending nuclear propulsion to other types of vessels.

Another phase of the nuclear-submarine program presents thornier problems. That is the question of how far we should go in making our



submarine-reactor technology available to our allies. Last year we entered into an agreement with the British under which plans for a nuclear submarine were to be made available to them; a reactor for use in a British submarine is now being constructed in this country. Since then, the French have stated that they also want a nuclear submarine, and that they want us to make plans and a power plant available to them. This request, and others like it, must be considered at top government levels. The decision must be made as to how much information we should distribute to our allies, especially in cases where the question of security is debatable. (There is no evidence so far that the Russians have developed a nuclear submarine, and while we are not so naive as to think they will not eventually succeed, there is no reason for us to help them.) The Joint Committee will take great care in reaching its final recommendation.

#### **4. What should we do about our nuclear-aircraft program?**

The ANP (Aircraft Nuclear Propelled) program presents a classic example of the truism that dollars alone cannot get the job done. Millions of dollars more have been spent on ANP than on the entire atomic-submarine program. Yet nuclear subs are sailing under the North Pole, while the nuclear airplane is still flying only on the drawing board.

Why? Because the Administration has never been willing to come out and say, "We want an atomic plane and we want it by X date." To phrase it more exactly, the Administration has never decided that it really wants a nuclear aircraft.

The Air Force has adopted the position that it will support the project only if it can be assured in advance of a militarily useful plane. The Joint Committee, on the other hand, has argued that we need to build the plane even if the first prototype is not militarily useful. Committee members believe that tremendous prestige will accrue to the nation which first gets such an airplane into the air. They also realize the advantage of an airplane which does not need to land for fuel every few hours.

There have been reports that Russia already has succeeded in building and flying an atomic airplane. The United States must make a decision as to the future of its own ANP program.

#### **5. What policy should we adopt toward nuclear-weapons testing?**

This problem, which in the past has embroiled the Joint Committee in more than one bitter argument, is now pretty much in the hands of the State Department. For the record, the Joint Committee's position is that any agreement to cease nuclear testing should include a provision to permit monitored nuclear explosions for peaceful purposes. I have suggested, furthermore, that a possible alternative to a full test ban would be an agreement among the major powers to place a limit upon the amount of nuclear debris released into the atmosphere each year by nuclear testing. I believe that we could eliminate the fallout danger by conducting tests underground or outside the atmosphere.

The Joint Committee also believes that any agreement to ban testing should rest on a reliable method of detecting nuclear explosions as insurance against violations.

#### **6. How should we handle the problem of nuclear fallout?**

Much has been said and written about the dangers to the world's peoples from radioactive fallout.

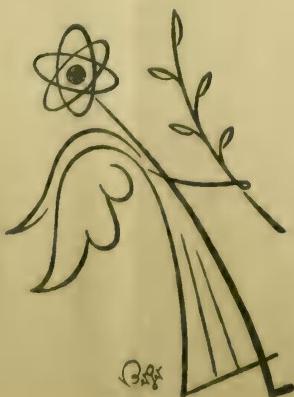
During the Joint Committee's radiation hearings in 1957, there was convincing testimony that radiation in any amount can be harmful. In contrast, Dr. Willard Libby, a member of the Atomic Energy Commission, and other scientists have contended that the dangers presented by fallout from nuclear testing are so minute as to be almost nonexistent, and that the advantages to be gained from testing far outweigh the disadvantages of fallout.

I am convinced the United States should make every effort to eliminate this danger, even if the danger is only psychological. If people think that they or their children will be harmed by radiation from fallout, then we must remove fallout if possible. As indicated earlier, I believe we can do this by conducting our tests in areas outside the atmosphere.

Happily, this is a field in which debate is becoming less controversial.

#### **7. How should we implement our civilian power-reactor program?**

The Administration is opposed to government construction of reactors which will generate power. It favors a program of limited construction. The Joint Committee has proposed a broader program, including construction of at least four power-producing reactor prototypes, with the power to be consumed on-site.



The real roadblock in the civilian-reactor program is the Bureau of the Budget. The imposition of arbitrary budgetary ceilings has continually held back the program. The situation was summed up by the AEC's Ad Hoc Committee as follows:

Either this country continues its leadership at the cost of heavy expenditure or it accepts the probability that there will be no significant nuclear-power industry in this country until the technology has been developed elsewhere and can be reintroduced here. The Committee knows of little support for the latter alternative.

I am convinced that the United States should proceed with an aggressive, forward-looking program, and should be willing to spend the money necessary to achieve the goal of competitive nuclear power. We should also continue our policy of diversification, experimenting with many different types of reactors, rather than settle on one type to the exclusion of new and promising designs.

I HAVE URGED that, in the building of prototypes, we make available government grants of up to 90 per cent of the difference between the estimated cost of a nuclear plant and a conventional power plant, and I have expressed my conviction that governmental assistance should not be barred to either public- or private-power organizations.

I believe, in addition, that we might do well to devote more effort to the development of natural-uranium reactors, which have the advantage of providing an open market for domestic uranium. This type of reactor would also be of great use to our European allies, who do not want to have to depend on us to provide them with enriched fuel as is now the case.

In connection with the civilian-reactor program, let me mention something else. In my opinion, we should not depend too heavily upon the International Atomic Energy Agency or the European Atomic Energy Community (Euratom). IAEA so far has proved a disappointment, and I am afraid it is going to have difficulty getting underway because of the presence of the

Soviet Union among its members. I think nations like France and West Germany are likely to prefer dealing with us through Euratom, where they will not have to worry about the Soviet bloc looking over their nuclear shoulders, or are going to want to come to us directly through bilateral agreements.

As for Euratom, I am afraid that we may not get as much benefit out of it as we had hoped if we use it as an excuse for not building reactors in the United States. We are never going to be able to develop our reactor technology through watching the experience of other countries. We must build and operate reactors our-

selves in order to get the complete picture of their advantages and disadvantages.

MY ANALYSIS, in this review of our atomic-energy program, is frankly favorable to what Congress has said and done, because I am devoted to the causes for which the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy has consistently fought. The Atomic Energy Commission probably has a wholly different outlook and would surely evaluate its own efforts in more glowing terms. My words can represent no more than one man's opinion, but they are the words of a man who has long been in the

midst of many militant controversies.

This leads me to suggest that, because of the vast importance of the nation's atomic-energy program, it is becoming increasingly necessary that we improve the working relationships among the diverse persons and agencies involved in it. Unless there is a willingness by people on all sides to admit that there exist genuine differences of opinion, and unless there is a concerted effort to resolve these differences and work together, the United States will never achieve the world leadership in atomic energy which all of us involved in the program believe that it can and should attain.

## TIMBER !! (Presidential) . . . by Frederic W. Collins

ALTHOUGH every natural-born American can aspire to the Presidency, only a few hundred, including a bare ninety-eight in the Senate, are now actively campaigning for the vacancy which will occur (in the *de jure* sense, that is) in 1961. While the field is thus restricted, it may be accepted as being of dimensions sufficient to provide a representative sampling of the behavioral characteristics of persons who hear, or think they hear, a call to duty at the top of the heap.

In even a quick survey, certain idiosyncrasies of individual candidates are so conspicuous that they may be noted at once. There is more to Senator Jack Kennedy, for example, than a coiffure arranged, during his plastic years, by facing South in a strong East wind. The most notable thing about Mr. Kennedy is that he needs to form no organization because he was born into one which—from coast to coast and right down to the precinct level—is discovered upon examination to be composed of nothing but Kennedys and their kin by blood and marriage. As long as blood is thicker than politics, the Senator need have no worry

about the independent vote or the switch vote.

Outstanding in Nelson Rockefeller's motive pattern is a belief that Americans are a nation of masochists who like to be hit over the head by ever-heavier tax bills and who don't even give a thought to how good it would feel if it ever stopped. His hopes soar highest when he is being booed. Studies show the same background for Governor Ribicoff of Connecticut, who has found that throwing people into jail for speeding wins their massive support at the polls. On the other hand, Richard M. Nixon has concluded that sadism is the stronger strain in the psychopathology of American politics; he travels thousands of miles to be stoned in order to gain popularity. Senator Humphrey manages to be called a liar by Nikita Khrushchev, whose qualifications as a judge are beyond challenge. Senator Johnson races his motor in the hope that sheer manic activity will propel him into the White House. Senator Symington pins his hopes on Joy Through Strength, and Adlai Stevenson works the curious gimmick of not being a Senator, which may be the most ingenious and profitable of all.

With the exception, perhaps, of Mr. Rockefeller's determination to **tax, tax and tax**, the activities noted

above are classifiable simply as political maneuvering. Studies must be conducted on another level to identify the substantive policies favored by the respective candidates. It is seen at once that Mr. Kennedy's idea of a good, substantive program is to marry the labor movement in order to reform it. This subtle operation is complicated by the fact that he and his brother Bob, the chief counsel of what is known as the Senate rackets committee, have so little trouble in dissembling their love for labor. A sensitive unionist might get the idea that Jack didn't really like him or his cause, and that the Kennedy concept of reform might be fairly equated with bondage. Be that as it may, Mr. Kennedy is embarked on a course of introducing at least one item of labor legislation every day. On a rough count, seven pieces of mail bearing Senator Kennedy's frank thud each twenty-four hours onto the desks of Washington's news practitioners, and his zeal may be measured by the fact that now and then they actually come postage paid. His material on strengthening state unemployment-compensation systems cost him personally thirty cents per envelope. It is quite possible, indeed, that his campaign may collapse from sheer exhaustion of stationery. It is a bit puzzling to

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April 4, 1959

open a piece of mail sent by Mr. Kennedy in an envelope of the Foreign Relations Committee and find inside the draft of a minimum-wage law; but this is balanced by a weighty speech on foreign economic assistance borne in an envelope of the Committee on Labor.

On the borderline between substance and tactics are some other Kennedy operations. He has won the support of Joe Alsop who, as is well known, is principally responsible for the nomination and election of Dwight Eisenhower in 1952. Mr. Alsop is now laying great weight in the public prints on polls bought by Mr. Kennedy. The Senator has suffered the disregard of Mrs. Roosevelt, and in defense has politely pointed out that, being ill, he was not in the Senate at the peak of the McCarthy controversy, which as everyone knows was discussed only in the Senate and never mentioned anywhere else.

Senator Symington is as much a border-state man in policy as in geography. Once he has succeeded in building 1,000 intercontinental missiles for every Russian—man, woman, and child—alive, he can assume that he has gone about as far as a man decently can in serving an issue on which all elements of the national society might find themselves united. After that, he makes his perilous way along the swaying borderline between business and labor, farmers and consumers, spending and saving, and North and South. He maintains his balance by a mysterious gyroscopic device which induces those on the other side of any given issue to say, when he votes against them, "Oh, well, old Stu had to vote that way this time. He's really on our side." No man in the field is deriving more encouragement from less real support than old Stu, who may be fooling himself that Mr. Truman and Jack Arvey are not just two men, but a whole crowd of delegates. Mr. Symington is engaged in the cunning tactic of not projecting an image of himself to the country. If no one is for him, it is equally hard for anyone to be against him. He is a clean slate, and if friendly party professionals can nominate a clean slate, then he can swiftly fill in what-



Senator John Fitzgerald Kennedy

ever image might seem most marketable in 1960. The slogan he is trying to put across now, and with singular success, is: "Symington—who's he?" But one remembers the flight of doves in the Democratic convention of 1948, and wonders whether the Symington demonstration in 1960 will include a mass fly-over of B-52s.

Senator Humphrey stands for education, agriculture, disarmament and peace. Just now he is for Food for Peace, which has what might be called a nice tie-in with agriculture. But he is not likely to run out of Things for Peace. He can be for Cardiology for Peace, Talks with Khrushchev for Peace, Pharmacology for Peace, Loquacity for Peace, Scotch Tape (Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing Co.) for Peace, Cowles Publications in Minnesota for Peace, Stumping for Peace, Run-

ning Humphrey for President for Peace, and finally, in the platform committee, for Peace for Peace. Chroniclers of Mr. Humphrey's activities find that he is always late for appointments. It might be thought that he is aiming for the 1962 convention, in case one may be held, but the competition had better watch out that he doesn't reach the convention in 1960 just tardily enough to be the answer to a deadlock.

If Senator Humphrey is the first American candidate ever to make a whistle-stop at Moscow, Senator Lyndon Johnson is the first to regard outer space as part of his constituency. Between space, preparedness and a strong voice in the appropriations for American diplomacy and propaganda, his interests obviously transcend the parochial, and

he has recently underscored this by making Texas a part of the West rather than the South. Senator Johnson, as he demonstrated at Chicago in 1956, has a limitless capacity to manage everything except his own candidacy for the Presidential nomination. But possessing a sense of mission and a compulsion to lead, he is also a man of whom it may be said, as was once said of a great British Liberal, that his spiritual home is the last ditch. Perhaps he had too good a chance in 1956. Perhaps his best gambit is to find himself in an absolutely hopeless position in 1960. If that happens, hold on to your hats.

Mr. Nixon is following an old-fashioned routine of being all things to all men, which exposes a curious belief on his part that there is no intercommunication among various parts of the United States or among segments of its society. Intermittently he delivers another in his series of William McKinley Memorial Lectures to this or that encampment of the Old Guard; intermittently he leaps to the van of militant progressivism in lecturing some receptive audience like the C.E.D.

It never seems to occur to him that all that he says is reported all the time to all the people. Mr. Nixon has the advantage of having served what is now getting to be two terms under an institution having some of the characteristics of an un-President, which has made him look somewhat larger than he is; but he has had the disadvantage of being always in full view, which has had a somewhat contrary effect.

Mr. Rockefeller's line is dutiful diligence. He, like Mr. Dewey so often before him, finds himself too busy with the affairs of the State of New York to spare energy for Presidential nomination. He may even inherit Mr. Dewey's success in maintaining this pose in such a way as to enjoy a full career as a Presidential candidate without ever seriously interrupting the continuity of his tenure as Governor of New York.

Mr. Stevenson has two tricks in his bag. One is that, although twice defeated for the Presidency, he still maintains seniority and intellectual pre-eminence over anyone else the party currently has to offer; the other is to have lived long enough for the 22nd Amendment to eliminate

Dwight Eisenhower from the competition. He can give some weight to the prospect that by the time the Eisenhower era draws to a close, there will be enough Americans acutely regretful that they didn't vote for Stevenson in the first place to give him a handsome head start in the voting.

WITH ALL these pieces of information out on the table, the temptation is to seek among them some common denominator of candidate behavior. Summary diagnoses might be made as follows: Kennedy—*Personality*; Rockefeller—*Public Duty*; Symington—*One Big Issue*; Humphrey—*Gab*; Johnson—*Momentum*; Nixon—*Nixonism*; Stevenson—*If at First You Don't Succeed*.

There is no common denominator, except for the single characteristic that not one of them other than Mr. Nixon will admit he is a candidate. (Mr. Nixon, from his place on what he supposed was an escalator, could hardly deny his intentions.) The secret here is not that there is some one good way to run for the Presidency, but that no one running really knows what the best way is.

## NATO: Appraisal and Forecast . . . by Geoffrey Barraclough

London

ON APRIL 4 exactly ten years ago, the North Atlantic Treaty was signed in Washington. Appropriate ceremonies this week will mark the anniversary of its signature, which was undoubtedly the most important single occurrence of the postwar years, so far as the Western Hemisphere is concerned. No one can tell what course events would have taken had the pact not been signed. It may be, as its adherents affirm, that but for NATO Western Europe would have been overrun by Soviet Russia.

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Certainly at the time it was negotiated there were ample grounds for believing that the Kremlin was thinking in terms of an active, perhaps even of an aggressive, foreign policy. The Czech coup, the Berlin blockade, the civil war in Greece, the strength of communism in France and Italy and the possibility of the Communists gaining control in either or in both, all seemed to indicate that Western Europe was hovering on the edge of an abyss. These fears may have been groundless or exaggerated, but they were real; and they were shared not only by the Western governments but also by the Western peoples, the overwhelming majority of whom endorsed the policy of which NATO was the expression.

The object behind the North

Atlantic Treaty was to give the countries of Western Europe a sense of security by strengthening their defenses and putting American productive power behind them. No one, looking back, is likely to deny that in substance that objective was achieved. Nor, in the view of the overwhelming majority, was it merely a coincidence that, with the establishment of NATO, Soviet expansion in Europe came to a halt, and that it was halted without war. Thus NATO has come to be regarded, and is still generally regarded, as a bulwark of peace; and it is characteristic that even such notable European left-wing politicians as Nenni, Mendès-France and Aneurin Bevan do not advocate its dissolution. Many people would dissent from the view recently expressed by Paul-

Henri Spaak, NATO's Secretary-General, that the moment the alliance is weakened or destroyed, we shall be back in the situation which existed from 1945 to 1948. But even the Left, it would appear, is unwilling to dispense with NATO until a practical alternative has been found; and at the present moment the search for an alternative has produced no results.

NEVERTHELESS, as NATO starts its second decade, its future is being questioned on all sides. Even its warmest upholders are conscious of its shortcomings. World conditions have changed in fundamental ways since NATO was formed in 1949; but the organization has not changed with them. Hence the division of opinion is more subtle today than it was ten years ago, during the stormy debates which preceded its inception. Then the division was between those wholeheartedly for and those virulently against the treaty. Today it is between those who fear that the course of events has weakened NATO and who want to patch it up and modernize it, and those, on the other hand, who fear that the rigidity of the alliance, and its purely negative and defensive features, are an obstacle to negotiations at a higher level for reducing tension between East and West. Among the latter are the two keen observers of contemporary affairs, Walter Lippmann and George Kennan; among the former, perhaps the most distinguished is M. Spaak. For Lippmann and Kennan, NATO may be described as a negotiable asset, and they wish to retain it not least of all as a bargaining counter for eventual negotiations with Russia. For Spaak, it is merely a framework which, if it is to survive, must be filled out. "Everyone," he once said in a characteristic passage

. . . knows perfectly well that a purely military alliance is inadequate. . . . It is necessary to give the alliance an economic and even a political support. The army is only an instrument of policy, but although there is a common army, there is no common policy.

These divergencies, criticisms, doubts and hesitations are louder

today, as NATO reaches the end of its first ten years, and they have been reinforced by recent events, particularly since 1955; but in many respects they were there from the beginning. NATO may have been a necessary political gesture in the circumstances of 1949; but it was an imperfect political instrument and perhaps even a dubious military asset. When it is argued that at least it prevented further Soviet expansion, it is fair to reply that if it did so, it was for psychological rather than for military reasons. The military forces at the disposal of NATO, which even today amount at most to twenty-one of the irreducible minimum of thirty divisions demanded by General Norstad nearly three years ago, have never been sufficient even to perform the function of a "trip-wire," still less (as originally envisaged) of a shield. If the Soviet advance was held up, it was not because of NATO but because of the American lead in A- and then in H-bombs. Once that lead was lost, once for all practical purposes the two sides had achieved nuclear parity, the situation was irremediably changed. The question was not whether the ideas behind NATO had become obsolete, but whether they had become irrelevant.

LONG before this stage was reached, the imperfections of NATO had made themselves felt. As Spaak has more than once admitted, the alliance was hastily improvised as an emergency measure: its real problems began after it was signed. Of these problems, the most formidable was how to give it substance. By the terms of the treaty the member-states had undertaken to "maintain and develop their individual and collective capacity to resist armed attack"; but it was not long before it became evident that any considerable military expansion was problematical. All the European members, when it came to the point, proved reluctant to shoulder the burden of meeting the stipulated military objectives. France in particular, faced by civil war in North Africa, withdrew its best troops from Europe, and has still not offered to bring them back. Great Britain,

faced by economic pressures and balance-of-payment problems, made substantial cuts in its continental contingent. Among the other countries some proved, on balance, more of a liability than an asset. Hardly had Greece and Turkey, for example, been enrolled as NATO members in 1952 than they became embroiled with each other and with England over Cyprus; and although the Cyprus question has now been settled, the net result of involvement in the eastern Mediterranean has been to over-extend and weaken, rather than to strengthen, NATO. Politically, the adhesion of the smaller countries may have been essential, if NATO were to be a representative body; but militarily they contributed little. From a military point of view all turned on Germany. It was evident within a few months of its inception that NATO could not provide an effective defense without a massive German contribution amounting to 500,000 men and a trained reserve of 150,000 annually; and a long period was spent debating the angry question of German rearmament. The decision, in 1955, to admit the Federal Republic and to rearm it, was the turning point in the history of the alliance; but the twelve German divisions promised for 1959, the immediate need for which was the determinative motive for the decision, have still not materialized, and will not be ready until 1961.

The admission of Western Germany profoundly affected the character of NATO. The very fact that the Western military experts regarded the twelve German divisions as indispensable gave the Federal Republic the whip hand, and the West German Chancellor exploited his advantage with great deftness. It was not only that Germany secured for itself the place once held by France in the alliance. Far more important, it used its position to insure that NATO should subserve the objectives of German policy: reunification on West German terms and, if possible, the recovery of the eastern territories lost to Poland in 1945. Adenauer, even more than Dulles, became the dominant figure — or, as some would say, the evil genius —

of the alliance. To date he has not failed to hold the United States to the German line. His periodic visits to Washington insured that the State Department would resist pressures from England and France to seek a *modus vivendi* with the Communist bloc on the basis of the current distribution of forces. In this way NATO, conceived originally as a defensive measure to check Soviet expansion, has been transformed under German pressure into an instrument for implementing those specific Western political aims in which the Federal Republic is primarily interested. Thanks to Adenauer and the influence he exercises in Washington, NATO has acquired that characteristic rigidity which, in the view of increasing numbers of observers, has made it an obstacle to *détente*. However salutary its functions in earlier years, since 1955 its existence has visibly hardened the division between East and West. All the plans for disengagement brought forward in the last four years — the Eden plan, the Rapacki plan, the Gaitskell plan, the Kennan proposals — have foundered on this rock.

IT IS THIS rigidity, and the negative attitudes of NATO, which render it suspect, as we have seen, to one side in the current debate. If the aims of policy should look beyond a fragile and uneasy coexistence across armed frontiers under the shadow of the hydrogen bomb, NATO as at present operating seems to stand in the way of more hopeful developments. It has become entrenched and embedded in a way in which, curiously enough, its Eastern counterpart, the Warsaw Pact, has not. On the other side, however, what gives rise to fears for the future is its present inadequacy, both

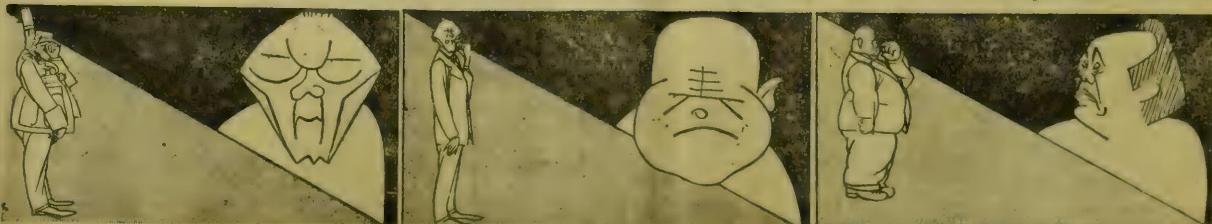
structural and geographical. It may be true that NATO checked Soviet policy in Europe; but it certainly did not contain it. On the contrary, it only diverted the Soviet drive to other areas and to other methods. From the time of the Twentieth Party Congress in 1956, Moscow has relied on economic rather than on military pressures. Hence the question today is whether NATO is an effective instrument against the new Soviet policy of the Khrushchev era. Dulles has argued that, since Soviet strategy today is global, NATO strategy must be global also. This argument, which implies that every NATO nation has an interest in the Middle and Far East, seems, however, to take too little account of the inherent limitations of what is essentially a European alliance backed by the United States. It also means that NATO may be identified with the national objectives of its member-states in different parts of the world — Britain in the Persian Gulf, for example, or the Dutch in Indonesia — and this could be fatal in two ways. First, it would inevitably attract the hostility of the ex-colonial peoples. Secondly, it might split the alliance open, ranging on one side those countries, among which Western Germany is pre-eminent, for whom the original purpose of the alliance — namely, defense in Europe — still comes first, against those who believe that the gravest threat today lies in the Middle and Far East and in Africa.

Even with Europe, however, now that the internal political position in all European countries has been stabilized and the likelihood of a Soviet frontal attack has subsided, the question of the next step forward remains undecided. Indeed, the very fact that a direct military threat is no longer regarded as im-

minent — in spite of the Berlin scare — has brought to the fore internal differences which, in the early years of NATO, had been suppressed in the interests of Western solidarity. The attempt to transform NATO, in accordance with Spaak's recipes, from a military into an economic and political association, far from reducing the problem or making the alliance more effective, has only shown up its inherent difficulties. At one stage it seemed as though the implementation of Article 2 of the North Atlantic Treaty, which pledged the members to "seek to eliminate conflict in their international economic policies" and to "encourage economic collaboration between any or all of them," was the most hopeful way of meeting the growing doubts whether NATO as a military alliance was a sufficiently firm foundation for Western cooperation. But the results to date have only shown how deceptive such hopes were. The creation of the six-nation Common Market produced a division between those NATO members within and those outside the European Economic Community; and the sharp break between Great Britain and Scandinavia on the one side, and France backed by Germany on the other, over the free-trade zone constitutes today perhaps the most dangerous threat to NATO's internal unity and cohesion.

BUT THE REAL doubts about NATO's future go deeper. Stresses and strains are the lot of all alliances, and if it were only a question of overcoming difficulties of this sort, reappraisal would be easy. What calls NATO's future in question, on the contrary, is the revolution in military strategy and the shift in world perspectives which have marked the last half of the past decade.

## View toward the East



Simplicissimus (Munich)

The development of the H-bomb and long-range and intermediate-range missiles has created a new military situation. The value of NATO in military eyes has long consisted primarily, if not exclusively, in the fact that it provided a forward base from which, in the event of war, retaliatory attacks could be launched against the Soviet Union. Bases in Europe along the Soviet perimeter are, in Western calculations, the greatest of all deterrents. But today, in view of the proved Soviet proficiency in the use of missiles, it is no longer clear who is deterring whom. The NATO governments, it is true, have agreed to the equipment of their forces with 1,500-mile intermediate missiles; but, having regard to Soviet threats of retaliation, each is naturally reluctant to see them sited on its own territory. The development of long-range intercontinental missiles has affected the situation more fundamentally still, since it carries with it the grim implication that the Soviet Union can now launch an attack against the United States itself. This vision of a war between continents has necessarily affected the value of forward bases.

The NATO bases in Europe are still, beyond doubt, a threat to Russia; but they are also a threat to the European countries involved. At the same time they are ceasing to be a safeguard for the United States, and sooner or later this is a fact which United States strategy will have to take into account. When it does so, it is safe to say, NATO as it exists today will be one of the first victims.

IT WOULD be easy to conclude that the time has come to wind up NATO. But such a conclusion would be at least premature. Certainly, as the focus of international affairs veers away from Europe, its role in the second decade of its existence is unlikely to match the part it has played in the last ten years. From 1949 to 1959 NATO has been the dominant factor in Western political calculations: most aspects of policy have been measured—often with unfortunate results—by whether they were likely to strengthen or to weaken NATO. It is neither likely nor desirable that it should retain

the same dominant role in the future. It is unlikely because in the present era of global politics China and Japan and the Eastern Pacific are every bit as important in the long-term calculations of policymakers in the Pentagon and the State Department as is Europe, and because the nationalisms of Asia and Africa and the Middle East offer better opportunities to Moscow than the stable conditions now obtaining in all the Western European countries. It is undesirable because determination to maintain NATO at all costs and irrespective of other factors can only stand in the way of an evolution of policy along constructive lines.

Nothing, it is true, would be gained at the present juncture by demolishing NATO without substantial matching concessions from the other side. But nothing, equally surely, will be gained if the West has no policy beyond maintaining it as an end in itself. For a number of years the idea was propagated that NATO must be built up to provide a foundation for "negotiation from strength"; but "negotiation from strength" has proved the great illusion of postwar Western policy. Nevertheless, it still remains true that NATO can be justified only if its existence furthers the chances of a settlement between East and West. The charge against it, on the other hand, is that its very existence prejudices the chances of such a settlement. These two contrary propositions go to the heart of the dilemma which faces us at the end of NATO's first decade.

It is certainly legitimate, in the present state of world affairs, for the Atlantic powers to want to hold together. But, in the thermonuclear age, there are strict limits to the efficacy of a military alliance. The thermonuclear revolution has made war unthinkable as an instrument of policy, and it is certain that war offers no solution for either side today. The revulsion against the idea that the West should fight its way through to Berlin, using its nuclear weapons if necessary, shows only too clearly the limitations of military power. No people in the world today is ready to accept the risks of nuclear extinction, except as

a last resort when their very existence is threatened. Merely to strengthen NATO by rearming with nuclear weapons, therefore, answers none of the questions. To possess the means of retaliation may be a necessary foundation for policy, but it is not a substitute for policy.

ON THE other hand, the widely expressed fears that any step—for example, the establishment of a neutralized zone in central Europe—which appears to weaken NATO or limit its freedom of action, will put the West back in the position of 1949, are certainly exaggerated. Western strength is not merely or even primarily a military matter; it depends on self-confidence, economic stability and a belief that the system is working. In all these respects the contrast between 1949 and 1959 could scarcely be greater. Nowhere in Europe today is there a possibility of an indigenous Communist Party securing control, which even in 1949 was the precondition of any Soviet move. This means, in effect, that NATO has accomplished its primary purpose: it has put the West in a position to bargain or negotiate with the Soviet Union on terms of parity. Logically, such negotiations are the next step. Until East-West negotiations have taken place, there are strong arguments for maintaining NATO. But it would be self-defeating if its existence were allowed to limit the scope of possibilities of East-West negotiations. If a settlement appears to be within reach by which the threat of nuclear war can be lifted, the West must be prepared to negotiate about NATO's future, rather than jeopardize the chances of settlement. That does not mean an end of the political association of the European and North Atlantic powers, for their cooperation expresses a community of interests more durable than NATO; but greater flexibility, and awareness that NATO has performed its main objective, could mean the beginning of a new chapter. It would be foolish to deny NATO's contribution to the security of the West in a critical period. But today the situation is different: nothing short of a world security organization can meet the needs of the nuclear age.

# BOOKS and the ARTS

## 'Why Did She Turn So?'

**COLLISION COURSE.** By Alvin Moscow. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 316 pp. \$4.50.

**George Kirstein**

EVEN the largest luxury liners are less than a thousand feet long — mere microbes on the vast reaches of the sea. By mathematical calculation, they could steam endless distances through aeons of time without ever meeting at precisely the same spot at the same instant. And the odds against that meeting are reinforced by our knowledge that trained men, using the most advanced techniques of modern science, bend every effort to avoid collision. Yet ships collide frequently — three times daily throughout the world — accidents involving more than 1,000 ships a year.

Indeed, the unlikely chance encounter is a common human experience — so common that it is woven into the fabric of most novels. All of us have been at a dog show or other event in a distant city and encountered by chance our next-door neighbor. An instant before the meeting, we would accept a sizeable bet against the encounter. Yet when it occurs, we greet our friend warmly and exchange expressions of incredulity at the long odds that have been fulfilled. In analyzing the encounter, the odds, perhaps, should not have been so great as we at first thought; for in addition to a common interest in dogs, both of us have business interests or relatives in that city. Nevertheless, these chance encounters are so improbable that we do not normally conduct our lives as if they occurred at all. And for precisely the same reason, neither do shipmasters act as though collision were imminent or probable, despite their knowledge that the paths of their charges tend to converge in the common purpose of entering the great harbors of the world.

Consider the night of July 25, 1956. The *Stockholm*, outbound from New York, was plowing along towards Sweden on a calm moonlit night south of Martha's Vineyard off the New England coast. Inbound from Italy, on the reciprocal course, having rounded the Nantucket light vessel and running on her final leg to New York, steamed the

beautiful Italian liner, *Andrea Doria*. Both ships had the latest equipment to ease the problems of navigation and to make collision impossible: radar, radio direction finders, loran, gyroscopic compasses, course recorders, electronic depth finders and a multitude of other safety devices. Both ships were commanded by experienced seamen. Yet they collided. How did it happen? Who was to blame?

Alvin Moscow, an Associated Press reporter, answers the first question fully in *Collision Course*. He does not answer the second question directly, because, as he points out, no court of law has ever placed the blame. But the facts which he meticulously gathered on his journalistic assignment to cover the legal proceedings, and in later painstaking research into the disaster, allow the informed reader to reach his own conclusion. Mr. Moscow is as impartial as anyone could desire in describing the conflicting stories of the events leading to the collision.

THE situation can be visualized by any layman who has ever driven an automobile. You (in this case the *Stockholm*) are driving along a straight road at night. Far ahead, you see the gleam of an oncoming car's headlights. As it approaches you realize that the car is crowding your side — perhaps is even over the white dividing line. You curse softly at the other driver's ineptness and pull further to the right. The cars are now nearly abreast and the other driver still has not regained his side of the road. A collision is imminent. You desperately swing your wheel to the right in a final effort to pull off the road entirely and onto the soft bordering shoulder. To your incredulous amazement, the oncoming car, instead of veering right, attempts to avoid disaster by swinging sharply to his left to pass you on the wrong side. The front of your car hits him squarely in the side as he swerves across your headlights.

And so the *Stockholm*'s bow smashed into the *Andrea Doria*'s side. The oncoming headlights of the illustration were in actuality pips on the radar screens of the two approaching vessels. They had each other electronically in sight for miles as they approached through banks of fog. On the Swedish ship, the third mate began immediately plotting the course and speed of the oncoming ves-

sel. This is easily done in much the way that you can determine the direction and speed of a walker seen at a distance. By noting his direction from you at successive moments, you can tell whether he is departing from or converging on your own path and can even determine his approximate pace. Indeed, this exercise is so simple, when done with radar, that I have frequently seen an experienced navigator work out the other vessel's course and speed in his head before the watch officer had completed his formal calculations on graph paper. Yet on the *Andrea Doria* this simple calculation was never made. The graph paper remained in its drawer in the chart room and none of the officers made the mental calculation. Two ships hurtling at each other through the night and the mist at a combined speed of forty knots, and one was not sure of the other's direction. It's incredible.

Mr. Moscow describes the tragedy that followed the collision with a journalist's eye for detail. Any newspaperman would recognize this as one of the great stories of the year, and of course the newspapers that night vied with one another to report the disaster. The staff of *The New York Times*, which mobilized efficiently to beat every other paper onto the street, waited patiently for an on-the-scene report from its crack Madrid correspondent, Camille Cianfara, who was a passenger, with his wife, on the ship. The story never came, of course, because Cianfara and his daughter were killed by the *Stockholm*'s bow. I am told by those who knew him that, even if he had lived, the *Times* would have had to wait for its story. Cianfara would unquestionably have joined the rescue operations even at the expense of a newspaperman's dream — the eye-witness account of the big story.

And leadership was badly needed that night on the Italian ship. No clear announcements came from the bridge, no systematic search was made for victims of the crash. Many of the *Andrea Doria*'s crew, mostly waiters and kitchen help, filled the first life boats which left the stricken ship. Mr. Moscow narrates the almost indescribable confusion by recounting the individual experiences of many passengers. Of cowardice, there was much. And of heroism, too. The account of the marvelous and sustained effort by steward Giovanni Rovelli to help passenger Dr. Peterson free his wife and Mrs. Cianfara from the wreckage adds lustre to the annals of the sea.

**GEORGE KIRSTEIN** was a watch officer in U.S.S. General John Pope during World War II.

April 4, 1959

Eventually gallant passengers assisted crew members to bring some kind of order from the chaos.

But while this confusion, simultaneously demonstrating the frailty and fineness of man, was occurring, on all sides of the stricken vessel the brotherhood of the sea was having one of its brilliant hours. As soon as the SOS crackled out to all ships, the responses began coming in. The United Fruiter, *Cape Ann*, came pounding through the fog at maximum speed. The Navy transport *Thomas* altered course and sped to the scene. The Tidewater oiler *Hopkins* sent word she was coming full speed with her two life boats. And best of all, the *Ile de France*, which had left New York at the same time as the *Stockholm*, but which, being faster, was well ahead, turned around and plowed back through the fog at maximum speed. As she came alongside the stricken *Doria*, her 10-foot electric block letters lit up so that all present would know that France on the high seas had come to the rescue.

For the most incredible fact about this incredible disaster was that the *Doria* was sinking. The seamen who responded to the SOS that night knew that collision was possible; none believed a modern ship, one of the greatest in the world, could sink. The *Doria* took on an initial list right after the collision which made it impossible to launch half her boats. Her list increased as the night went on. And Mr. Moscow leaves no doubt that the final humility to a great ship, capsizing and sinking, could have been prevented if the *Doria's* officers had been in the habit of taking routine measures to stabilize their ship. As a

ship crosses the ocean, she consumes great weights of fuel oil which are stored in tanks near the bottom. Unless this fuel is replaced by sea water, the ship will tend to become top heavy. The *Doria* did not replace her fuel with salt water because of the time and expense involved in cleaning out tanks and lightening away the oily water in port. Had no collision occurred, she would merely have rolled further to the sea's swells. But when the *Stockholm's* bow opened her up to the inrushing sea, she did not have the stability which her designers had planned to avoid excessive listing in extreme situations.

Mr. Moscow ends his book with speculation as to the probability of another similar disaster. He concludes, "One cannot foretell." Oh, but one can. All the miracles of modern science will not offset the human error that brings huge ships into collision. Indeed, *Collision Course* had not been published a month when two vessels collided off Atlantic City in an accident that was almost a reenactment of the *Stockholm-Andrea Doria* disaster. In this case, neither ship was in danger of sinking. But that threat too will come again, and as certainly as it does, it can be predicted that there will be acts of heroism and acts of cowardice. Once again the brotherhood of the sea will function in its orderly precision as the SOS cracks out over the emergency channel; once again, ships, whether they fly the Stars and Stripes, the Sickle and Hammer, the Red Star of China or the Tricolor of France, will turn toward the disaster and surge at their best speed, lifeboats swung out, to the scene.

the public romance of Trotsky's life and death, carries the elements which have always marked Wolfe's work — a rambunctious use of abstract rhetoric, a persuasive interest in sex and psychology, and a fascination reminiscent of certain European novelists in the melodrama of ideas.

However, the special character of Wolfe's imagination has found its natural subject in Leon Trotsky, who was both an abstract and a witty soul, and in the phenomenon of Trotsky's career, with its tragic successes and reverses and ultimate defeat. Trotsky did not dwindle to insignificance; he flickered, flagged, suffered from his own flaws, and went out finally in a blaze of terror and violence. Bernard Wolfe renders this experience with an astonishing depth of feeling. It is not history disguised as fiction that he offers us; history has been employed as the material of fiction in such a way as to give us, finally, the original sensation implied in the word "uncanny." First we recognize the history, then we recognize the distortion provided by an inventive, perspective-shifting imagination, and then, uncannily, we are returned to history with the sense of a powerful reinterpretation of one of the great careers of the twentieth century to which myth naturally clings.

THE story, of course, is not a work of history, although as an event in that history it will be reckoned in future evaluations of the Trotsky period. Wolfe's analysis of Trotsky's self-destructive impulse is convincing, both for the facts he has gathered and for the logic he develops from them. However, the book is not another case of special pleading, either; it is a tragic tale of the career of a "great prince" who, like Oedipus and Hamlet, destroyed himself out of a stubborn pride. Trotsky thought he could do anything and, as in a childlike dream, seemed in fact to be omnipotent for a time. The fatal misstep, a sin of pride and of ruthlessness, Trotsky's Kronstadt, haunts this novel as does the crime of Oedipus in Sophocles' play. With masterly control, the theme of expediency at Kronstadt — betrayal of an ideal in the name of an ideal — is echoed in a multiplicity of incidents. The last one, concerning the liberal Mexican general of police, caught in his own small Kronstadt after Trotsky's murder, provides the final shock of irony and control. "For once — for the love of God — you must lower your eyes to some trivial piece of ground!" cries General Ortega.

Bernard Wolfe has been one of the few serious political novelists now at

## The Pride and the Guilt

**THE GREAT PRINCE DIED.** By Bernard Wolfe. Scribner's. 398 pp. \$4.50.

**Herbert Gold**

FOR some years now Bernard Wolfe has been delighting a small group of admirers with his special gift as a storyteller. *Really the Blues*, his only book to gain a wide audience, is a kind of hoax — a deadpan pseudo-autobiographical story about Mezz Mezzrow, one of the great comen of jazz. *Limbo*, which followed, is a science fiction allegory in which psychology and politics and pure fancy are served up without clear distinction between the fun, the

horror, and the moral intention. *In Deep* is a melodrama of revolution, set in Cuba, with elements of the chase thriller combined with an effort to define the psychology of politics. *The Late Risers*, probably Wolfe's best book until *The Great Prince Died*, is a brilliant and witty depth study of the little show biz world of midtown Manhattan — actresses and call girls, petty publicity people and their prey. Incidentally, in the Negro heroin peddler called "Movement," it gives perhaps the first and surely the best portrait of what has come to be a fad and a cliché during the past few years, the hipster.)

*The Great Prince Died* should finally make Wolfe's serious vocation as a novelist clear to the large public he deserves. This complex story, based on

**HERBERT GOLD'S forthcoming novel is The Optimist.**

work in America. Curiously enough, this story seems to represent, in its judgment of the politics of violence, a disaffiliation from political interest in general. The passions of love and disgust which go into the picture of Trotsky and his symbolic "children" — his prodigals, his Cains and Abels, his great erring passionate family — give the book something of the intense suffering and release of an autobiographical family novel. It is an "Oedipal novel" in which the world of the family has been enlarged to the world of post-1919 politics. The discovery of the hidden crime of Kronstadt occasions the destruction of the paternal ideal, though the note of admiration and compassion for Trotsky as a man is never abandoned in the critique of Trotsky as a political thinker and operator.

The control which has gathered these materials together — factual evidence, personal involvement in the agony of decision about Trotsky, play of psychological insight and political ideas — is manifested in a prose of remarkable density and texture. The idealistic fanatic making love to the carnival Zebra woman, Trotsky fleeing his incarceration within his own guilt in order to hunt butterflies, the assassin caught and squirming in the grip of the Stalinist secret police network — these fictions on which history has been weaved provide the material of a complex and disturbing work of art.

## Language of Analysis

**THEORY OF PSYCHOANALYTIC TECHNIQUE.** By Karl A. Menninger. Basic Books. 179 pp. \$4.75.

### *Manuel Manrique*

WITH the beginning of psychoanalysis, a new system and indeed a complicated language was created. Since then most authors interested in psychoanalytic precepts have used a method of written or verbal description which is almost incomprehensible to the uninitiated. Some, following their inclination to literary obscurity, others, obeying their drive toward intellectual jugglery, have presented us with a linguistic panorama which, to say the least, has complicated the already difficult terminology in this field of scientific endeavor. To his great credit, Karl Menninger now comes for-

ward in *Theory of Psychoanalytic Technique* with a superb simplification of all aspects of the analytic situation from the beginning of the contract between patient and analyst to the dissolution of the agreement.

It is not easy to explain the bases of psychoanalytic therapy in clear and precise terms, but Menninger has achieved a level of didactic writing which gives the reader the satisfaction of effortless understanding. He takes command of the reader and carries him — not as a spectator but rather as an interested party — throughout the fascinating process of a psychoanalysis.

Menninger begins with the practical and psychological connotations implicit in the initial interview, in which "the rules of the game" are set, giving special emphasis to the financial arrangements. The unconscious mechanisms operating in every transaction may be of little importance in daily business, but in psychoanalytical therapy it is essential to study and elucidate the unconscious nuances of the monetary agreement between patient and analyst.

ONCE treatment has started regression occurs, that is to say, the pendulum swings backward as a preliminary step to an advance toward a healthy state. In this process transference and counter-transference take place and throughout its vicissitudes resistances appear which are all open to interpretation and other neutral interventions by the analyst. In this manner the analysis progresses to a point at which it becomes desirable or even imperative to terminate the process. Menninger warns of the danger represented by the fact that not only the patient but also the analyst is sometimes tempted to evade the question of termination. This crisis brings forward the eternal riddle: What is "disease" and what is "health" in terms of mental processes? Does analytic therapy ever achieve the "total cure" of the patient?

The theoretical criteria for termination of analysis is rather elusive, but Menninger gives a satisfactory formulation when he quotes a patient who is able to say: "By not giving me what I thought I needed from him the analyst gave me what I most needed; namely, a better self-understanding, a better capacity for discrimination, greater tolerance for unavoidable dissatisfaction, a clearer view of my needs. In a symbolic sense, the analyst has given me himself, and I felt free to take his gift. I do not need his help any more."

Fittingly enough, *Theory of Psychoanalytic Technique* is a compilation

**MANUEL MANRIQUE, M.D.,** a New York psychoanalyst, has published two novels and several short stories, in addition to professional papers.

April 4, 1959

# A WORLD WITHOUT JEWS by Karl Marx

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of a series of lectures delivered by Menninger to his pupils in seminars at the Topeka Institute of Psychoanalysis. There is no doubt as to the mastery of Menninger's teaching and one is grateful for his statement that he "shall continue to teach and to search."

*Theory of Psychoanalytic Technique* is a document of superlative teaching from which the student of psychoanalysis as well as the lay reader will derive extraordinary benefits. Since Lawrence Kubie wrote *Practical Aspects of Psychoanalysis* no other book that I know in this field has the validity of Menninger's work.

the late Vasily Riakhovsky (1939) — though not without both psychological and social interest, smacks of a parody on Chekhov. Its main characters are a Red Army officer, crippled in the 1938 clash with the Japanese and recovering in a Crimean sanatorium, and his mother who comes to visit him from her faraway collective farm village.

Most disappointing, in their almost unrelieved drabness and mediocrity, are the stories by the little-known younger writers (born between 1915 and 1930). Although representing the period of relative relaxation of Party controls over literature (1955-6), they are both undistinguished as literary works and uninteresting as social documents. The only exception is "The Night Guest" by Yury Nagibin (b. 1920), who had already attracted attention by his story in the controversial collection called *Literary Moscow* (1956) and who has one or two volumes of stories to his credit. The story here has no political significance. Nor is there anything strikingly novel or original about Nagibin's manner. In many ways he is in the Turgenev tradition — Turgenev of *The Sportsman's Sketches*. The scene is laid in a fishing lodge, apparently in the backwoods of Central Russia. Nagibin's slow-paced description of nature and of the delights of fishing are coupled with fine powers of characterization. His main character is quite interesting and unhackneyed, and it is a pity that this otherwise excellent story is marred by a rather lame ending.

To sum up: if one is to regard this volume as typical of Soviet literature in the last twenty-five years, one cannot avoid the thought that it has declined since the early, "storm-and-stress" days in the twenties.

## Russian Stories

**SHORT STORIES OF RUSSIA TODAY.** Edited by Yvonne Kapp. Translated by Tatiana Shebunina. Houghton Mifflin Company. 250 pp. \$3.50.

### Gleb Struve

THE EIGHTEEN stories in this volume have been translated and, presumably, selected in Moscow (though edited in London). The translation is quite competent and reads well. The selection raises several questions. In the first place, there is little justification for describing these stories as representing Soviet Russian literature today: six of them appeared in print in the 1930s, and four were written during World War II. Only seven belong to the post-Stalin period. Some of the better-known writers (Leonov, Fedin, Sholokhov, Olesha, and others) are absent from this collection; others are represented by relatively insignificant trifles. Prishvin's hunting-dog sketch is not one of the best among the numerous similar pieces by this fine and sensitive poet of nature and animal life. Vera Inber's "Nor-Bibi's Crime" is a rather slick propaganda piece on the subject of emancipation of women in Soviet Central Asia. Nikolay Tikhonov's "A Cavalcade," with its Caucasian setting and its suggestively poetic atmosphere, is somewhat reminiscent of Lermontov's "Taman"; though not one of the best by this author, who has often been called the Russian Kipling, it is easily one of the best in this volume.

Some of the stories read like poor imitations of Chekhov's early comic stories, while one — "The Mother" by

GLEB STRUVE, author of Soviet Russian Literature, is a professor in the Department of Slavic Languages, the University of California.

## April Fool

birds sing and my son too, in the morning.  
with words, without words, in the morning.  
singing inside the house, outside the house,  
in the morning.  
it's five o'clock in the morning.  
she's silk smooth  
beside me, doesn't stir;  
the older boy stays sleeping, doesn't stir.  
like birds, like a houseful of birds.  
and me the early worm.

J. L. OPPENHEIMER

*The Nation*

adding significances in even the plainest, liaison renderings of the sequence. I do discern these significances.

I have listened to both of these recordings many times, and have come to the conclusion that their contents are fundamentally an elaborate bore: so serious, so stiff, so preoccupied with minutiae. There is no doubt that they possess a certain beauty of timbre. Having given up many expressive dimensions, the composers have had to concentrate upon instrumental color, attempting to make it a dimension in itself. But the music is woefully lacking in warmth. It demands much, but satisfies little.

INDEED it was with considerable relief that I turned from it to a record of Victoria's (1548-1611) *Requiem Mass* sung by the Choir of the Abbey of Mount Angel and the Portland Symphonic Choir. Here one could enjoy the fullness of expression and the real sophistication which genuinely archaic composition can possess. Victoria was a Master, a contemporary of Palestrina and Lassus, and this Mass is as moving, in its own way, as a Beethoven Symphony. The direction by Dom David Nicholson, O.S.B., and C. Robert Zimmerman, of the Portland Choir, is perfect; the sound of the two choirs, beautiful (RCA Victor LM-2254).

Another record of early music, that of the fifteenth century composer, Guillaume Dufay, has been made by the Dessoix Choirs under conductor Paul Boepple, with Leslie Chabay as tenor soloist. The disc includes hymns with and without instrumental support, a chorus from a Mass, and various types of songs. The music is well performed, though occasionally with less fluency and immediacy than it deserves (Bach Guild BG-582).

For those who enjoy shady limericks and such, the New York Catch Club has supplied a record of 17th and 18th Century "catches." I find that the smooth singing of these pieces by cultivated modern vocalists adds a smirk they may not have had in their original, unselfconscious surroundings. The name of the record is *Catch That Catch Can* and it is put out by Expériences Anonymes (EA-0312).

Two stunning recordings which, though not brand-new releases, have ever been covered in these columns, are those of the Bartok opera, *Bluebeard's Castle*, with Judith Hellwig, Andre Koreh, and the New Symphony of London under Walter Susskind; and a suite from Bartok's *The Miraculous Mandarin*, by the same orchestra under Tibor Serly. I know of no records

which I could more unequivocally recommend, for the music, for the performances, and for the opulence of transcription technique. They can be obtained only by mail from Bartok Records, 113 W. 57 St., New York 19.

R.C.A. Victor has put out versions of the Rachmaninoff Concerto No. 3 with the young American pianist Byron Janis accompanied by the Boston Symphony Orchestra under Charles Munch (LM-2237), and of Berlioz's *Harold in Italy*, with William Primrose, violist, the same orchestra and conductor (LM-2228). Both are good; neither is perfect. The Rachmaninoff performance is characterized by considerable body and brilliance in the piano part (sometimes extending to over-fast tempi, as in the first movement) and a somewhat ragged sound in the orchestra. The Berlioz is better. Here Munch is on his own, parochial ground, Primrose, unfortunately, is not his best self; he has played passages out of tune, and, at certain points, he sounds downright passive. Sometimes I just don't understand performers.

## ART

### Maurice Grosser

SOME fifty paintings, in oil and watercolor, by Carzou, rated by the French as one of their best postwar painters, are being shown at Wildenstein through April 11. The pictures' single subject is landscape — Venice, the parks in Paris and around it, and views of country and seaports, principally in France. Their atmosphere is exact and convincing, the color sometimes acid, sometimes picture-postcard, sometimes sumptuously beautiful. Some have a curiously broad field of view, like the effect in photography of a wide-angle lens. The paint is thin, the ground tones rapidly brushed in. On top of this a tracery of narrow, dark, straight lines done with a fine brush in liquid paint is superposed to supply details of drawing and perspective — the same system used by Canaletto in his architectural studies of Venice.

This spiky linear pattern produces the cactus-like quality so characteristic of Carzou (characteristic, too, of his fellow painter and much inferior artist, Jean Buffet). The mannerism is indeed so striking and unmistakable, and so invariably present in Carzou's painting, that from the isolated examples I had previously seen, I had considered him a minor and fashionable artist who for commercial reasons had adopted this identifying trademark. The pictures seen

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all together give quite a different impression. The spider-web framework loses its importance as mannerism and turns out to be a remarkably versatile tool with an extraordinary variety of effects: from the stage-set stiffness of the earlier *L'Entrée des Tuilleries* to the late work such as *Le Mur* with its almost abstract suggestion of barbed wire and bombed defenses; from the neat suburban cultivation of the *Jardin en Normandie* and the deep foliage of *Le Parc de Saint Cloud* to the desolation of oil fields and ruined land in *Sodome* and *Gomorrhe*. Particularly striking among the larger pictures is *La Forêt* with its serried ranks of tree upon vertical tree. This, a monotony of trees apparently without composition, is nevertheless admirably composed. With a minimum of color, and despite the strict stylization of its vertical and horizontal reticulations, it is a vivid and realistic depiction of the interior of a second-growth forest on a winter day.

VAN DAY TRUEX is showing at Carstairs, until April 11, some forty formal pen-and-wash drawings whose subject is landscape with architecture. From Gubbio, Venice, Rome, Urbino, Spoleto, Cortona on down to Syracuse, the exhibition is a Grand Tour of Baroque and Classical Italy. The drawing, done with a broad-nibbed pen and washes of gray and bistre ink, is economical, skillful and exact, able to describe with these limited means the Italian air and skies with their sunlight and cloud shadows. Most striking of all, that special counterpoint of shapes which gives to each building its peculiar character and identity, is clearly seen and scrupulously rendered. Sensitivity to architectural proportion such as this is extraordinary in one who, like Truex, has had no architectural training. He nevertheless succeeds in giving what painters nowadays seldom attempt and what photography can never even approach—a convincing image of an architectural style. It is this quality in the drawings, rather than their subject, that so forcibly reminds one of Piranesi, himself a trained and accomplished architect.

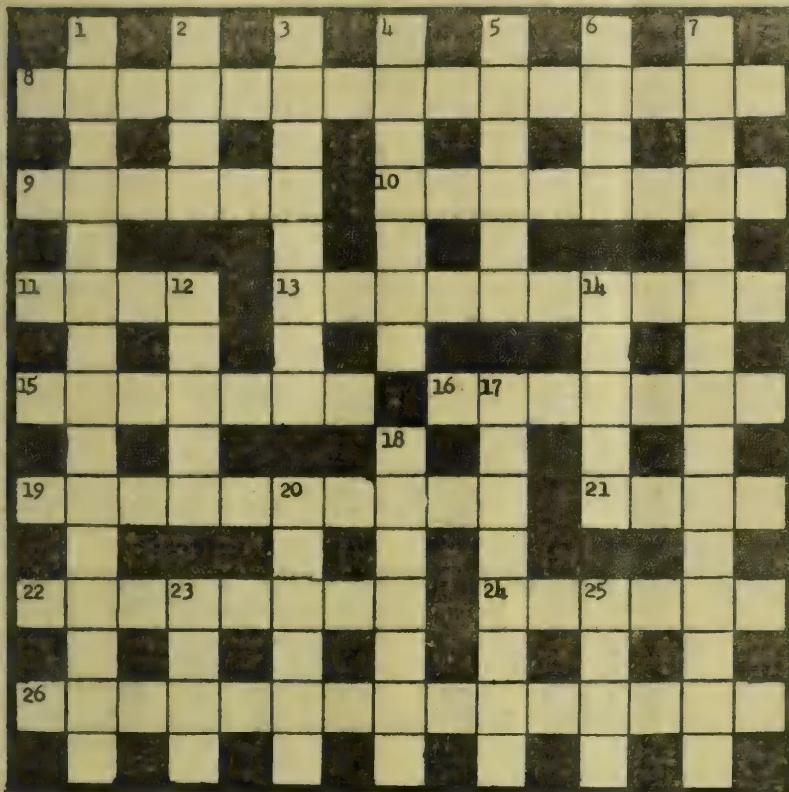
WALDO PIERCE is holding at the Midtown Galleries, through April 4, his first New York show in more than thirteen years—some twenty-five canvases selected from his work of the last two decades. Pierce, in the late twenties when I was an art student in Paris, was a large, bearded man whom one used to see surrounded by pretty women, his café table piled high with saucers, energetically and cheerfully leading the life of an American "expatriate" painter.

The work, as I remember it then, was also refreshingly cheerful. It has not changed. The present show—landscapes, flowers, nudes and figure pieces, mostly done in Maine—are executed with easy naturalism in a light and casual brushwork. The style, like Glackens', derives from Renoir but in some curiously Down-Eastern way, is more matter-of-fact than either. The subject, like that of the Impressionists, is the life around him—a country fair children at play, flowers from the garden—all of it pleasantly human and comfortable. The painting's weakness is perhaps its color, which is bright and varied, but without distinction. The greens in particular seem unreflected. Only in the *Harvard Tercentenary*—a crowded speaker's platform draped in banners—does the color, a rich bouquet of vermilion, blue, dark green and white, have any restraint, unity or carrying power. But this is a minor reservation. Pierce remains what he has always been, one of the most engaging of the Americans working in the Impressionist vein.

TAPESTRY making in France is having a great revival and the Museum of Contemporary Crafts is holding through May 3 a show of more than forty of them, designed by painters belonging to the *Association des Peintres-Cartonniers de Tapisseries* and brilliantly executed at Aubusson. There are apparently three styles. The Cubist-influenced work is the least interesting and the tapestries of Fernand Léger and Marcel Gromaire which accurately evoke their own paintings seem mannered and crowded. The more abstract work—Le Corbusier, Prassinos, and Mategot—with very little image or no image at all, is extremely fine. Most satisfactory of all is the work of Jean Lurçat, Picart le Doux, Dom Robert and others, who have perfected a florid style in which the pictorial subject is almost hidden beneath a sumptuous embellishment, not unlike the intricate grounds of the *Milles Fleurs* tapestries. I especially remember the *Firfelet*, a fifer in red and yellow, by Louis Marie Jullien; the *Rare Birds* in a tree by Dom Robert, and Lurçat's, *Vineyardist* pushing through a tangle of grapes and leaves, quite different from the oil pictures of his I know. Making cartoons for tapestry is apparently a very special art. For while the woven wool can endow a simple decorative design with life and warmth that oil paint in flat areas never has, the direct imitation of an oil painting's style gives the effect of an inferior and pretentious color reproduction.

# Crossword Puzzle No. 814

By FRANK W. LEWIS



## ACROSS:

- 8 Does it provoke one who tells how to raise a blister? (15)
- 9 Care to wait? Listen! (6)
- 10 Is it the nickel's destiny to end up here? (4, 4)
- 11 Does he make a caustic come-back? (4)
- 13 Distinct subdivisions of rubber plots? (10)
- 15 From overpowering to very quiet in the key of one sharp. (7)
- 16 In fractions, when combined, find a plural example of it. (7)
- 19 Such a pilgrim was only partly Shakespeare's. (Not exactly so, in a sticker outside it.) (10)
- 21 Perhaps a vacation in the fall? (4)
- 22 Perhaps a ball, nowadays, or any old place in prison? (3-5)
- 24 From here to post upright? (6)
- 26 In part, they are likely to carry their points. (15)

## DOWN:

- 1 Senator come upon at the same time? (15)
- 2 and 12 Rangy players? (In front of bounds, too!) (9)
- 3 Hold freaks bottom to top. (8)

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\*Sen. Hubert H. Humphrey, "First Step Toward Disarmament," May 24, 1958; Sen. Estes Kefauver, "The Manipulated Price Rise," June 28, 1958; Sen. Wayne Morse, "How Dulles Tricked Congress," September 20, 1958; Sen. Joseph S. Clark, "A Voice for the Cities," March 7, 1959; Sen. Clinton P. Anderson, "Atomic Energy: Seven Key Issues," in this issue. And soon to come: Sen. William Proxmire on democracy in the Senate.

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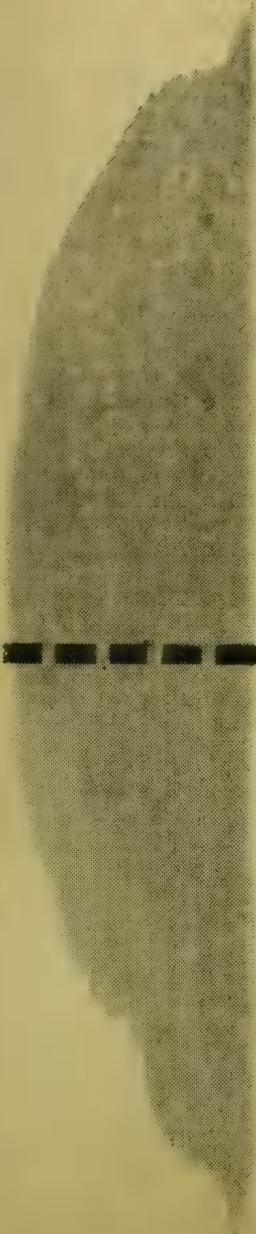
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# LETTERS

## Who's Loony Now?

Dear Sirs: Mr. Guy Endore's letter, (*The Nation*, March 28), is a delight. It is the kind of letter that keeps me reading letters to the editor. Mr. Endore takes Kenneth Rexroth to task for saying Mark Twain was a normal human being. He thinks Mark Twain was schizophrenic. His data is presented in fine style, but I disagree with his conclusion.

I speak as a psychiatrist. One of the chief frustrations of this line of work is that of our poorly defined terms. Schizophrenia is one which is now almost useless; never very good, it has been stretched beyond recognition. Nowadays it is applied to almost anyone. If it still has a definition, it would go something like this: a group of psychotic reactions characterized by fundamental disturbances in the individual's contact with reality and concept formation; with emotional disharmony and disorder in stream of thought. Regressive behavior is usually present. It may be classified as hebephrenic, catatonic, paranoid, etc., depending upon the leading symptoms.

It is a serious handicap to have the term used loosely. If it is applied to every borderline state, we are going to have to invent a new word for the bona fide schizophrenic, or drag out the old work horse, "dementia praecox." For example, how can one collect meaningful statistics on the treatment of schizophrenia if it just means sick, or neurotic, or something?

I'm with Rexroth. I believe Mark Twain was a normal, average American. That diagnosis will explain everything Mr. Endore says about him. It explains his adolescent attitude toward sex; his absurd married life; his greed for money and awe for the rich; his inability to get rid of his stuffy, small-town mores. Being an average man, he was vain, shallow, petty and ignoble. Now Mark Twain knew all this about himself, and he despised himself for it. There is no mystery here. If he felt guilt, it was guilt about being unable to lift himself out of the rut of being normal.

It happens that he was also a genius. There is as yet no way to explain that hereditary condition. But his genius with words made it possible for him to express his rage at himself and all other average people perhaps better than anyone who ever lived. This is the basis for his humor. He gave vent to his hatred by making jokes and acting the fool. Like all the rest of us, he suffered because he could find no way out of the

nightmare of being normal and living in an irrational, vulgar society.

It is not necessary to search for some fascinating psychological mystery to explain the tragedy of Mark Twain. Just to call him normal will do. The last word on normality was spoken by the cab driver in the closing lines of the play *Harvey*. Referring to the patients in a mental hospital, he said, "Some of them come out of there perfectly normal people, and you know what bastards they are."

ALBERT OWERS, M.D.

Houston, Texas

## Unique Solution

Dear Sirs: As college students we are interested in your magazine and the informative articles which it contains. Mr. Esty's plan in "The Draft Dilemma: A Way Out" [March 14 issue] seems a unique solution to the problem of the teacher shortage and the Selective Service system. As future teachers, we realize that these problems must be solved. We heartily applaud Mr. Esty's brave proposal.

(Miss) KATHLEEN BARGER

(Miss) BETTY DENU

(Miss) ANITA RIPP

Edgewood College of the Sacred Heart  
Madison, Wis.

## The RAND Brand

Dear Sirs: Gene Marine's article in *The Nation* for February 14, "Think Factory de Luxe," is excellent, but omits an important aspect. In recent years, especially within the last three years, articles by researchers and writers on the staff of the RAND Corporation have been appearing in what are supposed to be scientific and objective journals: the *Political Science Association Review*, the *American Journal of International Law*, the *Political Science Quarterly*, *International Politics*, *Orbis*, the *Public Administration Review*, the *Western Political Quarterly*, *Foreign Affairs*, etc. These journals are thus being utilized for the spreading of Air Force doctrine and propaganda. The same editors would be reluctant to carry articles by Naval, Marine or Army officers, or by representatives of Lockheed, Vultee, Republic, Consolidated Aircraft, etc. But a man using a Ph.D. and the magic badge of RAND is admitted freely to what are supposed to be scholarly circles. A check through the *Guide to Periodical Literature* for the names of some of the more prolific RAND writers — Speier, Bernard Brodie, Davison, Goldsen — would reveal this widespread penetration.

A. D. HENSING

Washington, D.C.

## The Calm General

Dear Sirs: Congratulations on the editorial in your March 14 edition entitled, "The General Remains Calm." . . . Some of the ideas about belligerence in the field of international relations were expressed in a discussion I had with Senator Morse (*Congressional Record*, March 10).

FRANCIS CASE

U.S. Senator (South Dakota)  
Washington, D.C.

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## EDITORIALS

**Inside and Outside**

If the corrupt and reactionary Kuomintang had remained in power on the mainland, there might have been friction, even armed clashes, between the Chinese and the Tibetans who have been fighting, off and on, for centuries. This would have surprised no one; the pattern of massacre and oppression which followed the Nationalist conquest of Formosa has not been forgotten. But the Chinese Reds claim moral superiority, and their claim has been credited to a considerable extent among the Asians. At Bandung, the Chinese were vocally in favor of peaceful coexistence and a policy of non-interference. Yet when they met opposition in Tibet, Bandung was forgotten and they resorted to ruthless suppression. Were China a member of the U.N., it could have been pilloried on this issue. But since Peking is not formally recognized, it cannot be formally indicted. Newspaper reprobation, State Department denunciation, Indian resentment and unfocused outrage will not do the Chinese half as much harm as an airing of the facts, in the Security Council or the General Assembly, would have done. Even when U.N. condemnation is purely moral, it is by no means toothless and no nation can be indifferent to the consequences. Barring Communist China from the U.N. is tantamount, in the present situation, to barring an offender from the courtroom.

Walter S. Robertson, Assistant Secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs and the most relentless opponent of recognition of Communist China by the United States or anyone else, has resigned effective July 1. Perhaps with his departure, a change in American policy will become feasible. If so, and if they persist in their present behavior, the Chinese will discover that there are drawbacks as well as advantages to U.N. membership.

**'Slippage'**

New words entering the language, or old ones put to new uses, are indications of changing conditions and of further changes to come. "Slippage" is such a word.

Godfrey Sperling, Jr., of the *Christian Science Monitor*, quotes a Chicago union official: "If Joe and Bob get laid off, everyone notices it. But if, after a long layoff, only Joe is rehired — no one may notice that Bob got fired." Bob is a victim of "slippage." Another disarming new term is "disemployment." From Youngstown, Ohio, Edwin A. Lahey writes in the *Chicago Daily News*: "The workers in this area are learning with bitterness that after each spasm of unemployment in the steel mills, the industry improves its processes and goes back into full production with fewer workers each time, leaving a new batch of 'disemployed' men." Disemployment or unemployment, they're not on the payroll any more. Then there's a new term that is being widely used in the aircraft and missile industries — APT, which stands for "Automatically Programmed Tool." APT represents the wedding of the digital computer and the machine tool, arranged by Massachusetts Institute of Technology under Air Force contract. APT is said to result in a saving of 80 to 95 per cent of the planning time of the engineer and the machinist. As a symbol, APT is the father of "slippage" and "disemployment" — and the end of the automation saga is not yet.

**The Will of the People**

Gambling is illegal in Arkansas — but not in Hot Springs. This season an estimated \$100,000,000 found its way into the coffers of the Southern Club, the Belvedere Club and the other plush casinos of this unique resort community. Receipts were so large that special caravans of armed guards were employed to take the money to the local banks. What is unique about Hot Springs' addiction to gambling is that it is neither obscured nor denied, but accepted as a matter of course. In his twenty-four years of service, Police Chief John H. Ermey has never made a gambling arrest; he wouldn't think of it, in fact. "I just have to overlook gambling," he told a staff correspondent of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*. Explains Prosecuting Attorney Walter J. Hebert, "We conduct the affairs of Hot

Springs in a manner we consider responsive to the will of the people." Now and then Sheriff Leonard Ellis has closed down a "dishonest" operation, but Circuit Judge Plumer E. Dobbs reassuringly explains that these establishments are promptly permitted to reopen once the "nuisance" has been abated. Commenting on Hot Springs' special status, Mayor Floyd E. Housley offers this theory: "The people scream when the town is closed." Not satisfied with these explanations, the *Post-Dispatch* queried Governor Orville E. Faubus. "I am not the keeper of the conscience of the people in any community," the Governor replied. "I am the servant of the people."

Frankly, we never understood the theory of popular sovereignty that prevails in Arkansas; throughout the Little Rock crisis we were baffled by the attitude of the Governor and the legislature. But now we understand. Obviously "the will of the people" in Arkansas means the will of any majority in any locality to do as it pleases regardless of state statutes, the state constitution, Supreme Court decisions or provisions in the federal Constitution. There is, of course, a name for this brand of democracy. It is sometimes known as anarchy.

## Air Force Public Relations

On March 29 readers of *The New York Times* learned that military aircraft accidents had cost the United States more than 5,000 lives and \$3 billion in five years, according to official figures. Readers of the Los Angeles *Times* had the same information on March 2. Readers of many other newspapers do not have it yet, and never will if the publishers and editors of those papers have their way. Their policy, apparently, is to publish only pleasant things about the armed forces, and in particular the Air Force, the most publicity-conscious of all. They call this "backing up" the Air Force. But how about backing up the airmen?

The Los Angeles *Times* evidently feels that the two are synonymous. It has an energetic space-aviation editor, Marvin Miles, who asks searching questions, gets the answers, and publishes them. (For an earlier sample of his work, see "Air Force Snafu," *The Nation*, December 20, 1958, p. 465.) The *Nation* does not know if the accident rate is too high. The rate of major accidents is declining — from 14.7 per 100,000 flying hours in 1956 to 10.4 in 1958 — despite higher speeds. But pilot error continues to account for 41 per cent of major accidents, which would seem to indicate that too many inadequately trained pilots are being entrusted with airplanes and airmen's lives, including their own.

In any case, the public is entitled to the figures. The public is also entitled to know that the Air Force charges to training funds at least \$1 million a year to fly civilians on free junkets to air shows. Senator Paul H. Douglas of Illinois cites an air power display at Elgin

Air Force Base on October 8, 1958, for which 161 military airplanes were used to insure the attendance of 1,393 military men and 1,460 civilians. The civilians' transportation alone would have amounted to \$189,000 at commercial rates, besides which they received food and lodging. (It would be interesting to know if they brought their own liquor.)

This sort of public relations will not lower the accident rate in military flying nor otherwise improve the efficiency or morale of the Air Force. While he is at it, Senator Douglas should be encouraged to review, in all its luxuriant extravagance and fascinating detail, the subject of Air Force public relations.

## Condit's Law

A statistically minded vice-principal in a Los Angeles high school, one William Condit, has recently investigated the relationship, among students in his area, of grades to the ownership of cars. Mr. Condit's study works out as follows:

GRADE	PERCENTAGE OWNING CARS
A	0
B	15
C	41
D	71
Failing	83

No one has been able to prove to the satisfaction of the tobacco companies that cigarettes encourage cancer, and Mr. Condit will certainly not convince the Detroit manufacturers that cars are bad for scholars. But, as the doctors say, the correlation is suggestive.

## Late in the Day

In its issue of April 9, 1955, *The Nation* published an article titled, "Perils Unknown — Effects of the H-Bomb." The perils are becoming so evident that even the mass magazines, in which all is right with the world or nearly so, are beginning to become slightly alarmed. In its April 6 "Special National Report," *Newsweek* discourses on strontium-90, the most publicized of the "radioactive bone-seekers," i.e., "hot" materials which, by concentrating in the skeleton and the bone marrow, are most apt to cause bone cancer and leukemia. In a short primer on the subject, *Newsweek* asks, "How deadly is the strontium-90 produced by H-bomb explosions?" Answer: "There is believed to be only a bucketful in existence now but theoretically this, scientists say, is enough to wipe out the human race." And, "Who is hurt most by strontium-90?" Answer: "Small children, up to the age of ten." *Newsweek* adds that there is no cause for hysteria, but — a new note — "we've been far too complacent."

Why this concession? It seems that a considerable volume of angry letters is descending on Washington.

"Damn the whole lot of you," an eighteen-year-old girl from Audubon, Iowa, writes. "Just whoever gave the Defense Department or the AEC or whoever's to blame the permission to explode nuclear bombs and release all that strontium-90 and heaven knows what else?" And a mother of three in Miami: "... How could the AEC keep saying there is no danger?" And a "troubled scientist" from San Marino, California: "Is my child doomed to leukemia or bone cancer?"

Then *Newsweek* discusses the political and international pros and cons, quoting Senators Anderson's and Humphrey's criticism of the AEC for playing down the

dangers of radioactive fallout, and finally placing most of the blame on — guess who — the "intransigent" Russians. The United States, *Newsweek* feels, cannot afford "to get out on a unilateral limb." But can't it? Estimates of the American stockpile of nuclear bombs now range around 75,000, and Admiral Burke and General Taylor, among others, have stated that our total nuclear tonnage is far in excess of the required "overkill" capacity. It heartens us when *Newsweek* joins the rising chorus of sanity. But it also frightens us, for when *Newsweek* rears its vast bulk and emits a yelp of alarm, it must be late indeed.

## McCONE OF THE AEC... by Gene Marine

**CRITICS OF THE** Atomic Energy Commission's long-time chairman, Admiral Lewis Strauss, rejoiced publicly when he resigned last year. They should have known better. The volatile Strauss—who took personal criticism so seriously that for months he wouldn't speak to another AEC member even when they were riding together in an elevator—didn't resign until he had hand-picked his successor. The new chairman is a smoother operator, but otherwise represents little change.

No poor-boy-made-good, John Alex McCone was born fifty-seven years ago in San Francisco into a family which had built a Virginia City, Nevada, iron foundry into a major operation with branches in several cities. He had a B.S. degree in engineering from the University of California at twenty, was a superintendent at Los Angeles' Llewellyn Iron Works at twenty-seven (*Time* glowingly describes him as "a good man with a slide rule and a born boss"), and, after Llewellyn merged into the Consolidated Steel Corp., he became Consolidated's executive vice president at thirty-two. Three years later, he decided to strike out on his own; the resulting Bechtel-McCone-Parsons Corp. (now Bechtel-McCone) has become one of the nation's largest engineering and contracting firms.

**GENE MARINE** is The Nation's West Coast correspondent.

April 11, 1959

World War II found Bechtel-McCone operating an Alabama modification center for Army Air Force B-24s and B-29s, and involved also in building ships for the Merchant Marine—an activity that in 1946 drew the close attention of the House Merchant Marine Committee. The disclosures before this committee escaped public attention at the time, largely because another Congressional committee was simultaneously exposing the affairs of a munitions-maker named Garsson and a Kentucky Congressman named Andy May.

The jumble of statements and counterstatements, buried in the almost unreadable Bodoni that clothes the Marine Committee reports, makes the facts hard to get at. To confuse the matter further, a collateral investigation showed that the accounting records of the Maritime Commission were then in a state of hopeless confusion. Still, it's evident enough that the dedicated patriotism of some of our western industrialists had managed to bring them some pretty fat financial returns.

Late in 1940, when it was realized that existing shipyard facilities weren't going to be sufficient to handle the wartime shipbuilding program, the Maritime Commission called to Washington representatives of a number of companies, including Bechtel-McCone. The idea was to borrow some land from the Los Angeles Harbor Commission and to

build an emergency shipyard on it. The companies involved—which also included the W. A. Bechtel Co., the Todd Shipyards Corp., a couple of Kaiser firms and others—formed a new company for the sole purpose of building the shipyard (a committee member referred to the new firm as a "super-holding company").

The California Shipbuilding Co., better known as Calship, chose its officers from Bechtel-McCone: McCone was president; Bechtel, chairman of the board. They built the yard, and not surprisingly they later got the contract to build the ships in it. According to one report, Calship built 467 ships worth \$1 billion.

The fireworks came when Ralph E. Casey, of the General Accounting Office, told the House Merchant Marine Committee that Calship had made \$44 million in profits on an investment of \$600,000. McCone, two days later, charged Casey with "half-truths," and said Calship had actually made \$8,782,868 on an investment of \$7,300,000—which figures out roughly at \$1.75 million per annum.

In the testimony, it turned out that Mr. Casey's estimate of \$600,000 was a matter of interpretation; Calship had actually started with \$100,000. The other half-million came from a dividend which the stockholders loaned back to the company interest-free. Then, with \$600,000 and the fanciest credit ratings in California (it already had the

government contracts), Calship borrowed a large sum from the Bank of America. The Maritime Commission cheerfully paid the interest beyond a small minimum amount on this loan and on some subsequent ones. Under sharp questioning from the committee counsel, McCone finally agreed that whether it was called profits, grosses or spinach, Calship had come up with at least \$35 million "after renegotiation but before taxes." The counsel argued that McCone and his associates had put practically nothing in—there was no risk capital, and in fact almost no capital. McCone argued that they had built the ships; they had put in know-how.

When the postwar shuffling was over, McCone was out of the Bechtel-McCone Co. (though it still exists under that name, separate from the W. A. Bechtel Co., which is something else again), and was the sole owner of both Joshua Hendy, which now operates about fifty tankers and cargo ships, and another ship-operating firm, Panama-Pacific Tankers, Inc. He was also a rich man and accustomed to moving among the "power elite" in Southern California.

McCONE turned up in politics almost immediately. In 1947, he became a member of President Truman's Air Policy Commission — Stuart Symington was then Assistant Secretary of War for Air — and was later named Deputy to the Secretary of Defense (James Forrestal). In this capacity, he served from March to November, 1948, helping Thomas Finletter prepare the famous report, "Survival in the Air Age," which rescued the aircraft industry from the depression caused by postwar cutbacks in the production of military aircraft. Later McCone served as Deputy to the Secretary of Defense — in effect Undersecretary of the Air Force — when Thomas Finletter was Secretary. But he was originally called into government service by Symington, by whom he was later recommended for the post of Undersecretary of the Air Force. In season and out, under Democrats — under Republicans, McCone has been a key spokesman for the in-

fluential aircraft and related defense industries of Southern California.

At the same time, he was already active in Republican politics (most recently, he served as party financial chairman for Southern California in the ill-starred gubernatorial campaign of ex-Senator William Knowland). He became a director of Los Angeles' huge California Bank, of the Pacific Mutual Life Insurance Company, of the Industrial Indemnity Company. His *Who's Who* entry lists eight clubs, including Burning Tree and two others in Washington. ("The reason a good many Republicans play golf," he told *Life*, "is that by and large we're a sociable breed.") He is a director of the Stanford Research Institute, a founder of the Los Angeles World Affairs Council, a regent of Loyola University in Los Angeles (he is a prominent lay Catholic), and a trustee of the California Institute of Technology.

IN 1950 he was called back to Washington by Secretary Finletter, to serve as Undersecretary for (predictably) Air in the Defense Department. During this stint, he is said to have argued forcibly for the appointment of a "missile czar"—and for the letting of missile contracts in Southern California. He returned to private life in 1951, was called on in 1952 to make a five-day inspection of the Korean air front for Finletter (he recommended "more training"), and went home to California to throw himself into the Eisenhower-Nixon campaign.

After the Republican convention in 1956, Mr. Eisenhower and his wife were McCone's guests on the Monterey Peninsula in California for a vacation. McCone was a powerful voice in Republican fund-raising circles that year, and his commitment to his candidates—he is, of course, friendly with Mr. Nixon also —was apparently complete. At any rate, it looked that way in October.

When Adlai Stevenson's proposal to suspend H-bomb tests was so roundly attacked by Nixon and others, and the President expressed his regret at the injection into the campaign of "the nuclear issue," ten scientists at Caltech moved quickly

to Stevenson's defense. Physicist Thomas Lauritsen, Nobel Prize-winner Carl Anderson, Harrison Brown and seven others issued a statement finding it "regrettable that discussions of our military strength, of our vulnerability and of our foreign policy in relation to the H-bomb have thus far represented such a small proportion" of public debate. They also took issue with Nixon's accusation that Stevenson's proposal was dangerously unilateral.

BESIDES being active in the Republican campaign, McCone was at the time chairman of a fund-raising program for Caltech. He showed up at the next trustees' meeting, in the words of one of the people involved, "bright purple." He was quickly calmed down, but he nevertheless resigned forthwith from Caltech's fund-raising activity and fired off to Dr. Lauritsen an astonishing letter that reveals not only his views on nuclear testing, but his feelings on the public utterances of social-minded scientists:

Your statement [he wrote at one point] is obviously designed to create fear in the minds of the uninformed that radioactive fallout from H-bomb tests endangers life. . . . Your proposition that postponement of tests will delay the time when other nations might possess practical H-bomb experience . . . has for several years been a prominent part of Soviet propaganda.

Under questioning by Senator Anderson, Chairman of the Joint Atomic Energy Commission, at the 1958 confirmation hearings, McCone insisted on a differentiation between the public statement by the Caltech scientists and public statements by Dr. Edward Teller of the University of California. "Dr. Teller," McCone said, "was speaking as an individual and as an authority in a particular area . . . [The ten men at Caltech], using their position in the Institute, injected themselves into what appeared to me to be a political argument." Chairman Anderson finally got the witness to admit that the ten had signed their statement as individuals, and not as representatives of their institute.

Finally, in 1958—with the smil-

ing nod of Lewis Strauss almost visible in the background—McCone got his appointment. *Time* called him "handsome, well-knit, professorial-looking." *Life* photographed him in full academic regalia at a Caltech commencement (McCone doesn't usually go to Caltech commencements, and some cynical associates indicate that his decision to go to this one came after *Life's* decision to take his picture). The news-magazines leaned heavily on his new Regency-styled home in San Marino, a plush, wedding-cake village near Pasadena, and on his brisk habits (he carries a memo book and tears off the slips as each job is completed), but nobody dug up the Merchant Marine hearings and nobody asked him how he felt about things like nuclear testing and the dangers of fallout.

AFTER THE confirmation hearings, only *Newsweek* and the *Saturday Evening Post* bothered with the Lauritsen letter (the *Post*, which didn't quote it, noted that McCone "himself had an expert knowledge of atomic energy," a statement best described as dubious), and nobody at all chose to comment on an even more curious aspect of McCone's business career.\* "To avoid conflict of interest with his AEC job," *Time* said simply, "McCone has agreed to resign from Hendy and dispose of conflicting business holdings."

This is something considerably less than the whole truth. In fact, Mr. McCone even wrote a "Dear Sherm" letter which is at least of passing interest. "For reasons which I discussed with you," he wrote Sherman Adams on June 2, 1958, "it is not practical for me to divest myself of the ownership of my holdings. Therefore the question of any possible conflict of interest must be carefully weighed."

As it worked out, what McCone did was to agree to dispose of minor holdings in two companies which are controlled by K.K. and S.D. Bechtel, with whom he has had close business ties for many years. This he did, so he said, because of the

\*The Washington newsletter, *I. F. Stone's Weekly*, was a distinguished exception.



John Alex McCone

"present and future scope of Bechtel Corporation's activities as an AEC contractor." He also expressed a willingness to dispose of holdings in Dow Chemical and Tennessee Gas Transmission Company, both of which do business with the AEC. McCone, however, owns all the outstanding stock of Joshua Hendy Corporation which, as the owner, charterer and operator of ships under both American and foreign flags, transports chemicals, crude oil and refined petroleum products, as well as iron ore and bauxite. Companies such as Union Carbide and Dow Chemical, which have important dealings with the AEC, are large customers of Joshua Hendy. All that McCone did on this score was to place his Hendy stock in trust with the California Bank with the power to vote it for him during such time as he serves as chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission.

But he remained the sole owner of Hendy and will, in his own words, "continue to benefit from any successes these interests may enjoy." As to actual control, it is a little difficult to envisage a situation in which the California Bank, of which McCone is a stockholder and director, would vote the stock in a manner which he did not approve.

The Atomic Energy Commission's conflict-of-interest rule, to go directly to the point, reads that AEC personnel "shall avoid situations which

require, or appear to require, a balancing of private interests or obligations against official duties." Obviously this was the place for the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy to gallop off in full pursuit of the hand-picked successor to Lewis Strauss. What they actually did instead is best reported direct from the transcript of the confirmation hearings:

Senator Anderson. Do you think any extensive business relationships between your wholly-owned firm and industrial concerns in the atomic field might appear to require a balancing of private interests against official duties?

Mr. McCone. No.

Senator Anderson. I say frankly that I do not think so, either, but I do recognize that it is going to be a hard course to steer when you are dealing directly with Union Carbide as chairman of [the AEC] and Union Carbide is a prize customer of your privately owned firm.

Mr. McCone. I have done a great deal of soul-searching on that question, as you know. . . .

ONCE past the hurdle of confirmation hearings, McCone moved quickly to prove that he's the man who had said of Lewis Strauss, "Count me among his great admirers." The differences between Strauss and the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy, and between Strauss and a large segment of the scientific community, had hinged on three principal issues: the development of atomic power, an almost criminally misleading AEC information program, and the degree of flexibility in the AEC attitude toward test suspension. McCone has already indicated his position, at least to some extent, on all three.

Last October 29—just before the temporary test suspension was to go into effect—he told reporters that the suspension would delay and probably prevent American development of small and relatively "clean" nuclear weapons (the same argument Strauss had invariably used to favor continued tests). In January, he insisted that "the detection system laid out at Geneva is not as adequate as it was thought to be,"

although the only questions that have been raised about it are still the subject of sharp dispute.

McCone's attitude toward AEC information policy made its first appearance when Los Angeles was visited, last fall, with an unusually high radiation level after a Nevada test. "No harm was done, none whatsoever," said McCone — who was in Geneva at the time. Authorities agree that his statement was almost certainly inaccurate; there may not have been *much harm*, but scientists agree that there was some, particularly genetic, damage.

Another reminder that McCone is the hand-picked successor of Lewis Strauss came at his January press conference, which took place shortly after the AEC had placed on the President's desk — and made public — a nuclear-power device for satellites and missiles. Washington physicist Ralph Lapp wrote an alarming letter to a newspaper, pointing out that the device was powered by radioactive polonium, and that should it be installed in a missile and should that missile blow up near the ground (as an Atlas did a few weeks later), many square miles around the test site could be contaminated for years. Asked about it at the press conference, McCone shrugged it off with

the observation that operational models wouldn't use polonium — without noting that any possible substitute would be very nearly as bad (the probable fuel will be cerium-144, which is even worse).

IN THE field of power development, Strauss's policy was to keep the AEC well out of it, to pay research and development costs and to give "fuel subsidies" for reactors, but no more. Last October, McCone appointed a group to study the situation — a group which included former AEC member Henry Smyth and Eugene Starr of the Bonneville Dam Power Administration, but which also included three Standard Oil men and the president of the Pacific Gas & Electric Co., California's private-power colossus. When their report came in in January, it called for "a vigorous development program" to be led by the AEC, since nuclear power "still has a long way to go before it can be turned over entirely to private industry." In other words, the government should spend more money on developing atomic power, and shouldn't try to turn it over to private enterprise until development costs are out of the way and private enterprise can get down to making a profit with it.

McCone will probably plump for bigger subsidies to private-reactor builders, perhaps making up for all or most of the difference between the cost of the nuclear plant and the cost of a comparably-sized conventional plant. But Representative Chet Holifield of California has already blasted the AEC's fiscal-1960 reactor-building program as "pitifully small" and "inadequate," and some members of Congress — notably including Senator Anderson — have insisted that the government should build the reactors itself [see "Atomic Energy: Seven Key Issues," by Senator Anderson, *The Nation*, April 4]. McCone, like Strauss, is likely to regard any such suggestion with virtuous horror.

A safe bet on McCone's future can be made to cover all three fields. By pushing for bigger subsidies for private-reactor builders, he'll be hailed by most of the press for his vigorous leadership; by stubborn insistence on the "clean-bomb" program and with darkly ominous hints about Soviet perfidy, he'll be an obstacle to test-ban and disarmament proceedings; and by issuing insouciant statements whenever scientists become alarmed, he'll keep most Americans in their present state of nuclear confusion.

## THE SAFE CAR YOU CAN'T BUY.. *by Ralph Nader*

THE CORNELL Aeronautical Laboratory has developed an exhibition automobile embodying over sixty new safety concepts which would enable an occupant to withstand a head-on collision at 50 mph with at most only minor scratches. In its design, six basic principles of crash protection were followed:

1. The car body was strengthened to prevent most external blows from distorting it against the passengers.

2. Doors were secured so that

crash impacts could not open them, thereby saving passengers from ejection and maintaining the structural strength of the side of the car body.

3. Occupants were secured to prevent them from striking objects inside the car.

4. Interior knobs, projections, sharp edges and hard surfaces have been removed and the ceiling shaped to produce only glancing blows to the head (the most vulnerable part of the body during a crash).

5. The driver's environment was improved to reduce accident risk by increasing visibility, simplifying controls and instruments, and lowering the carbon monoxide of his breathing atmosphere.

6. For pedestrian safety, dangerous objects like hood ornaments were removed from the exterior.

This experimental car, developed with funds representing only a tiny fraction of the annual advertising budget of, say, Buick, is packed with applications of simple yet effective safety factors. In the wrap-around bumper system, for instance, plastic foam material between the front and rear bumpers and the back-up plates absorbs some of the shock energy; the bumpers are smoothly shaped to convert an increased proportion of blows from direct to glancing ones; the side bumpers are firmly attached to the frame, which has been extended and

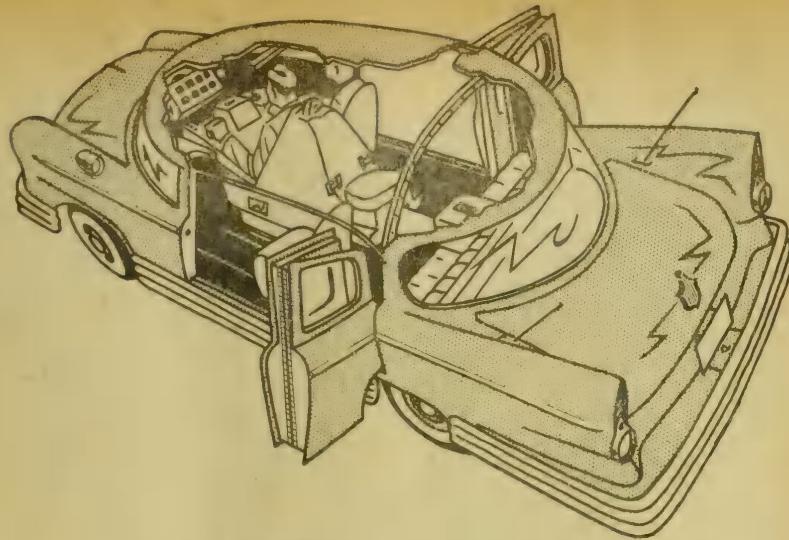
RALPH NADER began his studies of the relation between automotive design and highway casualties at Harvard Law School in 1957, and has continued them since.

reinforced to provide support. Another feature is the installment of two roll-over bars into the top of the car body as added support.

IT IS CLEAR that Detroit today is designing automobiles for style, cost, performance and calculated obsolescence, but not — despite the 5,000,000 reported accidents, nearly 40,000 fatalities, 110,000 permanent disabilities and 1,500,000 injuries yearly—for safety.

Almost no feature of the interior design of our current cars provides safeguards against injury in the event of collision. Doors that fly open on impact, inadequately secured seats, the sharp-edged rear-view mirror, pointed knobs on instrument panel and doors, flying glass, the overhead structure—all illustrate the lethal potential of poor design. A sudden deceleration turns a collapsed steering wheel or a sharp-edged dashboard into a bone- and chest-crushing agent. Penetration of the shatterproof windshield can chisel one's head into fractions. A flying seat cushion can cause a fatal injury. The apparently harmless glove-compartment door has been known to unlatch under impact and guillotine a child. Roof-supporting structure has deteriorated to a point where it provides scarcely more protection to the occupants, in common roll-over accidents, than an open convertible. This is especially true of the so-called "hardtops." Nor is the automobile designed as an efficient force moderator. For example, the bumper does not contribute significantly to reduction of the crash deceleration forces that are transmitted to the motorist; its function has been more to reflect style than absorb shock.

These weaknesses of modern automobile construction have been established by the investigation of several groups, including the Automotive Crash Injury Research of the Cornell University Medical College, the Institute of Transportation and Traffic Engineering of the University of California and the Motor Vehicle Research of Lee, New Hampshire. Careful coverage of all available reports do not reveal a single dissent from these findings:



Sketch of the Cornell-Liberty Safety Car

1. There are direct causal relationships between automotive design and the frequency, type and severity of injuries.

2. Studies of body tolerances to abrupt deceleration show that the forces in most accidents now fatal are well within the physiological limits of survival under proper conditions.

3. Engineering improvement in safety design and restraining devices would materially reduce the injury and fatality rate (estimates range from twenty to thirty thousand lives saved annually).

4. Redesign of injury-causing automotive components is well within the capabilities of present engineering technique and would require no radical changes in present styling.

5. Many design improvements have already been developed but are not in production.

THE remarkable advances in crash-protection knowledge achieved by these research organizations at a cost of some \$6 million stands in marked contrast to the glacier-like movements of car manufacturers, who spend that much to enrich the sound of a door slam. This is not due to any dearth of skill—the industry possesses many able, frustrated safety engineers whose suggestions over the years invariably have taken a back seat to those of the stylist. In 1938, an expert had this to say in *Safety Engineering*:

The motor industry must face the fact that accidents occur. It is their duty, therefore, to so design the interiors of automobiles that when the passenger is tossed around, he will get an even break and not suffer a preventable injury in accidents that today are taking a heavy toll.

In 1954, nearly 600,000 fatalities later, a U.C.L.A. engineer could conclude that "There has been no significant automotive-engineering contribution to the safety of motorists since about the beginning of World War II. . . ." In its 1955 annual report, the Cornell crash-research group came to a similar conclusion, adding that "the newer model automobiles [1950-54] are increasing the rate of fatalities in injury-producing accidents."

In 1956, Ford introduced the double-grip safety-door latch, the "dished" steering wheel, and instrument panel-padding; the rest of the industry followed with something less than enthusiasm. Even in these changes, style remained the dominant consideration, and their effectiveness is in doubt. Tests have failed to establish, for example, an advantage for the "deep-dish" steering wheel compared with the conventional wheel; the motorist will still collapse the rim to the hub.

This year, these small concessions to safety design have virtually been discontinued. "A square foot of chrome sells ten times more cars than the best safety-door latch," de-

clared one industry representative. Dashboard padding remains one of a few safety accessories available as optional equipment. This is like saying to the consumer: "Here's a hot car. Now, if you wish to be safe in it, you'll have to pay more."

None of this should be construed as placing the increasingly popular mites from abroad in a more favorable light. Most foreign cars offer far less protection to the motorist than domestic ones.

PREVAILING analyses of vehicular accidents circulated for popular consumption tend to impede constructive thinking by adherence to some monistic theory of causation. Take one of the more publicized ogres—speed. Cornell's findings, based on data covering 3,203 cars in injury-producing accidents, indicate that 74 per cent of the cars were going at a traveling speed under 60 mph and about 88 per cent involved *impact* speeds under 60 mph. The average impact speed on urban roads was 27 mph; on rural roads, 41 mph. Dangerous or fatal injuries observed in accidents when the traveling speed was less than 60 mph are influenced far more by the shape and structure of interior car components with which the body came into contact than by the speed at which the cars were moving. Many fatalities have been recorded which occurred in panic stops or collisions at a speed under 25 mph. Cornell's concluding statement:

Statistical tests indicated that even if a top speed limit of 60 mph could be uniformly and absolutely maintained, 73 per cent of the dangerous and fatal injuries observed would still be expected to occur. . . . the control of speed alone would have only limited effect on the frequency of dangerous and fatal injuries.

In brief, automobiles are so designed as to be dangerous at any speed.

Our preoccupation has been almost entirely with the cause of accidents seen primarily in terms of the driver and not with the instruments that produce the injuries. Erratic driving will always be characteristic, to some degree, of the traffic scene; exhortation and stricter law enforce-

ment have at best a limited effect. Much more significant for saving life is the application of engineering remedies to minimize the lethal effects of human error by designing the automobile so as to afford maximum protection to occupants in the event of a collision. In a word, the job, in part, is to make accidents safe.

THE TASK of publicizing the relation between automotive design and highway casualties is fraught with difficulties. The press, radio and television are not likely to undertake this task in terms of industry responsibility when millions in advertising dollars are being poured into their coffers. Private researchers are reluctant to stray from their scholarly and experimental pursuits, especially when cordial relations with the industry are necessary for the continuation of their projects with the maximum of success. Car manufacturers have thought it best to cooperate with some of these programs and, in one case, when findings became embarrassing, have given financial support. The industry's policy is bearing fruit; most investigators discreetly keep their private disgust with the industry's immobility from seeping into the public limelight. They consider themselves fact-finders and leave the value judgments to others. This adherence to a rigid division of labor provides a convenient rationalization for the widespread amorality among our scholarly elite, who appear insensitive to the increased responsibility as citizens which their superior knowledge should require them to shoulder.

For the past three years, a Special Congressional House Subcommittee on Traffic Safety has been conducting extensive hearings on automobile design. The industry and research organizations have all submitted their testimony and reports. Some revealing facts came out of these hearings, but the press, by and large, has chosen to ignore them. In any case, the subcommittee is proceeding too cautiously for so urgent a matter. It has been too solicitous of recommendations for delay advanced by some academicians who see automotive design from the

viewpoint of engineering perfection rather than as a national health emergency requiring immediate, even if not perfect, engineering remedy. Better techniques will be developed, but at least for the present, there will be added protection from remedying known design hazards. This has been the point that many safety engineers and physicians have vainly been urging.

Even if all the facts, laid before the public, did not increase consumer demand for safety design (which is unlikely), the manufacturers should not be relieved of their responsibility. Innumerable precedents show that the consumer must be protected at times from his own indiscretion and vanity. Dangerous drugs cannot be dispensed without a licensed physician's prescription; meat must pass federal inspection before distribution; railroads and other interstate carriers are required to meet safety standards regarding their equipment.

STATE motor-vehicle codes set minimum standards for certain vehicular equipment. This legislation has not compelled manufacturers to adopt known safety-design features (with the exception of safety glass), but has merely endorsed previous standards long employed by the car producers. Examples: brake requirements, headlight specifications, horns, mufflers, windshield wipers, rear-view mirrors. Thus the impact of these requirements falls primarily on the operator, who has to keep this equipment functioning. The legislative purpose is directed to accident prevention and only peripherally to implementing standards that might prevent injuries.

But state laws do not begin to cope with design defects of the postwar car which increase the risk of collision. Examples: the terrific visual distortion of the wrap-around windshield; leakage of carbon monoxide; rear-end fishtailing in hard turns; undue brake fade and the decreased braking area of the recent fourteen-inch wheel; the tinted windshield condemned as violative of all basic optical principles to the extent that visual loss at night ranges from 15 per cent to 45 per cent; and the fire

hazard of the undercoating and some upholstery.

Motor vehicles have been found to be poorly designed with regard to human capacities and limitations both physical and psychological. For example, there are—especially in truck cabs—unnecessary difficulties in reaching and operating control levers, in reading half-hidden dials and gauges; there are seats that induce poor posture or discomfort, mirrors whose poor placement and size impair vision, visors inadequately shielding eyes from bright light, and uncomfortable temperature, humidity and noise levels. The cumulative effects lead to fatigue, deterioration of driving efficiency and reaction time, and frequently to an accident which cannot be attributed, in the light of such poor design, to the driver.

Recourse to the courts for judgment against a manufacturer by a plaintiff injured by the defective interior design of his car while involved in an accident stands a dim chance of success. While the courts have hung liability on manufacturers for injuries due to defectively designed products, the closest they have come in motor-vehicle cases has been to hold the producer liable for a design defect instrumental in causing the accident, e.g., the braking system. The question of automotive death-traps cannot be dealt with adequately by the limited authority and resources of the judiciary, although a few pertinent decisions would have a salutary effect.

By all relevant criteria, a problem so national in scope and technical in nature can best be handled by the legislative process, on the federal

level, with delegation to an appropriate administrative body. It requires uniformity in treatment and central administration, for as an interstate matter, the job cannot be left to the states with their dissimilar laws setting low requirements that are not strictly enforced and that do not strike at the heart of the malady—the blueprint on the Detroit drawing board. The thirty-three-year record of the attempt to introduce state uniformity in establishing the most basic equipment standards for automobiles has been disappointing.

Perhaps the best summation of the whole issue lies in a physician's comment on the car manufacturer's design policy: "Translated into medicine," he writes, "it would be comparable to withholding known methods of life-saving value."

## My Crusade Against Football . . . by Wade Thompson

*Providence, R. I.*

UNLIKE ANY OTHER sport, football is played solely for the benefit of the spectator. If you take the spectator away from any other game, the game could still survive on its own. Thus tennis players love tennis, whether or not anyone is watching. Golfers are almost churlish in their dedication to their game. Ping-pong players never look around. Basketball players can dribble and shoot for hours without hearing a single cheer. Even baseball might survive the deprivation, despite the lack of parks. Soft-ball surely would. But if you took away the spectators, if you demolished the grandstands and boarded up the stadium, it is inconceivable to think that any football would be played in the eerie privacy of the field itself. No football team ever plays another team just for the fun of playing football. Army plays Navy, Michigan plays Purdue, P. S. 123 plays P. S. 124, only with

the prospect of a loud crowd on hand.

Despite this terrible need for public approval, football does not demand—or particularly welcome—a discriminating public. The football fan, compared to the baseball fan or the tennis fan, is an absolute oaf. The baseball fan, particularly, is a man of high perceptivity and learning. He has memorized a staggering quantity of statistics. He can recognize each player; he knows what each batted last year, when and where each broke which clavicle and why, and how good the prospects are for each rookie who comes along. The football fan knows nothing. He can't recognize one player from another, except by the number on the uniform. He can't tell a right guard from a left kidney. It is all he can do to follow the ball, and often he can't even do that.

The fault is not altogether his. Football is a game which simply does not lend itself to intelligent spectatordom. Even an expert, seated on the fifty-yard line, can't hope to see more than a fraction of what's actually going on. The players pile onto

each other too frequently; there is too much infighting; there are too many players for the amount of room they occupy, and they have an incurable habit of bunching up. The baseball fan or the tennis fan, by contrast, can see practically everything. He can spot an error and can appreciate the grace of every movement. The players seldom get so congested as to block his vision, and he's almost never in doubt as to what is going on.

The intelligence of the football fan is weakened, furthermore, by the necessity for believing that he is seeing not just a game, but Something Important. The responsibility for that Something Important rests largely on the shoulders of the Football Coach—a man who deserves our attention because of his unique position in our society.

ON PRACTICALLY every college campus in America, the Football Coach is the most important member of the faculty. He is paid more than anyone else; he gets far more attention, and he has less to do. There is, however, an undeniable

WADE THOMPSON, who teaches literature at Brown University, once unionized the Rockettes at Radio City Music Hall.

April 11, 1959

justice in his disproportionately high salary. The Football Coach must be a man of no mean ability. He must not only be able to coach football, and get volunteers to spend months of weary punishment in hope of earning the dubious distinction of appearing before the Spectator; he must also be an expert theologian, a moralist of awesome skill, and a master rhetorician who can manipulate clichés with a dazzling disregard for logic and common sense.

No medieval monk in his cloister ever picked his way more gingerly through the anfractuosities of abstruse theology — involving such knotty problems as the number of angels that can congregate on the point of a pin—than the modern Football Coach through the labyrinths of Football Theology and Morality. The Coach must discourse learnedly—and to highly educated audiences—on the distinction between “sound and healthy” recruiting of athletes, and “unsound and unhealthy” recruiting. (For Duffy Daugherty of Michigan State, “unhealthy recruiting” means visiting the home of the prospective athlete.) The Football Coach must also explain, without the faintest crack of a smile, the sense and justice of the self-contradiction, “football scholarships.” (Terry Brennan tackled this one in a speech at Brown last year. He said that football scholarships are good because they occasionally help a boy who might otherwise not be able to go to college. He could also have justified prostitution scholarships by the same reasoning, but he didn’t bother.) Football Morality calls for the Coach to do everything possible to win every game; at the same time the Coach must insist that it doesn’t make any difference whether you win or lose—it’s all in how you do it. (Biggie Munn has finally come out and said nakedly that it does make a whale of a lot of difference who wins and who loses—but this is unorthodox right-wing crudity.) The Football Coach must admit that football is secondary to scholarship; at the same time he must insist that the true purpose of the university is to produce the “scholar-athlete”—by which he means a football play-

er who can graduate. Above all, the Football Coach must maintain the national myth that College Football Makes Money; at the same time he must so obfuscate the issues as to make sure that no honest audit is even remotely possible.

Not only must the Coach dance skillfully on all these theological and moral tightropes, he must at the same time take the initiative and preach the gospel of football as a Way of Life. This means he must ignore football’s demonstrable accomplishments. To the Football Coach, football doesn’t develop co-ordinated leg muscles—football develops character. Football doesn’t provide entertainment for a few thousand fans who just want to whoop it up on Saturday afternoon—football develops the whole man, the full personality. Football doesn’t give a few kids the thrill of playing before a mass audience—football develops leadership ability.

Indeed no claim is too extravagant. Football develops Americanism, Virtue, Godliness, Patriotism and Charity. I see that one Coach (I’ll be charitable enough not to name him) has publicly stated that football is our best defense against communism. Another one states that football provides us with the toughness necessary to survive the next war. I shall not be surprised when someone comes up with the theory that even Christ played football.

One should not begrudge the salary of a man who has to breathe constantly the heady and exhilarating ozone of such moral uprightness. Every so often even he must look enviously down upon the lowly swimming coach, who never has to say that swimming develops character. To this simple craftsman swimming develops swimming. But to the Football Coach, football develops anything but the ability to play football.

INDEED, so inflated and fantastic is the house of cards in which football lives, that one has only to go pooh and the cards will fly all over hell. Just to prove the point, I undertook to say pooh to football here at Brown University, an Ivy League school. I poohed by the simple de-

vice of inserting a want ad in the student newspaper asking for signatures on a petition to abolish inter-collegiate football in this university. The results were magnificent—almost unbelievably ludicrous. I couldn’t have created more consternation and indignation around here if I had personally undertaken to abolish chastity. From the moment the ad appeared, my phone began to jangle, and has now jangled itself neurotic. I sometimes think the poor thing jangles these latter days from pure jumpiness, even when no one is dialing. I was interviewed at great length by student reporters, by the local press, by the national press, and by innumerable curiosity seekers. My patriotism was repeatedly questioned (I am fiercely patriotic). My sexual propensities were suspect (I lust only for females). My sanity was doubted (I am the soul of common sense). My closets were ransacked for skeletons (I used to be a union organizer). And a great deal of sympathy for communism was suspected (I am grimly anti-Communistic).

MY ONLY charges against football were that football was becoming symbolic of anti-intellectualism (a fact which nobody questioned during the entire hullabaloo), and that football has practically nothing to contribute to the purposes of a university. Since football does, in fact, have practically nothing to contribute to the purposes of a university, I figured I could count on a noisy scramble for rationalizations to explain why—just exactly why—universities should sponsor this particular game. I was not disappointed. To my delight, the Great Debate was carried on—over AP and UPI news dispatches, *Time* and *Sports Illustrated*, *The Christian Science Monitor* and the *New York Herald Tribune*, as well as on radio and television—largely by the frantic industry of my opponents. Meanwhile I could indulge in the glorious luxury—of which every cloistered academic must dream—of taking free pot shots at any number of our other monuments to stupidity. Thus I gaily banged away at fraternities (they practically rival football now

as symbols of anti-intellectualism); at churches which have not integrated their congregations (what would Christ say?); at the FBI (urrr), the D.A.R., etc., etc.—and all my remarks were duly recorded and transmitted. (I am sorry now that I attacked the D.A.R. Our sources of national humor are altogether too rare to extinguish them recklessly. Since practically everything the D.A.R. says is at least mildly amusing—and most often downright hilarious—I apologize for my unrestrained enthusiasm, and promise to let the D.A.R. alone so long as it does not change in any respect.)

DESPITE the fact that the fire was spreading wildly, the students were interested only in saving their sacred cow—football. Some of them—too many—behaved like budding McCarthyites. They decided the best way to deal with controversy was to eliminate the controversialist. Thus they started a counter-petition, not to retain football, but to abolish me. Some of them threatened me physically — a great deal of thunder hung over my eyes, my nose and various other parts of my anatomy. At least one football player—and probably many—joined the thugs and bullies, and thereby proved that football does not necessarily develop character. I am convinced that if you wanted to pooh-pooh football at Michigan or Notre Dame or Southern Methodist, you would need police protection.

On the whole, however, I was proud of Brown students. After the initial shock, they took the thing good-naturedly. They proved that controversy should and could exist, and lots of them welcomed, even in disagreement, some semblance of life in the dead of winter.

The controversy finally came to a climax about a week after it had started in the form of a debate between my friend—and worthy opponent—Paul Mackesey, director of athletics, and myself. In the debate, I tried to stress the point that the very hullabaloo here at Brown proves that football has been removed from any semblance of rational criticism and evaluation. It doesn't necessarily develop leadership, or character, or

godliness, or virtue, or purity, or loveliness, or gentleness, or poetic sensitivity. Football develops football! As a game it is perfectly okay for those who like it and want it. As a religion it is terribly vicious and destructive. It confuses values; it promotes scandalous dishonesty on the part of many of our educational institutions. It puts a higher premium upon a gamesman than upon a scholar. Even at Brown, the most famous student is the leading football player, not the leading poet or philosopher or mathematician. And Brown is relatively sane in its attitude toward football—indeed Brown is almost intelligent. At other institutions the confusion of values is simply breathtaking. I see by one paper that the president of Louisiana State justified football on the grounds that the public demanded it, and therefore colleges were obligated to provide it. I can only say, thank God for Louisiana State that the public doesn't demand horse-racing or prostitution.

My opponent is quoted as having said: "What better preparation for all of life than hard work and success both in the classroom and on the playing field? The scholar-athlete, the college football player, is not a divided, cross-eyed person but a man of twofold ability. . . . There are more things in heaven and earth, Mr. Thompson, than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

I AM fully willing to concede the existence of more things than my puny philosophy can dream of, and I suppose that this pronouncement contains the sort of wisdom that makes foolish the wisdom of this world. I am, however, not versed in Football Theology. To my tiny mind it seems that this "scholar-athlete" is too rarified a bird for colleges to try to produce seriously. Surely no more than .02 per cent of the student body could conceivably achieve this state of scholarly-athletic grace. And we have to deal with the other 99.98 per cent of the student body. It seems to me that we could content ourselves with more modest ambitions; that we could concentrate our energies on developing the things of the mind;

that we could provide adequate facilities for physical exercise for all students, and that we could let football fend for itself. At the very least we could discuss football as a sport, a game, a pastime — not as an Eternal Verity.

IF FOOTBALL could be discussed as a sport, we could raise some sensible questions about it—such as, how much does it cost? I know the popular myth has it that football not only pays for itself, but pays for practically everything else on campus. Yet when the controversy broke out in deathly seriousness here at Brown, this argument was conspicuous for its absence. One got the impression, from official statements reluctantly issued, that football here barely pays its own way—if indeed it does that. (I was told that Brown makes a "trifle" on football.) Now if any school should make money at football, Brown should. It is a relatively large school (about 3,800 students, graduate and undergraduate, of Brown and Pembroke). It is situated in a large community with which it enjoys excellent relations. It has an adequate and pleasant stadium (20,000). It plays only "name" opponents — Columbia, Princeton, Colgate, Harvard, etc. It spends a minimum on its coaching staff. It does not pay its players. In other words, Brown can probably field a team as inexpensively as any school its size or smaller, and it probably reaps more revenue.

The huge football factories might make more money than Brown, but one can never be certain. The rank dishonesty of, say, Big Ten institutions would turn any inquiry into a farce. It is not inconceivable, however, that even those institutions do not make much money at football. It must cost Michigan State at least 200,000 customers just to field a team, and this is not computing anything for the millions of hours of voluntary labor that go into the formation of that team.

But let us suppose that some money is being made by the football factories. How about the tiny colleges? How about the hundreds of institutions all over the country — floundering even now in hopeless

quantities of red ink? How much do they spend feeding this monster, under the impression that football develops character, or the full personality, or Christ-like meekness?

If football could be discussed simply as a sport, we could raise other questions, too. Are colleges and universities the best qualified institutions to sponsor it? There are, after all, plenty of other institutions. And even if you abolish the D.A.R., the FBI, the Navy, the fraternities and all other codifiers of moronity, you could still find plenty of institutions—such as towns—which could sponsor a sport like football without producing this terrible confusion of values which exists in universities.

Wouldn't it be wise to hand the job over to someone else?

I am tired of writing this article so shall cease now. I must cite, however, the most exhilarating experience that came out of my attack on football. It is a letter of congratulations which reads:

WHEREAS Wade Clayton Thompson, Esq., currently of Providence, R. I., on March 3rd of the year of Our Lord one thousand nine hundred fifty-nine, and of the independence of these states the one hundred eighty-second, did courageously and loudly question the sanctity of the Great God Football to the point of blasphemy; and

WHEREAS the raising of said question did outrage, irritate, em-

barrass, hornswoggle, and otherwise demoralize certain knaves, thugs, punks, oafs, poltroons and other sweaty, coprophagous fauna indigenous to the otherwise praiseworthy Brown University; and

WHEREAS the aforementioned Mr. Thompson did demolish, annihilate, and render impotent all such microbes in open debate;

NOW THEREFORE we, the undersigned, do hereby laud, congratulate, and wish health to the said Mr. Thompson, and thereunto have affixed our signatures this fifteenth day of March, 1959.

Here follow some twenty-five or so signatures of some of my dearest, most moth-eaten, worthless old friends. It was worth it.

## Investors Desert the Treasury . . . by Eugene Havas

RECENTLY the United States Treasury stepped into the market to borrow \$4 billion, chiefly in the form of short-term securities at 4 per cent. Longer-term securities at a higher rate assuredly would have created more interest among buyers, but only at the cost of depreciating the value of outstanding government issues held by millions of Americans whose sole savings, in many cases, are at stake.

The truth is that the Treasury is in serious trouble because nobody wants to carry, or rather to refinance, the \$200 billion debt which World War II bequeathed to us. That war was financed largely by 2½ per cent long-term bonds which were taken up eagerly at the time by insurance companies, banks and other institutions. But since the war, these institutions found peacetime prosperity yielding more rewarding outlets for their funds, and the government is losing in the competition.

We became so used to cheap money in the thirties that we find it hard to get accustomed to dear

money now. Yet dear money is inevitable, given the tremendous investment boom of the fifties, coupled with government deficits and constantly rising prices. The government showed no real determination to stop the erosion of the dollar's value. In any case, this could not have been done by budget balancing and monetary policy alone. In our complex society, powerful forces levy their private tolls in the form of administered prices. Other special interests deprive the Treasury of needed revenue in the form of accelerated depreciation, depletion allowances, non-contributory pension funds, incentives for foreign investments, etc. Had these billions, and others devoted to farm support, been available, the Treasury could have slowed the erosion process by retiring billions of public debt now maturing and plaguing us.

We are in an era of managed currency requiring honest teamwork. Government financing has always been based on the voluntary cooperation of institutions such as insurance companies, savings and commercial banks and pension funds. When, in recent years, these institutions refused to renew maturing bonds or to continue to absorb new issues, a shaky balance was main-

tained through the purchases of "temporary" investors. These include commercial banks, which buy government paper to employ idle funds in time of recession, and speculators who, during the first half of 1958, bought government bonds expecting that the recession would last longer than it did.

We need shed no tears over speculators' losses, but the shaky government bond market is everyone's concern. The public has a right to resent the fact that the moment a storm appears on the horizon, government creditors withdraw their umbrellas and leave the Treasury exposed.

CLEARLY, we have not been able to maintain the voluntary teamwork necessary between the government and those whose job it is to process the funds the government needs to carry on the nation's business. Indeed, there is less teamwork between a U.S. government favorably disposed toward business and the American financial community than there was between Britain's Labor Government and the City. To put it bluntly, what is referred to in popular parlance as "Wall Street" will not easily yield its accustomed financing authority to Washington,

EUGENE HAVAS, an investment consultant, was formerly correspondent for the London Economist and a financial adviser to the Royal Hungarian Legation here.

no matter what government sits there. In times of adversity, all sections of the country look to the government to resort to deficit financing; but when it comes time to pay the bill, the government is left alone with its worries.

In the fall of 1957, the Bank of England had to raise its discount rate to 7 per cent and obtain credits from us and from the International Monetary Fund. Although our crisis is now similar to Britain's then — a crisis of confidence in the government's ability to safeguard the purchasing power of the dollar — our solution cannot be the same. Raising of the discount rate to 7 per cent is neither necessary nor, considering our more than 4 million unemployed, is it feasible. Unlike Britain, we have enough gold and can safeguard our balance of payments by better management of our own resources. But we cannot resort to foreign aid. We are at the point of no return, in a sense; our standards are so superior to the rest of the world that we must solve our problems alone.

**LET US LOOK**, for a moment, at West Germany and Switzerland, the two European creditor countries whose fiscal policy is the envy of all others and whose currencies are the stablest and safest.

In 1955, when speculation and over-investment threatened West Germany with inflation, Economics Minister Erhardt imposed credit restrictions, profit controls and other monetary restrictions on the unwilling industrialists who were supporting Chancellor Adenauer. The battle against inflation was won within a year. Money rates were gradually lowered from 5½ per cent in 1955 to 2¾ per cent, the lowest bank rate in Germany for a half-century.

Neither Germany nor England can sell long-term government bonds at less than the 4 per cent rate we are trying to hold here. This is because in both countries capital is needed for the reconstruction of war-devastated industrial plants and housing. But the trend in both England and West Germany is toward lower rates, whereas our rates still tend upwards. Switzerland alone sells its bonds

more cheaply than we do. Swiss banks, pension funds and other investing institutions have refused to empty their coffers of government bonds for the sake of a somewhat higher yield in corporate bonds of government - guaranteed mortgages. The Swiss institutional investors recognize that the government is a better risk than the best corporation.

In contrast, according to charts presented by the Treasury to the Joint Economic Council last February, our own institutions handled more than \$100 billion entrusted to them by individual savers in the preceding six-month period without investing a penny in government securities. Life-insurance companies and mutual savings banks not only shunned new purchases, but actually sold, or failed to renew, existing government holdings. At the end of World War II, almost half of insurance-company funds were in government securities; by 1952 the percentage had dropped to 14; by 1958, to 7 per cent.

Obviously, our big corporations are considered as good a credit risk as the government. There is only a small difference — up to 0.5 per cent — between corporation and government credit. This is so because institutional managers, who direct available funds into investment by their collective action, believe that this is the proper ratio. So works the free market.

**CORPORATE** pension funds, totaling \$20 billion, now have \$2.3 billion of government holdings in their portfolio — exactly the same amount as six years ago, when their total assets were only \$7 billion. Moreover, this type of pension fund is non-contributory, which means that corporations can deduct their contributions to the fund from gross profits. The tax loss thus sustained by the Treasury is more than \$1.5 billion a year, while some corporation officers, under the plan, get up to \$200,000 annual pensions without having contributed a cent.

One commentator has pointed out recently that between 1953 and 1959 the public debt rose by \$27 billion, while in the same period the government spent \$23 billion to support

farm prices and to increase farm income. He did not say how much, in this time, corporations cost the Treasury by their deduction of billions in taxes for accelerated depreciations, non-contributory pension funds, incentives for tax-favored foreign investments, oil and mineral depletions, etc. If we figure the loss to the Treasury at \$6-\$7 billion per year from these deductions, the seven-year total would be almost double what the government spent on farm support. And to all this, we must add the extra tolls levied on the consumer by the big corporations in the form of administered prices.

How can the purchasing power of our currency remain stable when these powerful segments of our economy are charging all the market will bear, in prosperity as well as in recession, and forcing the government into deficit financing?

**WE ARE INDEED** in a new era. People who shied away from the stock market after 1929 are looking again toward stocks and real estate to safeguard the purchasing power of their savings. That they don't buy government bonds may be due to their awareness that the Administration is not defending them against the erosion of the dollar. If, in the next twenty years, the dollar will again lose half its purchasing power, can the government properly ask the people to lend money for so long a period? It appears that a five- or ten-year bond would be fairer to the lender, at least until the government can offer better guarantees that the savings will not be frittered away in inflation.

Some observers suggest that bonds be tied to cost-of-living indices. But the government cannot stop inflation; the index-tied bonds would only increase the Treasury's budgetary troubles. With a government debt of \$285 billion, the debt service, now figured at \$8 billion, would be closer to \$9 billion at the present rates of 3 to 4 per cent. If, on top of that, the government would have to pay another 1 or 2 per cent for the annual depreciation of the purchasing power of the dollar, the annual burden could easily rise to \$15

(Continued on page 319)

# BOOKS and the ARTS

## Israel's Need for Fiction

*EXODUS.* By Leon Uris. Doubleday & Co. 626 pp. \$4.50.

*THE ANGLO-SAXONS.* By Lester Gorn. Sagamore Press. 446 pp. \$3.95.

**Dan Wakefield**

A FRIEND recently told me about an elementary public school class in East Harlem, composed mainly of Negro and Puerto Rican children, who were asked by their teacher to vote for their "favorite country." The results of the voting were Ghana, first; Israel, second.

Fascination with the birth and growth of the new Israel has crossed about every line of age, race, creed, color, language, culture and character — with the exception of Arabic — and, ironically, that violent exception is one of the prime contributing factors in the strength of the fascination. Israelis would of course be happy to forfeit the fact of eight million surrounding enemies which make them a popular "underdog" to most of the world; but that fact by necessity has forged a good deal of the history, spirit and philosophy of this miniature-sized and mammoth-hearted country. It contains in its borders and its brief modern history every conceivable element of drama — "conquest of the desert," "return to the soil," "ingathering of exiles," "conflict of cultures," the "Promise and Fulfillment" of Biblical prophecy, and, as if that weren't enough, the wings are filled with "Arab Marauders" threatening to ride onstage with the ringing cries of "Holy War" to "Drive the Jews into the Sea."

Surely this is the stuff of fiction. So surely, in fact, that while most of the books written about Israel have been factual, they are, as the saying goes, stranger and more exciting than fiction. Israelis are apt to ask any two-week tourist if he plans to write a book about the country (he usually does), but only a few of the visitors have attempted to tell the story in fiction (which demands a deeper knowledge of the country and its customs than the "impression" type of report) and those were rarely popular abroad with either critics or public. In this country, probably the best-known novel of Israeli life until recently was Arthur Koestler's *Thieves in the Night*, which took place before the birth of the

modern state. The non-fiction has fared much better. Koestler's *Promise and Fulfillment*, Robert Henrique's *100 Hours to Suez* and Robert St. John's *Shalom Means Peace* — to name a few that come quickly to mind — are so dramatic and engrossing that no laboring of the material into fiction for heightened effect or dramatic appeal could seem necessary. Most of Israel's own current crop of writers cut their teeth on tales of the war of statehood, and made their local reputations by turning this experience into fiction. But none of their accounts received much attention in other countries, and indeed many Israeli critics and writers feel that the early spate of young-Israeli novels was highly overrated at home. The head of an Israeli publishing house once told me: "Frankly, most of them just hadn't learned the techniques and skills of fiction writing." Nathan Shaham, one of those young writers who has gone on to make a solid reputation as a playwright and novelist, remarked to me of his own quick success that "When the war was over we were suddenly a nation and it occurred to someone that as a nation we needed our own writers — just as we needed our own politicians, businessmen and scientists. I had only three short stories published at the end of the war; I was young, and a *sabra*, and so I was discovered as a 'young Israeli writer' and someone told me that they were teaching my stories in school in Jerusalem."

IT MAY be that the young Israeli writers who fought in the war of statehood were handicapped not only by their inexperience with fictional technique, but by being so immediately involved in the complexity of it that they were unable to turn out a tale that would be understandable and compelling to a foreign audience — or indeed of fasting appeal to the homefolks. It is noteworthy that the most highly regarded novel within the country to be written by a *sabra* author since the birth of the state is Moshe Shamir's *The King of Flesh and Blood*, which takes as its subject ancient Israel.

But the inevitable was bound to happen, did happen, was published last fall, and has been riding high on the American bestseller lists ever since: *Exodus* — a novel of Israel's war of statehood, written by a battle-hardened, best-

seller-proved American author whose agent knew a good thing when he saw one and convinced his client to make the pilgrimage for Doubleday and Company. Under this urging, Leon Uris (author previously of *Battle Cry*) arrived in Jerusalem armed with notes, pencils, khakis, typewriter, revolver and Bible; served as a war correspondent in the Sinai campaign, traveled through Denmark, Italy, Cyprus and Iran, and covered more than 12,000 miles within Israel's borders to "research" the story of *Exodus*. (Is it any wonder that the novel of Israeli life Americans have been waiting for had to be written by an American?) As promised by the jacket blurb, the story "sweeps ahead under its own plunging momentum and catches the reader up in the swinging vortex of a hundred shifting scenes and a thousand dramatic moments." It is, in short, written in Vista-Vision.

The drama begins discouragingly, with the focus on Mark Parker, hard-drinking, fast-living foreign correspondent (I would someday like to read of a fictional foreign correspondent who resembles most of the ones I have met — quiet, harassed, middle-aged men dreaming of a return to the home office). Parker has come to Cyprus to visit an old friend from the States, Nurse Kitty Fremont, but is quickly swept into the intrigue of the refugee camps and the illegal immigration of Jews. We are soon meeting British officers reeking of decadence, gin and formality, and steel-nerved Zionist underground agents.

The characters are firmly type-cast, but their main function is to carry along the plot that history has already written, and in that service they do quite well. The plot is so exciting that the characters become exciting too; not because of their individuality or depth, but because of the historic drama they are involved in. Mr. Uris does an extraordinary job of weaving that drama together, reaching back to its roots in the Dreyfus case, in Nazi Germany, in Czarist Russia. He sometimes does it through flashbacks of his characters: "I suppose to really tell the story of Ari Ben Canaan we must start with Simon Rabin-sky in the Jewish Pale . . . I think the year of the great happening was 1884." Sometimes he does it by stretches of purely historical narrative, deftly inserted after he has brought his characters to the edge of some cliff and the reader is hooked securely enough to read long accounts of the Balfour Declaration or

*DAN WAKEFIELD spent six months as a correspondent in Israel in 1956.*

the British White Paper or the Palestine Riots which he would probably never wade through if he found them in the Sunday supplement section: "Despite British efforts to soothe the situation, Arab fears proved justified later, when, at the San Remo conference, England and France cut the Middle East pie and England grabbed for herself the Lion's share . . ."

THE real achievement of *Exodus* lies not so much in its virtues as a novel, as in its skillful rendering of the furiously complex history of modern Israel in a palatable, popular form that is usually faithful to the spirit of the complicated realities. That is no small feat; the potential pitfalls involved in such an undertaking are often painfully exhibited in another American-written novel on the same theme called *The Anglo-Saxons*. The jacket tells us that the author, Lester Gorn, served in the Israeli ground forces during the war of statehood, under the Hebrew name of Ben Zion Hagai.

As an indication of the awful complexities an author must grapple with in setting his tale in modern Israel, one need go no further than the title of Mr. Gorn's novel. The term "Anglo-Saxons" has two general meanings in Israel — neither of which is familiar here. The first and narrower meaning of the term covers those Jews who have come to Israel from English-speaking countries. The broader and more common meaning of the term has come to include anyone from America, the British Empire, or Western Europe, and it sometimes turns out that even those immigrants who at some time or other picked up a slightly Western education are fitted into the category. A trustworthy Israeli informant tells me that when Margaret Mead lectured in Jerusalem she remarked that after coming to Israel she had to make some "readjustments" in her thinking — for instance, she had never known that a Jew from Tunisia was an "Anglo-Saxon."

Mr. Gorn's Anglo-Saxons are a motley crew of strays, mostly from America, who have come to help Israel fight the Arabs but are for the most part rather anxiously non-Zionist and eager not to be assimilated — they scorn learning Hebrew, flinch at the notion of staying on after the war, and scoff at the ways of the Israeli army. The most ironic thing about the story is that, whether the author intended it or not, one gets the impression that if it hadn't been for these devil-may-care Americans the poor simple Israelis wouldn't have had much chance of winning their war. Actually, a pitifully few Americans volun-

teered for that war and their contribution was as a whole insignificant.

In Mr. Gorn's novel the Americans are usually sophisticated and tough-minded, whereas the Israelis, partly because of the way the author renders their dialogue, often sound like brave but rather childish natives of some primitive island. An Israeli officer, in a typical passage, says of a soldier that "The instructors complain that he is all the time — how you say it? — blowing up." At one point an American about to go into battle reflects that the war is somewhat like an old-time Western movie: "Jewish cowboys, Arab Indians." And that indeed is what it often sounds like in this book. The Arabs' dialogue could easily be used by an M.G.M. Cherokee about to ride down on a wagon train.

Mr. Gorn writes skilfully and convincingly in the battle scenes, but when he goes beyond the subject of war itself to the larger context of this particular war and the country waging it, he is not so convincing. But few authors could be — the nuances involved are thicker than the bullets and the unfamiliar concepts so important to the story must be dealt with every step of the way. This tiny country presents a larger literary landscape to cover than

## Survival

I shall never live enough  
and when I fall  
on the roadside of days  
clutched in the ground,  
I would be visible stuff  
  
for the children of leisure  
with time  
for their roof  
strumming as they run  
to immolations of pleasure.  
  
I would be dust  
in their breath  
and spin  
not morbid in the night  
the atoms of their fright  
but plain earth they can trust.  
  
I would be solid forever  
and become like Caesar  
the grit in the eye  
the sand in the shoe  
stop and cause of the weather.  
  
Let me lie in the road  
and be trod  
in the march  
of their soiled sharp feet,  
let me be what men feel  
in any shape, real,  
scattered on the floor of the dead.

HAROLD KAPLAN

almost any other nation in the world. Mr. Uris' *Exodus* seems to be the first novel that has covered that landscape convincingly and thoroughly — at least in scope — but perhaps we shall have to wait for an Israeli to give us the story in depth as well.

## Correction of Life

*LAST ESSAYS*. By Thomas Mann. Translated by Richard and Clara Winston and James and Tania Stern. Alfred A. Knopf. 211 pp. \$4.50.

Harold Clurman

THOMAS MANN'S book is better than brilliant: it is good. These *Last Essays* are good in every sense of the word. To begin with, they are good criticism. Though none of them is intended to treat more than one or two aspects of the writers dealt with (Schiller, Goethe, Nietzsche, Chekhov), Mann knew how to make the particular segment of his view illuminate the essential nature of each of his subjects.

In his "Fantasy on Goethe," as in his less ample study of Chekhov, what appears at first to be a biographical sketch becomes in fact a keen appreciation of what these artists represented and created. There is an extraordinary balance, for example, in the Goethe piece, and one needs true wisdom to

(Continued from page 317)

billion in about five years on approximately the same aggregate debt which cost less than \$5 billion to carry in 1946.

Whether the Administration will be forced to ask Congress to raise the upper limit for new issues to 4½ per cent is being debated now in financial circles. This could be avoided if our institutions would reappraise their present policies of treating the government as just another debtor. More than anything else, an effort to plug loopholes in our tax structure, or to reintroduce an excess-profits tax, would improve the government's credit.

Finally, if nothing else works, Congress may have to consider legislation which would force institutions to finance the legacy of World War II and the deficits of the recession by requiring them to invest a fixed percentage of their assets in government bonds.

make "balance" bearable! In most critics "balance" usually bespeaks an "on the one hand, but on the other" kind of bookkeeping which signifies that while the subject is being weighed it is not being felt. Goethe is treated by most critics as either an impressive bore or a marmoreal sun god. For Mann, Goethe is a source of vital impulse.

Still it is not even this balance, the capacity to interrelate the positive and negative modes of each personality, which I admire so much in Mann's criticism. Mann sees the style, form and technique of an artist as if they were the artist's very organs, as he sees the art which emerges from each individual as the inevitable expression of a specific configuration of human traits.

Neither impressionism nor scholasticism (the pure craft approach) fulfills the demands of viable criticism. Impressionism often makes the work which it treats seem supererogatory; scholasticism makes the work seem vain — as if art had no face, identity or function. From Mann's criticism we realize that the artist is incorporated in his work and that the work signifies an artist — both being unintelligible without a world which is their matrix, their subject matter and ultimately their objective.

THE most salient human quality which strikes one in reading these superbly translated *Essays* is their tone. "Peaceful culture" is a phrase Mann singles out in a poem by Goethe, and in a way *Last Essays* might carry the phrase as the book's insignia. We find here that wonderful atmosphere of respect for ideas, for fine thinking and living, pleasure in communication and discussion, pride in appreciation, consciousness of the value and ecstasy of consciousness, a certain humility coupled with exultation in the ability to contemplate and grapple with the metaphysics of life. This synthesis is what made Europe from the thirteenth century to the First World War the spiritual homeland of the enlightened man; it is lovably embodied in every page of Mann's *Essays*.

Thomas Mann was *par excellence* the late nineteenth-century German bourgeois artist who in the twentieth century made a world citizen of himself — a man of the past who in our distraught era held firmly to the best of his heritage to survive our present destructiveness and drift so that he might courageously face — though not without anxiety — whatever may be saved, restored or created anew in the future.

Thus the *Last Essays* are not just belles-lettres, though they are certainly delightful as such. They unite the aesthe-

tic with the moral, the rational with the instinctive, the world of books with the political world. They create an image of something healthful which we must cling to passionately. This last testament of Mann's which appears to hark back to ancient texts — including those of Schiller of whom most of us know very little — is a wholly contemporary work — good in its detail, its direction and its conclusions.

The altogether masterly essay on Nietzsche is to my mind the crowning achievement and the climax of the book (the Chekhov essay is a gentle and slightly mournful coda as if a lullaby treatment were employed to modify the major affirmations of the book's theme). In it, Mann declares:

But permanently, eternally necessary is the correction of life by mind — or by morality, if you will. How time-bound, how theoretic and inexperienced, Nietzsche's romanticizing of evil seems to us to-day. We have made the acquaintance of evil in all its nauseating forms, and are no longer such aesthetes that we need to be ashamed of subscribing to the good, nor need to snub such trivial ideas and guides as truth, freedom, justice. In the final analysis aestheticism, under whose banner free thinkers turned against bourgeois morality, itself belonged to the bourgeois age. And to go beyond this age means to step out of an aesthetic era into a moral and social one. . . . Religion is reverence — reverence first of all for the riddle which man is. Where what we need is a new order, new relationships, the recasting of society to meet the global demands of the

hour, certainly little can be done by conferences, decisions, technical measures, legal institutions. . . . The main thing is the transformation of the spiritual climate, a new feeling for the difficulty and nobility of being human. . . . To the genesis and establishment of that disposition poets and artists, imperceptibly working through the depth and breadth of society, can make contributions. . . .

This is the soul of the book, but in the essay on Schiller, the libertarian, we get a few specifics within the limits of the book's literary area.

The idea of nationalism . . . already belongs to the past. Universality is the demand of the hour and of our anxious souls. The word "humanity," the idea of the honor of mankind and of the widest possible sympathy, has long ceased to be a "powerless rule of conduct" which "attenuates" our emotions. This very all-embracing feeling is what we need, need all too bitterly; and unless mankind as a whole comes to its senses and remembers its honor, the mystery of its dignity, it is lost, not only morally but physically as well. . . . Rage and fear, unreasoning hate, panicky terror, and a wild lust for persecution ride mankind. The human race exults in the conquest of space for the establishment of strategic bases in it, and counterfeits the energy of the sun for the criminal purpose of manufacturing weapons of annihilation.

Finally, Mann does not hesitate to speak of "the urge to permeate material things with human spirit. It is spiritual materialism — which is socialism."

## The Art of Exclusion

*THE OXFORD BOOK OF IRISH VERSE.* Chosen by Donagh MacDonagh and Lennox Robinson. Oxford University Press. 344 pp. \$5.

*ANOTHER SEPTEMBER.* By Thomas Kinsella. Dublin: The Dolmen Press. 47 pp. 10s.6d.

*TOO GREAT A FINE.* By Austin Clarke. Templeogue, Co. Dublin: The Bridge Press. 29 pp. 6s.

*Vivian Mercier*

ANTHOLOGIES may be inclusive or exclusive. In this country Irish verse in English has been well served by two lavishly inclusive collections: Kathleen Hoagland's *1,000 Years of Irish Poetry*

and, for recent poetry up to 1948, Devin A. Garrity's *New Irish Poets* — which, however, omitted poets who had already published books in the United States. Two exclusive, rather personal collections are Padraic Colum's *Anthology of Irish Verse* and Geoffrey Taylor's *Irish Poets of the Nineteenth Century*.

In his preface to the first *Oxford Book of Irish Verse* the late Lennox Robinson shows that he and Donagh MacDonagh have aimed at both exclusiveness and

*VIVIAN MERCIER* knows the anthologist's dilemmas at first hand, being joint editor of *1,000 Years of Irish Poetry*, Part I.

inclusiveness. If they have been unjust to the poets of the past, "it is to make room for the others, the ones who died yesterday or the ones whose best work lies in the future." Unfortunately, I don't think they have excluded enough of the past or included enough of the present.

Out of 275 poems, about eighty date from before 1900. This fact guarantees the banishment of reams of verse that rhymes "Ireland" with "sireland," but it still leaves us with chestnuts like R. B. Sheridan's "Let the Toast Pass" and Richard Milliken's pseudo-comic "The Groves of Blarney." If these were swept out too, there would be room for the harsher side of Swift and the non-syrupy part of Thomas Moore, his Regency wit and satire.

MacDONAGH and Robinson have been pretty ruthless with the nineteenth century, though; indeed, they have rather slighted that fine poet George Darley—where is his "Incense Tree"? Having saved page upon page by this kind of miserliness, they proceed to squander them on "Rubáiyat" Fitzgerald (because of his good Norman-Irish name, I guess) and Emily Brontë (who is said to come from the old Irish family of Prunty). I wonder they didn't include Blake and Shakespeare, both of whom have been claimed for Ireland by latter-day druids. Similarly, in the twentieth-century selections Robert Graves (whose grandfather was an Irish Protestant bishop) and Cecil Day-Lewis (who quit Ireland at the age of five) are included, while authentic Irish poets like John Hewitt, who has nearly half a lifetime of dedicated craftsmanship behind him, are left out in the cold.

This brings us to another dilemma facing all anthologists: are they to include poets or poems? Too often the author of a respectable body of work is nosed out by one of the "single-speech" Hamiltons of poetry. At the very least, the poet of one poem ought to have written a good one; I cannot see that Niall Sheridan or Brinsley MacNamara, for example, has the price of admission, though the latter's poem hardly gets a fair chance, because of misprints. In modern Ireland the universal dilemma is further complicated by the "national record" of this or that poet: Padraic Pearse, Joseph Plunkett, and Thomas MacDonagh (father of Donagh), all of whom were executed by the British in 1916, will perhaps always receive a little more than justice.

If we can once accept the roster of modern poets arrived at by MacDonagh and Robinson — it excludes 21 of Gar-

rity's 37 — we must concede that the allocation of space among them is on the whole just. True, Yeats is allowed only ten poems and deserves fifty — but what can anybody do about *that*? Stephens and Gogarty are scanted a little, but their reputations have suffered from past inflation. Colum's later work is neglected, as always, because his early work cannot be left out. After Yeats, the two best-represented poets are Austin Clarke and Patrick Kavanagh, with seven poems each; this, I believe, is a true index of informed opinion in Ireland today. Other poets who are justly treated include F. R. Higgins, Patrick MacDonagh, Padraic Fallon, Robert Farren, Valentin Iremonger, and Donagh MacDonagh himself.

The ground rules of the book unluckily did not favor including translations from the new crop of Gaelic poets, though one of them, Máire MacEntee, appears in another role. Finally, I must praise the editors for boldly admitting four poems by the youngest poet in their book, Thomas Kinsella (born 1927).

YEATS wrote in his poetic testament, "Irish poets, learn your trade," but the curse of much recent Irish poetry — and still more of the novel and short story — has been the reluctance of anybody to learn from anybody else. Patrick Kavanagh, for instance, has all but spat on Yeats's grave — and one can sympathize with this attitude in any writer who has to grow up in the shadow of such a colossus: he may well feel that the only road to originality and recognition leads as fast and as far as possible from the heels of the giant.

However, Thomas Kinsella has at last proved that a young Irish poet can assimilate Yeats without forfeiting his own individuality. Many of the poems in *Another September* — while not, of course, better than Yeats — begin technically where Yeats left off. Kinsella has digested Auden too, as few other Irishmen have succeeded in doing. Let me quote a stanza:

Soft, to your places, animals,  
Your legendary duty calls.

It is, to be  
Lucky for my love and me.  
*And yet we have seen that all's  
A fiction that is heard of love's  
difficulty.*

The formula for this, says Donald Davie, is "stanza after Auden, refrain after Yeats." Perhaps, but only when both are themselves writing "after" Donne. "Midsummer" and "A Lady of Quality" join this poem in a group whose colloquial elegance makes them easy to

understand and to like — almost too easy. They will be turning up in anthologies soon, I expect, but MacDonagh and Robinson have chosen instead a better colloquial poem than any of these, "Pause en route." It moves more stiffly:

Death, when I am ready, I  
Shall come; into a drowned town  
Drifting, or by burning, or by  
Sickness, or by striking down.

Nothing you can do can put  
My coming aside, nor what I choose  
To come like — holy, broken or but  
An anonymity — refuse.

There are four more stanzas in the same offhand tone: note how the off-beat rhyme in the third line of each stanza,

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helped by enjambment, contributes to this tone. Such metrical control joins with a beautiful precision of diction to give Kinsella the sort of technical mastery that is rare in the British Isles today, though perhaps less rare over here. His friends assert that he works fiendishly hard on his poems, and, after comparing the first and second printings of "Baggot Street Deserta," I believe what they say. Besides "Pause en route" and a selection from Kinsella's translation of the Early Irish triads, MacDonagh and Robinson include two of his richer-textured, more "literary" poems, "In the Ringwood" and "King John's Castle." These are good, but my own favorite so far is the title poem of *Another September*. If Kinsella continues to grow as a poet at the rate he has grown between *Poems* of 1956 and *Another September* of 1958, there is no telling where he may end.

KINSELLA's themes are the eternal ones, love and death. Only two of his poems, the elegies "Death and the Professor" and "Thinking of Mr. D.," can be considered "occasional." The poems and satires in Austin Clarke's *Too Great a Vine*, on the other hand, are almost all occasioned by some specific event. I do not for a moment claim that this little book has the importance for its author's development that Kinsella's has for his: it is included here as the most recent work by a notable craftsman who deserves to be better known in the United States. Austin Clarke, now in his sixties, belonged to an earlier group of Irish poets who fled from Yeats's influence but did not reject the notion of apprenticeship altogether. Clarke's model is the "bardic" or classical poetry in Modern Irish (Gaelic), as it was written between, say, 1250 and 1600. The vehicle of this poetry was a most intricate versification — full of rigidly prescribed patterns of alliteration, assonance and rhyme — without parallel that I know of in any other European literature except the equally Celtic Welsh. Clarke, like Robert Farren and the late F. R. Higgins, has striven with considerable success to adapt this versification to English poetry. Ever since Thomas MacDonagh's *Literature in Ireland* there has been talk of an "Irish mode" in English poetry, but I notice that his son, in the introduction to the *Oxford Book*, rejects this as a criterion: "to demand a recognizably Irish voice as a rigid test of Irish poetry would be absurd . . .," he writes. In general the younger Irish poets write in Gaelic when they want to be distinctively Irish; otherwise they write English poetry,

period. Their attitude does not of course invalidate Clarke's experiments.

The bards have often been called the journalists of medieval Ireland because of their professional concern with highly polished occasional verse — mainly eulogy, elegy and satire. Though Clarke's most enduring work may prove to be his verse plays, for which there are no Gaelic models whatsoever, he is the heir of a very old tradition when he publishes in a Dublin newspaper verse epigrams on the current follies of Irish clergymen and politicians. His war of words with the Catholic clergy is as old as Irish literature, for the druidic ancestors of the bards satirized the Christian missionaries, whose successors soon learnt the art of satire in their turn. Clarke has found some up-to-date angles, naturally: the Church's attitude to contraception, airplane pilgrimages to Lourdes. In the main, though, his indictment of the clergy is the time-honored one: they curb the natural man too much and demand too much money from the faithful — money whose rightful destination is the pockets of the bards. A typical Clarke epigram, giving a new meaning to the legend of St. Christopher, who bore Christ on his back, ends thus:

Fabulist, can an ill state  
Like ours, carry so great  
A Church upon its back?

The epigrams in *Too Great a Vine* are not so carefully wrought as those in Clarke's earlier books. To see his bardic technique in full play we must turn to the long, magnificent autobiographical poem, "The Loss of Strength," in which he parallels his own physical decay with Nature's subjection by Science and Industry and Ireland's subjection by the

Church. Here are the lines which give his book its title:

Too great a vine, they say, can sour  
The best of clay. No pair of sinners  
But learned saints had overpowered  
Our country, Malachi the Thin  
And Bernard of Clairvaux. . . .

Note the peculiar Gaelic off-rhyme of *sour/overpowered* and *sinners/thin*. This is the hallmark of the bardic meter known as *deibhidhe* (pronounced, roughly, "devvy"). Note also the internal rhyme *say/clay* and the word *our* carrying on the *sour* rhyme. These are relatively unsubtle harmonies compared with some in earlier poems by Clarke, but they will show how slowly and carefully he needs to be read. (Indeed, the careful reader will see that my comments have not exhausted the vowel-music above.) Like his bardic masters, Clarke delights in ambiguity, which he was deliberately exploiting long before Empson's famous book. His whole approach to poetry violates what is usually regarded as the English poetic tradition, but it may in the end enrich that tradition by revealing new possibilities of music and meaning in the English language.

Unhappily, *Too Great a Vine*, like all Clarke's poetry since the *Collected Poems* of 1936, is published only in a 200-copy limited edition. Perhaps some copies remain with the publisher or with Hodges Figgis, the bookstore which is to Dublin what Heffer is to Cambridge and Blackwell to Oxford. Both the Irish books, incidentally, were designed and handsomely printed at the Dolmen Press by Liam Miller, the latest exponent of another tradition of fine Irish craftsmanship.

## ART

### Maurice Grosser

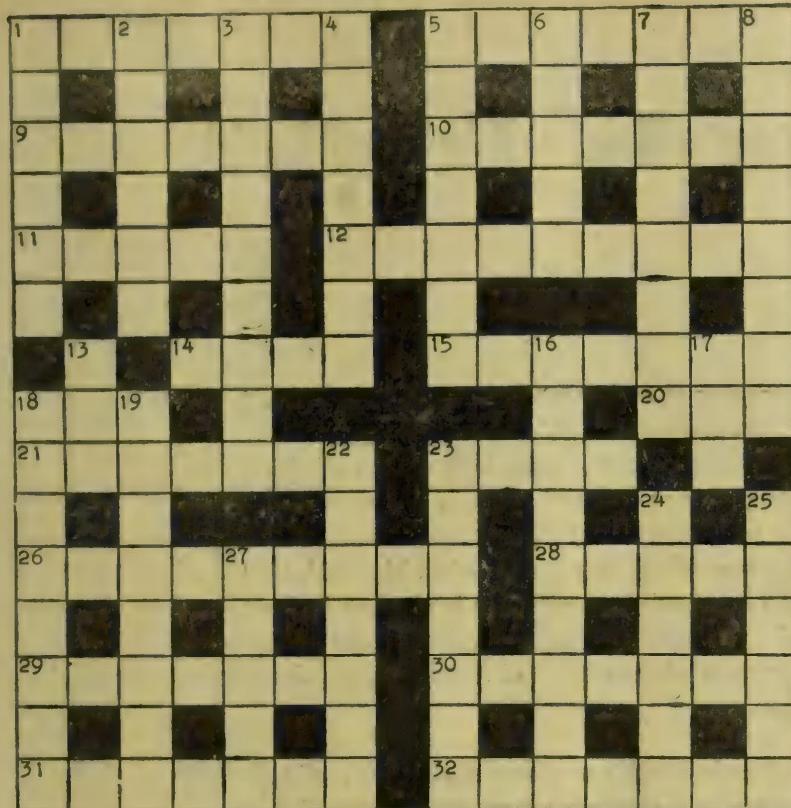
A COMPREHENSIVE showing of the work of the Catalan Surrealist, Joan Miró, is on view at the Museum of Modern Art until May 10. Apparently the most extensive exhibit of Miró's work ever assembled, the 116 oils, prints and sculptures present a review of the artist's entire production, from a canvas of 1914 to the illustrations to a book published only last year.

In comparison with Miró's familiar and established style, the early works seem unexpectedly labored and eclectic. The earliest ones, done in Spain, show all the modernist influences an up-and-coming young provincial painter would

have been likely to encounter. The portraits recall Fauvism and Van Gogh. The landscapes, busy and detailed, are painstakingly executed in a hard-edged naturalism on which has been imposed the triangular segmentation to be found in Severini and the Italian Futurists. A *Seated Nude* of 1919 is a laborious mixture of styles, the head rendered with a calendar-like prettiness, the body broken up into triangular planes in a Vorticist imitation, the pouf on which the model sits painted in hard naive embroidery with roses. The three large still lifes of 1920 and 1921, done after his arrival in Paris, derive their com-

# Crossword Puzzle No. 815

By FRANK W. LEWIS



## ACROSS:

- 1 and 1 down Floral emblem of Tennessee. (3,4,6)
- 5 and 14 Lady of Paris (5,2,4)
- 9 Disencumber intent? It has its points! (7)
- 10 and 25 Ile de France? (7,6)
- 11 Three unsure, but public. (5)
- 12 The Life of Mickey Mouse? (9)
- 14 See 5 across
- 15 Pied pie to the priest of the bon vivant. (7)
- 18 Medium, when it comes to radio broadcast. (3)
- 20 The best tale for winter, according to Shakespeare. (3)
- 21 Aligns prunes and bandages. (7)
- 23 Tower of London? (4)
- 26 March in a circle; the outside is shut up in the document. (9)
- 28 At least part of these might be round. (5)
- 29 Pertaining to 25. (7)
- 30 This port goes up in smoke. (7)
- 31 Go South, and so on, young man. (7)
- 32 Got up somewhat embarrassed, showing other than real character. (4,3)

## DOWN:

- 1 See 1 across.
- 2 Ignores the cover, and comes up to look around. (6)
- 3 Apparent but not quite certain proposals. (9)
- 4 Do you know the passage "Where the tide meets the river"? (7)

## PUBLICATIONS

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# When Is Truth?

"Most published analyses of nuclear-fallout effect have been based on a 'world-population average,'" *The Nation* commented editorially on September 7, 1957. "The result is a not very useful statistic . . . for practically nobody gets an 'average' effect. . . . As scientific inquiry proceeds, the problem of fallout will come closer and closer to home." Almost nineteen months later — on Sunday, March 22, 1959 — *The New York Times* carried a two-column headline on its front page: "Fallout of Strontium 90 Is Found Highest in the United States." For the overwhelming majority of *Nation* readers, this is close enough to home.

In 1957, it was still unfashionable to protest against nuclear-bomb tests — unfashionable, and therefore wrong. *When is truth? For* *The Nation*, truth is *always* — popular and unpopular, fashionable or unfashionable. If you are open-minded enough to believe that today's heresies often turn out to be tomorrow's orthodoxies, *The Nation* is for you.



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*Solomon Adler*

# LETTERS

## The Nixon 'Mythology'

Dear Sirs: Is Fred Collins really serious? Does he really mean what he says when he reports in *The Nation* (April 4, 1959) that Vice President Nixon traveled "thousands of miles to be stoned in order to gain popularity"?

A heck of a way to gain popularity. From all accounts, he — and Mrs. Nixon — could have been killed by the Red-inflamed mobs in such places as Caracas.

An interesting sidelight on the continuing development of the liberal mythology on Dick Nixon.

VICTOR LASKY

New York City

## Judge or Advocate?

Dear Sirs: Bernard Schwartz's "The Incurious Inquirers," in your March 14 issue, is a refreshing reminder that the capacity for indignation still exists. The flame of his indignation briefly rekindled the embers of my own, which I had begun to fear had become dead ashes since the time that I, myself, served as a Federal Communications Commissioner. For this I am grateful. However, upon reading the article for a second time, I found myself confused . . .

I thought I could join in Mr. Schwartz's indignation against unworthy commissioners if he had only been shouting, "Throw the rascals out." But, instead, he was shouting, "Make the rascals judicial." . . . Mr. Schwartz did not originate the concept of commissions as "quasi-judicial" bodies. It has been around for quite a while. I have always suspected it came from some industry subject to regulation, for it's one of the most effective of all barriers set up between the regulatory agencies and the public interest they are supposed to promote and protect.

Regulatory agencies are not and never were intended to be courts. By the very nature of the job they were set up to do, they are partisan. The "public" needs not a judge, but an advocate, and when a commissioner dons the judicial robes, the inevitable result is a judgment by default against the public. An advocate can and should be fair and there is always a judge to call him down when he steps out of line, but when he begins to act like a judge, God help his client.

If the "public interest, convenience and necessity" are to be served merely as a by-product of the adjudication of

conflicting claims by competing applicants, they will be served in a most meager way, and in time, not at all. The public needs a champion in the fight and not a judge on the Olympian heights above it.

CLIFFORD J. DURR

Montgomery, Ala.

## A Classic Review

Dear Sirs: The dictionary defines a classic as follows: "Belonging to the first class or rank in literature or art." In your issue of March 21, you had a review, by R. J. Kaufmann, called "The Progress of Iris Murdoch." In my opinion this review is entitled to be called a classic.

IRVING PERLMAN

San Francisco, Calif.

## The Philanthropic Gap

Dear Sirs: Your article, "Victims of Charity," by Dan Wakefield in the March 14 issue was a fine, sympathetic exposition of the terrible condition of workers in voluntary hospitals. Some errors in fact were made, however. Doctors in these hospitals are not "highly paid"; interns and resident physicians receive room, board and a stipend of anywhere from \$25 per month to \$125 per month! Few hospitals pay more. This "training" period lasts from one to five years. . . . The house physician is nearly thirty years old before he ends his training, and in this time has earned no income of consequence and has paid out many thousands of dollars to become educated! . . . Though always scarce, nurses are not well paid. . . .

These facts . . . reflect the gap between the high costs of modern medicine and traditional philanthropic support. . . .

Meeting this deficit seems beyond the leadership, energy or vision evident in medicine today.

ROBERT BASES, M.D.

Bethesda, Md.

## Manuscripts Wanted

Dear Sirs: *Studies on the Left*, a new journal, has been created to provide an opportunity for students who are socially concerned to express their ideas and the results of their researches. It will publish scholarly research and essays in criticism such as analyses of subjects historical and contemporary; considerations of traditional methods and theories in the social and natural sciences, literature and the arts; and book reviews.

*Studies on the Left* is connected with no specific theoretical position or po-

litical organization. The journal aims at significant, scholarly, readable articles, of whatever radical or Socialist position. It will pay \$30 for articles and \$10 for book reviews.

SAUL LANDAU

Editor, *Studies on the Left*

P.O. Box 2121

Madison 5, Wisconsin

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## EDITORIALS

### 'Ohne Mich'

There is some connection between the German-in-the-street's "*Ohne mich*"—"let them fight the next war without me"—and the Christian Democrats' decision to kick Chancellor Adenauer upstairs and loosen his authoritarian grip on West German foreign policy. The fact is that nobody can afford a general war over Berlin, but the West Germans least of all. ICBMs, even IRBMs, may be in their infancy, but medium-range missiles are accurate, reliable and numerous, as the Germans, having initiated their development, are in the best position to know. They also know that the Russians have hundreds of 700-800-mile missiles ready to fire, a substantial number of which are surely trained on West German targets. Of course Herr Adenauer, being of sound and disposing mind, had reckoned with this particular fact of life, but perhaps not with the flexibility and resourcefulness of his younger days. Consequently the *Ohne mich* Germans, who are not a majority but represent a substantial number of votes, will feel easier with Herr Adenauer out of the Chancellery, and that is one reason the Christian Democratic leaders graciously acquiesced in Herr Adenauer's decision—the more so since they had initiated it.

There are other facts of life no less persuasive. One is that the chances of any Christian Democrat—other than Adenauer—winning the presidency over the popular Socialist Carlo Schmidt are negligible. Still another is that when the old bull moose has been gored once it is easier to gore him again. It is not forgotten that two months ago Herr Adenauer tried to kick his Economics Minister, Dr. Ludwig Erhard, into the presidency, so that he himself could remain Chancellor. After reluctantly consenting, Dr. Erhard polled the Christian Democratic parliamentarians and discovered that he had more support than Herr Adenauer.

In the chronic crisis over Germany the change is, on the whole, to the good. It does not call for hallelujahs, only for a moderate sense of relief. The Adenauer-Dulles-de Gaulle coalition of three obstinate men confronting a problem, for the moment insoluble, made war by accident or inadvertence a real possibility. The problem remains immediately insoluble, and Herr Adenauer is by no means completely out of the picture. He will probably name a successor who is, as far as

possible, in his own image, à la Strauss-McCone in our own AEC. But it does not follow that *plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose*. A younger, less sclerotic mind may see a temporary solution where Adenauer's tendency was to obstruct even the modus vivendi which is the best that can be hoped for at this time. From this standpoint Herr Adenauer is a dispensable man, and the West German recognition of his dispensability reduces the world's jeopardy.

### Always Too Late

The strange somnolence of American foreign policy is attracting increasingly unfavorable attention, both at home and abroad. Senator Warren G. Magnuson, at the biennial convention of the International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union, complained that the United States "should have submitted to the Russians a proposed solution to the Berlin crisis a long time ago." It seems to the Senator that "those who make our foreign policy just sit around and let one crisis after another develop before anything is done about it."

It does, indeed, seem so. The Senator cited Quemoy and Matsu, which he feels are not needed for our defense of Formosa. Presumably he would evacuate these outposts now, while the Chinese Reds are not firing on them. But the Senator must see that, under the conditions of conventional, or somnambulant, diplomacy, this is impossible. It is impossible now because there is no compelling force to stir us out of our immobility. When the Reds resume firing it will be even more impossible, for then national honor will require that we do not yield an inch.

If we were willing to give up the islands now, we should still have to reckon with Chiang Kai-shek, our ally and puppet. But he is a puppet only logically. On the basis of a staunch, everlasting—and static—anti-Red policy, we need him as he needs us. Yet if we were willing to evacuate the Quemoy now, world opinion, and in particular Asian opinion, would be impressed by the contrast between our action in the Formosa Strait and the Chinese Reds' action in Tibet.

Most Americans are at least aware that there is a smoldering crisis in the Chinese offshore islands. They are aware of Berlin. But they never think of the Canal

Zone as a critical area. The Panamanians, however, do. Few Americans recall that one of the cockiest of our presidents, Harry S. Truman, suggested at the 1945 Potsdam Conference that internationalizing the Canal would be preferable to its nationalization by Panama. In the April *Foreign Affairs*, two Stanford political science professors, Martin B. Travis and James T. Watkins, argue cogently that eventually the United States will confront a situation in Panama not unlike that faced by the British in Suez. A reasonable solution is possible now, but the State Department sleeps.

## Sabotage Unlimited

*Time* costs \$7 a year (though you can get it for less), but if its reporting were always as good as in the story on "Ceiling Unlimited" in the April 13 issue, it would be a good buy. Not that the story is free from Pentagon propaganda, but most of the treatment in the American press contained nothing else, while *Time* comes up with the revelation that "ever since the four powers occupied Berlin, the Russians have arbitrarily set an altitude ceiling for non-Russian planes at 10,000 ft., reserved the air space above for themselves." And until Good Friday, the Americans acquiesced in that limitation. In March, however, Air Force Headquarters in Europe proposed to the Joint Chiefs of Staff that the U.S. "challenge Soviet claims to the right to limit flight altitudes in the corridors." The chiefs agreed, on the basis that in the event of another Berlin blockade, it would be expedient to fly in C-130s at altitudes above 10,000 feet. President Eisenhower approved the recommendation, and a C-130 was sent in at 25,000 feet. Russian fighters buzzed it. They buzzed it again when it returned at the same altitude.

It is no novel experience for C-130 pilots to fly at 25,000 feet. They don't need to practice in advance of the actual need. The question is, then, why did the Air Force challenge the long-established rule at this particular time? Some of the British press assume that it was because of the danger of a *détente* based on Prime Minister Macmillan's proposals. If there is any other explanation, it has not occurred to us.

## A Time for Silence

Rigidity combined with wordiness is a dangerous condition which afflicts not only statesmen, but generals and admirals, particularly American ones. As *The Nation* has remarked, General Eisenhower is unbelligerent himself, but he fails to keep a tight rein on his hard-mouthing subordinates. Scarcely a week passes that General Curtis LeMay does not announce his readiness to destroy the Soviet Union. General Thomas B. Power takes up the cry in alternate weeks. If perchance the air commanders are momentarily silent, General Lauris

Norstad bays at the Soviets. And from General Eisenhower, not a word of admonition.

On the other side of the Atlantic there are words enough. On page 338 of this issue, Norman Birnbaum quotes the acidulous *Daily Mirror* of London. The British *Sunday Express* exclaims, "Oh, these brass-hatted fire-snorters," and attacks Norstad for "doing his vociferous damndest to kill any idea of easing the tension in Europe by the thinning out of troops." This spirit is echoed by a few — but so far very few — American papers. Just what is the objection to the "thinning out" of troops favored by Prime Minister Macmillan, the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* asks. The Pentagon insists that any troop withdrawals from the center of Europe would be to the West's disadvantage, because the Russians would still be within striking reach while American and Canadian forces would have to go back across the Atlantic. But couldn't they be based in France, the Low Countries, West Germany? If the inhabitants there refuse to accommodate the forces allegedly necessary to their defense, NATO is exposed as a gigantic hypocrisy. The *Post-Dispatch* similarly analyzes the purported disadvantage to the West of a zone from which nuclear weapons would be barred. It concludes, "It will be a tragedy if the West enters this year's crucial negotiations with rigid attitudes on any issue. It will be a double tragedy if the West takes a rigid attitude on military issues based upon the reluctance of its generals to depart from the status quo." A modus vivendi will be hard enough to achieve. It would be a little easier if General Eisenhower would tell our top brass to keep silent for a space.

## More Latent Than You Think

In line with opening up opportunities for women in every field, the Dale Carnegie Institute is now pioneering in offering a course of personal advancement by, for and of the female. To be conducted by Dorothy (Mrs. Dale), it is addressed to "developing your basic latent mental powers that are lying dormant within." The fundamental techniques established by the Master (1. *don't criticize, condemn, or complain*; 2. *give honest, sincere appreciation*; 3. *arouse in the other person an eager want*) are being adapted to the distaff side. Therefore the main topics to be studied are how to walk gracefully, how to make a good entrance and yet not be overbearing, the scientific application of make-up, the kind of hair style that suits the real inner you, and how to sit down properly. This last is of critical importance in understanding woman's place, for as the male instructor at the introductory lecture elaborated, "You will not only be taught how to sit down properly, but also how to remain gracefully in that position for a period of time, and how to attract attention there while doing so."

It is planned to make the lectures available "everywhere in the world for women who are interested in certain principles. And, whether you plan to address large groups or not, whether you wish to rise in the PTA and social groups or not, you still owe it to yourself and your husband to set forth on this adventure." As the instructor confided, "There is today a definite trend in industry [unfortunate, in his view, but there it is] that a man is not judged for advancement on his own, but they call in these psychologists and testers to interview *the woman who is the helpmeet of the man*." Beware of the Org-Eye, ladies, and get going; everything is more latent than you think.

## Out, Damned Spot!

Last spring we ventured the prediction that the scandalous idea of a tax on advertising might have a longer life than its opponents imagined (see editorial comment, *The Nation*, March 29, 1958; also "The Scandalous Ad-Tax" by David Cort, January 18, 1958). At the time the opponents thought they had not merely succeeded in killing a particular bill, but in killing the very idea of such a tax. They succeeded in securing a decision of Maryland's highest court holding a Balti-

more bill unconstitutional. Then these same opponents—the newspapers, magazines, radio and TV station owners, advertising agencies—conducted a nation-wide campaign designed to make the thought of a tax on advertising as wicked as one on mother's milk. For a time it seemed as though they had succeeded. But now the idea has bobbed up again. State Senator James E. Coffin, a widely respected Maine Democrat, has announced that he will offer a bill designed to levy a 3 per cent tax on advertising. Senator Coffin estimates that it might raise \$1,500,000 annually which could be used to help finance a proposal to give all Maine high school graduates a year's tuition at the state university. Unlike the Baltimore tax, this latest proposal will be offered not as a special tax on advertising but as a simple amendment to the sales tax — constitutionally a much sounder proposal. Overnight the big drums have begun to sound the note of dreadful alarm; a huge war chest will be raised and no quarter will be offered Senator Coffin. But even if the Senator gets his comeuppance, as Mayor d'Alesandro did in Baltimore, the ad-tax idea will not die. States need revenue badly and, as Senator Coffin points out, advertising is about the "only commodity right now which is absolutely free of taxation." In short, the damned spot just will not out.

# China: World Industrial Power . . . by Solomon Adler

London

A TRAVELER returning from China finds himself in Marco Polo's predicament. The bare recital of facts rouses the incredulity of his listeners, especially if they are Americans who have been starved of authentic news for nearly a decade. Their incredulity is enhanced if one starts with a few key data on China's economic progress in 1958, for which there is simply no precedent in the annals of economic history.

According to official statistics, gross agricultural and industrial output increased by 70 per cent last year. Food grains and cotton both doubled, and there were very large

if not so spectacular increases in other crops, too. The production of coal and steel reached 270 and 11 million tons respectively — both more than double the 1957 levels. The production of machine tools, at around 100,000 units, more than trebled.

The Chinese regard "the Great Leap Forward" as a continuing process running into 1959-1960, and the initial targets for this year call for the production of 525 million tons of grain, 5 million tons of ginned cotton, 380 million tons of coal and 18 million tons of steel — the increases over 1958 reaching approximately 40, 50, 41 and 64 per cent respectively. The steel campaign continues to be the Archimedean lever of Chinese industrialization. In addition, emphasis is being placed on machine-building and on alleviating the shortages of transport and electricity, both inevitable concomitants of very rapid economic growth,

which marked the closing of 1958.

Of course, it is the easiest thing in the world to dismiss the official 1958 figures as lies. That is how the world dismissed Marco Polo's reports. But whereas it made little difference to anybody but Marco Polo himself whether his reports were believed, today what we accept or reject about China should be vitally important to the shaping of foreign policy in general and of Far Eastern policies in particular.

A BRIEF digression on the reliability of Chinese statistics may be in order. No centrally planned economy can function effectively without reasonably adequate statistics; the State Planning and Economic Commissions and the State Statistical Bureau in Peking must know what is going on. Statistical skills grow with experience, and in China statistics are becoming more plentiful and more reliable; I was given figures

SOLOMON ADLER, author of *The Chinese Economy* (*Monthly Review Press*) served as a U.S. Treasury official in China from 1941-1947 and has continued to follow closely that country's economic development. He now lives in London.

on Shanghai's industrial production in a detail which is simply not available for either London or New York.

To have reliable statistics is one thing, to publish them is another. But it is a serious matter to lie to your own people about production — much more serious than to lie to the outside world. The peasants are not going to be satisfied with their previous living standards if they are told that production of grain and cotton has doubled, and you are just asking for trouble if you are not in a position to do something about the immediate expectations your claims have raised. Yet the fact is that in China today the widest publicity is given to local as well as national output figures. When I was in Hwang Pi County in Hupeh, I saw tables of local agricultural production plastered over the county hall's inside and outside wall. And the People's Communes I visited all reported increases of 25 to 35 per cent in per capita grain consumption; the national cotton-cloth ration, moreover, was recently raised from 19½ to 26 feet per capita.

TWO outstanding non-Communist authorities with first-hand experience of China have commented favorably on the official statistics. One of them, Professor Mahalanobis, is the head of the Indian Statistical Institute and has an international reputation as a mathematical statistician; the other, Professor Dumont, is a leading French expert on comparative agriculture and served as chief French technical delegate at the founding conference of the U.N.'s Food and Agriculture Organization. In Professor Dumont's opinion, "The amount of information collected is sufficiently consistent for me to assert on my own responsibility that what is happening in China is the most impressive agricultural advance in world history" (*Le Monde*, October 12, 1958).

A number of Western businessmen and technicians, such as James Muir, the chairman of the Royal Bank of Canada; Robert Asquith, the chairman of the Asquith Machine-Tool Company, and J. Tuzo Wilson, the president of the International Union of Geodesy and Geophysics, have

visited China fairly recently. Their general impressions and their more detailed observations on particular plants in different parts of the country both fit in with Chinese claims.

Unless one chooses to ignore or dismiss most of these data, it is hard to avoid two major conclusions. The first is that, quantitatively at least, China has solved its food problem. Since food supply has invariably been the bottleneck restricting the pace of industrialization in underdeveloped countries, China's achievement in this regard should be borne in mind in gauging the future rate of the country's industrial advance. The impact on other underdeveloped countries, particularly adjacent ones, is bound to be considerable; the Indian Ministry of Agriculture has already sent technical delegations to China to find out how it was done. Washington's long-term calculations predicated on the eventual building up of internal unrest in China through the pressure of too large a population on too small a food supply have been definitely shattered.

It goes without saying that China's dietary standards are qualitatively still low. The fact that the People's Communes proudly inform visitors that their members now eat meat at least twice a month is testimony enough. On the other hand, the extension of rationing in some cities to soap, sugar and even some vegetables would appear to be a temporary phenomenon resulting from the very acute transport bottleneck. When I was in Peking, there was a shortage of peanuts despite last year's bumper crop, but they were plentiful in a large People's Commune just a few miles away.

Moreover, the big increases in yields per acre achieved last year were largely due to a combination of measures usually involving a very high degree of "labor-intensity." China is only just beginning to move towards the semi-mechanization of its agriculture, let alone full mechanization and electrification (which is the official long-term objective). At the same time, the trend towards semi-mechanization will undoubtedly be stimulated by the growing shortage of labor.

The second major conclusion

emerging from last year's economic developments is that China is well on the way to becoming the third greatest industrial power in the world. It displaced Britain as the third largest producer of coal in 1958 and should probably overtake West Germany and Britain in steel and machine tools by the end of next year. Vice Premier Po I-po, who as Chairman of the State Economic Commission is responsible for the Annual Plan, asserts that China will approach or catch up with—and, in some cases, even surpass—Great Britain this year in the production of steel, copper, aluminum, machine tools and electric-generating equipment. On this basis, China might become the world's third largest producer of the essential ingredients of modern industry by the end of next year. But the exact time it will require to overtake Great Britain and West Germany is less significant than the fact that the overtaking is inevitable and that it will most probably occur fairly early in the second decade of the Chinese Revolution.

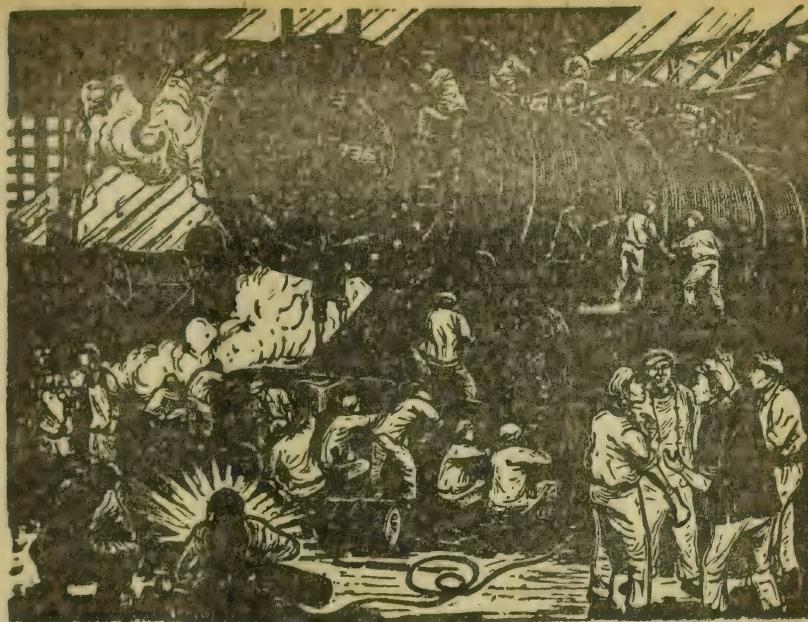
HERE AGAIN, a number of obvious qualifications are necessary. Today, China's industrial development is very uneven; many large and densely populated areas remain quite undeveloped. Transport is still skeletal and desperately needs expansion. The increase of electric-generating capacity must remain a major point of concentration if other targets are to be reached. The chemical-equipment industry is in its infancy. Petroleum production is woefully low, and the Chinese are resorting to small-scale extraction of oil from coal and shale to fill part of the gap until large-scale production is achieved in the outlying fields of Kansu, Sinkiang and Chinghai and in the promising new field of Nanchung in Szechwan. Most important of all, per capita as distinct from total industrial output will still be low even after China has become the third ranking power in heavy industry, and there will be unrelenting pressure for further growth and greater diversification before per capita norms acceptable to the Chinese themselves are reached.

There are a number of common misconceptions about last year's industrial developments in China. I freely confess that until my visit I shared the impression that small-scale industry had played a much bigger part than it actually did. This impression was encouraged not only by the publicity given by the Chinese themselves to the growth of small-scale industry, but also by the emergence of the People's Communes and the very novelty of this unique Chinese contribution to the pattern of Communist industrialization.

What are the facts? In the case of ingot steel, the eighteen large iron and steel complexes produced about 80 per cent of the 1958 output of eleven million tons, Anshan alone producing about 40 per cent. The medium-sized units accounted for a fair proportion of the remaining 20 per cent. In the case of pig iron and coal, the proportionate contribution of the smaller units of production was undoubtedly larger, but even in coal it does not appear to have been more than between a quarter to a third.

SPEAKING generally, the great upsurge in small-scale industry came in the last four months of the year. The chronology shows clearly that the People's Communes were not the decisive factor in last year's expansion of agricultural and industrial output. In many instances, the harvest was already in before the communes were established, and in almost all instances the measures leading to the big increase in crops had been taken some time earlier. I was told at all the communes I visited that they had relatively little small-factory production at their inception and that the subsequent rapid growth of commune factories was perhaps the main cause of the increasing labor shortage in the countryside. And I was told by the State Statistical Bureau in Peking that, on a very rough and tentative estimate, the ratio of the communes' gross industrial output to national gross industrial output was of the order of one to seven.

None of which is to minimize either the proven value of the industrial policy of "walking on two



Contemporary Chinese Woodcut (*China Monthly Review*).

legs" or, much more important, of the profound transformation of Chinese society being wrought by the People's Communes. The point is that the communes' economic contribution will be much greater this year, industrially and agriculturally, than last.

One corollary immediately follows. The relative significance of the increased size of the labor force to last year's increase in agricultural production (due allowance being made for its more rational deployment) was much greater than it was in industry. While there was fairly wide scope for expanding productive employment in agriculture and small-scale industry — indeed, this was one of the strongest arguments for promoting small-scale industry — the scope was much narrower in the large factories.

Therefore, it also follows that the major part of the big leap in industrial production was due to increases in labor productivity in the modern industrial sector. In turn, these were due partly to the completion of investment projects initiated either during the First Five Year Plan or during 1958, and partly to what the Chinese call the Technical Revolution. This revolution is much easier to understand at its fairly rudimentary levels in agriculture, small in-

dustry and local transport than in modern industry. Perhaps the simplest way to describe it is to say that there are many different levels of technique in China and that progress is being made simultaneously along most of them. One can see the Industrial—and Agrarian—Revolution occurring at every stage from at least the early eighteenth century right down to the twentieth.

This is already hard enough to visualize. But the Westerner, with his ingrained picture of China as a technologically backward country, finds it hardest of all to grasp the fact that China has a considerable number of extremely up-to-date plants and that the Technical Revolution embraces them, too.

To present one far from isolated example: the Wuhan Heavy Machine Tool Plant has impressed several Western manufacturers and engineers who have seen it. Though highly mechanized, it employs 10,000 workers—which makes it larger than any similar British or American plant. Construction began in May, 1956, and it was scheduled to go into production in 1960 and to reach its maximum capacity of 380 machine tools (weighing from 20 to 165 tons each) in 1964. Actually it started production last year, and its projected output this year is 1,100-1,300

machine tools ranging from twenty tons to a 400-ton universal lathe.

The ways in which these results were arrived at seem to be characteristic of the Technical Revolution at its most advanced level. The Chinese appear to have made striking progress in reducing the costs of capital construction and in expanding existing capacity with little new investment. To explain these achievements requires a much more exhaustive study than I could undertake in the time at my disposal, and I do not claim to have all the answers. Time is saved by simultaneous internal and external construction and by starting production before the factory building is completed. There is also a tendency to use cheaper, less enduring, but nevertheless adequate substitutes for expensive iron and steel products. For instance, the base of a heavy machine tool will be made of concrete instead of cast iron, a substitution which is especially economical of time. Similarly, parts and processes are simplified so that in Wuhan, air compressors in many instances can replace molding machines.

In addition, many corners are cut ruthlessly by having bench operatives work directly from blueprints and by entrusting them with the transfer of work from section to section and with most of the responsibility for inspection. The reorganization of the factory set-up appears to have brought about a big improvement in the workers' enthusiasm and initiative, just as the *hsia-fang* ("grass roots") movement, in which government officials, party functionaries and intellectuals spend varying periods of time working in the countryside, has benefited peasant enthusiasm and initiative. Administrators and technicians now work a couple of days a week at the bench, and workers participate in administration and planning. I was told at several factories that plans for 1959, completed by the managerial staff, would probably be revised upwards after examination by the factory personnel.

What is true of the Wuhan Heavy Machine Tool Plant is also true of Anshan (which holds world records

for open-hearth coefficients of utilization), of the Wuhan No. 1 Blast Furnace (where I saw the completely mechanized unloading of iron ore from a railway freight car), and of the heavy industrial plants of Shanghai and the Northeast. It is necessary to complete the picture by adding that even at the Wuhan iron and steel complex, one finds the whole gamut of means of transport juxtaposed with mechanized unloading, and it was my impression that the conveying and assembling in the most modern, light-industry plants leave something to be desired.

Another interesting feature of the Technical Revolution is the campaign against "the superstition of technique"—that is, against the passive acceptance of past best performance and practice, whether foreign or Chinese. While this campaign has its negative aspect in its tendency, when carried to extremes, to encourage scientific nihilism, its value was clearly apparent in last year's agricultural results. The yields per acre achieved provide additional evidence, if any were necessary, of the technical and scientific conservatism of agriculture when viewed on a world-wide basis. In industry, China's "dare to think, dare to speak, dare to act" slogan provoked a wide range of innovations and improvements.

To repeat: China is well on the way to becoming the third greatest industrial power in the world. None of the qualifications mentioned above affect the irreversibility of this development. Still less do they affect the fact that China's political—and military—status is closely correlated with its total, and not with its per capita, industrial output.

WHAT ARE the political and strategic implications of China's imminent emergence as a great power ranking only after the United States and the USSR? As far as American foreign policy is concerned, the State Department cannot indefinitely refuse to face the facts, although, in the absence of pressure from public opinion, it may continue to do so for an unconscionably inconvenient time. Soviet Russia became a great power without American

recognition, and so, we see, did China. Eventually, the United States had no alternative but to recognize the USSR and, eventually, it will have no alternative but to recognize China. Following the Russian analogy, one can expect America will get around to recognizing China in 1965, though a mechanical duplication of the time sequence is unlikely.

However, in two respects the State Department has progressed backwards. It never prevented individuals, including correspondents and businessmen, from going to Russia. And as for trade, General Electric and Ford did quite well out of Russian industrialization, especially in the lean depression years. But even these corporations' foreign subsidiaries have not made a cent out of Chinese industrialization. Ostracism has become synonymous with "os-trichism"; the American embargo of China makes no sense economically or politically. There is clearly room for a useful if modest volume of trade between the United States and China.

BUT, OF COURSE, Taiwan is the Ghost in the Hamlet of American policy towards China. We can be absolutely certain of one thing: China will never compromise on the principle that Taiwan is an internal Chinese issue. It will flatly reject any proposal for settling the issue on the basis of "two Chinas"; it will reject equally any foreign attempt to use Taiwan as a bargaining counter in return for granting Peking U.N. membership or American recognition. Of course many argue that the United States cannot yield on the Taiwan issue without loss of face. All one can say at this juncture is, first, that China's development as a great power foredooms to failure not only America's Taiwan policy, but her intransigence on China's U.N. membership; second, the longer the United States defers acknowledging the inevitable, the greater her loss of face will be; third—and this applies generally to the American strategy of ringing China with hostile bases—Washington might recall with profit Admiral Mahan's injunction more than half a century ago that the only safe

bases are those inhabited by one's own people. The Pentagon ideal of converting the Western Pacific into an American lake is plainly an anachronism.

ANY discussion of the broader and longer-term political consequences of China's economic progress must necessarily be speculative. Certainly the example of China is bound to encourage the industrialization throughout Asia and Africa. The repercussions in India are already apparent, and this kind of impact will inevitably grow. What internal political pattern industrialization will take in these countries is an open question. What is less open is that the very process will stimulate those already potent forces within these countries which are pushing them away from alliance with, or dependence on, the great powers. In other words, one should expect the Bandung trend to become stronger and the foundations of Western strategy, based on measures such as SEATO, to become increasingly precarious. Not for much longer will Asian countries remain pawns. For this reason alone, it will be more and more difficult to attach strings to economic aid.

China's emergence as an economic giant confirms the view that Japan's economic future is unthinkable without a large volume of trade with Peking. Whatever degree of success

it attains in its drive for markets elsewhere, Japan will not be able to ignore the biggest market of all right next door. Again, the evolution of Sino-Japanese political relations is more problematical, although it should be evident by now that the Kishi policy of unremitting hostility will have to be discarded and that diplomatic relations will have to be normalized. Japan just cannot afford to be the last country to recognize its neighbor. In the meantime, it must be galling in the extreme to Japanese manufacturers to be out of the China market, which in 1958 absorbed over \$275 million of exports from West Germany, the United Kingdom and France—exports consisting largely of goods Japan is well equipped to supply.

ON THE broader world scene, it is already true that the United Nations without China is a misnomer and that the sooner this anomaly is corrected the better. More specifically, it is going to become increasingly idle to talk of Big Threes, Big Fours or Big Fives which do not include China. In an article in the *Director* last November, the Conservative M.P., Patrick Maitland, raised the question of the inclusion of the USSR and China in international commodity agreements, and at a recent session of the Economic Commission for Asia and the Far East, Ceylon pointed out the fatu-

ity of international discussions or agreements about rice without China, which currently produces well over half the world's supply.

The same considerations apply with no less force to international discussions and agreements—if they are reached—concerning disarmament; or, for that matter, the exchange of meteorological observations or anything else involving mutually desirable international co-operation. This situation in itself exposes the unrealistic character of the current United States policy towards China.

Naturally, the problems of the cold war have to be tackled piecemeal, and no one in his right mind would suggest that everything has to be thrown into the pot all at once. But the ultimate trend is both unmistakable and irreversible, and it is safe to predict that if international agreements on crucial global issues are arrived at, they will sooner or later have to be broadened by the participation and inclusion of the greatest power in Asia.

Taking the longer view, I can confidently repeat the prediction I made in my book *The Chinese Economy* two years ago: "In the broader historical setting, the industrialization of China is likely to compare with that of the United States in the second half of the nineteenth century and that of Russia in the first half of the twentieth."

## Progress of Sacco and Vanzetti . . . by Norman Thomas Di Giovanni

Boston  
"AVENGE our blood," Vanzetti asked near the end; and again on his last afternoon the anarchist asked, "Clear our names."

As for avenging his and Sacco's blood—an idea which today still shocks a nation without a radical movement, yet which remains truest to the spirit of their anarchism—

little was ever done. (Let us be clear in what the salve of time and sentimentalism obscures: Sacco and Vanzetti were no mere pacifists, they were active revolutionists.) As for name-clearing, the fine books of Frankfurter, Fraenkel, Ehrmann, Musmanno and Joughin-Morgan have done that. What greater vindication than the extraordinary little library on the case, still growing, written by some of the finest legal and literary minds of contemporary times? Not to speak of subsequent changes in legal procedure

in Massachusetts higher courts, which, had they existed in 1927, would have gotten the two anarchists a new trial.

Nonetheless, on the record of the Commonwealth the two men stand guilty of murder and robbery, therefore justly executed. But even in Massachusetts, all private consciences are not so sure. Back in December, one brave young member of the Massachusetts Legislature filed a resolution requesting the Governor "to grant a posthumous Executive pardon to the late Nicola

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Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti," and on the 2nd of April, in the Gardner Auditorium of the Massachusetts State House, fifteen members of the Joint Legislative Committee on the Judiciary, some dozen speakers on the resolution, and several hundred spectators sat through a thirteen-hour hearing which may yet result in the clearing on the books of those good names.

AT NEARLY every juncture, the State House hearing revealed much more of contemporary significance than it shed light on Sacco, Vanzetti or their case. Their trial, remember, took place in 1921. The "re-trial" this month had to begin with assurances that the two men were not Communists or enamored of Bolsheviks, therein telling a great deal about the fog in men's minds today. The paradox is, of course, that if the minds of the politicians on the Legislative Committee had been keen enough to penetrate what Sacco's and Vanzetti's anarchism really consisted in — unremitting resistance to the ruling class — present-day Communists by comparison might have seemed to them lollipop sellers. Also, that the violence committed both during and after the case (a juryman's home was bombed in 1927, Judge Thayer's five years after the executions) was attributed at the outset of the hearing to Bolshevik opportunists, might have made the half-dozen old Italian anarchists in the audience smile.

There was an astonishing naïveté on the part of the politicians on the bench who suggested that Sacco and Vanzetti brought out their radicalism to "throw a smokescreen on their guilt" and who asked the resolution's author, Representative Alexander J. Cella, whether he was related to the two anarchists, if he had presented his resolution as part of his election platform or as a move for his re-election, and also why he had singled out this murder case in particular and not others, except that this case had the most publicity. The committee's general unpreparedness in the most elementary facts of the case, too, was distressing: one of them asked a speaker to read a chronology of the Dedham trial,

saying, "I don't know too much about this case." This same member later said of the Lowell commission, "I thought that was a high-class committee." These are the men the people of Massachusetts elect to represent them. While naïveté and specific ignorance of the Sacco-Vanzetti case may be excusable, general ignorance, to say nothing of closed, dead minds, is not. The majority of these politicians reflected their own inadequacy, fear and prejudice rather than enlightened, inquiring minds. Those who so crassly mouth off about democracy are just the ones who in a true democracy would be forced into honest work.

The chief speakers in favor of the resolution were Pennsylvania Supreme Court Justice Michael A. Musmanno, who thoroughly and properly vilified Judge Thayer, District Attorney Katzmann and the jury foreman; Morris Ernst, who presented the case against the Morelli gang of Providence; and the Reverend Roland D. Sawyer, a minister in his eighties and former member of the Legislature, who vividly sketched the role of Italians in New England labor disputes up to the time of the 1920 Palmer raids. Mr. Sawyer also laid particular emphasis on the prejudice in the twenties against Italians in general, let alone radical ones.

BUT BY DAY'S end it was fairly evident that the men who sat on the bench at the hearing were no better than the Dedham judge and jury nearly forty years back. They fearfully resisted whatever cast a shadow on jurors, judges, governors, district attorneys, the law or the state. They simply could not accept that men of state or office could be wrong. They exhibited a disturbing, too-healthy respect for the past that bordered upon super-patriotism. "Wouldn't a pardon set a precedent to undermine the law, leading to a breakdown of our judicial system and anarchy?" the politicians wanted to know. They asked Musmanno, "Has Pennsylvania or any other commonwealth ever granted a posthumous pardon?" "You are asking us to censure the judge, court, district attorney and supreme judicial

court," one of the politicians complained. When the Legislature's exoneration (in 1957) of the Salem witches was cited, one committeeman related, "I had serious doubts about the propriety of the proceedings."

The committee's opposition showed through when they grabbed at the straw of testimony offered by the one speaker against the pardons. He was a Boston lawyer who represented a deceased juror of the Dedham trial. The juror had wished known "the integrity of the jury" and fairness of the judge. How that soothed the committee! Though they were all dead-tired (it was the thirteenth hour), they swarmed the lawyer for information as to how they could see the juror's manuscript on the trial. Would that simple juror — it was reported he "became so fascinated with what transpired in the courtroom that he afterward became a lawyer" — outweigh Frankfurter, Fraenkel, Ehrmann and Morgan? Well, at least in this one way: the juror's manuscript is reputed to contain some 4,000 pages.

Herbert B. Ehrmann, one of the defense lawyers for Sacco and Vanzetti in their last two years, stated in a letter to the committee that vindication "had best be left to the judgment of mankind guided by the records and opinions of qualified lawyers and scholars." "The Massachusetts Legislature is not constituted," he wrote, "to make an exhaustive study and evaluation of the evidence required to arrive at an authoritative opinion. Consequently a vote for or against such a pardon would be quite meaningless." In the end, on April 8, the committee took the slippery way out, deciding it was not proper to "pass resolutions which seek to influence the Governor in the exercise of his executive powers." Significantly, not one member stood as a man to dissent.

So much for the State House. The day after the hearing, North End Italians, recalling past decades, were suspicious of some renewed denigration of the Italian name. They wanted to know, "Why a pardon now that they're dust? Why not when they were alive?"

# How Much Will Your Vote Count?... by Henry M. Christman

**THEORETICALLY**, the Congressional reapportionment which follows each decennial census is supposed to secure the twin pillars of American democracy: fair representation and rule by majority. The practice is something else again. Let us take a quick, summary view of the reapportionment which will follow next year's federal census:

1. On the basis of Census Bureau population projections, the West — already strengthened by statehood granted Alaska and Hawaii — and the Midwest will gain House seats at the expense of the East and the Deep South. This is in strict accord with the purpose of reapportionment — the reshuffling of seats to conform with population shifts.

2. But while each state *as a unit* may have more equitable representation, the manner in which reapportionment will be carried out — if past practice is a guide — will deprive millions of *individual voters* of the weight which should be theirs under our system of universal suffrage.

The map on this page indicates the losses and gains in House seats which the 1960 census is expected to bring about. In all, nine states will gain and fourteen will lose. But more is involved here than arithmetic. The reapportionment is actually carried out by state legislatures which must redraw Congressional districts to allow for the increase or loss of seats dictated by the census results.

Here is the crux of the matter. State legislatures, dominated by small-town and rural areas, invariably scuttle anything which would give more representation and power to cities and suburbs. They exploit their responsibility to redistrict in a way which denies proper representation to those very areas — the cities and suburbs — whose growth brought the state its increased representation.

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April 18, 1959

To understand how this is done, we must consider that time-dishonored political weapon, the gerrymander. In the early 1800s, Governor Eldridge Gerry of Massachusetts ruthlessly carved out districts of the state legislature in such a way that his party had legislative seats all out of proportion to the number of votes they could attract. Gilbert Stuart, the artist, took one look at a map of the strangely shaped new districts and remarked that one of them resembled a salamander. Benjamin Russell, a leading newspaper editor, made a permanent contribution to the lexicon of American politics by adding that it was "more like a gerrymander."

THERE ARE several ways to gerrymander. One is simply to create some legislative districts with greater populations than others. Thus a district with comparatively few constituents has voice and power in the legislature equal to that of a heavily-populated one. A more subtle technique is to create districts that are equal in population, but whose boundaries are drawn in such a way as to give one

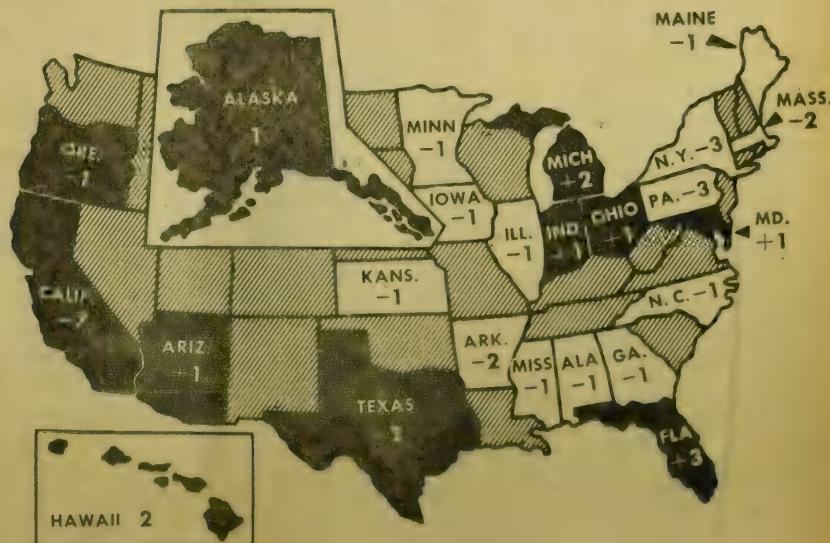
party an unfair advantage. But perhaps the most widely used method is the "horse-and-buggy days" gerrymander. The state legislature simply ignores population changes and refuses to redistrict, depriving the people of growing cities and suburban areas of equitable representation. Thus state legislatures generally are dominated by small-town and rural elements. The effect is startling: *a minority of voters elects a majority of the membership of every state legislature in the nation*, and this would be true even if every voter consistently went to the polls each election day. Moreover, since it is the state legislatures which shape the Congressional districts, it is not surprising that their characteristic domination by rural and small-town elements is passed right along to the U.S. House of Representatives.

With this in mind, let's take a close look at key states to be affected by the reapportionment.

## California

The most spectacular long-range political fact in America today is California's growth. In 1940, the

### Gains and Losses in House Seats: 1960



States in black will gain; states in white will lose. Shaded states remained unchanged.

state tied with Ohio for fourth place in Congressional strength. In 1950 it gained seven seats; following next year's reapportionment, it will gain another seven for a total of thirty-seven Congressmen — only three short of New York's forty. Sometime during the mid-1960s, California seems sure to become the most populous state in the nation.

HOW THE STATE'S Congressional seats are distributed is, therefore, of top national importance. Following both the 1940 and 1950 censuses, the Republican-controlled state legislature jammed as many Democrats as possible into the smallest possible number of Congressional districts. For example, in Los Angeles, Congressional districts which traditionally vote Democratic have more than twice the population of neighboring Republican districts. A Republican Congressman from Los Angeles, therefore, often speaks for less than half the number of constituents represented by his Democratic colleagues.

The syndicated newspaper columnist, Doris Fleeson, has pointed out that the districts represented by Democratic Congressmen, gerrymandered to include every Democrat that could be squeezed in, happen also to be the fastest-growing districts in Los Angeles. The over-all plan seems to be that the Republican districts should remain generally the same in population—and remain Republican—while the Democratic districts absorb the big population increases.

Such techniques in gerrymandering help to explain how California, with a three-to-two Democratic voting registration, traditionally sends a heavy Republican delegation to Congress. Even last November, when California Democrats won a landslide victory in state-wide contests, they could carry only sixteen of the state's thirty Congressional races.

This picture seems likely to change, however, because in the same election, California Democrats won control of both houses of the state legislature. Theirs was an uphill struggle, accomplished by slowly inching forward, winning a few more seats in successive elections (an overnight sweep was — and is — im-

possible, since legislative districts, like Congressional districts, are gerrymandered in favor of the Republicans). But if Democrats can hold control of the legislature through the 1960 elections, they will be able to shape California's new thirty-seven Congressional districts.

## New York

California's rise in Congressional strength is accompanied by New York's decline. In 1940, New York had forty-five seats in Congress; it now has forty-three and, following 1960, it will drop to forty. This may well be disastrous both for New York City and for the power of New York State Democrats.

Before 1950, Democrats had a traditional edge of one in New York State's Congressional delegation — twenty-three districts were usually Democratic, and twenty-two usually Republican. But after the state legislature completed the 1950 redistricting, the count was: Republicans, twenty-six; Democrats, seventeen.

How did the Republican leaders of the New York legislature manage such a coup? The story is a primer for the student of American politics. First of all, on the basis of the 1950 census, the state Congressional delegation had to be reduced by two. The Republican leaders of the legislature plucked two Democrats from the borough of Brooklyn in New



Shaded area indicates Brooklyn's gerrymandered Twelfth Congressional District.

York City, out of Congress. Not yet through with Brooklyn, the legislature then drew a new Congressional district — the Twelfth — which straggled crazily through the borough, picking up every Republican in sight. Brooklyn, which up to that point had nine Representatives in Congress, all Democrats, ended up with seven — six Democrats and one Republican. Legislative gerrymandering in three other New York City boroughs — Queens, the Bronx and Staten Island — completed the picture. A total of six traditionally Democratic Congressional districts had disappeared, and, simultaneously, four brand new Republican districts had emerged.

NOT unexpectedly, a howl then went up from New York Democrats and independents. The Republican leader in the state senate, Arthur Wicks, airily dismissed all criticism by commenting, "It would be hypocritical for me to deny that the bill may bring about an increased Republican representation in Congress. Of course, that is to be expected of legislation enacted by a legislature which is controlled by the Republicans because the people of the state voted more Republicans than Democrats into the legislature." Senator Wicks neglected to add that the New York State Legislature is so heavily gerrymandered in favor of the Republicans that the Democrats have not a ghost of a chance to gain control.

The center of Democratic strength in New York State is, of course, in New York City; sixteen of the seventeen regularly Democratic Congressional seats left after 1950 are from there. The seventeenth Democratic Congressman is from the Albany area, and in the last election, Democrats gained two more upstate seats, bringing the state representation in the federal House of Representatives to nineteen Democrats as opposed to twenty-four Republicans.

However, this Democratic gain is all for nought, if the Republican-controlled state legislature gerrymanders the state again following the 1960 census. First, the state will lose three Congressmen; Republican legislative leaders will try to see to

it that the three casualties are urban Democrats. Then, strongly Republican Nassau County has grown so much in this decade that it should receive an additional two Congressmen; if the Republicans have their way, room will be made for them by destroying two Democratic seats somewhere. The Republican legislators have it in their power to reduce the New York Democratic Congressional delegation from nineteen to about twelve or even less. The approaching redistricting of New York State could make the post-1950 gerrymander seem like a pink tea.

By no means do all New York Republicans believe in such below-the-belt political tactics. Many of them have faith that their party can win strictly on its merits. Among them is the present Republican state chairman, L. Judson Morhouse. Ultra-conservative Republicans in up-state New York have not taken kindly to Morhouse's vision of a progressive New York Republican party. Nevertheless, he has proven the effectiveness of his kind of Republicanism; in 1956, he threw his influence behind Jacob Javits for the U.S. Senatorial nomination and, last year, behind Nelson Rockefeller for the gubernatorial nomination. Both Javits and Rockefeller won handily; an Old Guard Republican would not have had a chance in either race. The ultra-conservative wing of the New York State GOP knows that it is at a disadvantage in any honest, state-wide political contest; it uses its gerrymandered power in the state legislature not only to force its will upon the state, but also to counter and block the progressive wing of the New York Republican party.

### Florida and Texas

These are the two dynamic Southern states — the only two in the Deep South whose population growth will earn them added representation in Congress following the 1960 reapportionment. Florida's representation will rise from eight to eleven; the Texas delegation will grow from twenty-two to twenty-four, tying the state with Illinois and Ohio for fourth place in Congressional strength.

Although there are many, and

significant differences between Florida and Texas, both enjoy an industrial and population boom, an amazing urban and suburban expansion, and a growing middle class. Unlike the citizens of some other Southern states, Floridians and Texans have set their faces confidently toward the future. But these facts are obscured by another: in neither state do the progressive urban segments have an effective political voice. In both, the long-dominant rural politicians hold the reins of political power through their iron-clad control of the state legislatures.

How does this work out in practice? When the Florida legislature redistricted the state following the 1950 census, Dade County (Miami) and Monroe County (Key West) were thrown into a single Congressional district, the Florida Fourth. More than a half-million Floridians lived in this new district — a population considerably larger than the combined population of two other new Florida Congressional districts carved out of rural areas. By 1960 census time, the Fourth's population seems likely to exceed a million persons, equal to the combined population of three to four Congressional districts representing rural Florida.

Is this the extent of discrimination against the citizens of Miami and environs? Hardly. Dade County is also scandalously under-represented in the state legislature; it has one-fifth of the population of the entire state of Florida, yet has only 2.6 per cent of the seats in the state senate, and but 3.4 per cent of the seats in the lower house.

Texas gerrymandering is equally disgraceful. The three most populous counties in Texas are Harris County (Houston and suburbs), Dallas County (Dallas and suburbs), and Bexar County (San Antonio and suburbs). Each county comprises a Congressional district. The official 1950 census states the populations of those districts as follows: Eighth Congressional District (Harris County), 806,701; Fifth Congressional District (Dallas County), 614,799; Twentieth Congressional District (Bexar County), 500,460. The same census showed three rural Congressional districts in Texas — the Fourth,

Sixth and Seventeenth — to average about 250,000 population each.

If the voting strength of Congressmen were determined by the number of constituents they represent, then in 1950 Representative Albert Thomas of Houston would have been entitled to three votes in Congress. And the way his district is growing, by next year he would be entitled to four or five votes.

Or, let's look at it another way. According to the 1950 census, the three Congressional districts which include the cities of Houston, Dallas and San Antonio, had a combined population of close to two million. In 1960, their combined population will approach three million. During the last ten years, the three rural districts mentioned earlier — the Texas Fourth, Sixth and Nineteenth — have remained static at about 250,000 population each. Two of them, in fact, apparently have *lost* population. Why isn't this situation corrected? Because "big city" Texans cannot mount an effective challenge to the control of the rural Texas politicians who dominate the state legislature, the Congressional delegation and the state as a whole.

Throughout the South, the conservative rural elements of the Democratic Party hold a serene political monopoly which centers in their control of the state legislature. And so it has been for generations; theirs is an invincible monopoly which cannot be broken in the foreseeable future either by liberal Democrats or by Republicans, or by a combination of the two. Keeping in mind this rural and small-town political control, it is symbolic that the most populous Congressional district in Florida — Miami and vicinity — and the most populous Congressional district in Texas — Houston and suburbs — are both represented by liberal Democrats. Likewise, the second most populous Congressional district in each of these Democratic states — St. Petersburg and vicinity in Florida, Dallas and suburbs in Texas — is represented by a Republican.

### The Great Lakes Area

Illinois, Indiana, Ohio and Michigan together will have eighty seats

in Congress following the new reapportionment. This is one seat more than the combined Congressional strength of New York, Pennsylvania and Massachusetts, which at one time dominated the House of Representatives.

Of these Midwestern states, Michigan enjoys the major increase; two additional Representatives following 1960 will bring the state's Congressional delegation to twenty. Michigan is a vivid example of urban and suburban strength, with impressive numerical voting power, pitted against entrenched small-town and rural control in the legislature. Democrats have ridden to victory in every recent state-wide race, and now hold every state office. Both United States Senators are Democrats, and Democratic Governor G. Mennen Williams has been elected to an unprecedented sixth consecutive term. Democrats can and do sweep Michigan regularly; yet the Republicans hold the great majority of the state's Congressional delegation. Democratic strength centers in Wayne County — Detroit and suburbs — which has six of the state's eighteen Congressional seats. The 1950 census showed these six districts to have a combined population of 2,435,235. The same census showed another six Congressional districts, all in rural northern and western Michigan and all Republican, to have a combined population of 1,560,773. Today the six Wayne County districts have almost three million residents. It is, of course, no accident that the Republican-controlled state legislature saw to it that Democratic Wayne County has less representation in Washington per capita than Republican strongholds in rural areas.

In Michigan, certainly, the power struggle between urban and suburban forces on the one hand, and the small-town and rural elements on the other, conforms with the rivalry between the two political parties (Democrats representing the former and Republicans the latter). But the Midwest, like other sections of the nation, shows that only occasionally does the urban-versus-rural battle divide clearly along party lines. Both Ohio and Illinois have legislatures strongly dominated by

Republicans. Yet in Ohio, the two most overpopulated Congressional districts represent urban Republican constituencies, Columbus and Dayton. And in Illinois, the two most overpopulated Congressional districts represent Cook County Republican suburbs outside Chicago.

Only when it is realized that cities and suburbs in every part of the nation are discriminated against to some extent can the full scope of the problem be seen. On the federal level, not only do rural and small-town areas have numerical representation in Congress which is disproportionately large for their populations, but they also have still another advantage — the workings of the seniority system. Urban and suburban areas, which are constantly changing, tend to follow newer political trends and ideas as they come along. These areas also tend to have a higher turn-out of voters. Urban and suburban Congressional seats are as a rule more closely contested, and change hands more frequently than rural seats. With seniority comes the right of a Congressman to select the committees on which he is to serve; and, solely by seniority, he can advance to the committee chairmanship of his choice. At present, the House of Representatives has nineteen standing committees; only three of them have chairmen from big-city districts. A handful of determined Congressmen with the prerogatives of seniority can kill almost any legislation. It is not surprising that much of the legislation killed off is that which would benefit urban and suburban residents.

WHEN the United States Congress was first established, it was thought that the Senate would be the more conservative of the two houses of the national legislature. The Senate was to represent the interests of the separate states, while the popularly elected House of Representatives was to represent the wishes of the masses of voters. This has turned out to be one of the great ironies of American history. In the large, urbanized states, it is impossible for a United States Senator to be elected unless he presents himself

as being in sympathy with the needs and aspirations of urban and suburban voters. But, in these same states, a large number of the Congressional seats, often a majority, will be held by Congressmen indifferent or hostile to urban and suburban views.

On the state level, rural control of legislatures is a continuing headache for cities. In a majority of states, urban and suburban taxpayers carry the largest share of state taxes, yet have little or no voice in determining how their money is to be spent. And the rural and small-town orientation of the state legislatures is causing mounting conflict between the legislature and executive branches of state government. An urban or suburban vote counts equally with a small-town or rural vote in electing a state governor, and many governors are becoming more and more the champions of the long-suffering cities.

#### WHAT CAN be done to assure fair reapportionment by biased state legislatures?

1. *Legal Action.* This has not been very successful in the past, although there is a significant new case now pending. In Georgia, the six largest counties contain one-third of the population of the entire state, yet have only 9 per cent of the seats in the state senate and 7 per cent of the seats in the lower house. Yet, unlike urban voters elsewhere, Georgians who live in Atlanta and other cities do not have an equal vote even in electing a state governor. In this one-party state, state officials are, in reality, elected in the Democratic primary. And the Georgia Democratic primary uses a county-unit system, rather than election by popular vote. Each county has twice the number of electoral votes as it has members in the Georgia House of Representatives, and all of a county's electoral votes go to that candidate who has received the largest popular vote in the county. Georgia's eight most populous counties together have only twenty-four seats in the state's 205-member lower house; these eight counties, then, cast only forty-eight of the 410 electoral votes which

count toward selection of a Democratic governor. Thus, a minority of the voters can elect not only a majority in both houses of the Georgia legislature, but the governor as well. In 1946, for instance, more Georgians voted for James Carmichael for governor than for Herman Talmadge, but Talmadge won anyway.

Mayor William B. Hartsfield of Atlanta has brought suit in federal court to eliminate the county-unit system as unconstitutional on the ground that it discriminates against urban and suburban voters. The test case will indicate the willingness of the federal judiciary to intervene against this type of voting discrimination [see "America's Rotten Boroughs" by Roscoe Fleming, *The Nation*, January 10].

2. *The Initiative.* This offers a means whereby the voters themselves can redistrict the state legislature. The initiative, however, is a voters' right in less than half of the states. But, even so, the initia-

tive — when available — has worked when nothing else would. Four states have used it to secure a more representative legislature: Washington, in 1930; Colorado, in 1932; Arkansas, in 1936; and, most recently, Oregon, in 1952.

3. *Federal Legislation.* Congress regulates its own membership and the conditions of their election; it could require that all Representatives be elected from districts which are compact and contiguous in shape and which are equal in population. Congressman Emanuel Celler of New York has introduced legislation to this effect.

Also, the power to shape Congressional districts could be taken from the state legislatures and placed under federal supervision. Even if in every state this power were shifted from the state legislatures to other state officials, or to an official state board of reapportionment, some improvement would probably follow. (It must be noted, however, that

attempted solutions at the state level have not proved fully satisfactory in practice.)

No matter which of these various solutions are attempted in the long run, there is an immediate problem — the forthcoming Congressional reapportionment. This is an area in which public-spirited citizens, properly informed, can exert influence through public protest against any attempt at gerrymandering.

Involved in this whole issue is more than the question of who controls the state legislatures. It is more than a state "taxation without representation" oppression of city dwellers and suburbanites. It is even more than a question of who is to control Congress and pass legislation. Is America going to uphold the classic democratic ideal of "one man, one vote"? Or will the vote of the American who happens to live in a city or suburb continue to count for less because of his place of residence?

## BRITISH OPINION MARCHES . . .

by Norman Birnbaum

London  
ON EASTER Mondays, Admiral Nelson usually looks down from his pillar onto a Trafalgar Square filled by tourists and pigeons. This year, however, he saw 15,000 demonstrators march into the square to the applause of some 10,000 spectators. In the largest demonstration seen in London since the war (some say since the turn of the century), these thousands gave concrete expression to the protest of millions against their country's continuing preparation for participation in a nuclear conflict.

The march actually began on Good Friday, outside the gates of Britain's Los Alamos, the Atomic Weapons Research Establishment at Aldermaston in Berkshire, fifty-three miles

from London. Its organizers, The Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, last year staged a march from London to Aldermaston; a hard core of 500 marchers, joined on the first and last days by some 3,500 others, had covered the distance — to derisive notices from the press and a public response either apathetic or hostile. This year, to the joyous surprise of the organizers, things were different: 5,000 began the march and the numbers at no time dipped below 3,000. On the last day, we set out from the western part of the city (on the road in from London airport), 5,500 strong; this figure doubled by the lunch break in Hyde Park, and on the final leg through Whitehall to Trafalgar Square another 5,000 came off the sidewalks to join. Nothing succeeds like success: the press changed its tone, and even that most craven of institutions, the BBC, paid us some attention.

The Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament is explicitly non-political.

Its heads are Canon John Collins of St. Paul's Cathedral and Christian Action; Bertrand Russell; the historian, A. J. P. Taylor; the novelist, J. B. Priestley; the Labor politician and journalist, Michael Foot. It has mobilized that most effective but most naked of all political weapons, the human conscience. Its organization and propaganda methods are amateurish, but this may be an advantage: it has capitalized on the widespread disgust many feel with the over-organized opportunism of both major parties. It has two arguments: (1) that nuclear war means the extirpation of life in these islands; (2) that nuclear weapons are profoundly immoral. It has but one concrete proposal: unilateral British renunciation of nuclear weapons. These primitive political propositions have enabled the C.N.D., if the evidence of the demonstration is to be believed, to strike deep roots in the populace.

Prime Minister Macmillan's re-

NORMAN BIRNBAUM, an American now teaching sociology at the London School of Economics, has contributed to scholarly and general journals in Europe and the U.S.

cent emergence as a winged messenger of peace is a consequence of his perception of this popular feeling in an election year. Macmillan was enthusiastic for the Suez attack, joined the Americans in their game of Russian roulette in the Levant, and more recently backed them at Quemoy. His party is unable to accept what is obvious to the world, that this country is no longer a first-class power; it is excited about British "progress" in atomic weapons. Labor's policy is not all that different. It brought the country into NATO, developed the British atomic and hydrogen bombs, opened its airfields to American bombers, and has failed to follow up its initial rejection of the Suez adventure. Its present policy consists of a promise to suspend, unilaterally, British atomic-weapons tests, to delay work on rocket bases until a general negotiated settlement has been attempted, and to stop H-bomb patrols from British airfields. But this policy entails a faltering step back from the brink, not an abandonment of nuclear politics. The erstwhile leader of the Left, Aneurin Bevan, has broken with his followers to support the official Labor line.

THE FAILURE of both parties to tackle the dreadful threat to this country has channelized protest into the C.N.D. The 3,000 hard core of the march were made up mainly of people under twenty-five, in many cases under eighteen. Only about a quarter of the youthful marchers were politically conscious — and most of these were identified with Socialist groups. The majority had no politics more complicated than the conviction that nuclear threats were intolerable. Their placards bore inscriptions like "Youth Says No," or "We Want to Live." The press made much of their songs, blue jeans, beards and eccentric hats. There is no doubt that the protest against the bomb has merged with a larger protest of British youth against the stuffiness and dullness of their parents' lives, against the tight-lipped hypocrisy and the unadulterated humbug which befog this island. For many, then, it was their first demonstration; quite a few came, alone

and unsupported, from places not usually associated with protest movements of any sort.

These were largely middle-class youngsters: university and high school students, novice artists and musicians. But some younger technologists and skilled workers were also out. The emphasis on youth seemed to cut across many of the usual divisions — including thirty or forty young Tory marchers — and lots of young Liberals, and plenty of old ones; the Liberal Party has in fact declared for unilateral British atomic disarmament.

The procession, on that first day, made an extraordinary impression as it wound through the flat and gentle Berkshire countryside. It was headed by a jazz group, the drummer in kilts. Silence was the word as we passed the atomic-weapons center, stared at by blue-uniformed guards and their dogs. The combination of pale blue sky, thick white clouds, jazz rhythms, the clump of thousands of marching feet, and the architecture of death beside us was incongruous — so incongruous that it seemed to fit our time exactly. Above our heads: innumerable banners, slogans and the semaphore signal of C.N.D. carried on something that resembled a giant lollipop. The banners identified the contingents: Combined Universities, the local C.N.D. groups, Quakers, the youth committees. The slogans were often graphic: one pictured a home-made but appropriately repulsive dinosaur: "Too Much Armor, Too Little Brain: He Died." Leaflet distributors were out on either flank, pausing to argue with those who challenged them. Motor scooters and motorcycles flying the C.N.D. flag went up and down alongside, and we had our own autocade, which pulled up at stops to disgorge supplies of food and the inevitable tea. The jazz band and a West Indian steel band supplied music.

There were foreign contingents, a big one from Germany, another from Sweden, lots of Asian and African students — and an occasional "U.S.A." on a semaphore bobbing above a crew cut. A number of baby carriages were in evidence. That night, and the next two, thou-

sands were bedded down in sleeping bags on school, church or city-hall floors. During the second night, sleeping marchers at Slough were awakened by police flashlights. A lady Tory city councillor had been exceedingly distressed to learn that boys and girls were put into the same room. The third day, a windswept and rain-soaked march came into town, past London Airport. A pub keeper refused to allow a lunch break near his pub — and had the dubious satisfaction of seeing a nearby competitor serve 1,200 customers within forty-five minutes. The police were tremendously impressed by the efficient organization of the march.

ON THE fourth and final day, the composition of the march altered. The trade unionists now came on, there were many more families, hundreds marched behind a Methodist Bishop, City men with furled umbrellas appeared, a good many stage, screen and TV personnel fell in, and London's *literati* abandoned their typewriters for the day. My own contingent, Universities and Left Review, had marched from Aldermaston with about 150; we entered Trafalgar Square with some 600. The sensation of the day, apart from the dramatic increase in our numbers, was the appearance on the platform of the President of the Trade Union Congress, Robert Willis. (The most influential trade unionist in Britain, Frank Cousins, joined the demonstration as well.) Willis said that he hoped and expected that if the march were needed next year, half the participants would be unionists. He asked why a protest against mass suicide did not induce the police to alter their traffic arrangements, when occasions which brought out "gilded carriages" did. The crowd roared, not least to show its appreciation of a union leader apparently indifferent to a knighthood.

So the march from Aldermaston was a success, and a surprising one. The fact that people cared enough to walk a grueling fifty miles seems to have impressed a contemporary population; perhaps the general moral sense is not as extinct as many (myself included) have thought. The youth of the original marchers,

equally, contributed to the impression. Not alone the fact that the marchers cared, but the quality of their concern — an affirmation of the simple value of human life itself — had an impact. It isn't accidental, perhaps, that the only consistently hostile response we met on the march came from two groups, at either end of the age and status scale. The Teddy Boys, the working-class juveniles consumed by resentment at their lack of opportunities in the "opportunity state," were full of sneers. And the ex-officer types, spitting with fury into their moustaches, were choleric. Each of these groups, of course, has come to a psychological dead end; neither can accept new experience.

The C.N.D., with the new support of the unions, has emerged overnight as a mass movement. The effects of the demonstration have been visible, instantly, in London's political atmosphere. On April 3, the most widely read newspaper in the country, *The Daily Mirror*, had a screaming front-page headline: "Meddling American Generals." Underneath it was a blistering attack on Norstad, Twining and White as saboteurs of peace. *The Mirror's* editors have an uncanny gift for swimming with the political tide — and they are enormously influen-

# MEDDLING AMERICAN GENERALS

**WHO is running THE WORLD today?**  
Marshal Stalin (who was not even a real general) died in 1953.  
Now there is a new menace—the loud-mouthed American generals.

Headline in the London Daily Mirror  
of April 3.

tial within the Labor Party. It is on that party, in fact, that the weight of the C.N.D. triumph will bear. No long-term change in Tory policy can be expected; but on paper, at least, Labor is accessible to C.N.D. influence. It does stand for disengagement in Europe. C.N.D. itself has no political conceptions: it has scarcely considered the effects of unilateral British nuclear disarmament on NATO. But C.N.D.'s success has given the Labor Left a very powerful stick with which to beat the party leadership. All the things the Left has been saying seem now to be true: the party has failed to mobilize youth behind it, has backed away from the

one issue which could blast open the rigidified political structure of this country, and has sacrificed a principled politics on grounds of expediency which now appear highly inexpedient indeed. Left Labor will utilize this outburst of conscience to effect a basic change in the party's — and the country's — policies. What seemed impossible four or five or even two months ago is now a distinct possibility — a British advance towards neutralism. Meanwhile, Messrs. Macmillan and Lloyd will also have read the papers.

Some people here are looking across the ocean. Fifteen thousand marchers in London could be matched only by 50,000 in Washington. It may be objected that there are no nuclear-protest marches in Moscow. (The British Communist Party's bruised rump at first boycotted C.N.D. because its leaders persisted in saying this; they've now given the campaign their support — with the reservation that criticism of the USSR is unsporting.) But it is difficult to see how the Soviet people can be induced to take the risks of freedom if those to whom freedom is given do not use it to protest on behalf of all mankind. The Aldermaston march was a step — a step fifty-three miles long — in the right direction.

## THE EMBEZZLER . . . by David Cort

JUST OVER there are ten hundred-dollar bills. They show no marks of individual ownership. You do not know the peculiar history that makes them "belong" to somebody else. They are an abstraction that might as well be added to your bookkeeping as to that of the somebody else. Somehow these ten bills float through the air and arrive in one of your pockets.

Now you are magically in a position to obtain \$1,000 worth of other

people's real goods and services. And you are a thief.

The very existence of paper money, a very feeble symbol of wealth, turns real wealth into an abstraction that nearly invites an immorality about money. When wealth is respected and feared, the society is highly moral about it; when wealth is abstracted into mere dollar bills and ledger accounts, it becomes contemptible and thievable. As everyone knows, this is the present situation. It is even odd that the epithet "thief" still has a force that makes a man cringe. Who, in fact, are the important thieves?

The spectacular thieves shoot their

way out of banks, creep in windows by night, rob strangers at the point of a gun and otherwise comport themselves in crude, conspicuous and inefficient ways. In a good year, these bungling hoodlums manage to collect about \$500,000,000 in cash and property, and sell the property for a fraction of its value.

The unspectacular thieves, without even owning a gun or sneakers, steal three times this every year, quietly and intelligently, for an estimated total of \$1,500,000,000. These are the embezzlers, inconspicuous and skilled.

The embezzlements discovered are only a fraction of those now taking place, and only a fraction of these

are covered by fidelity insurance (usually in the form of a "blanket bonding," which does not require investigation of individuals). Still, the insurance companies paid out over \$57,000,000 in 1957, up two and a half times over 1956, and the trend continues upward. A dozen claims were for over a million dollars each. Employers rarely send the embezzlers to jail, if they can make some restitution; the insurance companies are much tougher. There is an old Arthur Train story of an embezzler whose lawyers advised him to lift \$125,000 more before he confessed; then the lawyer offered the bank \$100,000, keeping the rest for his services to all concerned. In a single fiscal year, the FBI has handled 1,641 bank embezzlements (half of them were by bank officers) as against a mere 600 violent bank robberies. Embezzlement is more than a hobby or avocation.

It has been said that there are 210 illegal ways to separate a bank from its assets, and the rarest and worst way is just to pick up the money. Manipulation of cash receipts, in other words, occurs in only 13 per cent of known embezzlements, manipulation of inventories accounts for another 15 per cent, and the rest — or 72 per cent — involve manipulation of cash disbursements, the best way.

The techniques of embezzlement are derived from the business fact that every money transaction is authorized by a specific piece of paper, or several pieces. All the embezzler has to do is use the same piece of paper over and over, or falsify it to meet his needs. Embezzlements are said to hit hardest at laundries, bakeries, chain stores, the entertainment business, labor unions and almost any sort of branch operation. This dishonesty is given by Dun and Bradstreet as the primary cause of 10 per cent of business failures every year. The estimate will seem very low to any small retailer, who knows that his survival depends on finding an honest man or woman.

OBVIOUSLY important as this subject is, only one man has gone into it with scientific care and dispassion — Donald R. Cressey in his thesis,

*Other People's Money* (Free Press, 1953). He limited himself to people who had accepted a position of trust in good faith, then criminally violated the trust, and been convicted and jailed. His question then became just the one we all want answered: Why?

He defines an hypothesis which held good for all the embezzlers he examined in repeated interviews in a number of prisons. This must be quoted exactly as he gives it:

Trusted persons become trust violators when they conceive of themselves as having a financial problem which is non-shareable, are aware that this problem can be secretly resolved by violation of the position of financial trust, and are able to apply to their own conduct in that situation verbalizations which enable them to adjust their conceptions of themselves as trusted persons with their conceptions of themselves as users of the entrusted funds or property.

The definition is obviously descriptive of a twentieth-century, not a thirteenth- or eighteenth-century, man. One can almost see the transition of the "good boy," the scoutmaster, "the responsible family man," into the state of moral disorder and the role of cheat, rather than that of thief. He has lost the concept of wealth as something owned by another and substituted mere figures in a ledger, which have no moral meaning. And who is there who will judge him?

THAT fascinating "non-shareable problem" can be literally any problem known to man or woman. The popular view that it must be "bookies, babes and booze" is overwhelmingly wrong. On the contrary, a man tries to be a little more important and respectable than he can actually



afford, and then he embezzles, often philanthropically.

The "verbalizations" in the definition must be, and are, pitifully banal, such as that the biggest people in the business cheat a little here and there, and that the embezzler is only borrowing the money for a few months, and has mentally all but repaid it. The sad day comes when he faces the clear truth that the amount is too great for him ever in any probable life to repay. Then he becomes reckless.

There seem to have been waves of embezzlements, one of which may now be in course. Another was among United States Army paymasters during the Civil War, usually blamed on the gambling houses in Washington, D.C. Purchasing agents for large corporations are another sensitive spot, and are almost never prosecuted.

The embezzlers who blame their crime on a helpless defect of character are, according to Mr. Cressey, generally the absconders, whereas the true embezzlers blame the crime on a situation which unpredictably and through no fault of theirs got out of hand. In the jail cell they are still virtuous, and their statements are sometimes enough to bring tears, as quoted by Cressey.

Incredibly, this opinion is confirmed by a bonding company official, who wrote Cressey: "The average embezzler is no more crook than you and I. As a result of circumstances, he finds himself in some position where, with no criminal intent, he 'borrows' from his employers."

This remarkable but well-founded statement leads us to start our thinking about money and embezzlement all over from the beginning.

The first question must be: how old is this crime? Through most of human history since wealth came into being and society became stratified, the upper levels of society have subsisted quite frankly and legitimately on embezzlement. Everybody surrounding the king, his favorite, the first minister, the lord treasurer or great barons, rapidly became very rich. The feudal system was based on an open invitation to embezzlement. Technically, the inferior baron should have passed on all income de-

rived from the properties in his trust to the superior baron, up to the king. In not doing so, he was embezzling, but without wrongdoing or guilt. However, under whimsical or avaricious kings, courtiers who had lost favor were beheaded for this guiltless crime. Historians do not make much of this matter, because the great barons did not fill out detailed financial statements or income-tax returns, and the date is hard to come by.

It is amusing to notice that in English law embezzlement first became a crime in 1529 in the reign of Henry VIII, who wanted to do all the stealing himself, and that it was directed at "servants and clerks." But since the servant's possessions were those of the master, it was necessary to define embezzlement as the transfer of the wealth of the servant *qua* servant to the servant *qua* thief. As late as 1824, a London banker with the lily-white name of Fauntleroy was hanged for separating his bank from \$1,500,000, and he too felt no guilt.

The word embezzlement is derived from a French word that became in English "bezzle," meaning drink to excess, gluttonize, revel, waste in riot, plunder ("bookies, babes and booze"), none of which is characteristic of the average embezzler.

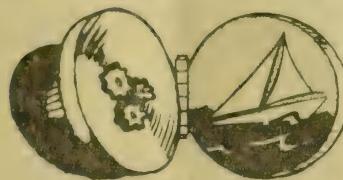
IT WOULD not be surprising if the attitude toward embezzlement has changed along with the attitudes toward wealth and money. From a society where wealth was sacred and even the money, not being paper, had real value, we have evolved a system where paper money, notes, mortgages, stocks, bonds, checks, bank accounts, etc. stand for wealth.

We have tried to repeal the unwritten right of people in power to legitimate embezzlement, and forgiven the small embezzlements of "servants and clerks." (But not in Soviet Russia.) One can nearly sympathize with a corrupt political boss or union leader who has not noticed that the old rights have been repealed and finds himself in the dock answering impudent and unhistorical questions. His defense usually must fall back on accountancy.

Wealth is now bookkeeping; em-

bezzlement is bookkeeping; and the embezzler typically steals only to keep his personal books in order, not out of any old-fashioned love of money.

The embezzler is, in this failing, just like the rest of us. The love of wealth and money, and the awe of it, in the eighteenth or nineteenth centuries cannot be found anywhere today, excluding a few cranks. Money is necessary to most people; but in small denominations it is a kind of



coupon, and in larger amounts a cleverness score in a game, like a proof that you won the four-horse parlay. "Score" is in fact gamblers' slang. You may think this is the normal way to think about money, but it would not have been normal in any other century. The modern attitude toward money makes a comedy of the Communist theoretical hatred of capital money. Our own industrial democracy has gone much further in eliminating the love of money by indulging it rather than forbidding it. Here the whole matter is bookkeeping; the Certified Public Accountant has inherited the earth. Success is not in how much income comes in, but in how well you keep your books. The wages are only a fringe benefit; the important factors are the respectability and credit rating, and the services of the accountant who pays the income taxes and any garnishee judgments that may have been levied. Some banks have even taken over the function of wives and pay all monthly bills. You never have to look at your money.

THE FOREGOING has been essentially a moral exculpation of the embezzler. He is cheating with his life and his fortune and his sacred honor. We may be touched by his inability to share his problem; we may sympathize with his verbalizations; we may even agree that the money he steals is not a compelling representation of wealth. But we

must acknowledge that he has missed some of the key signals as to what life on earth is all about. Sometimes one must be hard-hearted, even toward oneself. The embezzler gets too wet-eyed about himself.

The honest man still stands up, even in the twentieth century. He will scuttle the "verbalizations" and the "unshareable problems" before he scuttles his right to say (to himself) "I am an honest man." The thievery must appear to him as an abdication of dignity. The last and strongest defense of a social arrangement is the individual's opinion of himself.

But this rather doctrinaire opinion runs afoul of the results of lie-detector tests described in Cressey's book. Of the employees of some Chicago banks, 20 per cent of those tested were shown to have taken money or property. But the percentage of embezzlers in a cross-section of chain-store employees was 75 per cent. And if we can take the word of the bonding-company official, this clear majority is not very different from you and me.

It would be good standard journalism to say now that business morality is probably going to hell. Perhaps. What one can say is that the old immorality are more widely shared, take new forms and are nearly respectable. The example is set by business leaders. If they do not steal from their own companies, they have no qualms about stealing from their competitors. Thus we have businessmen who plant radio transmitters in the chair upholstery of the competitor's president, tap his phone, stare into his board-room with a telescope and read his lips, bribe his telephone operator, buy and study his waste-paper, etc., etc. These eminent gentlemen record one another's conversations, at distances up to sixty feet, with devices like the Magne-mite (\$349) built into an ordinary briefcase with the microphone in the lock; the pocket-size, two-pound Minifon tape recorder (\$290); the Dictet (\$294), or Midgetape (\$250). The most assiduous thieves are in the automobile, advertising and oil-prospecting businesses, but any business is in trouble if it defers filing a patent claim until the product is

perfected. The name for these obscene shenanigans is I.E., or Industrial Espionage. One motor company has a counter-espionage force that has recruited 30 ex-FBI men.

In such a moral climate, what price embezzlement?

But a great moral force stands over all. Who else should it be but the insurance companies? More and more, every risk is insured, including accident liability, fidelity and industrial espionage. The risks increase, the premiums increase, until the insurance companies decide to put a stop to the immorality. They then take on the role formerly monopolized by the Church — that of guardian of public morals.

The insurance companies are far from reluctant. For it is an eternal phenomenon of the ages that the guardian of morality has always had a peculiar tendency to grow enormously rich. In the Age of Faith, the Church owned from a third to a half of Western Europe. In Utah, even today, the Church of Latter-Day Saints does relatively as well.

But the real monopolists of wealth are the insurance companies. The great ones count their assets in the billions of dollars, which by every equitable agreement should long since have been divided, in mutual companies, among the policyholders.

The reason for the pyramiding wealth of the insurance companies is the same as for the former wealth of the Church, and comes in two parts: (1) people hope and plan to be a little more moral than they actuarially turn out to be; and (2) people have an irrational fear of the future.

Leaving out the fear of hellfire, the insurance company sells policies on the unmentioned assumption that the insured will have forty continuous years of solvency to pay up his policy. I wish we had the figures on the percentage of lives that can show this level of performance. It is certainly not a high percentage. Two or more years intervene when depression, war, labor troubles, prolonged family sickness, educational requirements, bad investments or sheer

boredom make it impossible or undesirable to pay the premiums. The insured borrows back a fraction of what he had paid in, and loses the policy. The insurance company shovels the difference back into that vast underground hoard, along with the broken hopes of all the generations of foolish optimists, not so different from the knights who sold everything and went on the Crusade. In Church or insurance company, the guardian of morals piles up the billions while some god laughs.

In this context, I would advise the insurance companies to read what happened, on Friday, October 13, 1307, to the officers of the Knights Templars, then the richest institution in Europe.

But I must also piously suggest that somewhere in the insurance companies' actuarial tables on embezzlement, honest men, manual workers, clerks, robbers, pawnbrokers, engineers, philanthropists, atheists and churchmen, are actually revealed the face and expression of God.

## THE AMUSING MUSEUM . . *by Bartlett H. Hayes, Jr.*

NOT LONG AGO I received a discreet note from a colleague asking if I ever served sherry, or stronger drink, in my museum. The query, which was also sent to other institutions, revealed a panting anxiety to keep up with the times; so might the writer have asked: "Do you believe the Neo-Classical embellishment of your building could be combined with the severity of a modern glass-sheathed wing?" Needless to say, the note prompted a few quips from respondents — but the quips themselves were a sort of confession of embarrassment, much in the way that laughter covers the embarrassment of guests when the roast slides off the platter. It could happen to any of us. The propriety of alcohol

in the museum has been the concern of all in the profession. The issue is not so much whether the decision is yes or no as whether the question itself is a symptom of changing social attitudes which should be reckoned with.

Normally, the underlying purpose of a museum is the preservation and exposition of objects produced within the cultural area that happens to be its special province — science, history, art, Oriental art, modern art, etc. The main emphasis is on its collections and the interest they possess. What more is needed? Yet there comes a disturbing awareness, at this half-way mark in the twentieth century, that something else is needed: people to admire the collections and pronounce them a success.

The success story, in a report to a board of trustees, is often told quantitatively, rather than qualitatively: How many people attended the open-

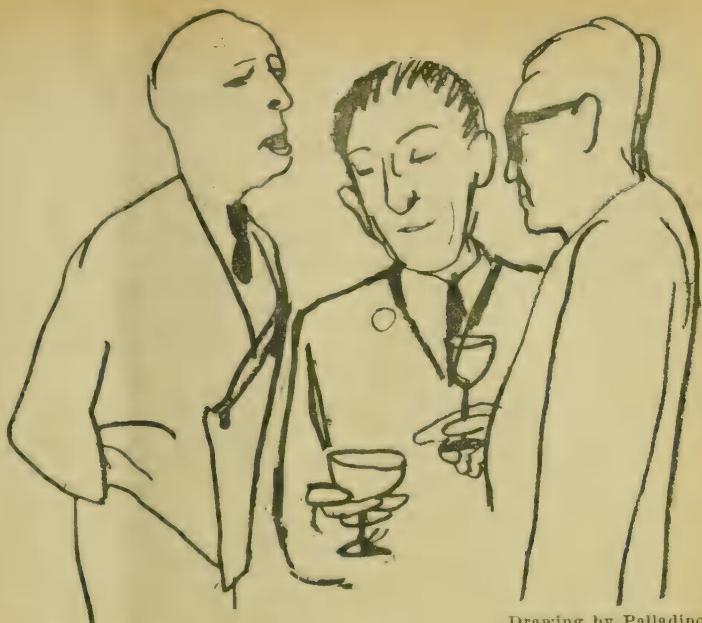
ing of a new display, rather than *what* they looked at, for how long, how many times they subsequently returned, and what was the ultimate individual inspiration derived? Statistics such as these are not so easily analyzed, nor acted upon, a fact which in no way diminishes their validity or importance. An opening party is but a first step, an introduction, a gesture for the society page, designed to attract wealth. Life should not end there. The real question is whether it does or not. And, as a corollary, the question as to the desirability of serving drinks in a museum is the extent to which the alcohol served increases quantitatively the public interest and extends it qualitatively. The answer is necessarily a matter of community response; but one learns from the habits of others. The discreet inquiry as to the status of the museum cocktail denoted an alert administrator.

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Social issues have come to be of paramount importance not only to the existence of a museum, but also to its effective operation.

The emphasis on the need for public approval, to which I have alluded, represents the most radical change in museum philosophy that has occurred in this century. For the most part, museums in the United States grew from the hoarding instincts of individuals. Private collections were converted to benefactions for the public good — a phenomenon which marks the growing social sense of twentieth-century democracy. For a time the collections remained in resplendent isolation, known only to an elite few: "Let people come and enjoy the cultural magnificence which the museum extolls." But the collections often resulted from special tastes which were considerably removed from the energetic American temperament, both in point of time and geography. A collection of eighteenth-century porcelain was not very closely identified with the preoccupation of a twentieth-century population which was busy producing and marketing domestic appliances, for example; or the ritual statuary of India was not part of the everyday existence of a city whose chief livelihood revolved upon the economics of, say, corn. Consequently, a dusty quiet settled on the institution and the bus stop was located in the next block. The premise of the donor that because he was excited about a particular aspect of cultural evolution, the public would also be, was unjustified; nor were steps immediately taken to improve the situation through public education.

THE increasing rapidity with which museums have been founded (at the rate of one every two weeks near the beginning of the second quarter of the century) bespeaks the growing number of those whose concern was the general welfare, even if they were influenced by tax-saving advantages. It required no more than an extension of this concern to induce trustees and staffs of the institutions themselves to realize that the museum, like the church, is competing with other worthy and not-



Drawing by Palladino

so-worthy attractions for the attention and support of the public as a whole. Accordingly, the museum leader has become a virtual missionary, anxious to instruct, convert and enfold. A messianic zeal presses every action; the museum must enlighten whether its visitors prefer the shade or no. Almost every activity, therefore, is directed toward this end. Acquisitions and special exhibitions are proudly proclaimed. Memberships are eagerly sought and ways to obtain the favor of the members is a major part of the undertaking. None of this pulsating eagerness could be sustained were it not that modern museum philosophy derives from social forces which respond to any slight impetus, and that to recognize these shifting pressures is a prime museum function. In short, the domestic pace today is different from that of society half a century ago. A museum consciously, or unconsciously, partakes of that difference.

However, the simple fact that our modern way of living (frozen foods, television, automobiles, airplanes, computers) is unlike the more stable pattern of the pre-electronic age accounts only by implication for the increasing popular attention paid the arts in recent years. The vaunting of attendance figures, of princely prices paid for works of art, or richly illustrated publications on the arts,

all point to an upsurge of aesthetic curiosity (little is said of satisfaction) which is comparable only to the emotional tide which represented the oncoming industrial revolution in the first half of the nineteenth century. Why should so many elements of society suddenly veer toward aesthetic interests when the background was so obviously wanting? The immediate causes are manifold: museums and their increasing number, perhaps; periodicals, most certainly; the rise in student enrollment in the arts and the commercial ventures upon which those students have had a significant influence, undoubtedly; the cumulative effect of all these on the physical environment, most of all. But, more deeply rooted, is the question, "What provoked all these immediate influences to ripen with the unsuspected and compelling power of a choice Gorgonzola?" (The simile is not inept; there have been those who were disaffected, as well as those delightfully affected.) I suspect that the answer is to be found in an innate human search for meaning that will reconcile the spiritual and material elements which form the matrix of any age. It is one of the exciting realms of research of this century: to know, to understand what is known, and to feel that knowing and understanding are not without purpose.

The "beneficent" years of 1930-35,

when the economic collapse of America caused misery now almost forgotten (as, fortunately, pain so often is), produced leisure that gave the opportunity for pausing and taking stock. It was then that the meaning of the arts penetrated soundly through the social strata; wealth and poverty found a common ground in the mind and the spirit, as they had found it once before in medieval times.

Since then, the job of the museum has been to illuminate the common ground without losing sight of the artistic, scientific and historical values which form the garden in the center. The problem varies with the region, national and international, and museum performance varies accordingly.

AN INTERESTING contrast, from the standpoint of social evolution and the role of the museum in it, can be made by noting the essential difference between present-day museums in Europe and the United States. Abroad, the many new museums are largely the product of government policy and procedure. Sometimes they are established in the interests of the country's own people; often they are a conscious device for promoting tourist travel and capturing foreign exchange. In other words, they are socially planned, socially conscious organizations. In the United States, museums exist because of a dutiful attitude toward philanthropy on the part of a very small fraction of the people. Here the state stands aloof; there it is the arbiter, advocate and employer. Here the public is not responsible, although it may voice partisan opinion (and minorities often do); there the opinions must be channeled politically rather than privately to be effective.

Nevertheless, Old and New World tend to approach each other as the globe grows smaller and the museums are testimony to the spatial change. Each year more and more American museums receive municipal support in some degree; and as this trend accelerates, the private relationship between trustee and public tends to disappear. Public opinion yields sharper control, but the museum is

willing to pay this price for wider public participation.

The role of the museum is significant in this connection, albeit usually unconsciously. There is little opportunity in current American life for the average citizen to comment as effectively as once was possible in the tiny village of a century past. Within its halls the museum listens closely to those who would speak up, and it encourages them to do so. It is a private counterbalance to public life. Today society tends to determine the nature of the museum more than is commonly understood.

American society has shaped the art museum in another important way. The school curriculum offers the experience of history and science to a majority of students; therefore, an adult who visits museums representing these two fields will be presumably familiar with their nature, if not with the specific content. Not so with the art museum which represents, for most visitors, an experience beyond the scope of the classroom. Therefore, one of its functions is to make amends for curricular failure, as well as to furnish special information. The art museum is a counselor, as well as a source of interest and enjoyment; it is a philosopher, as well as commentator. Fulfilling its self-imposed tutorial function, it might be looked upon as an arbiter of tastes — which indeed it is, willy-nilly, though not so directly as might be supposed.

The art-museum visitor most likely to be willingly guided is the specialist, or professional, eager for suggestions, rather than the untrained citizen who is more intuitive than rational in his reactions to museum experience. The artistic professional, by means of his special activity in the public behalf — the architect, package designer, advertising director, etc. — is the medium through which the ordinary person is reached. In short, he is a person who shapes the entire environment, no matter how small his individual role. It is this professional with whom the museum is essentially concerned as an extension of the taste it represents; for innocently, the public is swayed to a greater degree by his performance than by its own untrained in-

clinations. What has occasionally been referred to as "a rising level of taste" might by comparison with historical examples appear to be a tendency to discriminate more carefully among unfamiliar new forms rather than to be a development of a more acute sensitivity; good taste is also old-fashioned. The architecture of the Federal period, the furniture, fabrics and fine ware of the late Colonial years, are elegant and sensitive. Yet the art museum today plays an increasingly important role for, by presenting and comparing aesthetic variants, it helps develop a sense of discrimination in keeping with the times which, in a gentler-moving age, developed slowly of its own accord. In reality, taste was not wanting in the past, else many museums would have little cause for being today.

THE evolution of the arts has always been less evolution than revolution and the museum of the present day is, from the standpoint of the historical alterations which it represents, merely a party to the sense of change. If modern society should enter an era of static existence, there is serious doubt that the museum, as it is presently constructed, would function. Demands made upon it would not be the same. Its many current activities would cease. Now, however, one of its chief contributions to modern social life is to demonstrate the relationship between past and present and to indicate how, by implication if not directly, the changing aspects of the present are related to all. Only through the participation and support of the public can that contribution be made.

Thus the role of the art-museum director is something demanding a mixture of talents. He is at once a priest, an impresario, a seer, a scientist, a financier, a journalist, a teacher, a scholar, a patron, an artist, a politician, a slave, a pariah, a saint and, not least of all, a social bartender. Bereft of a founding father, he cozies up to a public which he sees as the sole financially effective body to insure his existence. The alternative he offers that public in return is whether it wishes its museum neat or on the rocks.

# BOOKS and the ARTS

## 'Compelled by Thoreau'

**THE SHORES OF AMERICA: THOREAU'S INWARD EXPLORATION.**  
By Sherman Paul. The University of Illinois Press. 433 pp. \$6.75.

**Odell Shepard**

IF YOU wish to know how I think," Henry Thoreau once said, "you must endeavor to put yourself in my place." Few of his commentators have taken the hint to heart. Too many of them have looked at him from a distance, hastening to judge before they understood, ignoring the gulf that yawns between knowing a good deal about a man and knowledge of the man himself. The result is that even today, although his influence has long been felt in other parts of the world, Thoreau is commonly regarded in his own land as an oddity, a maverick, a renegade, to whose counsel and example no serious attention is due. And a lamentable result this is in a time and country of which it must be said with renewed emphasis that "the individual withers and the world is more and more."

Sherman Paul, wishing to learn not only what but how Thoreau thought, has striven more earnestly than any previous biographer to see this man as though from the inside. For ten years, he tells us, he has been "compelled by Thoreau," and every page of his book bears proof of his long submission to a powerful magnetic pull. He makes a strangely inadequate explanation of this when he says that what has made Thoreau so interesting to him has been "the fact that, accepting the ideas of Transcendentalism, he tested them by living them out in their practical issue." Interesting though that is, it does not account for compulsion or the sense of being irresistibly drawn. From such a motive one might produce an erudite book or even a book of high interpretative value, but what we have in *The Shores of America* — a wretched title! — is of a quite different sort. It is learned enough for its purposes, and it will unquestionably advance and refine our interpretation of Thoreau, but in

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April 18, 1959

essence it is a record of Sherman Paul's personal experience in thinking Thoreau's thoughts after him as nearly as possible in their order as they came, finding out how they are related one to another and each to all.

BY "personal experience" one means reading, but that of the most intense and exacting kind. In addition to the considerable though elementary task of scanning almost everything that Thoreau wrote, together with a large part of what has been written about him, Sherman Paul has so absorbed and recreated this writing as to achieve, if not quite an identification with his author, at least a remarkably sympathetic, penetrating and close comprehension of him. He has learned to look at Thoreau's career somewhat as Thoreau himself looked at nature, with the firm belief that every fact is a seed of which the sole value is that it may flower in a truth.

More than scholarship is involved here, and something different from what we ordinarily mean by literary criticism. There is patience, for one thing, of the sort that Thoreau had in mind when he said that we "must look a long time before we can see." Here we find that same fidelity to a chosen task, and that deep awareness of social obligation, which held Thoreau's life together. Yet Sherman Paul is no slavish imitator. His self-abnegation, quietness, modesty and good manners are qualities in which the chanticleer of Concord did not even try to excel. Little undue emphasis or over-statement is to be found in a book about a writer who felt that he could never exaggerate enough. In dealing with a man who "felt himself only in opposition" this biographer opposes no one. Clear statement of his own beliefs and his reasons for holding them is his sole controversial weapon. Thus he preserves that "amenity" which, in a more civil time than ours, was regarded as an indispensable portion of the critic's equipment. Those who disagree with him will find it disarming. No brash and blatant contradiction will serve their turn. Their only recourse will be to read Thoreau even more thoughtfully than Sherman Paul has done, and so to go beyond him toward or into the penetralia of a mind as subtle and strange, yet representative of us all and our very

own, as any that America has produced. In the language of poker, this book has "raised the ante" for those who wish to draw new cards.

And yet disagreements there will be — first expressed, perhaps, by the estimable ladies and gentlemen who feel that the main thing about Thoreau is not his queer set of notions about religion, economics, individual freedom and so on, but simply the fact that he liked to watch sunsets and hear the birds sing. On another level are those who resent and even fear the individualism of Thoreau, believing with good reason that it is hostile to their comfort and security. They express this fear, occasionally, in vituperations which might be impressive if they were not so ignorant and ludicrous. And then there is a third group composed of those who will read this book with gratitude and general agreement but yet with doubts, hesitations and reservations.

PROFESSOR PAUL devotes much space to the establishment of a thesis, first clearly stated by William Ellery Channing, the younger, and considerably developed by the late F. O. Matthiessen, that Thoreau's "talent," as distinguished from his "genius," was architectural — in other words, that he was capable of good literary construction. For some readers this will need no argument, but those who have hitherto doubted it will find Sherman Paul's analysis of the *Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers* and *Walden* and the *Walk to Wachusett* completely convincing.

The fact that Thoreau had this talent is established, then, once for all; but we must go on to say, as Emerson did in his Funeral Address, that Thoreau's genius was "better than his talent." That is, the things that came to him as though heaven-sent and from out of the blue were better than those he made with industrious skill. Sherman Paul seems to agree with this when he says that Thoreau was forced to fall back upon his talent "in the years of his decay." Furthermore, this is a matter which any good reader can test for himself by asking which it is in *Walden* or in the *Week* that he recalls with more pleasure — the pattern of the work as a whole or this and that single passage, paragraph, or sentence. Again, who does not recognize that many or most of the best things in Thoreau are found out of context, wedged into the structure almost at random because he knew they were

"given" and therefore good? It is for this reason, in no small degree, that we call him "sincere." For, as Edwin Muir puts it, "we should only trust the man who sets down his thoughts a little disconnectedly, and leaves them to speak for themselves; to shine, if they have life in them and, if they have not, to remain obscure."

It comes to this, that Henry Thoreau was essentially and by natural gift a writer of brief passages who learned, somewhat against the grain and for purposes of publication, to arrange his thoughts in significant patterns. One is glad that he did learn this, but it was never more than a learning.

"Thoreau's years of decay," if they are to include the period in which he

wrote the *Week*, must have begun no later than 1845, when he was twenty-eight. That seems unlikely, and indeed Professor Paul is inconsistent with himself at this point, for he says elsewhere that Thoreau lived harmoniously with himself and with nature at the pond. But all the rest of his life, we are told, "had its own quiet desperation." In several passages Sherman Paul seems quite sure of this, but in others he gives evidence against it. On the whole, the argument for "despair" is not made out.

But these are minor considerations. The important thing is that Professor Paul has given the study of Thoreau a new dimension. He has produced a book that might well be called "The Mind of Thoreau."

visualize Janos' paintings. To create as a character in a novel a painter who is at once an authentic genius, living in his own right, and a composite of several other painters is quite possible. Proust's Elstir is a compound of Manet, Renoir, Monet, Whistler and other impressionist painters; yet he is a convincing character and the reader has a clear conception of what his work looks like.

Janos' masterpiece, except that it is of monumental dimensions and contains human figures, never comes into focus. It seems to be such an incongruous scramble of Picasso's *Guernica*, Léger's *Les Constructeurs* and the Douanier Rousseau's *Match de Rugby* that all his comments on it as a work in progress flutter off into nothingness.

According to the dust jacket, the book proposes to answer the question: "How does the artist function in this fragmented world of the twentieth century?" If the question means what it seems to mean, the inevitable answer must be that he functions in as many different ways as there are individual artists and differing environments for them. Like the fictional Janos, both Léger (whom Janos calls "the greatest artist of our time") and Picasso are Marxists, but it is hard to find any significant common ground in the way they function in the modern world.

## Creed for an Artist

*A PAINTER OF OUR TIME.* By John Berger. Simon & Schuster. 238 pp. \$3.50.

Ramon GUTHRIE

*A PAINTER OF OUR TIME* purports to be the story of one Janos Lavin, Hungarian painter of genius, as told by his friend, an English art critic named John. Since John Berger is a well-known English art critic and painter, it is safe to assume that the views of the hero are those of the author. In fact, there would be little point to the work if this were not so.

Janos Lavin had fled Hungary in 1912 to escape the anti-Communist terror. Settled in London, he paints on in an obscurity relieved only by the short-lived success of his anti-Nazi etchings during the war, and pieces out a livelihood by holding a precarious teaching job. Eventually, in 1956 when Janos is sixty, recognition and prosperity overtake him. Unaccountably irritated by success, he disappears, apparently in order to participate in the Budapest uprising — though on which side it is hard to say. "I myself," John writes, "would like to believe that Janos, if he is now alive, supports Kadar."

The bulk of *A Painter of Our Time* consists of a journal intermittently kept by the hero during his last four years in London, in which he records his reflections on politics, society and art — and particularly on the problems and progress of his own paintings.

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Much of John Berger's — or Janos Lavin's — comment on art in general and on the problems of the artist in society is interesting and sound, though it would be more at home in an essay than in such a novel as this. Tolstoy said that the function of the novelist's art is "to make that understood which in the form of argument would be incomprehensible." Mr. Berger seems rather to use fiction to obscure ideas that would be clear in the form of argument and as an excuse for not organizing and developing ideas as they deserve.

To the end of the book, Janos' convictions and motivations remain obscure. He is a Marxist, though more than a little of a deviationist at his moments. At one point he maintains that the artist can serve the Communist cause as well by producing works "under his own volition" exempt from any editing as by being an immediate propagandist. Yet at practically the same time he says, "You can't work for anything under the cover of art. I can't even work for Socialism under the cover of my art." Judging by his appreciation of Poussin and his statement that "Cubism is to us what Anatomy was to Michelangelo," his own work is not touched by the kind of "social realism" that Moscow decrees. Also it is doubtful that his dictum that "all great drawing . . . drawing to discover . . . is drawing from memory" would find much favor in neo-Marxist criticism. His assertion that all artists "work for different ends; a few of them personal, most of them social and historical" definitely straddles the party line.

One of the chief weaknesses of the book is that it is almost impossible to

## India Plans

*PILOT PROJECT, INDIA.* By Albert Mayer and Associates in collaboration with McKim Marriott and Richard L. Park. University of California Press. 367 pp. \$5.50.

William W. REEDER

*PILOT PROJECT, INDIA* is a report of the Etawah project, a government-supported experiment set up to test methods and projects which could be used generally in India's huge rural development program. It is, in my opinion, one of the best books on community development in print. Largely it is presented in documentary form, and the "inside look" which it thus provides is its greatest strength. In the lines and between the lines of these field reports are revealed the hopes and aspirations of the project leaders, the problems and the struggle to solve them, the processes, the methods, the successes and the failures. The reader sees also the philosophy,

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The NATION

the role of leadership, and the relations with government. Many of the factors which influence success or failure in community development become evident, some principles are verified, many hypotheses invite further testing.

This book is alive and vital. The attitudes, feelings, and beliefs of each writer or speaker are all there, not only his attitude toward the project but also his perception of his audience and his attitudes toward them. This living quality far outweighs the repetitions inherent in the use of documents as a method of presentation.

Through the reports the reader becomes acquainted with Albert Mayer, the project guide, chief consultant and author of most of the documents. One senses his faith in people and in the democratic process, his willingness to learn, the depth of his imagination, something of the scope of his vision, his dedication, his energy and drive, his striving for excellence, his willingness to look at facts, his deep concern, his tactful impatience.

IN its broader outlines, *Pilot Project, India* could be a blue print adaptable to the needs of almost any country—Burma, Thailand, Japan, Iran, Mexico, Brazil, Australia, Canada and even the United States. In most countries today social change is rapid; institutions must be brought up to date and kept close to the changing times. Where programs are lacking and new organization is necessary, the pilot project can test an approach on a limited scale before it is launched on a general front. Where programs already exist but are limited or bound by the ruts of custom, a pilot project can experiment with new ideas and methods, and can feed back its successes to broaden and improve the established programs. The Etawah project worked in both ways. One of the more useful contributions of the book is the account of the exploratory work done before the project was started and the casting away of preconceived plans in favor of a design suited to the situation and the culture.

Another strong feature of the report is its balance. The reader can obtain a general picture of the project and its relationship to the rural development program, the overview; at the same time the sub-projects are described in sufficient detail. The authors have forgotten neither the forest nor the trees.

*Pilot Project, India* is an account of the beginnings of one of the great social experiments of our time; it may very well become one of the great social endeavors of all time.

## The Scope of Photography

*PICTURE HISTORY OF PHOTOGRAPHY.* By Peter Pollack. Harry N. Abrams. 624 pp. \$17.50.

*MASTERS OF MODERN PHOTOGRAPHY.* Edited by Beaumont and Nancy Newhall. George Braziller. 192 pp. \$12.50.

*U. S. CAMERA 1959.* Edited by Tom Maloney. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 305 pp. \$8.95.

*ONCE UPON A CITY:* New York from 1890 to 1910. Edited by Grace Mayer. Macmillan. 511 pp. \$15.

**Lincoln Kirstein**

A CENTURY AGO, Charles Baudelaire, best of art critics, wrote: "We must see that photography is again confined to its sole task, which consists in being the servant of science and art, but the very humble servant like typography and stenography which have neither created nor improved literature." Since then, the process has been speeded up; uses, undreamed of then, have been found for the camera. If journalism ever adds up to literature, surely photography has created art. Photography is con-

sidered a graphic art by museums; curators of prints and drawings have custody over the camera. Photography is a graphic process which fixes images on paper, like etching or lithography. Like them, it has served history, industry and science. So why is the artistic prestige of photography still unstable as a category and as an aesthetic?

The development of the camera-image is lucidly set forth in Peter Pollack's huge *Picture History of Photography*. The pictures are excellent, well reproduced; there is a good extended introductory section on how it all started as a series of oddly independent but converging accidents. So much of photography, including its origin, is involved with accident. The most memorable takers of pictures are those who have been able to anticipate or control momentary incidents revelatory of human

*LINCOLN KIRSTEIN* arranged exhibitions and wrote monographs for shows by Walker Evans and Henri Cartier-Bresson at the Museum of Modern Art in 1938 and 1946.

Could YOU be made  
to confess to a crime  
you did not commit?

Throughout history, from the Inquisition to the brainwashing of G.I.'s in Korea, men and women have been forced to confess to false charges . . . often without physical torture. How? In this fascinating study of the physical and emotional pressures that have brought admissions of guilt, former assistant to the U. S. Attorney General O. John Rogge probes an obscure weakness in man's basic personality . . . compares the accusatorial with the inquisitorial judicial system . . . and brilliantly outlines one of the great psychological dangers we face from Communist totalitarianism today.

## WHY MEN CONFESS

From the Inquisition to Brainwashing

By O. JOHN ROGGE

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THOMAS NELSON & SONS

character or historical event; the accidental seizure that fixes true nature or naked self, is the medium of its process, like ink or water color. It is less a handicraft than a measuring of time, or a sense for timing.

Pollack the historian, following Newhall, Gernsheim and others, is a good scholar, but when he passes the early epoch and comes to the immediate past or present, his book turns into a personalized miscellany; half the men included could have been replaced by as many who are not. Particularly missed are the cityscapes of Berenice Abbott, the war pictures and picture-stories of Eugene Smith, the portraits of artists and writers by the late George Platt Lynes. Understandably American in recent orientation, Pollack includes perfunctory sections on Europe and Japan as well as a fatty color section.

ALMOST any early photograph tends to have charm for us, combining clarity, nostalgia and naïveté. The transparent vision of 1850-1910, distilled in a thousand shots we have become accustomed to seeing, give us habitat groups for ancestor-worship, pickled in time, magical and mysterious. They are our sources, and yet they could not be more alien from our present habit of thought, dress and custom. Why is it that pictures taken closer to our own day are, and remain, less interesting? Will it be true in 1975 or 1995? For many decades, photography had the advantage of a craft atmosphere. When the Kodak was commercialized and film speeded up, an increase of opportunism diluted the frozen, fixed and monumental attitude.

This becomes evident in *Masters of Modern Photography*, edited by Beaumont and Nancy Newhall, keepers of the world's best photographic museum, George Eastman House, in Rochester, New York. By this time we should know who the Old Masters are, because the same plates from a dozen pioneers always turn up at the start of every survey. It's harder to nominate a Modern Master, or rather, to make the appellation stick. Is Erich Salomon a master? Will there be monographs in the future dedicated to Bachrach or Pirie MacDonald? Will there be doctorates in photographic history? If not, why not? Isn't photography a social science? If so, is that science? Now that the camera has canonized itself by acquiring documentation, there is the increasing elevation into Grand Old Manship of a roster of practitioners whose work provides historic shrines along the road. Many of their "great" pictures,

on an individual rather than a historic selection, are not better than many "amateur" views of the same era. The Newhalls reproduce some Stieglitz plates, none well, which if unsigned would never be given houseroom (72, 73, 75).

The qualitative distinction between the Old Master and the New Master is sharply divided between those who were first curious about the camera and interested in fixing a chosen subject through it, and those who, having seen photography exhausted as mere representation, tried to compete independently with aesthetics borrowed from modern painting. The New Masters attempted to make claims for the core of "art" in photography (as if it ever lacked it from its outset), by prizing sharp or blurred focus on texture—bark, skin, sand, stone — for its own sake; by seeking linear design or arresting abstract composition. It is not that many photographs are not "better" than many paintings. Some may well be. Rather, the limit of the imaginative use of the camera is different in kind from the limitation or adaptability of painting.

Another confusion in judging photographs as art-objects, whether the subject is a city or a human face, arises from the choice between the posed and candid portrait. Power in the photograph is often the slice of a chosen, stolen or captured moment; the more "real" the strength in the instant of capture, the more the shot tends away from the monumental, toward the anecdotal. We mistrust anecdote in art, yet in photography the power of anecdote is usually more intense and memorable—hence lasting—than the purely plastic or pictorial appeal of most photographic still-lives, seascapes or landscapes, which are not hard to frame and hang up, but which somehow don't stay hung up, long. When the camera goes in for abstract art, as a graphic medium, like lithography, it can be perfectly satisfactory, except that there is always the tinge of trick about it. Why worry the camera when you can have more personal freedom in brush or pen?

A SENSE of strain is evident in the annuals. *U.S. Camera 1959* starts off with a word from Tom Maloney, the editor: "The margin of difference between one annual and another, after more than two decades of editing can't be such that each year's pebble of publication is a boulder as compared to that of the year past. . ." There is a re-cap of Steichen's fine Museum of Modern Art show, "Seventy Photographers Look at New York. More than half of these reproductions are defaced by huge

blowups of typewritten poetic tags, in all of which there is less poetry than in the pictures. There are color plates by well-known photographers, none as fresh as their black-and-whites. If you leaf through the last ten annuals, European and American, there comes a tired feeling in the eyes; you've seen it all before, birds, babies, cats, blurred wheels.

There is also a section on rockets. Certainly the greatest service of the camera is scientific; of this we see little except for a few shots selected for their accidental decorative or sensational appeal. A similar, if less methodical, business is workaday pictorial journalism. Accumulation and future arrangement of files will be as rewarding as their editors make them. Captions attached to pictures are frequently more impressive than the photographs themselves. The images, by themselves, are rarely radiant with meaning. During the wars, *Life* printed double-page spreads blazoned: "This great picture of (St. Lo, Monte Cassino, Panmunjon. . .)" but all one sees on the 14 x 20 inch open page is an arrangement of magnified blurs and smudges, intelligible only when translated into mortar-fire and the knowledge that the man who shot this picture was in danger of being shot by one of these smudges. Its survival as a document is dubious, partly because most instantaneous battle scenes look alike and we tend to forget the names of battles one week old. Matthew Brady remains the patron saint of war photographers because he had a method which excluded the possibility of speed or action. Crisis was excluded; stasis was enforced and his description of it lasted; the worst part of war has always been the before and after.

SO much of the value in photographic journalism is accumulation of series, their arrangement and presentation. Many images of a related subject finally add up to some simulacrum of completeness; when the lens moves all over an area an object is erected—not a very tangible object, we can't really touch it, but we can see all around it, sometimes even inside it, as in a massive volume about New York, *Once Upon a City: New York from 1890 to 1910*. This is an album by the Byron family, very well edited by Grace Mayer, Curator of Prints at the Museum of the City of New York. The text is independently valuable, a rare quality in such a book, but the reproductions which aspire to the original sepia are drearily browned down, with most of the contrasts wiped out. The pictures themselves have none

of the pictorial value of Atget or Berenice Abbott; they are straightforward commercial work with the frank actuality of no selection whatever. The virtue in old photographs is in their indiscriminate precision; rob them of sharpness by offset poorly printed and they aren't worth much. This book would have lost little by having half as many plates reproduced twice as well.

THE one indispensable qualification of a Master of Photography is to have seen something—first. There have been enough one-man shows of the masters to have whole schools bred in each image. Sometimes individual prints are just as good as or better than the models. The only lasting criterion of value is

the extent of its lasting in memory; a good photograph is one you remember. Photographs you remember are frequently the first ones you saw that took something in a new way. Murder and disaster are less memorable than people and faces; still-lifes and nature-studies are hard to remember, as one can recall other examples of graphic art—a caprice of Goya, a field by Rembrandt. And yet the justification for photography as an unlimited field for the imagination, where history is pinned and where no craft dilutes the unmistakable, unaltering freeze of a focused and symbolic fact, exists for our day in almost any photograph, whether single or serial, by Cartier-Bresson, Walker Evans, or Eugene Smith.

## LETTER from SALZBURG

Gerald Sykes

IF AN American wanted to get a quick, admittedly restricted, but pretty reliable impression of recent cultural developments in Europe, he could do a lot worse than come here. The excellent and much-needed Salzburg Seminar in American Studies continues to provide the most enlightening full-scale intellectual collision that I know of between the Old World and the New. To its handsome rococco Schloss Leopoldskron, built in the 18th century by a Protestant persecuting archbishop and in our time occupied successively by Max Reinhardt and the Nazi Gauleiter, have come forty-eight "fellows" from fourteen European countries — Finland, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Great Britain, Ireland, France, Switzerland, Germany, Austria, Belgium, Holland, Italy and Yugoslavia. This session lasts four weeks and has for its subject Literature and Mass Media. The last session was on American Foreign Policy, the next will be on Labor and Industry in the U.S.A.

Each day the fellows debate the merits of Henry James and Jack Kerouac, Eugene O'Neill and William Inge, D. W. Griffith and Elia Kazan, William Randolph Hearst and Henry Luce. The fellows' average age is thirty; a few of them are about to take doctorates; most of them are already embarked on careers in teaching, journalism, advertising, law, science, or television. At this moment I can hear a girl from Berlin typing a

thesis on Ralph Ellison. A London circulation manager is humming "Tom Dooley." Some others have just left to examine the archaeological finds at Hallstatt. Still others are examining their skis. They will go to Berchtesgaden on Sunday.

My strongest impression is that the so-called Americanization of Europe — really, its technicization — has proceeded even faster than expected, and has now entered an unanticipated phase. It is breeding what might be called a new kind of isolationism. These people are remarkably hep to certain facts of American life. They know all about our Negro problem, our conformity problem, our Madison Avenue problem. They have, in fact, on the whole become familiar with our difficulties with lightning speed—and then congratulated themselves on their own blessed immunity: an overseas twist to the "It Can't Happen Here" myth.

Yesterday when the seminar I conduct discussed William Faulkner's long story, *The Bear*, everyone agreed that Faulkner was in a way expiating the sins of his slave-owning forebears and, like so many other writers, was a kind of "guilt-bearer." Then, since European parallels are helpful in this kind of teaching, I asked if there could be similar guilt-bearers in other lands.

At first no parallels were seen. Upon questioning, however, the British contingent conceded that E. M. Forster had performed a similar task for Britain when he wrote *A Passage to India*. The French group needed more pressure, but finally admitted that Albert Camus and

GERALD SYKES, novelist and critic, is the author of *The Nice American*, *The Center of the Stage* and *The Children of Light*.

April 18, 1959



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François Mauriac had done pretty much the same thing for French guilt in North Africa. The Italians, however, could not even remember Ethiopia, and the Germans announced complacently: "We don't have any colonies."

"What about the Jews?" I asked.

Only then did the Germans — all of whom were children or adolescents when World War II ended — recognize what was obviously one of the major guilts of our day. There was also a momentary understanding, *perhaps*, of Faulkner's heroic burden and its international relevance. The names of two young German writers and one theatre man were mentioned; they were dealing in their arts with the plight of the Jews under Hitler. It was also recalled, after a question or two, that the play made from *The Diary of Anne Frank* had had a great success in Germany.

It is not always so easy to get these

## Morning Song

On the axis of my sleep  
The world wheeled. Then dead noon  
Could flame Rome and Asia:  
My dark was deeper dawn.

If the alarm in night's wake  
Curved westward, my caught eye  
Looked up to kill the clock,  
To quiet the crying day.

Those leaping omens, birds,  
I silenced in their trees,  
And held the million wheels  
Locked in the dumb cities.

It was the only hour.  
The still concentric spheres,  
White magic, cool crystal,  
Danced with the early stars.

The damned themselves I saved.  
The nothing of my dream  
Sluiced neatly, bright as hell,  
The shadiest cess of time.

Charmed, still that minute moved:  
The stumbling sun came in  
And broke both sky and pit.  
The glass looked, bare as stone.

There is not one who sees.  
My notebook, calendar,  
My idiot suits and ties,  
Burned in the empty air.

Then ships' and wings' shadows  
On their great circles hung  
Still while the tired sirens  
Turned, ticking the same song.

Schooled, yawning like a dog,  
My demon rose in wrath,  
Slouched growling through the door  
And stretched himself to death.

THOMAS VANCE

Europeans to realize, however briefly, their identity with us. They are prosperous, and although a few shared problems disturb some of them — the Germans are certainly worrying about Berlin at the moment — they prefer to believe that we Americans suffer from outlandish ailments that will never trouble them. (We return the compliment: witness the moralizing tone of our foreign policy and of most of our tourists.) Their new isolationism makes Europeans howl at the clumsiness of our Victorian melodrama, smile at our TV appetites, and read our best writers chiefly as reportage. Above all it makes them snicker at our interest in modern psychology, which you would never guess had originated in Europe and not far from here.

SOMETIMES I wonder if the Marshall Plan has sown a continent of passive and entertainment-hungry middlebrows. These people prefer Graham Greene to Kafka, Evelyn Waugh to Joyce; know almost nothing about new painting, new music, new poetry, new architecture; and they have degrees from the very oldest universities to back up their Book-of-the-Month-Club tastes. When I compare their questions with those I get from classes at the New School in New York, I am convinced that Americans of comparable age and talent are forced by our greater tensions to live on a much deeper level.

In extenuation it must be pointed out that these Europeans have been exposed more recently than we to the full lure of the mass media. They have not yet

had time to develop the anti-bodies that a minority of Americans seem to develop after the lively arts have had a chance to amuse them and have failed. Also, one should hesitate to draw hard-and-fast conclusions from a sample of this size. This particular group contains almost none of the advance-guard leaven that, when I was here four years ago, made another group more exciting to work with. But the chief fact about them is inescapable: a new conformism is at work here, quite as much as it is at home, and it is aided materially by the new film, radio, TV and advertising jobs that have been added to traditional school and university jobs. Also, this new conformism is more insidious because it is well-bred, well-educated, multi-lingual, and quite sure it does not exist.

I must add, however, that four years ago one fellow from France kept a pistol under his pillow and distressed his roommates by singing the "Horst Wessel" song every morning. Another, from Germany, got drunk one night and told us that Germany was only using the United States for the moment and would some day rise again in full Wotanic wrath. There have been no such incidents this time — and no tendencies at all in that direction. I get an impression of a much soberer Europe, now reconciled lucrative-ly to Coca-colonization but not yet aware of the aftertaste. The old humanities are in flight, and a conscious resistance to mechanization of the mind has still to organize new ones. We are now in a sense the oldest nation on earth, and have something to say to our juniors.

## MUSIC

### Lester Trimble

ALBAN BERG'S *Wozzek*, one of the few operatic masterpieces written in our century, has finally joined the repertory of the Metropolitan Opera. The work is now thirty-eight years old. Its type of language, partly atonal, has been a fact of musical life for so many years and has been exceeded in "modernism" by so many stylistic and technical innovations, that it no longer puts much of a strain on any but fairly conservative ears. Indeed, it was gratifying to note that, contrary to some predictions, *Wozzek* did not frighten people away from the Metropolitan Opera box office. Instead, it has been playing to consistently sold-out houses. At one performance, I am informed, the applause was laced with boos, but on the evening I attended

there was not the slightest suggestion of anything other than total audience approval. Karl Boehm, the conductor, was accorded such fervent bravos that one would have thought either that he had composed the opera himself or was translating it from Sanskrit. As a matter of fact, he did a fine job. And the work is difficult.

The Georg Büchner play from which Berg made a libretto for *Wozzek* was written in the early nineteenth century. But only a twentieth-century composer could have turned it into an opera. Before our time, musical tools with which to explore non-heroic human dissolution and morbidity, and the pathos-rife interior of sordidness, did not exist. Only an introverted, hyper-intense language

employed by an inordinately refined musician could have succeeded. And Berg, among the composers of his period, was the only one so thoroughly imbued with spiritual elegance that he could elevate these areas of experience to the level of art. In a way, he had to be a social-diagnostician, nerve-specialist, psychiatrist and humanist, all rolled into one.

For *Wozzek* is a socio-psychiatric document. The poor soldier whose tragic story it tells (*Wozzek*) is the impoverished, ignorant, superstitious cog-in-the-wheel, misused by every force in his society. He bears a frightening resemblance to mass-man in his helplessness, suggestibility and potential for turning violent under stress. As the opera opens, *Wozzek* is shaving his captain, a neurotic character, who lectures his underling without cease. "Easy, *Wozzek*, easy! Do take your time, man! You make me quite giddy. . . . Make up your mind, *Wozzek!* . . . you think too much . . . your face always looks so harassed . . . you have no moral sense. . . . Run away, and yet do not run. Go quite slowly the length of the highway, and keep to the middle; and once more, do go slowly, quite slowly." *Wozzek*, in his only extended speech of this scene, reveals one source of his harassment. "Poor folk like us need money . . . look, sir, . . . always money. Let one of us try to bring his own kind into the world in a good moral way. . . . It must be fine indeed to be virtuous, indeed, sir . . . and yet . . . I am a simple soul. Folk like us always are unfortunate. I think that if we should go to heaven, then we shall be thunder-makers."

IN the sequence of terse scenes which follow (there are fifteen in all), *Wozzek* reveals a terror of the supernatural verging on madness and his love for his mistress, Marie, who has borne him a son. He is used and abused by a doctor, who satisfies his cold, scientific curiosity by experimenting on the soldier, who earns a few extra pennies as a guinea pig. A strutting drum-major cuckolds him, then subjects him to a barracks beating. The doctor and the captain taunt him with his mistress' infidelity. And, finally breaking, *Wozzek* takes Marie for a walk on a forest path, by a pool, and murders her. In a feverish attempt to hide his guilt, he throws the knife into the pool, and wades in himself, to wash the blood away. He drowns. The final scene of the opera shows his and Marie's little child alone on stage, riding his hobby horse, and piping in a heartbreaking, childish voice, "Hopp, hopp! Hopp, hopp!"

Berg employed extremely complex methods in composing *Wozzek*. The twelve-tone system, which was his basic technique, is naturally complicated. But not only did Berg deal with the minute intricacies of serial, contrapuntal writing; he supported the opera with another, broader level of organization by casting whole sections of it in old, established forms drawn from the realm of non-operatic music. Thus, the first act contains a suite, a rhapsody, a military march, a passacaglia. The second embraces an entire symphony in five movements. And the fascinating outcome of all this complexity, as Berg himself said, is that "from the moment the curtain parts until it closes for the last time, there is no one in the audience who pays any attention to the various fugues, inventions, suites, sonata movements, variations and passacaglias . . . no one who heeds anything but the social problems of this opera, which by far transcend the personal destiny of *Wozzek*." The vocal style, which contains a great deal of intoned declamation, as opposed to bel-canto song, lends the work an air of intense stylization.

THE production by the Metropolitan Opera was splendid. It was also interestingly slanted toward present-day American audiences. The libretto was sung in English. The intoned-declamation, here and there, was flattened out into actual speech (I assume, intentionally), so that the over-all vocal texture gave up some of its stylization and took on passing shades of the contemporary, spoken theatre. If one were to be a purist about it, this aspect of the performance might be criticized. But, though the outright speech de-intensified the voice part from time to time, it also added an air of naturalness which was not out of key with other facets of the production. The sets by Casper Neher, for instance, did not aim for the final twists of sordidness or weirdness, as they might justifiably have done. I question, anyway, whether *Wozzek* needs to be approached only and always as an allegory of bizarreness and insanity. After all, Berg emphasized the "social problems" in his opera. Since he couched his drama in expressionist terms, a certain amount of weirdness and hyper-intensity was bound to result. But social problems are anything but weird, and they are intrinsic to the story, too.

On the night I heard *Wozzek*, Brenda Lewis, Hermann Uhde, Paul Franke, Karl Doench and Kurt Baum sang the leading roles. It was Miss Lewis' first performance of the role of Marie and, as is her wont, she did a beautiful stint

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of acting and a fine job of singing. It was a surprise and a disappointment, however, that so few of her words were understandable. Karl Doench's English was also quite impenetrable. But the other members of the cast had apparently worked harder at their phonetics lessons, and their words came properly across footlights. Hermann Uhde, as Wozzek, created one of the most touching figures I have ever seen and heard on the operatic stage. A big, gauche, eager-hearted, forlorn fellow he was, and one's heart went out to him even when he murdered. Karl Boehm's direction of the orchestra was deft and cultivated. The sound he produced was more blurred and soft-surfaced than it might have been. But, if his reading did not possess the degree of clarity which the score is capable of transmitting, it did carry the full affectual weight.

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## ART

### Maurice Grosser

FORTY-SEVEN pictures selected from the private collections of members of the Rockefeller family are on display at Knoedler's until April 25 as a benefit for the National Urban League. The separate collections from which these pictures are drawn differ considerably among themselves, I am told, in size, character and quality. That of Nelson Rockefeller is the largest and most important and is said to consist principally of modern and contemporary works. That of John D. Rockefeller, 3rd is also principally contemporary, partly abstract and partly detailed realism. David Rockefeller's is largely Impressionist and Post-Impressionist. That of Madame Jean Mauzé (née Rockefeller) is French and not large. The Laurance Rockefeller and the Winthrop Rockefeller collections apparently have no specialty.

The quality of the works on view is surprisingly uneven. Eight of the nine pieces sent by Nelson Rockefeller are standard works in the official modern style, contemporary abstract expressionism being represented by large works by Millares, Okada and Kline, while the more established values are shown by two of Picasso's women figures in his later manner, bright, poster-like and cheerful, by a very fine collage of Juan Gris, by Klee's delightful Jester, and by Léger's insensitive and over-scaled *Woman with a Book*, as implacably modern, unsympathetic and inescapable as a head-on locomotive.

John D. Rockefeller, 3rd marks his interest in the contemporary abstract movement with a charming small Pollock dripping, with a fine bird by Morris Graves in the Japanese ink-drawing style and with an exceptionally dull Rothko. His affection for detailed realism is shown in a labored and inferior Andrew Wyeth of a fat country woman with a cat, a Roman architectural fantasy by Bernard Perlen and a meticulous, photographic and disorganized rendering by Charles Sheeler of a Colonial kitchen corner from—no doubt by coincidence—Williamsburg.

The David Rockefeller collection has sent more impressive names—a Cézanne, a Gauguin, a Matisse, a Redon and a Signac. The Matisse, a still life of 1915, is a handsome example. The Cézanne, a portrait of his son in a red vest, is a more important picture, perhaps the most important picture of the show. It is, nonetheless, of all of the four pictures Cézanne painted on this particu-

lar subject, unquestionably the weakest. The Redon is large, pink and undistinguished. The Signac has as its most striking quality that it could be mistaken for a Seurat. And the *Portrait of Meyer de Haan* is easily the least successful of all the well-known Gauguins.

The Mauzé collection has flowers by Fantin-Latour, a charming Pascin of a child and cat, a standard eighteenth-century portrait by Nattier, smooth but unremarkable, and an absurd genre piece in the 1880 manner, of a village curé in his kitchen garden giving fatherly advice to a young lady, by Jean Georges Vibert, better known for his carousing cardinals—all works more appropriate as decorations for a French style residence than as items in an important picture collection.

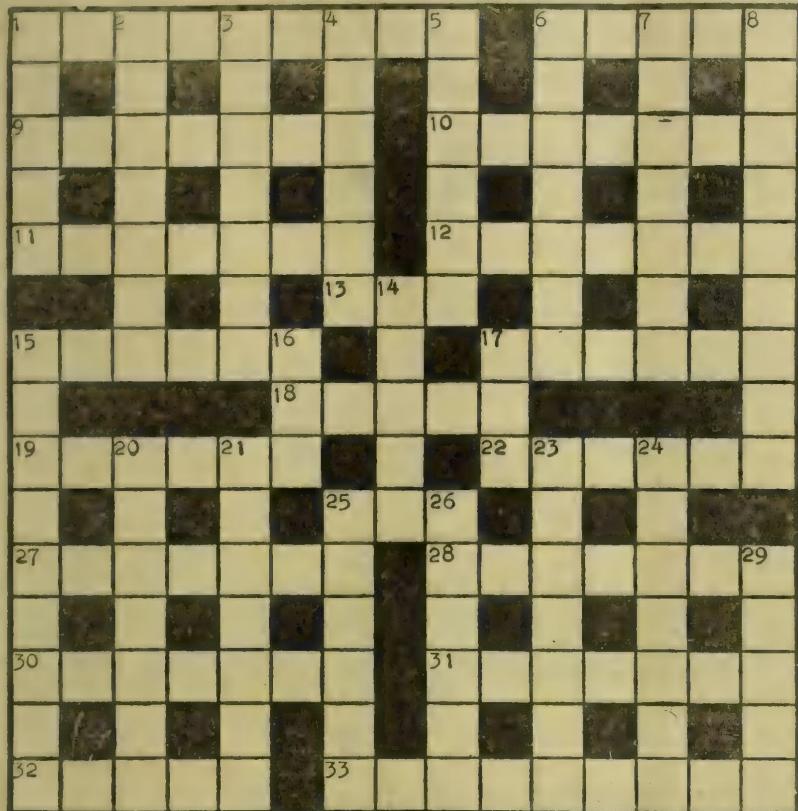
Winthrop Rockefeller has contributed an exceptionally fine Matisse drawing, a quite wonderful seventeenth-century Dutch formal flower piece by Rachel Ruysch, a nondescript example of Haitian primitivism by Tabois, and an unbelievably hard, dry, mannered and incompetent portrait by Jules Kirschbaum of Anne Rockefeller.

Laurance Rockefeller, along with some inconsequential and inferior charm pieces such as a modern African primitive and a decorative panel of the Central Park Zoo by Charles (not Maurice) Prendergast, has loaned three first-class works—a delightful early Gainsborough head of a little girl, a remarkably fine Fauve landscape by Vlaminck and a *Femme aux Affiches* by Forain, the best painting of his I have ever seen and easily as good as Manet.

The show on the whole is disappointing. Of the works displayed, only eight or ten have museum quality. The rest are either second-string examples by famous names, or works by second category painters, or inferior pieces acquired for personal or sentimental reasons. One would have expected better of this richest of families, with so highly publicized a relation to the arts. The catalogue to the exhibition suggests that "Although they [the pictures] offer only a glimpse of extensive treasures in the various Rockefeller homes, they show how beauty is a part of these well-rounded lives." To this observer, on the contrary, the pictures seem to demonstrate how casual is the Rockefeller interest in art. Here is none of that conviction, that acute discrimination and passionate love and understanding of paint and painting, which animates the Mellon, the Dale, the French, the Cone, the Arensberg, the Phillips, the Gardner, the Havemeyer, or even the Morgan collection.

# Crossword Puzzle No. 816

By FRANK W. LEWIS



## ACROSS:

- Shuttles, perhaps, if not in the pit. (9)
- Make a little quick profit from the trophy. (5)
- The strife of the madding crowd. (7)
- From this one might make dye, but I don't guarantee an instance of it. (7)
- Ham and yeggs might be. (7)
- Look at what a rattler might do! It edges the lid! (7)
- See 1 down
- The things a host might do! (You're reasonably high-handed if you have them.) (6)
- Strain the ictus, for example. (6)
- It might be pleasant to hear in one country, but our occupation troops might have heard it as a gentle hint! (6)
- Decently doubled in "Guys and Dols." (6)
- Customs seem rather prudent in you and me! (6)
- See 17 down
- Help returns in proportion of spread. (7)
- All of the bird and most of the insect become ambitious to rival. (7)
- Was Samson like some windows? (7)
- Check poetry in Old English? (7)
- One might find the upper regions of space there! (5)

- Only a cad goes to the bar for port! (9)

## DOWN:

- and 13 across Such activities certainly don't suggest the prodigal type! (6,2)
- See 15 down
- Proving a dessert might stick to the last! (7)
- Sometimes professed by an Indian, to a degree. (6)
- Does the grass-covered retreat become saturated? (6)
- Liable to be the principal theme. (7)
- Hail and thunder are the usual thing! (7)
- Cosy ships, but implying a certain amount of unsoundness. (9)
- The sort of following Mary had. (5)
- and 2 What Brutus received from Antony? (9, 7)
- State of us a year ago? (3)
- and 25 across Turned, perhaps, to coin and color. (6)
- Like a motherless 33? (Or just food fit for him?) (7)
- Hero associated with this and the middle of a gaze askance. (7)
- It might be good fun (but not good strategy) to do it to your partner. (7)
- Skipped a few details with this going over. (7)
- Did Bacon imply a heavy one should be a full man? (6)

## PUBLICATIONS

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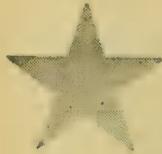
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26 Put something together in time for Christmas and Hallowe'en (6)

29 Do engineers have to keep ahead of it, without regards for space? (5)

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# Crash of Silence

Renewal of Selective Service is such a routine event [in Congress] that many of the nation's newspapers fail to give it coverage. Of course, no newspaper has, to our knowledge, editorialized against the Draft. . . .

We are elated to see *The Nation* . . . break the silence by coming out last week\* against a continuation of the Draft. We take this opportunity to become the second publication in the country to speak against [its] perpetuation.

— *The Square Journal*, New York University

And we take this opportunity to salute *The Square Journal*, which is published a stone's throw from *The Nation* offices. It is pleasant to have such agreeable neighbors.

All those who, like our neighboring colleagues, are deafened by the crash of silence on vital issues to be found in most mass media, would do well to read *The Nation*.

\*“Silence on Selective Service,” *The Nation*, February 7, page 109.

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THE  
**NATION**



APRIL 25, 1959 . . 25c

## STRONTIUM-90 IN U.S. CHILDREN

*The Report That the AEC Is Withholding*

by Walter Schneir



## *Spring Books*

### LEGEND and MYTH in 'DR. ZHIVAGO'

*Edmund Wilson*

*with Barbara Deming and Evgenia Lebovich*

*And Essays by*

George P. Elliott  
Robert Cantwell  
J. G. Weightman

David Karp  
Melvin Seiden  
M. L. Rosenthal



# LETTERS

## For World Security

Dear Sirs: If Geoffrey Barraclough's article in your April 4 issue, "NATO: Appraisal and Forecast," could be made required reading by political leaders East and West, sense might emerge in the prospective conferences on the Berlin situation—or rather the European and world situation.

In rough summary, Professor Barraclough's views are that NATO probably served a useful purpose when it was founded ten years ago, but that it has now become irrelevant as a defense system. He concludes: "nothing short of a world-security organization can meet the needs of the nuclear age." Fine. But the writer does not even outline the general form of his conceived world organization, nor does he indicate the course of negotiation for its attainment. . . . To me and perhaps to most non-emotional realists who are concerned with world decency, the answer seems quite obvious and fundamentally simple: That world security requires administrative organization to prevent war; that this can be established only through comprehensive international agreement for total disarmament (including conventional as well as nuclear, down to local police needs); that the agreement must be rigorously enforced by the reconstituted United Nations through its own-recruited inspection and police forces.

Now, why not propose this over-all peace plan at the forthcoming East-West conferences? Is there not now considerable possibility that Mr. Khrushchev would agree? If not, what would we lose by having made the proposal? At least, would we not have gained greatly in world prestige and influence?

JOHN BAUER

Chatham, N. J.

## He Wants Conflict

Dear Sirs: I was surprised to see your editorial entitled "The 'Silent' Faculty" [April 4] concerning the University of Texas and its president, Logan Wilson. I have known Logan Wilson for many years. If he said that conflicts must be kept to a minimum, as charged by *The Daily Texan*, your readers may be assured that he meant personal and departmental conflicts, not intellectual ones. As a matter of fact, the last time I saw him he told me he wished there could be a few more conflicts, a few more non-conformists on his faculty, and

a little more excitement in some of the departments at his university. I know few if any university presidents who are more dedicated than he to the principle and practice of academic freedom.

ROBERT BIERSTEDT

Chairman, Dep't. of Sociology and Anthropology,  
The City College  
New York City

## Safely Beyond Reach

Dear Sirs: Ralph Nader's article, "The Safe Car You Can't Buy," which appeared in your April 11 issue, should be reprinted by the millions and distributed throughout the country at once! There must be something left that the average citizen can do to keep from being swamped by such immorality!

Has the U.A.W. done anything about this?

FLORENCE GREEN

New York City

## Critiques on a Critic

Dear Sirs: The best that Maurice Grosser, your art reviewer, can say about Joan Miró is that his work is "handsome," "the ownership of a Miró is as good as a check in the bank" [*The Nation*, April 11]. Is this praise due a painter of Miró's stature?

If art is important to man, we would expect *The Nation* to be the first to affirm this importance. This it ought to do by avoiding the opinions of Maurice Grosser, who consistently rejects, by implication if not overtly, every valid art movement of this century. It is shocking to find Dadaism, Surrealism, Freud and communism lumped together as "subversive"; abstract art considered "decorative"; the art of Miró such that Mr. Grosser "was not at all sorry to leave for a breath of fresh air." And Mr. Grosser's final linking of his foot infection with a Miró picture is *Time-Life* skulduggery in its most blatant form.

GEORGE and SUE GILLSON

New York City

Dear Sirs: For some time I have been reading the articles by Mr. Grosser and find that they evoke unusual interest among my artist colleagues. His review of Ben Shahn in your March 21 issue is an example of stimulating and vital art criticism.

MYRON MAYER

New York City

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George G. Kirstein, Publisher  
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Harold Clurman, Theatre  
Maurice Grosser, Art  
M. L. Rosenthal, Poetry  
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## EDITORIALS

### Mr. Dulles and Mr. Eisenhower

John Foster Dulles' critics will not begrudge him credit for three salient virtues: a sense of history, a sense of a mission and great personal courage. He has been patriotic according to his lights, and he has tried, if often mistakenly, to learn from the past. Thus it is no service to Mr. Dulles himself to assert, in the moment of his departure, that he was the greatest Secretary of State since (or including) Thomas Jefferson; history will decide his place. Nor should his loss be regarded as irremediable, even if he were all the President thinks he is. What the situation calls for, rather, is a resolution on the part of Mr. Eisenhower — no matter whom he chooses as Mr. Dulles' successor — to assume the role of leadership in foreign affairs which American history traditionally assigns to the President, and which Mr. Eisenhower should never have renounced.

### Mr. Nixon Sniffs the Wind

In his role of sober statesman, Vice President Nixon, after consultation with his counsel and unofficial campaign manager, Attorney General William P. Rogers, Jr., proposed that the United States and the Soviet Union lay their future differences before the International Court of Justice at The Hague. To take this suggestion literally is to miss the point with unerring aim. The Soviet Union has about as much use for the World Court as a drowning man has for water, and the abhorrence of the United States is only slightly less. The Connally Amendment of 1946 prescribes that the United States has the sole right to decide whether it will accept the jurisdiction of the World Court in any instance, which is like a businessman declaring that he will refuse to be sued if he thinks the case may go against him. Moreover, if a serious question of foreign policy were involved, even on an exploratory basis, it would not be for Mr. Nixon to launch the trial balloon.

Just the same, what Mr. Nixon said has great importance. *The Nation* once referred to Mr. Nixon as an opportunist who works both sides of the street, but it has never said that he is a stupid opportunist. On the contrary, as an indefatigable and dedicated climber, he has talents which it would be foolish to minimize. His

political scent is acute and far-reaching. The Red hunt gave him his opportunity and raised him to eminence. But now he smells the rewards elsewhere, and in a strange place — the cause of peace. If the Vice President's nostrils lead him, by however circuitous a route, in the direction of international conciliation, we may rely on it that he scents votes, and lots of them. Which is only another way of saying that where once the fears of the American people could be exploited in the Red hunt, now their fear of atomic destruction, and their preference for survival, can be exploited — and by all means let it be. The corollary is that for the Democrats to follow the lead of Senator Symington and others who put their trust in more and bigger aircraft and missiles is political folly. Mr. Nixon has something, and they had better have it too, if they don't want bad news in 1960.

### The Tough-Minded

The most remarkable thing about the disturbing observations cited by Walter Schneir (see page 355) is that they are made. Why should anyone be interested in the amount of strontium-90 in the bones of young children? Who cares that a few thousand people will get leukemia or bone cancer from the nuclear tests already conducted? Or, if testing is resumed, that future victims will be counted in the tens or hundreds or thousands of thousands? Or, in the event of an all-out nuclear war, that humanity may be wiped out completely?

There may be answers to such questions, like the succinct reply of the mechanic who gave two dollars to the Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy: "Two kids" (see page 357). Religion and ethics will provide broader, though not necessarily better, answers. But it must not be overlooked that there are numerous persons, some in very high positions, who act as if warfare were of little consequence. It has just come to light, through members of the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy, that a 60-megaton hydrogen bomb is in the study stage in the Pentagon. Sixty megatons is about 4,000 times the output of the Hiroshima bomb, which killed some 100,000 human beings (and people are still dying from its effects). Presumably, nuclear scientists and engineers in the Soviet "Pentagon" are

projecting, with equal insouciance, 60-megaton bombs which differ from ours only in that they will kill all Americans while ours will kill all Russians. The denizens of the Pentagons are human by all the accepted criteria. They wear trousers, they say, "Excuse me," when they step on each other's toes, they have children of their own and take them to pediatricians when they have sore throats. But is there not a fundamental difference? William James spoke of the "tender-minded" and the "tough-minded." Technology has driven the two types so far apart that it is difficult to realize they are still members of the same species.

## 'War, Death and Broken Dreams'

Recently, The Sacramento *Bee* sent Thor Severson, an education reporter, to bring back a word picture of "the romance of childhood dreams." After talking with a group of ten-year-old fifth graders, however, Severson found that instead of romance, he had uncovered "a story of war and death and broken dreams — the simple plaint of children voiced in the innocence of freckles, braids and crew cuts." These youngsters "have come to accept war, in their lifetime, as inevitably as they accept tomorrow," said Severson. "War is always in the papers and on television — and other kids talk about it, just like the grownups," one of Severson's fifth graders told him. "Isn't there going to be a war?"

One youngster, like so many of his schoolmates, wanted to reach the moon. Why? "Well, when we go to war, we can shoot down rockets on the enemy." Another ten-year-old had dreams of Mars as well as the moon, but felt it would take awhile to make it. First, he said, "there will probably be a war over them . . . a lot of important minerals. People always fight over something they want."

These aren't Orwellian monsters, looking forward to war à la *1984*; these are our children, responding to the influences of the world about them, the world that grownups have made.

## Mr. Mboya and the Missionaries

Missionaries are supposed to teach aborigines to wear trousers to church on Sunday, not necessarily to teach them to think. The education of Tom Mboya, youthful African nationalist leader, seems to have been a marked exception to the traditional pattern. Not that this graduate of Kenya's missionary schools wasn't decently covered when he addressed a Carnegie Hall audience last week on the occasion of African Freedom Day, sponsored by the American Committee on Africa. He wore, as a matter of fact, flowing and colorful native garb, a circumstance which added a certain piquancy to his thoroughly felicitous English. He spoke softly but with infinite confidence, as befits a black man who

comes from a country where there are 6,000,000 blacks and 40,000 whites. But what really enthralled his audience were his simple expressions of faith in the principles laid down in such treasured American documents as the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence, and his conviction that these principles are as valid for Africans as they are for Americans. This, of course, is where the missionary echoes are apparent; after all, these documents are no more than the political reflection of good Christian canon.

Of course, good Christians don't believe in violence, and Mr. Mboya likes it no better than his teachers. But he pointed out, in his gentle, insistent voice, that white people often display a distorted view of violence: Mau Mau is violence, the Algerian revolt is violence, black riots in Kenya and Nyassaland are violence; but, in the curious lexicon of the colonial powers the torture of Algerians, the wholesale war on the Mau Mau, the suppression of the South African blacks somehow turn out to be not violence, but merely an extension of the fringe benefits of democracy, so to speak.

Mr. Mboya is right, of course. Yet in the world we live in there is nothing so illogical as the use of logic: how are 40,000 whites to maintain their supremacy over 6,000,000 blacks without violence? The answer, obviously, is implicit in the question; in a democracy, the whites won't have any supremacy to preserve. Mr. Mboya has summed up the whole situation neatly. What African blacks are looking for is the recognition of Africa as an entity — not as Belgian Africa, or British or French Africa, but simply as Africa. It doesn't seem too much to ask.

## Help for Moiseyev

Igor Moiseyev, director of the Russian folk dance troupe which visited here last year, has been chided by the Ministry of Culture for the relatively unqualified enthusiasm of his report on America's cultural health. A few anecdotes relevant to Western decadence would have made his observations more palatable.

This reproof, mild though it was, would seem to support those who believe that citizens of the USSR are told not only what they must do, but also what they must think. However, Mr. Moiseyev demonstrated on his visit that he was an amiable guest as well as a fine artist, and we would not wish him to suffer for his admiration of us. If he needs an anti-American cultural incident to prove his loyalty, we offer the following:

Robert Moses, New York City Park Commissioner, has informed the New York Shakespeare Festival that it may not perform in Central Park this summer unless it charges admission. This order is issued after three enormously successful seasons during which the festival was specifically instructed *not* to charge admission to plays performed on park property and during which

Joseph Papp, director of the festival, repeatedly explained why his policy of free plays was economically necessary (the costs of a "commercial" season would far outstrip any possible revenue from ticket sales). Mr. Moses' astounding reason for the new demand is that the Shakespeare audiences are "eroding" the grass and he must be reimbursed with 10 per cent of the projected box office. The commissioner is in many ways an ir-

ritating man, but he is not a blockhead and he knows that a few hundred square feet of idle lawn cannot be equated with Shakespeare under the stars for New York's theatre-hungry populace. What really galls him, we suspect, is that the festival is the most popular public entertainment that has been added to the New York scene in years — and it was not engendered by the relentless paternalism of Robert Moses.

## ON THE H-BOMB FRONT: I

# Strontium-90 in U.S. Children . . . by Walter Schneir

ACCORDING to a report which the Atomic Energy Commission has had in its hands for some time, but has not made public, the quantity of strontium-90 concentrated in the bones of American children up to age four doubled in the one-year period ending December, 1957.

This is by far the greatest one-year increase for children recorded since the AEC instituted a worldwide study of the skeletal absorption of the cancer- and leukemia-causing element. In terms of strontium units (S.U.) per gram of bone calcium, the American child in the 0-to-4 age group has been absorbing strontium-90 at accelerating rates. Here is the average level as of December 30 of each of the following years:

1954	0.38
1955	0.56
1956	0.67
1957	1.33 (app.)

Since the last figure is based on bone analyses made before last year's series of American and Soviet nuclear-bomb tests began, it is already seriously out of date. There is every indication that the situation is much worse today.

The report which the AEC is now sitting on is entitled "Strontium-90 in Man, III"; it is the third of a series drawn up for the commission as part of Project Sunshine, launched in 1953 to keep abreast of the

strontium-90 count in fallout from nuclear-explosion tests. These three reports represent the lion's share of all AEC research on strontium-90 in human bone.

The authors of the reports are Dr. J. Laurence Kulp, professor of geochemistry at Columbia University and a team of scientists working with him at the university's Lamont Geological Laboratories in Palisades, New York. The first of Dr. Kulp's reports was published in *Science*, a respected but highly technical publication of limited circulation, in February, 1957—three years and seven months after the Lamont laboratory team had begun its urgent research. The second report was published exactly a year later, again in *Science*. Neither report was released to the general press by the Atomic Energy Commission.

Scientific circles assume that the third and most recent report was presented to the AEC not later than January, 1959, which means that the commission has been sitting on it for at least three months.

MANY scientists are asking why, in the nearly six years since Project Sunshine was initiated, only two reports—the last one more than fourteen months ago—have reached the public. And they are also asking why *Science* seems to have acquired exclusive rights to material which is of vital and immediate interest to the American people. It is recalled that on March 24, Chairman John A. McCone of the Atomic Energy Commission told the Joint

Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy:

... Finally, I assure this Committee emphatically and unequivocally that so long as I am chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission I shall not be a party to the suppression or distortion of any information bearing on the safety and health of the American public.

There is every reason to believe that at the time Mr. McCone spoke these words, the third Kulp report was already on file in his office and had been carefully gone over by Dr. Willard F. Libby, sole scientist member of the AEC.

HOW MANY additional cases of leukemia, bone cancer and other diseases will be caused by the increased absorption of strontium-90 as shown in the third Kulp report, no scientist can say with certainty. Out of a welter of conflicting statements and opinions, however, one irrefutable fact emerges: people throughout the world will suffer death and illness from the nuclear tests conducted to date—and the effects of these tests will still be felt by mankind 10,000 years from now. The only debatable point is whether the victims of bomb-testing should be counted in the thousands, hundreds of thousands, or millions.

Without attempting to pinpoint the extent of the peril, one can indicate the seriousness of the Kulp findings in terms of the so-called Maximum Permissible Concentration (MPC) of strontium-90. This radioactive form of the harmless

WALTER SCHNEIR is news editor of MD Newsmagazine, a national medical publication. He has written and spoken on the subjects of radiation and fallout.



Maxine

St. Louis Post-Dispatch

Rx: A Drop a Day

metal, strontium, was spawned by the first atomic blast in 1945. The International Commission on Radiological Protection, with almost no data available to help it reach a decision (most of what there was arose out of a series of tragedies caused by misuse of radioactive substances), set an MPC of 1,000 strontium units for the small number of adults then working in atomic energy plants. The H-bomb, which made radioactive strontium a health problem for the entire world, changed the picture. Puzzled experts, painfully aware of their ignorance, were called upon to set an MPC for a barely-known poison which was being absorbed into the bones of nearly three billion people. Finally, an arbitrary figure of 100 S.U. was set for the general population.

The Kulp findings indicate that the level of strontium-90 in the bones of American children has been climbing steadily from 1/260th of the MPC in 1954-55 to about 1/75th of the MPC in 1957-58. But the Kulp findings are an average for the 0-to-4 age group; a higher concentration was found in the one-year-old group—about 1/55th of the MPC. Continued fallout from earlier tests, as well as from the new, heavy tests of 1958 which occurred after the third Kulp report, may mean that the level of concentration today for young children is certainly no less than 1/30th of the MPC

for the 0-to-4 age group as a whole, and 1/25th for one-year-olds—and may be much higher.

On the basis of these figures, it would appear that it is not the concentrations so far revealed that are alarming; it is the trend. Yet even this consolation is denied us. For the fact remains that the fixing of 100 S.U. as an MPC was more or less arbitrary; many scientists believe that the figure is much too high for safety. The National Academy of Sciences has mentioned 50 S.U. as a possible MPC; other authorities have suggested 10 S.U. as an absolute maximum. And there are scientists who deny that there is any such thing as an MPC. Last month Dr. Russell H. Morgan, chairman of the Surgeon General's National Advisory Committee on Radiation, told a Congressional subcommittee that use of the term "Maximum Permissible Concentration" to signify a "safe" level of radiation is misleading. Dr. Morgan added: "There is no such thing as a safe level of radiation."

Curiously, the AEC has had information in its files for two years which, in a sense, anticipated the trend subsequently revealed by the Kulp findings. In 1957, Dr. Leslie Machta, of the United States Weather Bureau, advanced the theory that stratospheric fallout is not uniform, but tends to "band" at the Temperate Zone of the Northern Hemisphere. Dr. Libby continues to reject this theory in favor of his own: that fallout is uniform throughout the world. (Dr. Machta's theory was apparently substantiated when headlines throughout the country early this month reported that the United States was getting the heaviest fallout of any country in the world.) Then, on July 29, 1957, a dozen scientists appeared at a special meeting called by the AEC's Division of Biology and Medicine. The scientists, among whom was Dr. Libby, warned that if Dr. Machta's predicted fallout from "banding" occurred, and testing continued, future skeletal concentrations in young persons in the northeastern United States would reach 10 to 25 S.U. "in the next several years."

But the AEC never published this warning, any more than it has so

far published the most recent of the Kulp findings.

CHAIRMAN McCONE has insisted that the AEC "has not been derelict in its duty in studying radioactive fallout." Its derelictions in reporting to the public what it has learned have already been pointed out in these columns, and by Senator Clinton P. Anderson, chairman of the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy; by Representative Chet Holifield; by Senator Hubert H. Humphrey, and others. But has it really been learning enough?

Scientists to whom I have talked respect the work being done at the Lamont laboratories, and none among them is inclined to question Dr. Kulp's findings *so far as they go*. Yet the truth is that the findings are based on a minuscule number of samplings. Skeletal parts are sent to the laboratories from all over the world. The Kulp reports show that the findings for the 0-to-4 age group were based on the following number of samplings from year to year: 1954, 18; 1955, 54; 1956, 39.

Of these 111 samples encompassed in the first two Kulp reports, only 46 came from American children, and these 46 were residents of only four cities: Boston, New York, Denver and Houston. The number of samplings encompassed by the unreleased third Kulp report will not add measurably to these totals.

The limitations of this federally endowed project become apparent when it is compared with the privately financed research now being done under the auspices of the Greater St. Louis Citizens' Committee for Nuclear Information. This private group is collecting baby teeth for its strontium-90 studies, and expects to analyze at least 1,000 samples annually and to issue monthly reports on findings. For a truly world-wide project, such as Dr. Kulp's, most scientists would agree that tens of thousands of samples should be analyzed annually. The samples, moreover, must be chosen with due regard to the fact that strontium-90 in the soil and food of rural areas may run 100, or even 1,000, times higher than in urban areas.

The disparity in strontium-90 level

that exists between rural and urban areas (the Kulp data does not include rural areas) points up the meaninglessness, in terms of the individual, of results which are couched solely in broad "averages." Even those Kulp reports which have been published lack significance in this sense, for the AEC has not permitted inspection of the raw data on which the published results were based. Thus there is no means of knowing how many of the children encompassed by the Kulp studies had concentrations many times larger than the average. An adequate research program would also seek to

test a current theory that adults, who have a less uniform skeletal distribution of strontium-90 than children, are now forming radiation "hot spots" in their bones.

Many scientists agree that more attention must be paid to elements other than strontium-90 which are included in fallout. Dr. Linus Pauling, Nobel Prize-winner in biochemistry, has said that the 10 per cent increase in human tissue of long-lived carbon-14 which has been reported by the AEC will mean millions of bomb-test casualties over the next 10,000 years. Major General Herbert Loper, the Pentagon's top atomic-

energy expert, acknowledged in correspondence with Dr. Libby that carbon-14 and cesium-137 are a danger to about one person in 500,000, which means that, globally, these two fallout products alone imperil 5,500 persons.

Early next month Representative Chet Holifield (Dem., Calif.), chairman of the Subcommittee on Radiation of the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy, will call the first witnesses for the second Congressional fallout hearings in two years. The American people have a lot to learn, and not much of it will be good.

## **ON THE H-BOMB FRONT: 2**

# **Beachhead on 42nd Street . . . by Dan Wakefield**

BETWEEN Times Square and Sixth Avenue a constant human river runs on the gray bedrock of New York's 42nd Street, banked by the nervously moving glare of neon that jumps at the eye before dark and plate-glass windows heavy with "sales." The BeeSee bookshop advertises pin-ups and the Supreme Detective Agency claims "We Give You Peace of Mind—Missing Persons Located." On a recent gray and drizzly day, a theatre marquee was promising "Emile Zola's Shocker *Nana*. . . . Strips Down to Bare Facts." A few doors east, some different facts were on display in a store window, below a blue and white sign that asked "Suicide or Sanity?"

The facts up for public observation in the store were not, like the "Bare Facts" of *Nana*, commonly displayed in the area. The window held a geiger counter, marked magazine articles explaining the effect of strontium-90 on the milk we drink, statements by Albert Schweitzer and Linus Pauling on the dangers of nuclear fallout, a long photograph showing the flattened landscape of Hiroshima after the A-bomb and, perhaps as a small concession to the ambience of the district, a flash-board hooked to an "Electronic Brain" inside that challenged all

comers to a game of Tic-Tac-Toe. A loudspeaker told the passing stream that this was a free exhibition sponsored by the New York Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy.

In the back of the store, where folding chairs were assembled for small audiences, a young volunteer worker took time out to explain what had been going on. The volunteer, Morty Ryweck, was a quiet and personable insurance broker.

The exhibit, he said, was part of the committee's national program of "Acts for Peace," and it was planned for two weeks, but public response and donations were such that they had held out for four. This was to be the last day. There was the air about the place that pervades a circus before it breaks camp, and coupled with the wet and chilly day which kept the stream outside moving even more quickly on its route, the atmosphere was lulled and quiet. Morty Ryweck explained that this was not typical, that they had had busy days.

"We had speakers every day at lunch—very good crowds, and men came to speak like Algernon Black, Stanley Isaacs of the City Council, the Reverend Donald Harrington of Community Church, and Dr. Hugh Wolfe, head of the physics department at Cooper Union. One day a couple of students from the Fordham debating team came up and

presented regular debating arguments for banning nuclear tests and then let the crowd do the questioning. We've been open from 11:30 in the morning till 11:30 at night, and every day a different neighborhood group provides the volunteer workers—we have more than seventy such neighborhood groups here."

Marvin Gewirtz, executive secretary of the New York committee, has estimated that during the four weeks of the exhibition, which closed last week, about 6,000 people signed the petition urging support of the Geneva negotiations for a ban on nuclear testing. The crowds, in general, had seemed sympathetic; Morty Ryweck said the main complaint seemed to be that "We shouldn't trust the Russians":

"Many people have said 'Why don't you set up a center like this in Moscow?' Well, we've tried to explain that our whole position is in favor of a mutual ban of tests among the United States, Britain and Russia through reaching an enforceable agreement at the Geneva Conference that's going on now. We are not asking for unilateral halting."

A COUPLE of kids who probably spend such afternoons in the Broadway penny arcades were around the Tic-Tac-Toe game now; at the long table in the front, four or five citizens were skeptically eying the lit-

DAN WAKEFIELD is a staff contributor.

erature. The volunteer behind the desk was a slightly balding man in a conservative sportcoat and slacks who turned out to be a dentist from Queens. He politely asked an elderly gentleman staring at the petition if he cared to sign. The old man looked up and snapped: "Can you trust the Russians?"

"You don't have to," the dentist explained. "We'll have an inspection system on them."

"I don't think I'd put my gun away and let the other fellow keep his—negotiations or not, Khrushchev is no good. I say carry a gun and a big club and to hell with it."

He turned and marched out under the doorway sign, "Geneva Means Hope," banging his black umbrella as he walked.

A few others walked out after him and a tall Negro boy bearing schoolbooks bent down and signed the petition. He put down the pen and looked up at the dentist with a friendly, but rather hopeless smile.

"You think it'll do any good?" he asked.

"Everything helps."

At the back of the room a young girl was reading committee literature into a microphone that sent her voice through the loudspeaker outside the store. She stood alone in the back with the empty chairs, reading with painstaking care in a steady, gentle voice. A long, brown ponytail fell to her waist; she might have been rehearsing for a school play.

"Strontium-90," she was saying, "falls to the earth like rain. It can cause leukemia, cancer and bone disease. . . ."

Outside, a bunch of teenage boys were looking in the window and talking; one yelled "Boom!" and they laughed and walked away.

Today was the day for the Queens committee to provide the volunteer workers, and Max Fisher, a retired man who lives in that borough of New York, had come in to relieve Ed Kessler, the dentist, behind the literature table. A little later Eleanor Arnold, a Queens housewife who had arranged for a baby-sitter so she could come and help out for a while, joined Mr. Fisher. She said she had been down last Saturday, and that it was "very hopeful—very positive."

"It was always crowded," she said,



Mauldin in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

*"Well, Nobody Can Say You Haven't Filled Strauss's Shoes!"*

"and there were little groups all over, having discussions. The thing that depressed me, though, was the young people—kids sixteen and seventeen. They seem to have no hope. A few of them were arguing with me about what would happen when we bombed Russia. This one boy looked me straight in the eye and said, 'Maybe I'll be the one who drops it.'"

A clank came from the large metal milk pail set beside the table for donations and a man paused and said, "You're doing a good thing here."

An unshaven young man who had been staring at the poster explaining Linus Pauling's statement on the effects of strontium-90 came to the desk and said, "You mean when they drop one this stuff gets all over our food?"

From the loudspeaker the voice of the girl was saying:

*"Time is running out in the worldwide race to nuclear suicide. . . ."*

A man who had been examining the window displays walked hurriedly in and set down the tool kit he carried over his shoulder. He wore a green uniform with the words "Electric Supply" stitched over the pocket. He walked quickly to a table that held paper for writing your Senator, yanked out the chair, sat down, and wrote. He put the piece of paper in an envelope, walked to the long table of literature, bent over and signed the petition. He straightened up, reached in his pocket, and

clanked some coins in the milk pail, picked up his tool kit, slung it over his shoulder, and started to go. Max Fisher, who had watched the man in silence, said "Thank you—I see you're interested in our work."

The man looked around and said quickly: "I've got two kids."

Then he was gone.

Vicki Kurzman, the young girl who all afternoon had been reading to the microphone, came over to rest for a moment. She said she was a freshman at Queens College and a member of the student Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy.

"We have a discussion group," she said. "The other day I gave a speech about fallout in my public-speaking class, and the response was very good, but they're so uninformed. I mean, they don't even know the basic facts about strontium-90."

A man in a green windbreaker and brown slacks who had quickly made the rounds of the posters and exhibits throughout the room came suddenly up to the table, his face red, and shouted: "You wanna know something, folks? As an American, I'll take my chances with strontium-90 instead of being unprepared for war with the Russians." He whirled and left, muttering loudly, "I'd like to know what kind of an organization you folks are."

IT WAS quiet for a while — there were those who floated in and floated out in silence, not answering the requests to sign the petition or take some free literature—and then Max Fisher was whispering to Mrs. Arnold that the girl in the red raincoat who had just come in was a heckler who had been there before. The girl came up to the desk and looked at Mrs. Arnold and asked, "What are you doing this for?"

Mrs. Arnold smiled and Max Fisher said, "For the good of the human race."

"That's no reason," the girl said. "You know you can't trust the Russians. They've broken fifty of their last fifty-one treaties."

Mrs. Arnold suggested that perhaps other nations broke treaties too, and you had to hope, you had to start somewhere.

"What treaties have we ever broken?" the girl demanded.

"Well, what about all our treaties with the Indians—the first Americans?" Mrs. Arnold asked.

"The Indians?" the girl shouted. "The Indians don't count. There's hardly any of them."

Vicki Kurzman, the student from Queens, was back at the microphone, her voice coming patiently, steadily, into the room and the street:

*"If you agree that your children and future generations of children should not be made to suffer for what we do now, please come in and sign our petition. . . ."*

A MAN who had studied the leaflets awhile was signing the petition and said when he finished, "I don't know, I've got a feeling we'll end up doing what we're told regardless."

So many came and signed and seemed hopeless; so many came and argued a while and then listened, and signed and said well, it probably wouldn't do much good, but. . . . And the crackpots came—the

old man with the gray stubble on his cheeks and the yellow cigar-holder and the announcement that he was a student of theology, electronics and medicine, and was going to start a Health Foundation that would expose the American Medical Association; the man came who wanted to transform the English language according to Bernard Shaw's prescription. The kid came who signed a postcard to his Senator and wrote in at the bottom: "Let's make Puerto Rico the fifty-first state of the union." The lady came who said she had heard that this place was "Red-infested." The tall, dignified man came who didn't want to sign the petition until he had checked to see if it was on the Attorney General's list. The pretty young woman whose husband had been killed in Korea came and explained to a visitor that she was doing this work because she had a son and she didn't want what had happened once to happen twice.

*"How long can we put off salvation?"* the voice from the loud-speaker asked.

It was getting dark, and a new trickle of people was passing through, but they were largely silent. A visitor sitting at the corner of the literature table idly picked up a copy of Nevil Shute's novel about atomic destruction — *On the Beach* — and flipped to the front. A quote from T. S. Eliot began the book:

In this last of meeting places  
We grope together  
And avoid speech  
Gathered on this beach at the tumid  
river. . . .

A gray-haired lady had just come in who wanted to do some reading at the microphone, because she wanted to "help the cause of peace." She read from Albert Schweitzer and her words echoed out, deep and crackling, into the human stream of 42nd Street, swollen now by the end of the work day, hurrying home down the neon shores.

## ROCKEFELLER'S FAST START . . . by James Desmond

Albany, N.Y.

MR. ROCKEFELLER's legislative record as freshman Governor of New York is in the books now and on the basis of it two things would appear evident. The first is that Rockefeller demonstrated a political grasp to match any professional in putting through the program best calculated to enhance his status as a contender for the Republican Presidential nomination in 1960. The second is that, as of right now, he has decided that 1960 is his year of destiny.

The decision arises quite naturally out of the legislative and political performance the Governor put on in the first three months of this year. Though Rockefeller established himself as a national political figure when he won New York by more than 550,000 against the national Democratic sweep last November, he could

have been clobbered by a Republican Legislature led by two disappointed gubernatorial hopefuls, Senate Majority Leader Walter J. Mahoney and Assembly Speaker Oswald D. Heck. That he wasn't is due, in addition to the charm which he radiates so effortlessly, to his toughness, his resilience in compromise and, above all, his patience in holding his Sunday punch until the timing is exactly right. Besides, he's very lucky.

Luck was a very large factor in making the Governor's legislative record. For one thing, no single issue arose to stir passions and emotions to the point where any decision would have alienated a large bloc of voters, and through them, the legislators. For another, the Democratic leadership and the Democratic members split on strategy and tactics, with the consequence that their opposition was confused, rambling and ineffective right up to the Legislature's closing day.

All this combined to enable Rockefeller to wind up his first legislative session with a list of accomplishments with definite national appeal. In Albany, the record is considered to outshine the 1943 legislative session which Thomas E. Dewey in his first term as Governor used as his springboard to the Republican nomination for President in 1944.

Touching just the high points, Rockefeller put through a tough and unpopular tax program designed to take care of the state's fiscal problems for at least four years; the first union-racketeering law in the country; a railroad commuter act to ease local taxes on the railroads; an extension of rent controls; a middle-income housing program of vast proportions; an extension of emergency unemployment insurance and a broadening of jobless pay benefits, and a series of bills aimed at organized crime.

His one conspicuous failure was the defeat of an omnibus banking

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bill to define the areas of operation for savings banks and bank holding companies. But this was neither a party measure nor an issue that greatly stirred anybody except bankers, who were themselves divided, so the net political effect was negligible.

SINCE all government policy depends on the budget, the tax program was the foundation of the Rockefeller legislative record. And in handling it, he exhibited all of his political qualities: audacity in his proposals, toughness in sticking by the main objectives, resilience in giving a little here or there to achieve the over-all goal and, of course, patience in waiting out recalcitrants.

Against all tradition, the first step in the tax program was taken in January — a full two weeks before Rockefeller sent his \$2 billion-plus budget to the Legislature. Teaming with Senate Majority Leader Mahoney, who is unquestionably the most powerful man in the Legislature, the Governor brought up his plan for a 2-cent increase in the gasoline tax and whipped it through in seven days. It was signed at once.

This was a bold operation, planned to get the increase on the books before the powerful gasoline and auto-club lobbies could swing into action. But it had two side effects that augured well for the administration. First, it showed that most GOP legislators would take the administration's plans without argument (only a handful of Republicans voted nay). And, second, it exposed the bankruptcy of the Democratic strategy. Having talked about a gas-tax rise in the past, the Democrats found themselves stifled by a strict party gag that called for a *pro forma* party vote against the Rockefeller plan—and no debate.

This turned out to be a serious tactical error. The gas-tax rise was calculated to cost the average motorist, who is assumed to burn 1,000 gallons a year, about \$20, which was far more than the income-tax increases soon to be put forward would mean to the low-income taxpayer. By forswearing debate on the gas tax, however, the Democrats gave up a point they could have made in

their later opposition, in behalf of the poor, to the income taxes.

The Governor's income-tax proposals, which cut personal exemptions from \$2,500 for a married couple and \$1,000 for the single taxpayer to a flat \$600 for each dependent (including the taxpayer), came as a shock, particularly as they were wrapped up in a \$2 billion budget—largest in the state's history. Earlier, Rockefeller had talked about a budget under \$2 billion and a tax increase of about \$230 million; now he was asking for a bigger budget and a tax increase of \$277 million. Nevertheless, the immediate reac-

tion was maintained the \$10 rebate for the single taxpayer, but allowed a \$25 rebate for the married taxpayer. (Under the old tax law, it will be remembered, single persons were allowed \$1,000 exemption, married persons, \$2,500; the Mahoney amendment on rebates, then, restored the former balance as between married and single taxpayers.)

Delay in working out these changes had encouraged some of the grumblers in the Assembly to believe that the leaders were preparing to fight the Governor. On this bad guess, they began to speak out openly, claiming enough votes to upset the budget.

THE claim was patently overstated. At no time during the miscalled "tax revolt" did the opposition have enough cohesion to constitute a bloc. And, although Speaker Heck had to call two party conferences to line up his votes, the budget was never in danger of defeat in the Assembly. That is to say, at any time Heck could have picked up the votes he needed simply by using his broad powers to compel discipline; he refrained because the Governor preferred cajolery to the lash. In the Senate, of course, the program was never even questioned once it got Mahoney's imprimatur. Two Syracuse Republican Senators voted no — with Mahoney's permission — because they were under pressures at home that might have jeopardized their re-election next year. Significantly, neither of them ever publicly attacked the budget.

The effect of the tax program on Rockefeller's popularity within the state is still a matter of debate. The income tax went on a withholding basis on April 1, and those close to the Governor profess to believe that once the taxpayers get used to it, they will gradually forget whatever bitterness they felt when the boosts were first proposed. What this bitterness amounted to is anyone's guess. Certain sections of the press joined in condemning the tax program at the outset, but gradually eased off assaults; in other sections, Rockefeller got kudos all the way for his courage.

Outside the state — and that, re-



Governor Rockefeller

tion ranged from wholehearted applause to nothing much worse than cautious opposition. For the first couple of weeks in February, at least, no Republican spoke out flatly against the tax program, although some grumbled privately.

At this point Senate Leader Mahoney, who makes a fetish of asserting legislative prerogatives, insisted on tinkering with the proposals, mainly to avoid giving the public the impression that the legislators were ready to "rubber stamp" anything the Governor laid before them. But he made it clear that he had obtained the Governor's approval of his proposed changes. In the end, budget expenditures were reduced by \$35 million, but still remained well above the \$2 billion mark. Mahoney also put through an amendment of the original Rockefeller tax plan, which had called for a \$10 rebate on each tax return; the bill, as finally

"BOSTON, April 2—For nearly four hours today, Judge Michael A. Musmanno, of the Pennsylvania State Supreme Court pleaded 'in the name of universal justice' for a posthumous pardon for the principals in the celebrated Sacco-Vanzetti Case." —New York Times, April 3, 1959.

"One of the few achievements of Herman Welker and William Jenner—neither of whom, happily, any longer serves in the United States Senate—was the indictment of Mr. and Mrs. John Powell and their co-defendant, Julian Schuman, under the 1917 Sedition Act. . . . Stemming from the miasmatic political atmosphere of the cold war, the charges are without substance and should be dropped."—The Nation, April 4, 1959.

"Facts on their face indicate abuse of prosecuting function. Trial would have damaging implications for American justice."—From telegram by Roger N. Baldwin to John Powell on eve of "sedition" trial, Jan., 1959.

## Must Tragic History Be Repeated?

**T**O DAY AGAIN, as in the Nineteen Twenties, a hysteria-incited prosecution threatens the liberties—perhaps the lives—of people in America.

What was done to Sacco and Vanzetti, most lovers of liberty agree, was horrible and shameful. But posthumous "pardons," even if granted, could not help them now.

*Let us look to the living!* Let Americans come awake now—before it is too late—to the danger that threatens three victims of another, newer witch-hunt case: the Justice Department's relentless prosecution of the Powells and Schuman!

### ***Unanswered Questions in the Powell-Schuman Case***

¶WHY did the Justice Department wait nearly three years before deciding to charge these three editors with "seditious" writing and publishing?

¶WHY did Senators Jenner and Welker, of McCarthyite fame, try to force the Powells and Schuman to "cooperate" in their China-Lobby-slanted "investigations"?

¶WHY, when they refused, did word go forth

from the Justice Department that "*this case is a political must*"?

¶WHY did the Department, failing to convict them after *another three years*, suddenly come up with an ominous new charge—"treason"?

¶HOW can any American journalist, any American citizen, be secure in his fundamental rights if such a prosecution is permitted to succeed?

#### **Please Write—Please Contribute!**

Charles Mattox, Treas.  
Powell-Schuman Defense Fund  
P.O. Box 1808  
San Francisco 1, Calif.

Dear Sir:

I have  written  wired to the Attorney General, asking him to drop the prosecution.

I enclose  check  cash in amount \$..... to help the defense fund.

Name.....

Address.....

#### **POWELL-SCHUMAN DEFENSE FUND**

P.O. Box 1808

San Francisco 1, Calif.

*This advertisement paid for through public contributions*

member, is where Rockefeller is now looking for 1960 delegates (after all, he will control the New York delegation) — the press reaction has been generally good, particularly in states now in financial jams. This could be a convention factor next year.

IN THE TAX program, as later in his railroad-commuter program — the only other piece of Rockefeller legislation to run into sticky going — the Governor showed his ability to adjust to political realities without yielding anything important. His basic premise, in the tax program, was to broaden the base and make the state tax system conform to the federal system. That is exactly what he achieved.

The railroad-commuter program, which is aimed at cutting local real-estate taxes for railroads in financial distress, was the only new legislative proposal put forward by Rockefeller. It provided, briefly, for cutting real-estate taxes at the local level on a complicated formula that would key assessments to the operating income of the railroad affected. Localities are to be reimbursed by the state for 50 per cent of the tax loss incurred.

Again, the opposition centered in the Assembly. But this time it lasted only overnight and was smoothed out by writing in a proposal for a Public Service Commission investigation of "feather-bedding" on the railroads. The administration plan had called for giving the P.S.C. power to amend the "full crew laws" wherever they were found to impose unnecessary labor costs on the railroads.

The rest of the program — much of which was not initiated by the Governor — literally "sailed" through the legislature. Rent control, to which the Governor had committed himself in the election campaign, was merely an extension of a law that has been extended repeatedly since federal rent control lapsed. The bill for a constitutional amendment, aimed at court reform, which passed for the first time this year (it must be repassed in 1961 by a new Legislature before it can be put up to the people), was strictly a creation of the Senate, which limited reform

chiefly to New York City; and the union-racketeering bill, claimed as an administration program, was a slightly watered-down version of a similar bill passed last year and vetoed by Governor Harriman.

This, in sum, was the positive side of the legislative session for Rockefeller. On the negative side were failure to put through concrete legislation on a broad group of social-insurance reforms, and the failure to take any positive steps — aside from barring new business taxes — to stimulate industrial and economic activity. Both had been key planks in the Rockefeller platform. But the Governor found some things more difficult to enact than to promise. He deferred the social-insurance reforms for at least a year, pending further study; and on economic expansion, he set up a commission to find out what could be done to solve a problem that his predecessor, who in his turn had made similar promises, had found insoluble.

Delay in these two areas could develop into political gain for Rockefeller. From the point of view of a Presidential candidate, it would be better if solutions could be found next year — shortly before the 1960 convention, say — than now.

On balance, therefore, Rockefeller seems to have been a big winner in the legislative session. The parts of his program he enacted have been, on the whole, well received. On the other hand, all governors make promises to stimulate business activity and reduce unemployment, but few find they can reverse the drift of industry to low-tax areas. And the social-insurance promises — health insurance, vested pension rights and transferability of pensions — are "pie in the sky" for workers, nice to dream and talk about, but never really believed in as possibilities.

THROUGHOUT his first session, Rockefeller proved himself something of a curiosity to the Legislature. His huge fortune and famous name, of course, mark him out; in addition, as Governor, he is throwing away a lot of the old rules. While most governors waited in their second-floor offices at the Capitol for invitations to visit the legislative

country on the third floor, Rockefeller is bound by no such inhibitions. He has run up to the third floor for uncounted conferences with ailing Assembly Speaker Heck, who finds it inconvenient to move around after recent foot surgery; to attend a birthday party given by Senator Joseph Zaretzki, the Minority Leader, for his opposite number, Senator Mahoney; or just to chat and visit around.

THIS informality, and the Governor's obvious grasp of state business, have proved to be strong political assets. Any number of obscure legislators, who in the normal course of events might meet the state's chief executive once a year or so, are running into Rockefeller in the corridors and lobbies of the third floor time and again, and finding themselves charmed into his circle of admirers. The Governor is also making a number of local appearances in Albany, and by next month he expects to begin a series of visits around the state to "learn more about local problems," as he puts it.

But although he will stick close to the state, in line with the strategy of waiting until the last minute to expose his hand, in private conversations and in off-the-record remarks the Governor is giving increasing indications that he is about ready to plunge into the Presidential race. Of course, some unforeseen development, such as the death or serious illness of President Eisenhower in the next few months, would put Vice President Nixon in control of the 1960 convention and, probably, make him unbeatable. In such a case, Rockefeller would tend exclusively to his Albany knitting.

There is no doubt that Rockefeller's current optimism about his Presidential chances is due largely to his landslide victory for the governorship last year — a victory achieved in defiance of more experienced political prophets, who thought 1958 to be the "wrong year" for him. And with the Democratic Party apparently intent on riding off in several directions simultaneously, his optimism may be justified. At the moment, the betting here is that he will give it the old college try.

me tremble, turns out to be a heavy-set fellow who likes to get you in a corner at a party and lay down the law on international politics — like a Republican rancher I knew when I was a kid, up the road from my family on the Carob Plantation. Another wears a bush of a beard and drives snazzy sports cars. And I live on the same block now as Pontifex Maximus himself, born and raised in New York, went to Columbia in the 20s and has taught there since 1931, and to see him walking up the sidewalk with a paper sack in his hand (containing a pound of hamburger?) you wouldn't think he was one of *we* at all, but a neighbor.

Which just goes to show.

The not-so-good reason to listen to them is that these are the Diors and Schiaparellis of intellectual fashion design. What they think today, you're apt to find yourself, in a Sears-Roebuckish way, sort of thinking tomorrow. Like the dress-men, once in a while they hit on something first-rate. For example, they set me onto Kafka, for which service I have not ceased to be grateful; also, among others, Orwell, Nathanael West, Koestler, Auerbach, Bellow. But a good deal of the time the stuff they turn out is most unappealing. Especially, yawn-making symposia — on nerve-failure, essential existentialism, the treason of clerks, the alienation of The Writer in the postwar world, the role of . . .

There is, alas, another reason which is no good at all: New York is the chief source of power — i.e., reputation, publishing, money — and *we* are in on the ground floor. Advices to up-and-coming young intellectuals: Get yourself born in New York City and if you're a woman be chic; in any case, wherever you're from, even if you're dowdy and Michigan, attend Columbia and get yourself invited to certain parties. There are careers languishing in Ann Arbor to this very day for lack of . . .

I MET a mustached young *we* at a party. Pleasant fellow. If he'd come from Peoria and gone to the University of Illinois and been teaching at Utah, he'd probably never have had this grisly idea: What this country needs (he said) is an intellectual capital, what London is to England and Paris to France; power is pretty well concentrated in New York, but intelligence is diffused and dissipated all over, mostly in the universities; we need one central city, Manhattan to wit, where the best minds could gather, receive and winnow the up-and-comers, and see to it that only the best is thought, said and

printed. The very notion makes my teeth rattle (I'm not too suave yet), my legs twitch and my eyeballs roll back in their sockets till all I can see is my own thoughts clicking around in my brain. Moderation, fellows, moderation! Haven't you got enough of the stuff already? What about Corpus Christi? Have mercy on Iowa City! Hartford! Milledgeville! Salome-Where-She-Danced!

Not, really, that New York (by which I understand Manhattan between 125th and Houston Streets, and maybe Brooklyn Heights) is in itself so pernicious. It has its archaisms; I've seen a chain-drive truck from the 20s with solid rubber tires, and once in Times Square I saw a mothy old mare pulling a wagon with four wobbly wheels of different sizes. It has millions of unassimilated and half-assimilated and ill-assimilated immigrants. It has several thousand more intelligent, good-looking and aggressively available women than equivalent, heterosexual men; here, if two are lovers, it is said of them blandly that they "are going together" or even "are seeing a lot of each other." It has cockroaches, even in Park Avenue apartments. It has, as someone or other must have noted somewhere, noise, museums, theatres, filthy air, Madison Avenue, a murder a day and too damned many people. All of which, and a multitude of ingredients in addition, com-

pose a special and quite wonderful city but do not go very far to account for *we*.

If power were concentrated in St. Louis and if a good many of the right people had gone to Washington University, then *we* would be different in some superficial ways but would remain essentially the same. Mostly, as I believe, the 107 have spent their time reading books, talking to one another and churning up theories, which is an amiable way to get along and by no means censurable; but because they are in fact very intelligent and in fact quite powerful, they fall into the error of believing (like a popular professor who begins to think all the world's a classroom) that they know far more than they do and that their theories, being much listened to and repeated, are pretty significant. *We* live in a world of *we*.

So, you say of me, the trouble with this guy is he's envious.

It's true. How can I deny it? I go pea-green every time I think about how courageous *we* can be. You know, it takes nerve to speak even for the people whom you know well; when I do it, I'm apt to get my head snapped off; maybe I have rough friends. But *we* have courage of a much more exalted variety; *we* dare to use spokesmanship on all American intellectuals, an astonishing number of whom they've never

## My Love Lies Down Tonight (for Doran)

My love lies down tonight in an unknown country,  
long limbs on a lonely bed. I, who would solve  
all mysteries in her, all life, but may not  
share even the bitten lip nor stir in darkness,  
send her my loves, limb-love and deep heart's love,  
in that dark country where she lies tonight.

What could I wish for, but to watch her move  
in a darkened room in white moonlight,  
naked and ready to join in our naked world,  
our thin-skinned world of ephemeral, tenuous joy;  
to leave as our bodies can all lamentation  
for the momentary amnesia of loving.

In the long shells of the empty nights I see her,  
a shimmer of water in the deserts of my dreams,  
something beyond all hope, beyond all grieving.  
I would have us shrive each other of all our crimes,  
two thieves forgiven by the Christ of our love;  
and wish that our long moment of lying there

could be to us forever, that she could love me  
in that brief moment more than all the world  
of dancers and merrymakers precise and charmed  
with dazzle of daylight, in single darkness curled.  
Take away, my eyes, if you can, the light of morning,  
and let us lie together in night without end.

CHARLES DOYLE

even shaken hands with, and sometimes for such vasty things as *The American Woman* or even America itself, just like *Life Time Fortune*.

ALL THIS helps account, as I believe, for their astonishing reaction to *Witness* by Whittaker Chambers (from a town east of Brooklyn, went to Columbia, around New York off and on for twenty years, a friend of some *we*). The word on *Witness* was first proclaimed on the cover of *The Saturday Evening Post* for February 9, 1952, the issue in which the first of ten excerpts was published: "One of the Great Books of Our Time." *We* agreed, though adding that the book and/or the author was very imperfect. "As a confession, it has an almost classic structure." (Irving Howe, *The Nation*, May 24, 1952.) "He has looked into himself more deeply and more truly than any man of our times, except for a handful of great creative writers, and he has set down, without shrinking, what he has seen." (Granville Hicks, *New Leader*, May 26, 1952.)

Sidney Hook (philosophy professor at NYU) wrote in *The New York Times* for May 25, 1952, when the century had a bit over forty-seven years and seven months yet to run: "The name of the author, the theme of his work, the nature of our times all conspire to make this volume one of the most significant autobiographies of the twentieth century. It is not among the 100 great books. Yet it throws more light on the conspiratorial and religious character of modern communism . . . than all of the 100 great books of the past combined." Mr. Hook should be interested in a book entitled *Photography Directory and Buying Guide* for 1956. It isn't one of the 100 great books either, yet it throws more light than all of them combined on densitometers in our society, in our time.

The most complicated view was that taken by Philip Rahv (*Partisan Review*, July-August 1954). His general thesis, and the one still more or less current, is that Chambers was very Dostoevskyan — behaved that way, probably conceived of himself that way, wrote a book which would be even better if it were more Dostoevskyan.

All right, assume that Chambers has lived a life, and is, like one of the more fascinating characters in Dostoevsky. Still, a confession, being a form of literature, is judged much less upon the facts of the author's life and personality than upon his rendering of them. Raskolnikov's own version of his crime and punishment would be unimaginably confusing, deceiving and revolting. Dosto-

evsky's version of Chambers' story could conceivably have been quite wonderful. What *Witness* actually provides is the story of a sort of Raskolnikov—a literate, tormented, theory-stuffed sinner seeking at once to exculpate and to debase-aggrandize himself—who is trying to render his own story as he imagines Dostoevsky might have rendered it. The result, visible to any reader who wishes to look and who believes that the style has some intimate connection with the man, is mish-mash, pretentiousness and self-pollution. (Similarly, Hiss's book, *In the Court of Public Opinion*, is so dry that it crumbles to dust in the mind, whichever side you're on.)

But *we* took *Witness* more or less at its face value and took Chambers as having played, vaguely, a sort of Rubashov to Nixon's Gletkin; and for a while there was quite a spate of *we* breast-beating over the sins of their radical youth—rather pastel sins next to Chambers', but the best they had to offer.

Suppose an autobiography written by a Wobbly from Idaho, published by the Free Press in Glencoe, Ill., and selling in the lower hundreds, I doubt that these ladies and gentlemen, who are of some considerable literary acumen, would have found anything classic in it if it glistened with bombazine prose like this (from "A Letter to My Children," first elocuted over TV and printed in *The Saturday Evening Post*, then prefaced to *Witness*, published by Random House and a selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club): "It was my fate to be a witness to each of the two great faiths of our time. And so we come to the terrible word, Communism. My very dear children, nothing in all these pages will be written so much for you, though it is so unlike anything you would want to read. In nothing shall I be so much a witness, in no way am I so much called upon to fulfill my task, as in trying to make clear to you (and to the world) the true nature of Communism and the source of its power, which was the cause of my ordeal as a man, and remains the historic ordeal of the world in the twentieth century." What a difference it would have made if Chambers the author had recognized the immodesty of Chambers the character, as Dostoevsky recognized that of Raskolnikov.

I AM HAPPY to hasten to report that there are lots of New Yorkers and a good many writers of articles for the proper magazines who are decidedly non-*we*; furthermore, I have colleagues on the faculty of Barnard College (which is the girls' part of Columbia University)

few of whom show any of the above-described symptoms.

Nor is there a codex of doctrine or custom every item of which a *we* must swear allegiance to. There are Anglo-Catholics, believing Jews and those who are just stuck with it, Roman Catholics born, converted, apostate and wobbling, ecumenical Protestants who go to church and Lutherans who don't, agnostics, staunch atheists, and would-be Zens. There was a great and famous falling out over whether to award Ezra Pound a prize for his poetry despite his politics. Many have voted for Roosevelt, others for Eisenhower, some for Darlington Hoops. And I have heard some say they think it *infra dig* for Dean Jacques Barzun to have taken up selling Victor phonograph records.

But the heart of the matter, as I conceive it, is an attitude, a disposition: that whatever one experiences has been experienced by many or all, at any rate by the right few; that the theories one had made up are commonly accepted as right opinion or are facts of common knowledge; that things tend to be getting worse than they used to be; that whatever one says with sufficient pomp should be attended to.

Take for example the *we*-most of all, one who tends to be a tendency to and of himself, from New Jersey, NYU and the University of Wisconsin to Missoula via *Partisan Review*—Leslie Fiedler.

He has developed to perfection an in-group tone which appeals very potently to outsiders who like the illusion they are being let in. He is especially fond of telling his betters what their *real* (i.e., nastiest) motives are, and his attitude of superiority, often of indulgence, applies to everyone he discusses, even to those he is trying to praise. He uses it even on Simone Weil, who transmits dignity to all she touches; the best essay of Mr. Fiedler's that I have read is his introduction to *Waiting for God*; yet in it he manages to snuggle even her into the cozy circle—"our kind of saint." He all the time finds archetypes and symbols where you least expect them: "the bum as American culture hero"; "the young Jew as writer and thinker is the very symbol of our urbanization (as also our ambivalent relationship to Europe, the atomization of our culture, and our joyful desperation)." You there, William Faulkner, Father Merton, Admiral Rickover, is the young Jew as writer and thinker your very symbol? Is your desperation joyful?

And Mr. Fiedler is a master at connecting you with *of course*: "Hiss, who really knew Chambers, of course, better than anyone else except Chambers'

wife. . . ." But he seems to get his biggest charge from rootling under logs, that is to say, from discovering that the apparently innocent are really corrupt and especially finding evidence of lurking homosexuality.

I remember how I was affected by his essay "Come Back to the Raft Ag'in, Huck Honey!" (The title, which well serves its function in assisting to inuendo his case, seems to be from Mark Twain but is from L. Fiedler.) After I read it, I shrivelled and shuddered, and was embarrassed to shake hands with my closest friend. The worst part was the passage he quoted from *Moby Dick*:

"I found Queequeg's arm thrown over me in the most loving and affectionate manner. You had almost thought I had been his wife . . . he still hugged me tightly, as though naught but death should part us twain. . . . Thus, then, in our heart's honeymoon, lay I and Queequeg—a cosy, loving pair . . . he pressed his forehead against mine, clasped me around the waist, and said that henceforth we were married."

In Melville, the ambiguous relationship is most explicitly rendered; almost, indeed, openly explained. Not by a chance phrase or camouflaged symbol (the dressing of Jim in a woman's gown in *Huck Finn*, for instance, which can mean anything or nothing at all), but in a step-by-step exposition, the Pure Marriage of Ishmael and Queequeg is set before us.

Well, I can tell you, for a few weeks there I repressed every impulse to punch my friend in *apparently* innocent affection and blushed every time we bumped shoulders while walking on the sidewalk (for it too could mean anything or nothing at all—no?).

But then, what the hell. I remembered another friend, an abysmally non-we next-door neighbor, with whom I had spent a sort of Queequeg night seven or eight years before, and I decided to revert to bumping along and shaking hands come what may.

Call him Smitty. He was a rigger, construction worker, lumberjack, boot-legger, truck driver; he was rebuilding the rotten foundations of the house he had bought; he was working, at the time of my story, as a fisherman in a crew of five, hunting sharks for their valuable livers. One day he needed someone to drive him and his gear down to the fishing boat in a town 250 miles south of San Francisco, and then bring his car back the next day; it's a beautiful drive; the weather was good; I was free; I went. We had plenty of beer along the way and plenty more after

we got there; then, when we looked for a place to stay, we could find only one vacant room in town, in a ratty old motel. There was one broken-sprunged, swag-bellied double bed, into which we piled, being by then pretty beat (Old Style). It was uphill sleeping all night long. Smitty flopped on his back in the middle of the bed and began snoring as I'd never heard a man snore. I ascended my side of the mattress and presently fell asleep. Sometime in the night, I woke up; I was snuggling him because he'd pulled the covers off me and I was cold; I reclaimed my share of the covers, climbed the mattress again, and went to sleep. Then, later, I woke up to find him wrapping himself around me; I punched him in the ribs with my elbow; he grunted and rolled back. As I was about to drop off again he threw his arm over my leg. "Mary," he grumbled (Mary was his wife), "why are your legs so hairy?" So I punched him again and we slept till 7:30.

Really and truly, the friendship of Queequeg and Ishmael was not of prime importance in *Moby Dick* nor, if I may analogize from my friendship with Smitty, was the homosexual ingredient in that friendship very important. What was important was their love; and that they should have sealed their love, on that strange ship, by a version of the ceremony which seals the fullest kind of human love, marriage, seems to me moving and splendid. I hope I may never lose the innocence, if innocence it is, which believes that of love there cannot be too much, that love deserves respect, that love may have power to redeem its own impurities.

There was the germ of a good enough idea in Mr. Fiedler's essay, one worth mentioning in passing, with a flick of the wrist, while talking about something more important. But it is possible that Melville wasn't so innocent. It is just possible that of the plausible antonyms to innocent—guilty, of course, and corrupt too, but also experienced and wise—that of these, corrupt was not highest on Melville's list.

Mr. Fiedler's thesis is one to which not all, perhaps not many, of we subscribe; but his tone, the you-and-me-and-maybe-not-even-you tone — that is we pluperfect.

ALLEN GINSBERG (Jersey, Columbia, beat, New Style): "I saw the best minds of my generation . . ." (the first words of *Howl*). No, Mr. G., you didn't either. Maybe you saw the best minds of your class in college, though I'd be willing to bet that a couple of best-mind physicists slipped by without your

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# NEW DIRECTIONS

noticing. But I have a friend born in Germany, now in Columbus, whom you never saw; he's got five or six years on you but still he's of your generation; and he has a dandy mind. Never had an "angry fix"; owns his own car; married; washing machine; neither cornholes nor is cornholed unto; does not howl that his abundant troubles are the fault of communism, commercialism, the way America does not appreciate him, Hitler, General Motors, or the Statue of Liberty.

So, you say to me, Mr. G. wasn't running a Gallup Poll. He was having a vision.

A damned pompous vision, I say, with a lie in it.

So, you say to me, how do you know your Columbus friend is one of the best minds even of Ohio State? How come you know so much? Have you made a survey? Got an inside track?

It's true. I give up. I don't know, and that's a fact. . . .

My trouble is, I take the coward's way out, the easy way, as against taking the broader view, being significant and spokesmanlike. Still, it's no worse than saying nothing or repeating what we tell me to.

O PERSON sitting in darkness! In Scottsville, Minneapolis, Athens, Inter-course, Waukesha, Mendocino City, R.F.D.! My double! my brother! Don't let the we-ones wear you down!

If the inflated way is not for you, try a lesser one; try figuring out just what you yourself honestly think; try speaking only for yourself, discovering what you actually experience and believe, and saying it as well as you can. Doing this deflates the balloon-type ego, no doubt of that. But those who set about trying to know themselves, to speak only for themselves, find that it's not so easy as it seems.

Rather, that's what I find.

## America's Unknown History

*Robert Cantwell*

JAMES LEANDER BISHOP was a 36-year-old physician living on Front Street in Philadelphia in 1856, when he was commissioned to write a historical guide to American manufacturing. How it came about that a doctor, and apparently a pretty good one, was charged with a task of this nature is not made clear in the brief accounts that exist of Bishop's life. There was a tradition of Philadelphia medical men engaging in literature, and Bishop was widely read and had a good, plain, factual prose style. Whatever the circumstances that led him to give up medicine for writing, he prepared the only genuine industrial history in our literature, the source book on which economic interpretations of the American past depend.

Bishop was hired by a brilliant, enterprising, none-too-scrupulous editor named Edwin Troxell Freedley. This Freedley was the son of a Pennsylvania Congressman. He had studied law at Harvard, and at twenty-five, in 1852, turned out the most useful of do-it-yourself books, simply entitled *Money: How to Get It*. Not unnaturally, the book became an immediate sensation in this country and England. The editor of *The Economist* in London, where Freedley visited, wrote smugly that Freedley's

*Money* had given him a far higher estimation of Americans than he had previously entertained. All copies of the book seem to have disappeared, no doubt locked up in the family archives of the founders of great fortunes. Freedley became a publisher of do-it-yourself legal guides, and volumes telling where to make money around Philadelphia.

He didn't want the sort of book Bishop wrote. He wanted a quick hack job, a breezy run-through of the early industrial history of the country, culminating in the fine flourishing outlook that stretched before us in 1860. He wanted it to lead up to the living manufacturers, whose whiskery portraits would be included by a new process of steel engraving. But Bishop turned out to be a genius. He conceived his job as requiring him to trace the history of literally every factory that had ever operated in the nation or the preceding colonies. He began with the first glass works in Jamestown in 1608, and carried the story through the building of Horace Abbott's rolling mill in Baltimore, completed just in time to roll the plates for the *Monitor*. Bishop's *History of American Manufacturers from 1608 to 1800* runs to 1,504 pages, about a million words of text in which few words are wasted. From local histories, old newspapers, letters, journals, legislative records, he pieced together the stories of perhaps 5,000 factories, most of which

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had not even been known to exist. What he learned was that industrial statistics were deceptive. Every factory was different. Each had its own history, identity, meaning. From a painstaking study of them, one by one, new patterns appeared, outside the economic dogmas of the time.

At the start he ran into a typical mystery. The second factory in America was the Falling Creek Iron Works in Virginia. In 1620, 150 ironworkers were sent from England; three died in 1621, and Captain Berkeley and twenty Sussex reinforcements were despatched to speed the venture. The plant was immense for the time; for that matter, it was big even by our present standards. Only about 15,000 American plants now have that many employees. In the spring of 1622 Berkeley reported the works completed and that he would ship the first cargo in May.

In the great massacre of Virginia colonists at that time the works were destroyed and the workers killed to the last man. The only survivors at Falling Creek were a little girl and boy who hid in the bushes. In all, 347 Virginia settlers were slaughtered, a mysterious onslaught because the Indians had long been peaceful. Half the total casualties were the ironworkers. Much dispute prevailed — and still prevails — as to the date of the massacre. Four of our contemporary histories give four different dates. One places the massacre on February 1, another in March, a third on March 24, another on May 22. Bishop said the Falling Creek Works were destroyed at the same time that a mob in England destroyed the first ironworks in England to use coal instead of wood for fuel. The exhaustion of English supplies of timber (which Bishop found had been rationed since 1581) led Dud Dudley, an illegitimate son of Lord Dudley, to build an experimental works using coal. He patented the process in 1621, and the works were operating successfully when a mob, supposedly of displaced wood-splitters, destroyed it. Dr. Bishop did not say that the simultaneous destruction of these two historic works indicated a pre-arranged plan; he merely noted that no further attempt was made to use coal in iron production for another century, and that iron-making in Virginia was not resumed until 1712.

WHAT early begins to emerge from Dr. Bishop's history is a native American pattern of industry, different in kind from the industrialism of Europe. Industry in the Old World was regarded with hostility from the start, entangled with feudal remnants and the trade

secrets of guilds and artisans, forever haunted by shortages of raw materials and obsessed by notions of their transatlantic abundance, perpetually wary of the encroachment of the sovereign state, or of the sovereign himself, and haunted by the ease with which the mob could be set in motion by the landed aristocracy against such factories as managed to survive.

As he traced the growth of American factories, it became apparent to Dr. Bishop that the European intellect had never been able to grasp the accomplishment or the potential of American industry. Almost from the start these plants became one of the dynamic forces of world history, shattering the pre-conceptions of economists whose body of knowledge stemmed from other conditions. English theoreticians were still trying to force Virginia planters to raise silk, because the climate was similar to that of Persia, while North America was in fact becoming a major industrial power before it was known to possess any industry at all. Dr. Bishop located and named eighty-two shipyards that were functioning in the earliest colonial days. In a single year, 1676, 730 vessels were built along the coast near Boston; within another decade New England had become the greatest fish-producing center the world had ever known; after 1690, when whale-fishing began on a large scale in the region, its pre-eminence increased.

SHIP-BUILDING on this scale, with limited manpower, required power sawmills, and as early as 1634 Andrew Gibbon was operating one at Salmon River Falls in New Hampshire, fifty years before the royal prohibition against power sawmills was removed in England. After 1639 they were commonplace in the Dutch and Swedish settlements; after 1654, when John Winthrop built the first in New London, Dr. Bishop was able to locate one started almost every year, some twenty-four in Maine alone as early as 1682, and around 400 in all in Dr. Bishop's catalogue. Sawmills and lumber required saws and axes, and after the creation of the Saugus Iron Works in Lynn, Massachusetts, in 1641, forges and furnaces multiplied with incredible rapidity, their founders trained in the Saugus Works where, in 1646, Joseph Jenckes, the first great American mechanic, invented the American scythe, without which the country could not have been cleared. By 1745, despite a royal prohibition against the building of iron works in America, these works were producing one-seventieth of the world's iron. Fifty

years later America was producing one-seventh of the world's iron.

Bishop came to believe that the ancient fraternities that arose in Europe with a decay of feudalism, limiting trade or industry to their own members, crippled industrial development with a permanent injury, not only in the physical sense of stifling development but in the habits of thought they bred. "The scarcity of labor, and its better remuneration in this country," he wrote, "and perhaps a more general appreciation of the value of labor-saving devices, have for the most part prevented any hostility to such improvements." Massachusetts abolished all such monopolies in 1641, except for new inventions, like that of Jenckes, granted for brief periods. The salient difference was that in America industry was welcomed from the start; every factory was a treasure to be guarded; the loss of one by Indian raid or fire or, more often, by that perpetual villain, the disgruntled employee, was a community disaster.

The outlines of an epic began to emerge from the physician's findings: the story of the sawyer in Joseph Wing's sawmill in Worcester, kidnapped to Canada by Indians and forced to build a sawmill in return for his son's freedom; William Hutchinson's Berwick mill, as-

saulted by French-led Indians in 1690, with the loss of eighty-four of its crew; the gunshop of Hugh Orr, the first to manufacture muskets, visited by settlers from all over the colonies, who brought to Orr specimens of every mineral discovered; the nail factory of Jacob Perkins, cutting 200,000 nails a day; the Ames Shovel Works, whose products were found to be better than the best imported shovels; the marvelous wire mill of Amos Whittemore, the most ingenious of New England blacksmiths; the textile mill that Samuel Slater built in Rhode Island, largely with his own hands, in 366 days, from plans he carried in his head when he fled from England; the works of Oliver Evans, the finest mechanic of them all.

"The services of artisans, however humble," Dr. Bishop wrote, "who have acted as pioneers in any branch of the useful arts, we regard as fit subjects to record in connection with the rise of American industry." What he emerged with was a great gallery of noble mechanics — not only Jenckes, Evans and Eli Whitney, but hundreds like them of lesser stature: Richard Leader, the first superintendent of the Saugus Works; John Deacon, the first American blacksmith; John Peck, the first native ship designer; Ezekiel Reed,

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Joseph Holmes, Jesse Murdoch, Peter Townsend, David Jones, Whitehead Humphreys, Josiah Hornblower — an amazing assemblage, all the more remarkable, in their integrity, kindness and foresight, when one thinks of the portraits of the robber barons in the next period of American literature, or of such business figures as Dickens' Scrooge, the English prototype of the businessman in Dr. Bishop's own era.

His history is a latent masterpiece also in a kind of half-poetry with which it enhances familiar objects: axes and shovels, kettles, stoves, salt, soap, glass, fishhooks, nails, bolts, locks, pipes, wallpaper, pins, needles, or the superb gun stocks made of wild cherry at Vander Poel's mill on Beaver Creek near Albany. There is a real poetry in the commercial and place names: the Hard Bargain Furnace, Third Herring Brook, Shovel

Shop Pond, Safe Harbor Iron Works, Forest of Deane Mine, Furnace Village, Damascus Iron Works, Spruce Swamp Mine, Rough and Ready Rolling Mills.

BISHOP was not able to complete his work. At the start of the Civil War, despite its unfinished state, Freedley decided to bring out one volume in the hope that manufacturers would cooperate in gathering material for the second. Not only is the work as a whole incomplete, but each section seems unfinished, Dr. Bishop being obviously too pleased at having discovered any fact about a forgotten factory to bother with refinements of editing and revision. The book was badly printed, the type small and tiring. Bishop enlisted in the 35th Pennsylvania Regiment, soon was promoted surgeon of the 36th. These regiments saw heroic duty at Manassas,

Gaines Mill, Antietam and Fredricksburg; during the advance on Gettysburg, the 36th was entrusted with guard duty at Washington. Returning to the field, it was wiped out in the Wilderness. After seven months in Andersonville, Bishop was freed by Sherman, and discharged in 1864. He died in 1868.

No attempt has been made to carry on his work; there is no American industrial history, any more than there was a history of the American wilderness until Francis Parkman traced it in the cycle of books that occupied him for forty years. Bishop accomplished wonders in four or five years; as a result of his work, our industrial history is pretty thoroughly known up to the Civil War; after that, it is hardly known at all. A dozen general surveys of American manufacturing are in use — the works of Albert Bolles (1881), Katherine Comans (1905), Carroll Wright (1911), Walter Jennings (1926), Victor Clark (1929) and Arthur Bining (1943). They derive largely from Bishop for the early years; for the later period, they discuss, not factories, but general trends, the growth of monopolies and the emergence of labor organizations and federal controls. Documentation of factories as Bishop carried it through does not exist. In her *Guide to Business History* published by Harvard University Press ten years ago Henrietta Larson observed guardedly that "the history of American manufacturing is still to be written . . ."

One result is that the United States, which for generations has been telling itself that it is the greatest industrial power on earth, really knows nothing of its industrial past since 1860. There is no standard reference work on manufacturing as exact as Spaulding's *Baseball Guide*. There is no source telling what was manufactured where, by whom, anywhere in the country. And, as a natural consequence, no imaginative literature has been laid against the background of the dominant force in our history. Portraits of sea captains abound in New England fiction, but I know of only one portrait of an early manufacturer, Elizabeth Stoddard's sensitive characterization of Charles Morges in *The Morgesons*, published in 1865. This is a sort of air pocket, an empty space, in our literature — the creations we have fail to account for the shape life has taken on this continent. Industrialists like Dreiser's Titan could not have accounted for what has been done, nor industrial establishments like those of Upton Sinclair's *The Jungle* produced what has been produced.

## The Self and the Weather

It is tiresome always to talk about weather, or think about it.  
We ought to be able to rise (always rise) above it

By dedication

To our jobs, wives, children, even our art. Thus this poem,  
If it is a poem,  
Ought (always ought)  
Not to be written.  
If I must lie  
On this rumpled bed with my clipboard and pencil  
And moodily stare out windows at wet leaves,  
Wet grass, wet laundry and so on, hearing the thunder  
Rattle, and thinking that last night the weatherman said that  
Today (!) (irony)

Would be a *marvelous* day — if, as I say,  
I must lie here and weakly succumb to such outdoor trivia,  
Then the least that I or anyone trapped with a clipboard  
Should (always should) do  
Is not this.

True.

This is always true.

It was true some time ago when Antony ditched  
The Egyptian fleet — a girl was the weather  
That day — and true too when Macbeth found somebody  
Sitting where he was to sit (but the chair was empty).  
Indeed one could dazzle the world with instances, mostly  
From Shakespeare, proving  
That any man of resolve, any man with a mission  
Should not

Do what he does but should rise (always rise)  
To where it is sunny; and there, undistracted  
By anything but a hurricane, say, or a change  
Of administration, should keep  
Close to his clipboard and write, if he writes,  
Treatises mostly, not poems, for treatises seldom  
Traffic in weather as poems do,  
And may (the treatises) best be composed in a windowless  
Room underground where the outside world  
Is represented ideally by four white walls  
And a picture by some gay cubist of what could not possibly  
Be wet leaves, wet grass, wet laundry, and so on.

REED WHITEMORE

# The French Neo-Realists

J. G. Weightman

WHEN the English version of Alain Robbe-Grillet's novel, *Le Voyeur*, was published recently, it received a chilly reception in *Partisan Review*, the *Observer* and the *New Statesman*. Michel Butor's *La Modification* had an even rougher passage when it came out in translation several months ago. For the English-speaking literary public, Nathalie Sarraute, Jean Cayrol, Claude Simon, Robert Pinget, are hardly more than names, if they are even that. It may, therefore, not be generally realized how large these various writers loom at the moment in their native French setting, although they are fiercely attacked by some critics. They form an avant-garde of "experimentalists," which has no parallel, so far as I know, in England and America. The three foremost figures, Robbe-Grillet, Sarraute and Butor have produced, in the typical French manner, theoretical statements to justify the sort of books they write. More important still, each has, or has had, the backing of a professional philosopher. Since 1954, Robbe-Grillet's aesthetic has been expounded by the neo-Marxist Roland Barthes; one of Nathalie Sarraute's novels appeared with an introduction by Sartre; Butor has been the subject of lectures by the eminent Hegelian, Jean Hyppolite, who must be almost twice his age. In France, then, a considerable amount of dust has been raised. The question is: are we remaining insensitive to a new and exciting phase in the history of the novel, or are the French creating an undue fuss? I should like to give a tentative answer in the form of a few remarks on the Robbe-Grillet, Sarraute, Butor trio. Anyone wishing further information is advised to look at the special number of the review *Esprit* on "Le Nouveau Roman" (July/August 1958).

As might be expected, the trio is a verbal convenience rather than a reality. There is no guarantee that the three writers like, or even read, each other's works. They first achieved wide fame when *La Modification* won the Prix Renaudot in 1957. But, strangely enough, Butor is the youngest of the

J. G. WEIGHTMAN is a Lecturer in the Department of French, Kings College, the University of London. He contributes to the *London Observer* and other English journals and is the author of *On Language and Writing*.

Michel Butor. *Change of Heart (La Modification)*. Simon & Schuster. \$3.75.  
Jean Cayrol. *All in a Night*. British Book Centre. \$3.25.  
Alain Robbe-Grillet. *The Voyeur*. Grove Press. \$3.50; paper, \$1.75.  
Nathalie Sarraute. *Portrait of a Man Unknown (Portrait d'un inconnu)*. George Braziller. \$3.50.  
Claude Simon. *The Wind*. George Braziller. \$3.95.

three (Robbe-Grillet is four years older and Madame Sarraute belongs to a completely different generation) and he is the least serious as an *avant-gardiste*. To add to the complication, it is generally believed that Butor was really given the award, not for *La Modification*, but for his previous book, *L'Emploi du temps*, which is rather less "Grillettesque" than his prize novel. However, *La Modification* popularized the idea of a "school." The school exists only in the sense that the writers concerned refer to one another with respect. Butor has, perhaps, borrowed something from Robbe-Grillet. Robbe-Grillet and Nathalie Sarraute do not look towards Butor, and are themselves allied only insofar as they are both reacting against what they call the "traditional" novel; their aims and achievements are very different.

The longest theoretical statement has been made by Nathalie Sarraute in her collection of articles entitled *L'Ere du soupçon*. It is not possible in a short summary to do justice to her many subtle remarks on French, English and Russian fiction (Russian was her childhood language and she knows English very well), but it is perhaps fair to say that she is obsessed by the idea that any literary form which has been adequately used is thereby rendered obsolete. It is the duty of the serious writer to react against routine and constantly to extend the range of his art. She is convinced in particular that the traditional "character" is an outdated artifice, and that the usual narrative devices are too crude to serve any further purpose. A key word in her vocabulary is the term she used as the title of her first book: *Tropismes*. According to the dictionary, a tropism is "a turning of the organism in a certain direction in response to some external stimulus." Nathalie Sarraute seems to have an al-

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by José André Lacour

translated by Humphrey Hare

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most Jungian conception of the truth about human nature lying below personality and having to be sought for behind the verbal commonplaces that people ordinarily take to be their "characters." From her books and her conversation one gets the impression that she would like to take a microscope to human nature in order to bring to light the tiny, and as yet anonymous, impulses which literary technique has so far been too coarse to grasp. She admires Proust, Virginia Woolf and, above all, Dostoevsky, and appears to want to go still further into the depths than they did.

On her actual production—*Tropismes*, *Portrait d'un inconnu* and *Martereau*—I cannot speak with confidence, because I am not sure that I have understood it. It consists largely of fine, psychological analyses written in beautifully precise and apt French, and with a remarkable feeling for the rhythms of conversation. Sartre, in his introduction to *Portrait d'un inconnu*, explains excellently that Nathalie Sarraute's attention is fixed on the oscillation, in a given person, between the social persona, which is always tending to be dominant, and the authentic truth of the individual, which is glimpsed only at intervals (and is, no doubt, a deeper form of general truth). As Sartre puts it:

The reader must not look in Nathalie Sarraute's book for something that she does not wish to give us; for her, a man is not a character, nor in the first place a story nor even a web of habit: he is a soft and incessant oscillation between the particular and the general.

I follow this, and I seem to understand any page or chapter of Madame Sarraute's books as I read it. What eludes me is the over-all literary effect. *Tropismes* is successful as a series of prose poems, of moments or visions with no links between them, except the permanent obsession in the writer's mind. *Portrait d'un inconnu* appears to be an attempt to weld a lot of similar moments into a whole, but this whole is too static, too unventilated, to produce a general aesthetic impression. Sartre calls it "an anti-novel which reads like a detective story." I don't find that. The book seems to be committing suicide as a novel all the way through, and reminds me very much of Virginia Woolf's later works. Is it naive to suggest that Madame Sarraute's ambivalent view of the character might have been incorporated in a more ordinary fictional framework? Or that her vision has not found a total, aesthetic form? Perhaps I am just blind to her new form, like a nineteenth-century

bourgeois looking at an impressionist painting. I read her with interest, respect and frustration, just as I read Valéry's poem, *La Jeune Parque*, which also seems to consist of moments which do not coalesce into a whole.

ACTUALLY, painting and Valéry are both very relevant to a discussion of the "new" novel. Robbe-Grillet, like Nathalie Sarraute, feels that while the fine arts, poetry and music have had their revolution, the novel has been left behind. As for Valéry, it was he who started a considerable controversy in the thirties by saying that he would never produce a novel, because he could not bring himself to write anything so banal as "La marquise sortit à cinq heures," a phrase which has now become proverbial and may be partly responsible—together with the general Mallarméan tendency towards the unexplained—for the Robbe-Grillet, Sarraute revolt against the banal.

As a novelist, Robbe-Grillet appears, at first sight, even more suicidal than Nathalie Sarraute, because he not only rejects the traditional "character" and the usual techniques of story-telling, but also refuses to believe in the psychological depths that Nathalie Sarraute is trying to define. His major pronouncements are contained in two articles published by the *Nouvelle Revue Française* (July 1956 and October 1958). In these he pours scorn on the usual fictional treatment of both the internal and the external worlds. The novelist who claims to know what goes on "inside" his characters, who explains them as he goes along in terms of some particular philosophy or psychology, is exceeding his brief. People just are, and it is their existence, rather than their supposed essence, that the novelist should be concerned with. At the same time, the non-human world just is, independently of our emotions about it, and it is sheer sentimentality to use it as a means of reinforcing our subjective moods. Robbe-Grillet discards, then, both "human nature," which he treats as a comic expression, and the pathetic fallacy. For him, even the concept of the "absurd" is a sentimentalizing of reality. It goes without saying that he does not deal with any general social or political issues, because they can only be thought about in terms of impure essences. It is almost as if a Logical Positivist of the severest kind had decided to write a novel. It is no accident that Robbe-Grillet is a scientist, a former *ingénieur agronome*. The mystery is: why should a person with this kind of mind want to

write a novel at all? The explanation must lie in some region that could be reached only by recourse to the psychological theories that Robbe-Grillet despises.

It is fascinating, and for some readers excruciatingly tedious, to watch him trying to square the circle. How is he going to tell a story about human beings if he doesn't believe in "human nature"? The answer is that he doesn't tell the story but suggests it. When you have got through *Le Voyeur*, you know that it is about a commercial traveler, Matthias, who, after several years' absence, comes back to his native island off the mainland to sell watches. While he is there, a young girl is raped, strangled and thrown into the sea. Presumably the crime was committed by Matthias, because he behaves to some extent as if he expected to be arrested for it. However, he eventually takes a boat back to the mainland, without any crisis having occurred. Robbe-Grillet creates suspense by describing things from the point of view of Matthias, while leaving out most of the information about the hero that would normally be put in. The title, *Le Voyeur*, is, of course, a pun. Matthias is mainly a pair of eyes, *un regard*, carefully noting physical detail as the boat docks, numbly enumerating the material objects which come his way—the parts of a bicycle or the furniture of a room—approaching people from the outside and seeing them as collections of data to be interpreted, but often not admitting of any definable interpretation. As the reader advances through the book, the pressure of what is being left unsaid becomes tremendous, all the more so since, in those places where there would normally be a psychological explanation, Robbe-Grillet provides an elaborate and sterilized description of external, material circumstances which, by its very impersonality, appears intensely neurotic.

AS A matter of fact, he cheats a little. Matthias' consciousness includes some recollections of childhood, for instance, visions of a girl being put to death and an obsession with clean, strong pieces of string. The suggestion seems to be that the murder, if he committed it, was a working out of some childhood sadistic fantasy. If this is so, then we have here the beginning of a psychological explanation, and if we are given the beginning, there seems to be no reason, other than willfulness, for depriving us of its development. Also, why are we not told definitely about the carrying out of the murder? It

cannot be that the author is deliberately keeping us guessing; that would be just a superficial trick. Does he mean us to understand that the act itself was a form of madness that has left no clear memory in Matthias' mind? Or something so terrible that his consciousness refuses to return to it? Or is the hero so unbalanced that he does not know whether or not he committed the crime?

Another peculiarity is that the descriptions are written by the author in the most chaste and meticulous French. Would the commercial traveler, even if he had passed his *bachot*, be likely to perceive the world in these terms? It is no good answering in the usual way that the author's style has to be accepted as a necessary convention, because Robbe-Grillet claims precisely that such so-called necessary conventions should be discarded. But to have a commercial traveler describing things to himself in terms of planes and angles may be just as reprehensible as allowing the external world to assume an emotional significance.

And ultimately, of course, Robbe-Grillet's descriptions are not objective at all, but highly subjective and emotional. The bit of string, the sea-gulls, the incidental characters, the landscape of the island, are seen with an intensity which makes it possible to compare the background of *Le Voyeur* with the vision of Le Havre in Sartre's *La Nausée* or of North Africa in Camus' *L'Etranger* and *La Peste*. Robbe-Grillet does not use metaphors in the same

way as Sartre and Camus, but it is perversity on his part to say that he is describing merely that which *is*. To describe that which *is* is an impossible program. A linguistic description inevitably implies a choice of detail, since the number of possible details even in the simplest situation is always infinite. Robbe-Grillet selects his detail by pretending to avoid, or endeavoring to avoid, immediate personal emotion, but this is to engender emotion by negation. After all, the natural thing, for commercial travelers and everyone else — including scientists when they are off duty — is to see the world in anthropomorphic terms. And even pure science is still a form of anthropomorphism, although a form from which personal identity has been removed. For some reason, which he may not understand himself, Robbe-Grillet prefers a quasi-scientific vision, and he finds his emotional release in that, leaving the personal, human problem unstated. But it weighs all the more heavily on his writing and turns *Le Voyeur* into an elaborate still life, which derives its quality from the fact that the world is being presented, if not as absurd, certainly with a film of mysteriousness clinging to every detail.

The paradox is even more visible in the later book, *La Jalousie*, which is supposed to be an account of the relationship between a woman and a possible lover, as seen by the woman's husband. It is mainly a collection of obsessive descriptions of the tropical

bungalow inhabited by the couple, and the time sequence is jumbled, as occasionally in *Le Voyeur*, presumably to show that the consciousness does not operate chronologically. Again the writing is very impressive and haunting, but I cannot understand why the husband is outside the story. Matthias was in his, to some extent. The husband is an invisible presence, an observant ghost, who neither speaks nor is spoken to. Is he simply putting together, at some later date, those moments during which he was watching, unseen by the other two? Why should he think of his wife as A., but of the supposed lover by his full name, Franck? Why should there be such complete uncertainty about the relationship among these three people? I am not sure whether the answers I could suggest to these questions would be the correct ones, but I think it is obvious that *La Jalousie* is not a novel; it is a long, essentially poetic, short story. (Robbe-Grillet cannot write a successful short short story, because his cumulative descriptive method requires a certain amount of space.) I found it just as difficult to get through as *Le Voyeur* but, like the earlier work, it remains in the memory in a tantalizing, inexplicable way.

BUTOR makes no secret of the relationship between poetry and his kind of novel. In a lecture I heard him give in Paris at Christmas, he explained that he began his career by writing verse and that his aim is to create, in the novel, the kind of ritualized, poetic experience which, he says, is no longer possible on the level of actual living in our contemporary, non-organic societies. This sounds like a deliberate turning away from reality towards a "life in art," something much more old-fashioned than Robbe-Grillet's and Nathalie Sarraute's struggle to come closer to truth as they see it. He resembles them, however, in the minuteness of his natural descriptions and in a certain feeling for the mysterious fluctuations of life.

There is nothing "difficult" about him. *L'Emploi du temps* is perhaps rather complicated, in the sense that it is written as a diary in which the author — a young Frenchman working in an English town — tries to understand how the events of the last few months have led up to his present situation, so that on some pages he is dealing with two or three overlapping periods. I cannot see that this is very significant, because the plot — involving the symbolism of the cathedral windows, a detective story and the hero's relationships with

## And Goe the Fooles Among (Fool's Song, King Lear)

When death has chastened me  
into my final modesty my silence  
will be attributed to inability  
and not to reticence.

So — while my tongue has power to move —  
let me a trifle boldly speak my mind  
that my dead silence may reverberate  
some truth when I am mute and blind.

Yet even a little truth is far too much  
for crooked ears to catch, curled brains to carry.  
Truth-tellers must take one of two rewards:  
laughter or bloody thorns — both mockery.

Yet mockery may serve. The mockers,  
hearing their laughter gone too high and thin,  
may grow abashed. And that is a beginning.  
Why not be mocked if something may begin?

This was the headlong choice of Fools  
even before Jesus. One dare not claim to be  
so great a Fool as he. But one can try  
using his crazy magnanimity.

DILYS LAING

some English people, a Frenchman and a Negro—really comes to nothing in the end. It is just a plaintive fantasy, peopled by wraith-like characters. What is conveyed magnificently is the atmosphere of the grim, rainy, sooty, introverted English town, which the Frenchman describes with a resigned horror amounting almost to love. If Butor had been able to put people into this atmosphere, he would have written a masterpiece that need not have had anything "experimental" about it. But his weakness seems to be that he is a word-spinner with a feeling for atmosphere and detail, and little sense of the reality of individuals; that is, he treats them conventionally and feebly, and is without that strong objection to them as entities which gives a paradoxical kick to Robbe-Grillet's and Nathalie Sarraute's books. *La Modification* contains two excellent gimmicks—the use

of the train journey between Paris and Rome as a means of self-discovery and the hero's self-apostrophizing as "vous," which shows how unfamiliar he is with himself until he discovers his true feelings. But these feelings are uninteresting, the other characters are insipid and the elaborate descriptions of the train and the landscapes are not "felt" in the same way as the descriptions of England in *L'Emploi du temps*.

I should say, then, that Butor is fundamentally a traditionalist, capable of an occasional, poetic feeling for atmosphere, and that his weaknesses have nothing to do with experiment. Robbe-Grillet and Nathalie Sarraute, on the other hand, have staked their future on genuinely wrenching the form into new shapes. Their writing has an intensity about it which suggests that they could not, in any case, have done otherwise.

without my consent or control. The editing did nothing to change them, in essence, but did reduce them in substance and so did change them. It is pointless to quarrel with the make-up of a magazine. A magazine must contain a great many things, not the least of them the paid advertisements which often make publication possible. Every linear inch saved in one department serves to butter the bread of another. "Bad" reviews were scanted on the ground that space should not be given to "negative" criticism but to "positive" or "praising" criticism. "Very bad" reviews were, sometimes, not published at all. Nothing unreasonable about that. Immoral, perhaps, but not unreasonable.

NOW what business has a novelist reviewing the work of other novelists? There is a whole body of people who earn livings (not large ones, I presume and even hope) out of the business of writing about writing. They constitute a vested interest and are not likely to think novelists capable of judging novels. Now and then they have said so, although only in a muttering voice. Even novelists, when they consider the matter, wonder if it is proper. John O'Hara once remarked that he did not think it proper for one professional writer to publicly appraise the work of another professional writer. I presume that O'Hara's concept of appraisal runs largely to disapproval. That assumption is made because O'Hara does judge and in his preface to an edition of selected works by F. Scott Fitzgerald he delivers that deft O'Hara chop to the adam's apple which finishes off Sinclair Lewis,

## How to Make Enemies

*David Karp*

A FEW YEARS ago I was asked to review novels for a leading national magazine. My agent, asked for her opinion, replied in a word: No. Pressed for a further opinion, she added, "(a) There is no money in reviewing novels; (b) It can only create enemies for you."

There is no argument to be made with the first part of her statement. Reviewing, as it is done by hundreds of men and women, is ill-paid labor. I make no solicitation upon their behalf, nor do I encourage unionization in this field. The laborer, in this instance, is too often not worthy of his hire.

The second part of her argument incensed me dangerously. Bristling over it, I plunged at once into reviewing. In about a year and a half I reviewed twenty books; all novels. While I am not nearly as methodical as Arnold Bennett, I do keep records; principally for the sake of the Internal Revenue Service and incidentally to arm me against a vulnerable memory.

When I break down the reviews of the twenty books, I find that five I praised most highly, six I appraised moderately and eight novels I lashed and seared with what anger and rebuke I could muster. Of the five novels I praised highly, only one came to any national prominence and that through nomination for the National Book

Awards. It did not win. Of the six I praised moderately, one was a blockbuster, national bestseller. Of the eight on which I heaped anger, scorn, contempt and hot coals, in varying amounts, one was sold to the movies, another was optioned for stage dramatization and the rest somewhat bleakly disappeared, although I am not at all certain that I had any influence on their disappearance.

I surely must have made eight enemies, possibly five friends. I received two letters of thanks for my reviews; one from an author whose work I moderately praised and one from an editor on behalf of a writer whose work I had highly praised. My enemies, so far as I know, are still working underground. The net effect, viewed statistically, was unimpressive. The moral effect, so far as I am concerned, was satisfying. I did no "log-rolling," settled no long-standing grudges, initiated no new friendships and in a world already uneasy and hostile, I created eight fresh enemies for myself and for what I do in the future. I also earned something less than \$500 for the twenty reviews.

My agent, therefore, seemed to be borne out in her judgment. And still, I am not sorry, nor dismayed, nor even indifferent. I am satisfied, in my own mind, that twenty novels, of the thousands published, received fair reviews. Not only did they receive fair reviews, but they received professional reviews. Here and there my reviews were edited

## Weed

When all the brawls are done  
and the cold cities tumbled down,  
will there rise somewhere from the weed  
a proud woman like a goddess  
and a mortal man to serve her need?

Nothing will rise again,  
love, treachery, insult, or pain,  
but less than human triumph make  
a more than bestial wilderness  
where even flesh will its flesh forsake.  
Surely, there still will be  
something true of human beauty,  
in the immeasurable wild  
perhaps, living in gentleness,  
will be some lost girl and a lost child.

Weed will cover it all,  
choking weed and a dusty pall.  
With this, you must be well content,  
having won with clear, pitiless  
logic, the whole human argument.

GENE BARO

*The Nation*

DAVID KARP is the author of *Leave Me Alone*, *All Honorable Men* and *The Day of the Monkey*.

Pearl Buck, a string of forgotten Scandinavian Nobel Prize-winners, some unnamed critics and one playwright whom I suspect was Eugene O'Neill. All of this in defense of Scott Fitzgerald's right to a Nobel Prize. O'Hara is willing to judge other novelists and critics for the sake of a dead friend, unwilling to judge them for the sake of the art he practices. Well, that's what's wrong with O'Hara. He subscribes to the schoolboy's code of ethics. Don't knock one of your own gang to the grownups. The critics O'Hara detests subscribe to the same code. They do not knock one another. The interlocking agreements, silent, traditional and inflexible (except for an outraged squeak here and there) keep the novelists out of criticism and the critics out of touch with the novelists. The solution to this problem is not to get the critics and the novelists to mingle. God forbid. I attended one meeting of the National Book Awards and was shown about and introduced by my editor. I formed, on meeting, intense dislikes for at least two critics whom I had never met before and who had never reviewed me. When you form such intense personal distaste for men upon first meeting, you arouse in them reciprocal feelings. Greater mingling might lead to truly disastrous results.

The solution, and many people may not agree that there is a problem which needs solving, lies in encouraging novelists to review, in taking back some of the field of criticism which has fallen, by default, into a lot of hot, sticky little hands.

LITERARY criticism in this country principally appears in three media: in periodicals; in books, very often collections of pieces from periodicals; and in financial statements released by book-sellers to newspapers.

To take the last first; the bestseller list is a form of literary criticism which suits democratic egalitarianism in its more extreme form. The taste of ten men being ten times the taste of one, the taste of a hundred, a hundred times. Under this regime of public taste, a work can acquire merit by the sheer weight of copies sold. But in a democratic society taste is discarded along with, and almost with the same frequency as, the evening trash. James Oliver Curwood and Michael Arlen are forgotten although each sold novels in the millions. They were each discarded by a change in public taste. Not an improved public taste, merely a changed one. For the work of merit which hits and stays on the bestseller list I feel nothing but pleasure. I gather from it no hints of

the improvement of the deep instincts of public taste. The occasional acceptance of a good book by large numbers of people indicates deeply and simply nothing. Fifty million Frenchmen can't be wrong, the old song or motto goes. Yes, they can. It depends upon what they agree. On books, they and we can be, and most often are, wrong in impressive numbers.

Newspaper reviewing veers from work done by part-time reviewers (librarians, retired ministers, teachers of English, etc.) for small-town papers to fill-in work by gossip columnists. The work of small-town reviewers can be remarkably rewarding and sometimes funny. One reviewer did not read my book at all. He took his review for my book from the publisher's descriptive copy on the dust jacket — not merely the summary of the plot, but all of the adjectival comments, as well. In Southern California, for instance (and I accept no cries of "unfair!" for choosing this instance), the movie gossip columnist reviewed my book and summed it up with the unforgettable remark, "This one is a weirdie." So is he. The organs which influence mass literary opinion are few and far between. They are, with possibly one or two lesser influences, *Time*, *The New Yorker* and *The New York Times*.

Orville Prescott provides for his middle-brow readers in *The New York Times* that balance of Nice-Nellyism, moral righteousness, maddeningly condescending fair-mindedness and little-boy earnestness which suits the tone of the newspaper perfectly. I despair of the *Times* ever improving its daily reviewing simply because the *Times*, like the good gray eminence it is, will not let the long, red, wild tongue of criticism utter a razzberry when a razzberry is called for. When the *Times* disapproves, it tucks its hands into its mandarin sleeves and remains silent. Gilbert Millstein, who spends his time interviewing television writers whom he loathes and busty starlets whom he equally, but not so apparently, dislikes, ought to be encouraged to do more reviewing. I say this despite the fact that his fevered hosannahs for Jack Kerouac's beaten porridge betrays a certain deficiency of taste. But his criticism shows, what I have read of it, a passion, a concern, a love of books. These are also detectable in Herbert Mitgang. Passion is vitally missing from most of the reviewers in this country, including many of the "serious" critics: called "serious," I presume, to distinguish them from the frivolous critics. Edmund Wilson has the passion but is so wrapped up in mat-

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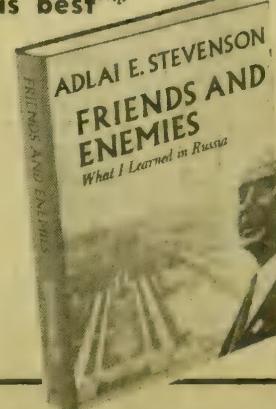
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ters far afield from current literature that he finally acknowledged what all but the purblind already knew, that he had neither the time nor the will to consider current literature on its own merits.

*Time* and *The New Yorker* maintain batteries of anonymous sharpshooters whose identities are carefully concealed to protect them from, I presume, public opprobrium and reprisal. Alexander King, that charming medical ruin, observed recently that *Time*, for the sake of a witticism (*Timestyle*) or a pun or a tricky turn of phrase would shred a man's reputation. This same reaching for the nice effect can be found in *The New Yorker*, with the same nice disregard for a writer's reputation. Anonymous reviewing, along with anonymous letters, deserves nothing but contempt.

*The New Yorker's* signed reviews do a book justice in length. Anthony West takes first place here. I particularly enjoyed the acid minority opinion he entered against *The Last Hurrah* when he called it a "truly subversive book." Dwight MacDonald, when he reviews, is worth reading although what makes MacDonald worth reading is that delicate chalice of malice he bears on his shoulder. Malice, in fact, is that faint essence which one scents throughout *The New Yorker*. Hard to find, in the same way as it is difficult to find the perfume in a letter, but it is there and probably does more to sell the magazine than any other single ingredient. Norman Podhoretz, who appears to be of the "new" school of literary criticism, is earnest, pedantic and dull. I consider the pursuit of the symbol with butterfly net and ouija board through the pages of a book a wild waste of time, and yet it appears to be the principal occupation of the "new" critics.

THE second part of the problem of criticism in our country lies in the laps of the literary quarterlies, and is embedded in the seats of creative writing established at universities about the country. These people deal largely in a selective literary stock exchange whose shares, common and preferred, they have issued themselves and which change hands at face value in their own little kingdoms and are accepted, at discounted rates, in the world outside. For writers listed on their big boards, the trading can be brisk and stimulating. For writers not listed, and I include myself in this out-group with no intention of creating a Goldwynism, there is no trading, no criticism, and no exchange of views. I might be writing in Sudanese for all the attention I get. On the other hand, if I did write in

Sudanese I might be listed and traded because I could then be made the property of the Sudanese-reading experts and the subject of their expertise. These people, almost without exception, are not interested in books. They are interested in the exchange of opinions and the establishment of "credits" which lead to promotions in the academic world, increased fees on the lecture circuits, supplementary documentation of their expertise for obtaining grants and fellowships, and invitations to writers' conferences. Books, novelists, exist as a reservoir of plastic material for them to manipulate, shape, fire and sell.

The simplest fact of the matter is

that no one really goes on writing novels unless he considers them of great importance in the world. I include in this company the rich and successful novelists as well as the poor and struggling ones. These men and women care about their profession, their art and their craft. They ought to care enough about it to protect it from incompetent, casual, flippant and self-seeking appraisal. No one would entrust his corns to the paring knife of a podiatrist who looked as though he cared little for corn-paring. If we would trust our corns to someone who didn't care about them, then for God's sake, why trust our books to people who don't care?

## The Execrators

Duck's-assed and leather-jacketed,  
Dispensing shrill laughter, they tread  
Lightly the pocked oval of light  
In the dark street, lifting a right  
Gracefully just to graze the cheek  
Of the opponent, who sidles sleek  
Up from under, hooking a swift,  
Imaginary knife. They shift,  
Then freeze into a slouch to let  
The stranger dream they've never met  
Or that such unity as theirs  
Needs no acknowledgment. Their stares  
Hide only the possibility  
They will not ask the time. As he  
Consults his watch, the stranger's half-  
Tripped, half-trips himself, on a laugh  
Shaped like a boot's gleam and gone.  
His tie that they admire is torn  
Apart in the same breath, as are  
The bills he proffers to the air.  
Asked for a light, he holds the flame,  
Forced, under his nose, and hears a maimed  
Voice inquire if he will not please  
Unzip his fly. Down on his knees,  
He hugs his screaming groin. Asked where  
His money is, he feels blood flare  
Along his lip, a live ash break  
Over his eye. "It's a mistake . . ."  
He hears a voice purr, one reply,  
"It always is — they never play  
It dead!" Lids clenched, holding his breath,  
Suddenly he brings forth a wreath  
Of vomit. "What a filthy clown!"  
"Look at the liar!" A pipe's brought down  
Upon his teeth. His mind cuts through  
The brambles of his pain to view  
The broken skull it cannot fit.  
What further wounds they could inflict  
Would serve only to let him know  
He were alive; therefore, they flow  
In single file into the night.  
Raked by their buttons' wolfish light,  
He turns into a tree of fire  
Felled, through which low laughters expire.

DAVID GALLER

The NATION

# Characters and Ideas: The Modern Novel

Melvin Seiden

COMPLAINTS against the critics have arisen again. Like Milton's delinquent shepherd, they are accused of piping "their lean and flashy songs," while the hungry writers "look up and are not fed." The critics, we are told, usurp the power of the poets and, instead of protecting them from the contempt and vindictiveness which society turns on its freest minds, have joined forces with the Philistines. In the case of the novel, Granville Hicks insists, some of our distinguished and powerful critics are indeed its enemies. A few seasons back, Hicks published a symposium, *The Living Novel*. Harvey Swados, himself a novelist, contributed an essay dealing with the fate of the modern novel and naming such critics. Leslie Fiedler was one.

Swados' essay tells the old story of the ingrate critic biting the hand that feeds him. It is the perennial issue of creativity pitted against the intellect that murders to dissect and of parasitism: the critic as tick, hanging on the bleeding ear of the long-suffering poet.

I admire this essay and am moved by its fervor. I would be willing to place it in the good company in which it belongs, beside those other eloquent briefs in behalf of the unfettered poet, Sidney's, Shelley's and Judge Woolsey's. It is always stimulating to watch someone come out swinging and Swados is not just anyone; he is a serious writer. He has chosen worthy targets. Academic critics are neither weak nor contemptible, though no one interested in these things can fail to recognize, as Swados points out, how easy it now is to establish a minor reputation as a critic by the simple exercise of reverent exegesis of movements or witty demolition of neophytes.

In a healthy criticism, critical force would be deployed differently and with a paradoxical wisdom: our Ph.D.s, reversing the all too common strategy, would train their exegetical lenses on the small, new, unassimilated works of contemporary literature, saving the hit-and-run bombs—if demolish they must—for the big boys, dead, canonized and of course really impregnable. Shaw had the right idea, and it's a pity that the young novelists don't get more of our piety and the O.K. writers less.

The trouble, though, with approach-

ing the condition of the American novel through anger or pleasure, or talking about the friends and enemies of the novel, is that it then becomes impossible to make distinctions. Maybe it would be better if the barricades were up and the friends and enemies could slug it out once and for all. But the most excitable reporter would have to admit that what we experience now is a sluggish cold war, and while we have this peace of a sort, we might as well enjoy the civilian luxury of making distinctions.

As in politics, the last freedom—that the independent mind should be willing to give up is the right to say, "I'm with you, but . . ." Partisans and ideologues, political and critical, are unwilling to allow these *but*s. Reservations and qualifications strike the man who keeps shouting at you, "But which side are you on?" as the beginning of apostasy. And if anyone supposes that renegade-hunting takes place mainly in the wild and woolly preserves of the left-wing, let him read the literary journals and try to find out, for an instance, who are the true inheritors of the Coleridgean revolution and who its betrayers.

Granville Hicks, Harvey Swados, Saul Bellow and most of the other contributors to *The Living Novel* and I have a lot of common enemies. But how sad it is—as in politics, where a similar list might be compiled—how disillusioning, to discover that the common ground of opposition to the Wouks and the Irwin Shaws and the "Satireviewers" is not enough. We have to face the problem of determining what we are in favor of, of specifying, at least roughly, what sort of novel we would like to see get written, read and properly understood.

Now I was delighted to find in Herbert Gold's essay in *The Living Novel* ("The Mystery of Personality in the Novel") a description of the kind of novel that might induce even Leslie Fiedler to give up the films for an evening of reading. Gold spoke of the novelist as one who

suggests a vision of the good life . . . is concerned with the mysterious longing of individuals to create and renew. . . . [He is] the personality capable of mysteries. He signifies. His passion defines freedom for all of us. . . . The novelist must reach for the grownup, risking, athletic personality, surely must in some way

MELVIN SEIDEN is in the English Department of Kansas State University.

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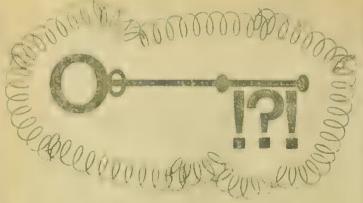
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be this person, in order to find a hero who gives the sense of men at their best on earth; and catch him finally where his great gifts do not suffice; this is tragedy. [And he must find a style.] A style which attempts to use all a writer knows to tell all he can imagine involves a moral stance in favor of intelligence and liberty and risk taking.

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BUT it is not this Promethean impulse that is responsible for the failures of Herbert Gold's new novel. *The Optimist* is a curiously flat performance which, in the context of the writer's ardent aims and his earlier novels, seems almost a recantation. If *The Optimist* is not a disavowal of these aims, what are we to make of the fact that Herbert Gold has written a thoroughly conventional novel? The longing and risking that Gold speaks of in his essay begin with "a vision of the good life," but they end in tragedy. In *The Optimist* they lead to the stout-hearted middling vision of a Marquand or a Sloan Wilson because, coming at it in his own way, Gold has managed to write a novel that, with no embarrassment or evasions, says of life in America pretty much what Henry Luce has been telling our novelists they should be saying: that it is various and exhilarating; that its bottomless grabbag of experience must be accepted in joy and grappled with in pride; that criticism, no matter how truly conceived or necessary, is a spot of dust, a mere smudge on the picture window that opens out on an America of inexhaustible potentiality for aliveness.

In the Augustan fifties there's no escaping George Babbitt's crude dialectic: what separates the boys from the men is whether you are a booster or a knocker. And *The Optimist* must take its place beside the now considerable body of fiction, criticism, historiography and politics whose affirmations will let

you have them either way, as a culturally conceived Americanness or a chauvinistic Americanism.

*The Optimist* — if the title is ironical it will beget another irony, and that at the novelist's expense, since his readers are bound to take it neat — is a novel that never tires of telling us, and occasionally fatigues us by insisting, that it is good to be alive in America. American sorrows, too, are happy.

Throughout the novel there is an over-assertive euphoria, how insistent can be gauged by the high temperature of the ending. Burr Fuller, the resilient hero-optimist walks the streets of Detroit. Everything — youth, love, marriage, politics — seems to have turned to ashes. But not even these failures and the discovery of the well-meaning little meannesses of his heart and mind are corrosive enough to dissolve the ongoing potency of Burr's essential individualizing trait, his desire for desire; "but the only release from desire is gratified desire, not oblivion or immolation."

"Why not try more?" he asks himself. "More. More. More! More! More!" the optimist cries out at the end; and I found myself remembering that terrible moment in the "Ode on a Grecian Urn" of bathos become sublimity, when the poet forces himself to exult, "Happy, happy, happy . . ." interminably, and I could never believe him for a minute. Keats, I think, wanted us to see the desperate straining. Does Herbert Gold?

IT WOULD be unfair to criticize the optimism of *The Optimist* because it was written in determined forgetfulness of *Candide*. There is, after all, the transcendent and almost irrational optimism of *King Lear* and *The Brothers Karamazov*. Herbert Gold's doctrine of joy might have seemed less fatiguing if he had been able to render the thing itself — aliveness — and this he cannot do because he has given vitality little opportunity to become incarnate. The hero's vitality, like so much of his sex, is in his head. It is not, however, subtle or passionate thought, which is a kind of vitality that no one is going to quarrel with. Despite his efforts to convince, or if need be to bully, by a heroic straining of the resources of his language, Gold cannot make me believe that Burr Fuller is passionate, only passionately hungry for passion. He has given his hero an almost stupefyingly bland set of credentials which, when totted up, describe the everyman who is the norm man of our postwar fiction.

The hero is the brighter-than-average Protestant fraternity boy of one of

the better midwestern universities; the not unreasonably confused young lover, faced with choosing between simple animal sex (she is always willing) and another kind of animal cunning, unwilling (Laura, the suburban tease, later to become the castrating suburban wife); the moderately brave soldier — no heroics, only elemental human decency; the ambitious, half-honest, half-opportunistic politician who, in a finely calibrated Chamber, would sit in the left-wing of the center group of a liberal party; the unworthy one who, betraying the one true friend, becomes Judas and in that recognition, the Suffering Servant as well. Plainly, excepting the desire for desire, the formula for the character of Burr Fuller is Nothing to Excess. He does not quite fall into the statistical norm for sexuality, marital devotion and extra-marital lechery, correct political attitudes, loyalty and dishonesty, self-insight and self-delusion. The best that can be said of this optimist, statistically considered — which is how he invites us to consider him — is that he exhibits a slightly asymmetrical balance.

AN earlier novel, *The Man Who Was Not With It* is a better and more satisfying book than *The Optimist*; and whatever its faults, it is not bland and bloodless as *The Optimist* often is under the heavy flesh of its protesting affirmations. Here, for example, is Gold rendering the encounter of bodies. The writing in *The Man Who Was Not With It* is often better and sometimes worse, so this passage is special only in that it is physical, and typical only in that it gives one some sense of the authenticity of his writing:

She dog-paddled and I dove beneath the surface, opening my eyes but seeing first the violent green sparkle of the water striking the eye, then only a kaleidoscope dazzle of eyeball music. I knew where and how she was. I found her and, turning sideways, put my head between her legs, my teeth at her thigh, thrusting them apart; but then she tightened swiftly and her long legs were wrapped about my shoulders, persevering and squeezing as if to have done with me by drowning. The violence startled me; I was taken by panic even in play and rolled over, blowing bubbles and reaching with my hands. She held still and more tightly. I dove deeper, carrying her, dragging her under, and then wrestled loose and we clung to each other, embracing with bursting lungs, dim and caught without breath and

flying like minnows in dizziness and fright. I felt the long wet coolness of her body even in my despair of breath. . . .

I can believe that the man who wrote this said, "I want to show them what it's really like to experience desire as something more than an itch of the loins." Gold's intelligence is the brightness of skill, exuberance, and his prized risk-taking. It is the sheer vitality of a talented writer.

The notebooks of Henry James show him badgering the implications of his themes and ideas; and in the novels we see that the violence he has been forced to commit upon language is the direct consequence of this compulsive need to milk these human relationships dry. The notion that the James manner is cause

and the stuff of his novels effect — the cart before the horse — is only a half-truth. Even if it is true that in the late novels manner becomes so obtrusive as to come between the impact of the vision and the reader, there is no denying the inseparable unity of the two. Herbert Gold, however, seems to have found, evolved, or perhaps been born with, a Baroque style that is exciting and controlled; but he has yet to find a theme thick and heavy enough with significance or rooted deeply enough in the universals of "human nature" (in something like the sense in which Dr. Johnson understood the term) to be worthy of this style. His characters are interesting; they are supposed to be driven by elemental passions. But they lack resonance. To put it as Gold himself

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### The NATION

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might: they do not signify. The only resonance is that of the word-music; and though rich and various, it sometimes seems like pleasant ornamentation, or fireworks and exhibitionism, and occasionally it reminds me of Parmigianino's mannerist portrait of the long-necked Madonna: exceedingly beautiful, except that a little of such beauty goes a long way.

THERE is a splendid chapter in *The Man Who Was Not With It* entitled "Now time to eat grass." Bud Williams, having tried and failed to live (and to make love) in the non-carnie world, runs away from respectability and back to the carnival, where he senses (rightly) that he has his only chance of finding manhood. As Gold sees it, the carnal world of drifters, grifters, marks and wise charlatans still nurtures opportunities for moral responsibility, while the macrocosm beyond the tents is sick and dishonest. On the road, Bud encounters "a Boston Wop Irisher." Broke though he is, Bud takes this pathetic "adenoidal, dog-eyed [kid who] . . . was born for one reason only: to be misunderstood from coast to coast" and stakes him to some grub at a diner. In the sense in which we in America express our deep-rooted and half-apologetic conformism over and over again in ordinary talk and in our popular culture, this bum Andy "with a Hahvahd accent" is "a character." In a few pages Gold catches the look and the feel and the smell of Andy's dopeyness. As portraiture, this is wonderful, but it is a kind of success about which I have some reservations.

Andy is a poor slob. An incompetent bum, he is a combination, so to speak, of the *schnorer* of Yiddish literature and the stock figure of the forever-volunteering dumb private. If Gold intends him to be anything more than a colorful character, his significance apparently lies in the fact that he represents an extreme and grotesque case of the tail-between-legs malaise (thus the image of the chapter title: "now time to eat grass") that afflicts Bud: the point being, however, that Bud, carnal-bound, is on the road to self-respect and maturity, while Andy is hopeless. "Every soul is free and equal on this earth, except that some of them will never come down from the sky."

Andy comes and goes in the one picaresque chapter and is never heard from again, and this cavalier treatment is symptomatic. Gold is addicted to the picturesque. Andy's pathos is not a natural by-product of understanding or the earned increment of a tragic vision. Nor is the pathos exploited for the

honestly meretricious ends of melodrama: as a sweet tearfulness to be relished for its own sake.

The pursuit of the picturesque is the vice of superficiality, and in this sense there is a failure of intelligence in Herbert Gold's novel. The Florentine painters of the Renaissance believed, Vasari tells us, that the use of color is a secondary, superficial and unpainterly skill. It was in drawing, in the architectonic use of line, shape and form that the artist was thought to exhibit his primary and distinguishing skills. Later, the Venetian painters demonstrated that color could be used organically. There are, of course, any number of exceptions, but it remains a truth that color used to heighten and dramatize always threatens to become an ex crescens prettiness and to arouse the suspicion that there has been a camouflaging of weak bones. And even if the use of a colorist technique as a primary resource may have a certain legitimacy in music and painting (e.g., Titian, Van Gogh, Debussy, Richard Strauss), in literature, its analogue, the picturesque, is always dangerous.

The picturesque novelist may exploit elemental passions and uncover the guerrilla warfare that is perpetually waged even in the most putatively equa-

## The Dark the Darkness

The dark the darkness  
And all narrow now:  
Gloved harness  
Where no muscle twitches,  
And to the deep meadow  
The knee-high wicket:  
When night, the sun, the day falls  
And sky disperals.

To dark to darkness  
Drive me love by  
Bit and bridal  
By funnelled parkways  
To the deep farms  
Where bloom disperals  
In total committal  
To your straining arms.

Straining constraining  
And so narrow now  
Here the white gate  
(I lean, I enter)  
Is night-high wicket  
(And all remaining  
Narrows receive me  
In their good centre).

Dark O darkness  
Night, the sun, day falls  
As strict to your harness  
I move dancing  
And to your governors.

HILARY CORKE

*The Nation*

ble of societies. He will have a fine ear and a delicate eye for all the queeresses of character that shape our ends. But he is interested in these things not as the uncompromisingly serious writer is: for their ability to illuminate what would otherwise remain ineffable in human destiny; he ferrets out what is strange, rare and beautifully or sadly warped because in such people and manners he finds colorful specimens which, like bits of glass, can be fashioned into a mosaic of a novel or play or poem. His purposes are fundamentally minor ones and no matter how seriously he pursues them, he remains a kind of tourist, inviting us to go along with him to sample the sweet-and-sour *smörgåsbord* of humanity.

*The Man Who Was Not With It* depends too much on Gold's ability to arouse our interest in people and events in this almost frivolous way. For example, there is Grack, Bud's surrogate father, con-man, junky, a man apparently born bitterly wise but also with a Faustian need to humiliate this wisdom by seeking damnation. The moral relationship that Gold wants to establish between Bud and Grack is a vital one. Grack had cured Bud of the habit, and now that he has got himself hooked, Bud must see it through to the end with Grack. The boy who would become a man recognizes that in a moral crisis he must become father to the father. Before Bud can purge himself of the self-contempt he feels in having failed either to share love with or to commit violence against his true father, he must minister to the other father and thus cut the cord tying him to this man who fathered in him the vices and virtues out of which he hopes to create manhood. I believe I have stated Gold's idea correctly. It is an idea around which a novelist of Gold's great talent might have built a mansion of many rooms.

But he hasn't. I have described all there is to describe in Grack. He is all idiosyncrasy. He is, inside and out, "a character," but he has no character, so there is no inside. Like Andy, there is a smell of pathos about him; and unlike Andy, there is a suggestion of nobility; but I was too dazzled by the exoticism of Grack's colorful queerness to notice whether he had a heart or mind and, as the lady says while showing her slides, too fascinated by this native of the carnival to be susceptible to feelings of pity or fear. Grack dies an ironically tragic death; but after living so long with the picturesque, I was conscious only of the mere fact, the artifice of the irony.

Our literature, more than that of

England, is full of men and women who are "characters" but have very little character. In this respect Gold resembles writers like Steinbeck and Saroyan, though I think that he is potentially better than either, and Sherwood Anderson, whose obsession with the grotesque comes uncomfortably close to being a kind of psychic curio-collecting.

In the English novel, as in English life, the "original" tends to be seen differently. The queerness of the English "original" is part of the expected, the probably improbable. His queerness is not likely to be used to shock, to give a sense of the fearfulness of life. The queerness of the "original" has been the stock in trade of English comedy, but there seems always to have been the recognition that queerness cannot be a primary concern of the serious writer. Especially in our time, English fiction has been peopled with fairly ordinary and normal (some would say tepid) characters — on the outside, anyhow, the assumption being that the significant aberrations lie beneath the surface. American fiction presents a freakish face. But beneath the surface it has often seemed shallow, trivial, a lot of sound and *etcetera*, a gallery of picturesque effects, its excitement the result of over-stimulation.

AT one extreme, then, there is the exotic and picturesque which, for all its charm, cannot provide a meaningful reality relevant to the daily lives of those of us who read novels to discover truths about ourselves we hadn't known before. At the other, there are all the plain gray Janes and Burr Fullers of fiction offering only banality and yearning, the very qualities that many of us are likely to be trying to get away from in reading novels. Less extremely, these are the antinomies of Herbert Gold's fiction and incipiently, the schizophrenia of the American novel. It is either over-stimulating and frustrating or humdrum and boring; too tied down to earnest documentation of trivia, magnified so that the open pores become craters, or trying to seduce us with fantasies of what is queer, wild and senseless on the fringes of American life.

Only the novel of ideas can bring these antinomies into synthesis, can avoid sensationalism and yet generate excitement, can allow temperate minds and aspirations to rub against one another so that there is heat enough. And light too. When ideas are made to serve the imagination by being dramatized and assimilated into a fictional world, the characters who inhabit that

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world are all the more free to delight us with whatever originality and unpredictability the wit of the novelist can contrive for them. Queerness rooted in an active life of the mind will seem natural, a normal manifestation of a more deep-rooted individuality. Such characters will not be fictitious curiosities; they will not seem cute, because thought and belief, no less than feeling, will have given authenticity to strangeness. The example of Jane Austen, on the other hand, tells us all we need to know about the power of ideas to galvanize lives of stifled yawns into genuine adventures of the mind and heart.

PERHAPS this is to ask Americans to write English novels. If that is an unreasonable aim, what we are faced with now in the bifurcated American novel seems even less promising. I mean that insistent conception of Americanness which continues to influence the writing of all sorts of novels except the very important kind that can engage the mind of the man who turns to the novel for that part of his education

which cannot be got through any other means.

Both as novelist and critic, Herbert Gold is more than a well-wishing friend of the novel. If style is the man, he is a writer among the designers, fabricators and decorators who contrive consumer-products for "distracted readers." (The phrase is Saul Bellow's.) The vitality of *The Man Who Was Not With It* suggested what is usually called "a born writer," a man in search of a theme expansive enough to justify and to contain his talent. But *The Optimist* might have been written by a man who, determined to domesticate a talent too free-wheeling and wanton, has tied both hands behind his back. He need not have disciplined himself so severely. The middle-class world of Burr Fuller is an unsatisfactory alternative to the carnival underground or the seedy hotel life of *The Prospect Before Us*. Knowing, as Herbert Gold surely does, that nowadays to write a novel that can survive five years is to achieve what might as well be called greatness, why has he tried to run the race in a sack?

influenced him deeply, was an expression of actual experience, while for Americans it merely adds a sobering dimension to a world of confusing possibilities. Muir's poems—like Kafka's stories—are not difficult, but very often their heavy oppression of tone half-paralyzes the reader as if he were enmeshed in a slow-motion nightmare.

At the dead centre of the boundless plain  
Does our way end? Our horses pace and pace. . . .  
Time has such curious stretches, we are told,  
And generation after generation  
May travel them, sad stationary journey  
Of what device, what meaning?  
(*"Variations on a Time Theme"*)

Or:

There is a road that turning always  
Cuts off the country of Again.  
Archers stand there on every side  
And as it runs time's deer is slain,  
And lies where it has lain.

(*"The Road"*)

The baffling question in such poems as these is, what lies behind the agony of men lost within "the stationary journey" of existence? In any one lifetime, generation, historical cycle we can see only so far: a succession of individual deaths, exhaustions of inspiration, recurrent defeats of the humane ideal. Eternity seems almost a principle of erosion of hope and meaning within time. There are heroic journeys and quests in Muir's poetry, and he wants them to come out right and experiments with a kind of aestheticism in which, through pure imagination, man returns to a state of innocence like Adam's or like the poet's own remembered childhood. Also, in certain poems, he experiments with a suspension of skepticism and of reason generally—an as-if projection of pure faith. Characteristically, though, the language and tone belie the "happy" projection. Muir has a way of providing a vision of beauty and joyous acceptance but surrounding it and as it were outnumbering it with notes of sorrow and horror that break down its integrity. Thus, in "Oedipus," he shows the Sophoclean hero accepting his lot as necessary and good, but in words so shot through with tragic knowledge that the acceptance becomes a defeated acquiescence in a principle of evil the gods themselves cannot escape. "All," says Oedipus,

must bear a portion of the wrong  
That is driven deep into our fathomless hearts

## Edwin Muir: 1887-1959

M. L. Rosenthal

BRITISH MORALE is even lower than ours, to judge by the poets. The woods of our Arcady are still crowded with revolutionists and comedians, but their mood is what Philip Larkin calls "an adhesive sense of betrayal." Their past, its very landscape and architecture, is being stolen away. The poems are named "Slough," "Dejection," "Despair." History, progress, are "jam-traps."

The recent death of Edwin Muir leads one to brood over his work\* and thus to see this dwindling of morale in larger perspective. Muir, born in 1887, embodied in his career much of the development, and motivation of advanced thought in his time. He belonged to a Scottish farming family that was uprooted and brutally proletarianized. The destructiveness of this ordeal, described in his autobiography, led him to socialism. Later, he tried to heal the wounds of early traumatic experience through psychoanalysis. He became absorbed, too, in Continental romantic, existential and mystical thought. Increasingly, he came to feel that our century has all but beaten the humanity out of modern man:

It was not time that brought these things upon us,  
But these two wars that trampled on us twice,  
Advancing and withdrawing, like a herd  
Of clumsy-footed beasts on a stupid errand  
Unknown to them or us. . . .

(*"The Good Town"*)

We Americans too have been through these wars, but not in this European sense. We do not believe that we and whatever we build must again and again be literally trampled down. We still think that any morning we can rearrange the rules and start everything all over again in a completely new way; we even think that any one of us, if he really puts his mind to it and does the proper exercises, can remake the world in the divine image. If we feel guilty, it is because we cannot find the time to bring about this necessary reform. But when a European like Muir feels guilty, it is because he seems to himself part of an inexorable fatality for which he is irrationally responsible as Agamemnon and Oedipus were responsible for the deeds of their ancestors. For Muir the vision of Kafka, which

\*See *Collected Poems 1921-1951* (Grove Press; \$1.45).

Past sight or thought; that bearing  
it we may ease

The immortal burden of the gods. . . .

Muir's poetry is tortured with the sense of history and personal life as an inescapable, pitifully exhausting compulsion to follow a pointless maze of roads that "run and run and never reach an end." In one poem the victorious Greeks, returning from Troy to their longed-for homes and families, find only disappointment and triviality; if they could they would turn back to that dread wall against which they battered their prime years—the mystery of destiny is rendered unheroic by its banality, and ironic by men's utter ignorance of where they really are and what really awaits them. But neither an Oedipus nor an Odysseus has any choice; heroic or not, man is whipped along whatever road he travels. He cannot rest, cannot retrace his way to the irrevocable through the "sweet and terrible labyrinth of longing," cannot take any sure bearings for the future.

The thing that makes this poetry so difficult to contemplate for very long at a time is its infinite sadness, and the repressed hysteria that underlies it. The horror of "Then" and "The Combat," poems in which the essential discovery of life's cruelty is at once abstracted and condensed into the most elementary dramatic imagery, cuts at us like a sword-slash at the face. The shock of "Troy" or "The Interrogation" or "The Good Town" is rooted in contemporary political experience—the experience of heartless torture and of human beings become scavengers among the ruins of civilization, of the systematic displacement of peoples, of a restless evil eating away at all we consider meaningful. "The Usurpers" stares into the blank face of a world "liberated" from every old concern and value and finds no answer but "black in its blackness"—

There is no answer, We do here what  
we will

And there is no answer. . . .

But the most heartbreaking poems are the ones that picture or seek to evoke the primal innocence of man—"Horses," "The Animals," "The Myth" and others. In Muir we have a great spokesman for the foiled humanistic ideal of European man, and for the era in which that ideal began to lower its flag in utter discouragement. The paltry lugubrious of so much contemporary British writing is transcended by the vastness of what Muir implies—that once again the stars have "thrown down their spears" and "watered heaven with their tears."

## MUSIC

### Lester Trimble

THREE young men held the stage at a New York Philharmonic concert recently, when Leonard Bernstein presided on the podium (and at the harpsichord, for a Handel Concerto Grosso), Glenn Gould played the Mozart C Minor Piano Concerto, K. 491, and Kenneth Gaburo, a thirty-two-year-old American composer, was represented by the world premiere of his *Elegy* for orchestra. With the exception of the last-named work, which I did not enjoy, it was an admirable concert. In terms of instrumental bulk, the evening was shaped something like a cornucopia. The Handel Concerto Grosso, Opus 6, No. 12, called for a very small group of players, with the conductor leading from the keyboard. For the Mozart Concerto, a larger, Classical ensemble was used. Gaburo's *Elegy* was played with normal, present-day instrumentation, and Strauss's *Till Eulenspiegel* painted its jolly scene with an augmented orchestra typical of the composer and his esthetic.

These external matters would seem beside the point if it were not that a large part of the evening's pleasure came from Bernstein's sensitive contrasting of instrumental styles. Not all of it, however. The three repertory works, apart from any other consideration, are masterpieces in their respective genres, and in each of them the performance approached perfection. The little group of Philharmonic musicians who played the Handel Concerto gave it an almost Italianate smoothness and warmth, so that its exterior gleamed like pearl, while the antiphonal writing on the interior was woven like fine lace. In *Till Eulenspiegel*, Bernstein proved again that he can whip an extravaganza of orchestral sound without becoming gross or losing his sense of thematic cogency. There was one breathless moment, in a syncopated passage, when I feared that the Broadway bounce was going to take over, but Strauss and Vienna won out.

In the Mozart Concerto, Gould and Bernstein achieved the kind of sensitive musical accord which is too infrequent between soloist and conductor. The C Minor Concerto is a gentle, but cleanly etched, work. Nothing could be more ideal for it than an interpretation in which the pianist makes the most of every slender, expressive phrase, letting it hang in the air for its rightful moment, and then deferring to the orchestra. Such playing, which approaches

chamber music in its refinement and flexibility, depends upon the absolute rapport and reciprocity which Bernstein furnished on this occasion. And, as usually happens under such circumstances, every part of the interpreting mechanism gained in excellence. Gould's tone, which can grow dry, became more and more suffused with discreet opulence. His lyrical passages sang from the inside; the fast ones skimmed the air like wild canaries—and stayed firmly on the beat. In short, he gave a performance to remember.

WITH a young composer, one is generally inclined to be tolerant, looking for those qualities which seem to indicate hopeful things to come. But Kenneth Gaburo's *Elegy* seemed singularly lacking in virtues. It achieved only a certain empty portentousness in spots, and had an orchestral manner which seemed to point to itself and say "See—I am modern." Upon close listening, the or-

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chestrally manner did not seem so much modern as pretentious; it was awkward almost to the point of amateurism. The opening statement of thematic material, by trombones, was unpleasant and unconvincing both in sonority and in content, and the permutations of this material which comprised the body of the work turned out to be, in almost every case, outright cliché hiding behind a facade of instrumentation. The sentiments were shallow, and we have heard them all a thousand times.

I would not speak so bluntly about this piece if it did not embody such dangerously false artistic attitudes—dangerous to the composer's future work, that is, and to the perspective of listeners who cannot, with certainty, tell the difference between a genuine and a non-genuine product. Awkwardness and posturing are not "modern," "craggy," "angular," or expressive. With this *Elegy* it was not just a question of recognizing that the emperor had no clothes; the emperor wasn't there at all.

## ART

### Maurice Grosser

FORTY oils of Louis Eilshemius are on view until the end of the month at The Artists' Gallery. Eilshemius, or as he preferred to call himself, "Dr. Louis M. Eilshemius, M.A., etc.," followed with painful exactitude the life of the great and misunderstood artist of romantic literature. Born in New Jersey in 1864 of prosperous parents, he had every advantage of education and travel—in Germany, this country, Paris, Africa and the South Seas. He painted diligently and in complete obscurity until 1917 when, at the age of fifty-three, he was suddenly "discovered." The price asked for his picture in that year's Independent show caught Marcel Duchamp's eye. The magnificent nerve of a completely unknown painter demanding \$6,000 for a not very good picture (the *Rose-Marie* of the present show) at a time when the best Cézanne could be had for \$600 struck Duchamp's acute sense of the absurd. He sought the painter out and found a quiet little man who soberly and reasonably explained that he, Eilshemius, was the foremost genius of the age—a painter greater than Rembrandt, a musician greater than Beethoven, a writer who combined the gifts of Shakespeare with those of Byron. He had painted thousands of pictures (there are more than 3,500 oils extant and innumerable draw-

ings and water colors), he had written some 200 musical compositions and 300 volumes of poems and stories, and all this at top speed: at the rate of forty-five minutes for a painting, three hours for a short story and sonnets on the average of three minutes each. He carried in his pocket a pamphlet which recounted his accomplishments:

Educator, ex-actor, amateur all-around doctor, mesmerist-prophet and mystic, reader of hands and faces, linguist of five languages, graphologist, dramatist (seven works), short story writer and novelettes (twenty-six works), humorist galore, ex-mimic (animal voices and humans), ex-all-around athlete sportsman (to 1889), universal supreme critic, ex-Don Giovanni [perhaps in reference to a method he had devised for attracting women which involved a fixed stare and a pendulum-like motion of the head], designer of jewelry, etc.; spiritist, spirit-painter supreme. . . .

And so on for three more paragraphs.

Duchamp, himself a prime mover in the Dada movement, a very Leonardo of the logic and mechanics of nonsense, must have found such immoderate self-esteem extremely gratifying. And just as the satirist Alfred Jarry, author of *Ubu Roi*, had been amused by Le Douanier Rousseau's zany character, and instigated his launching, so Duchamp instigated the launching of the much more extravagant Eilshemius. At any rate, in 1920, the Société Anonyme, founded by Duchamp and Katherine Drier, staged Eilshemius' first one-man show. This had no success whatever, and in 1921 Eilshemius, discouraged, gave up painting for good. Presently, however, the pictures, which had all been acquired by dealers for little or nothing, began to sell. None of this profited the painter who, having come to the end of his resources, was living in debt and poverty. By 1939, the contrast between the painter's extreme

indigence and the great sums his pictures were bringing the dealers had become so scandalous that Juliana Force of the Whitney Museum organized a committee to come to his aid. He died two years later at the age of seventy-seven, poor, embittered, famous and probably mad. As an edifying and fitting end to the story, his funeral was attended by the most famous figures in American art circles.

SEEN thirty years later, the pictures are less edifying. In fact they are disappointing—so uneven and hasty that it is almost cruel to judge them by ordinary professional standards. Their general style is that of the wall decorations in Italian-American restaurants. The color is pallid and sometimes charming. Some of the landscapes, the less romantic ones, have considerable air and distance. The romanticism of the subject matter is for the most part childish and the figure compositions are more than inept. The nudes and figures are of the standard type to be found in the figure drawing of those elderly ladies and gentlemen who attend life-class as a hobby and who will never improve—with tiny hands and feet, ball-like breasts, and heads with hair and features carefully assigned. Some few of the pictures, nevertheless, possess a naive charm which goes far to explain his popularity.

Eilshemius, however, was not a naive painter: he was an ignorant one, a painter who had attended all the schools and yet had never succeeded in learning the basic lesson of how to see. Learning takes a certain humility, all too difficult for one accustomed to call himself "the Supreme Parnassian and Grand Transcendent Eagle of Arts." It has been suggested that Eilshemius' complex egotism made difficult his recognition as a painter. That is not likely. Very little of the painting is that good. Except for the extravagances of his megalomania, he would probably not have been discovered at all.

### The Routine

Each day I open the cupboard  
& the green shoots of my last onion  
have in the dark grown higher

A perverse & fairly final pleasure  
that I love to watch him stretching himself  
secretly, green sprouting shamelessly in  
this winter, making a park in my kitchen, making  
spring for a moment in my kitchen  
that, instead of eating him  
I have watched him grow

PAUL BLACKBURN

# FILMS

## Robert Hatch

THE FILM version of *Compulsion*, Meyer Levin's story of the Loeb-Leopold crime, is projected in New York on a curved screen too large for anything less monumental than Hannibal's passage across the Alps. This expansiveness is especially unfortunate because *Compulsion* is a photographer's picture. Dean Stockwell and Bradford Dillman, as the two killers, and Orson Welles as Clarence Darrow, act for the most part with their faces—the picture is almost an animated portrait gallery. But faces projected on this scale become more impressive topographically than emotionally, and the camera work imposes itself as a feat upon the narrative.

Gigantism aside, the picture is a responsible and compelling description of how "it might have happened." Stockwell and Dillman convey a kind of spastic wickedness, a glassy detachment from reality as from decency, which is at least symbolically deadly. The theory for their behavior—that they suffered the kind of emotional neglect that is visited by our society only upon the very rich and the very poor—is probably both too simple and as close as we shall ever come. The Loeb-Leopold case was removed to folklore even before the trial was completed—almost from the start it has been impossible to treat the two young men as anything but symbols.

Certainly that is how Darrow treated them, and thus saved their lives. Approximately half way through the picture Welles appears and takes over from Stockwell and Dillman. Dramatically that is awkward, it breaks the picture in two, but I don't see how it could have been avoided. Darrow did take over and the two young men, who had roused in the country an almost zoological interest, were pushed into the background by his great presence. The role suits Welles. It is all acting, patently and self-consciously acting, with every nuance blown up to a bludgeon. It could be said that that is always Welles's way with a role, but here it can as well be taken as Darrow's way with a case. The words are beautiful. They would drive a semanticist out of his mind, because Darrow was spinning a web of humane forbearance in which all values became liquid. Nevertheless they are beautiful: Darrow was fighting the ritual of capital punishment with the only weapon the law permitted him—unashamed eloquence. Welles gives the

impression of a man wearing tragic motley in a cause essential to his faith in humanity. It is admirable work.

JOHN BRAINE'S *Room at the Top* is an underpinning document of the British Young Angries, whose dissatisfaction is said to be compounded of Welfare State comforts, a broadening of educational opportunities and a blurring of class distinctions. I did not read the novel, but in the picture made from it I can detect no new social or psychological factors, nor any thesis on which one might found a movement. It is a good story, and has been for a long time.

It is true that Americanization is thought to be part of the Angry plight and that Joe Lampton (Laurence Harvey), with his crew-cut hair, clean-cut jaw and quite unsuitable accent, is a rather American-seeming hero. But then Becky Sharp was a rather American-seeming heroine and Dick Whittington was at least cousin to Benjamin Franklin. British class barriers have never been more than statistically impregnable; single individuals with higher than average energy, have always been able to jump to a higher orbit.

What troubles me about the picture is that Jim seems singularly unpromising as a class jumper. I understand from the reviews that in the novel he is a fearfully ruthless young man; as shown in the picture he is about as ruthless as gooseberry flan. He has a specious callowness that could appeal to lonely older women—and does so appeal to one played with moist physical weight by Simone Signoret—but the real trouble with his ambition is not that it is vaunting but that it is inept. Joe's ruses are transparent and his execution of them is laughable. I don't believe that a tough old industrialist would hand over his daughter and a share of the plant to so sheepish a seducer. It's true that illegitimacy is a terrible weapon to hold over a family whose line goes back pretty directly to the pithead (the older families do not panic so quickly; they have more accommodating traditions and better lawyers), but in this case the baby seemed very much a bastard *ex machina*.

The film repeatedly suggests that there is something important about Joe Lampton, but what it is never comes clear. He looks throughout to be a very average clerk whose vicious little day-dreams frighten him almost to death by

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persistent coming true. This is made possible by a general poverty of resolution or even common sense in the group upon which he fastens himself. Some quite good acting has gone into this picture, but I get the impression that, with respect to the novel, something in the way of spinal structure has been left out.

WHEN you put a wig on Yul Brynner he looks like Richard Widmark. I don't know how generally interesting this information may be, but it is surely more interesting than the information that Twentieth Century-Fox has been able to find a workable script in Faulkner's *The Sound and the Fury*. Inside the poetic and speculative garments of every Faulkner novel there lurks a red-eyed melodrama. Hollywood has only to strip it bare and, presto, a popular thriller.

The trick is so easy that this time it hasn't been very well done. The key to what is wrong, perhaps, is Benji—who appears as the cleanest, neatest, in every way most appetizing half-wit who ever paced the weathered verandah of a decaying mansion. Jack Warden, in the role, looks for all the world like an alert actor walking around with his jaw loose and his eyes unfocused. And the rest of the cast—Joanne Woodward, Margaret Leighton, Francoise Rosay, John Beal, etc.—give very much the impression of having stopped over between trains to visit their old friend, Ethel Waters, who is whimsically pretending to be an ignorant old cook. Yoknapatawpha runs off this cast like water off a duck.

It's too bad, because the spectacle of Yul Brynner taming Joanne Woodward, though scarcely an adequate translation of the novel, could have made an adequate movie. And right in the fashion of Hollywood's current discovery that the South photographs hot, sexy and violent in Technicolor.

(Continued from inside back cover)

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- 26 Should traveling clothes be so stylish? (6)
- 27 Climbs on top of sheds, perhaps?
- 30 Reconcile to a severance. (4)
- 31 Boom box, perhaps. (4)

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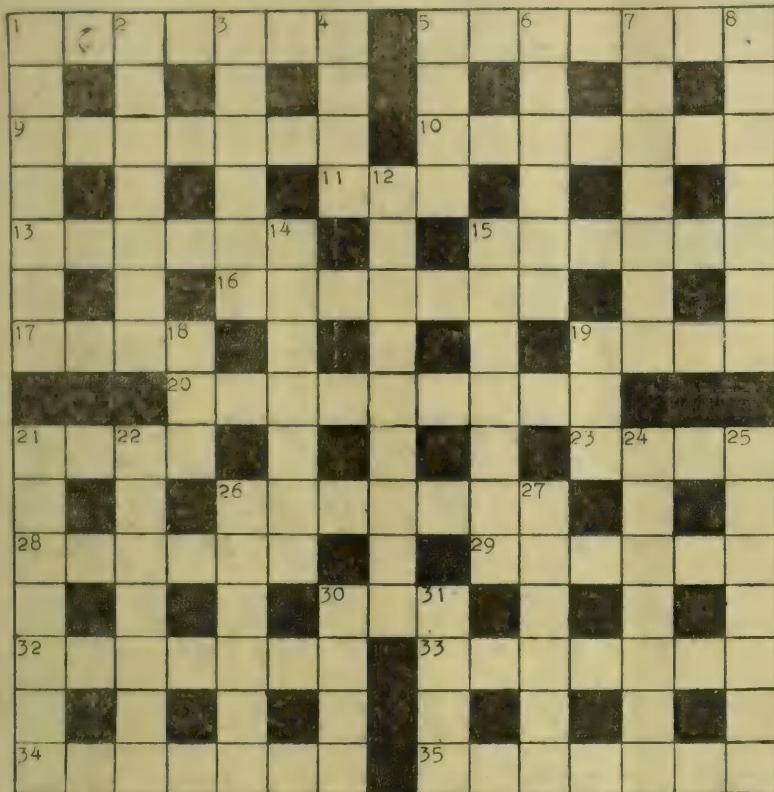
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## The NATION

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# Crossword Puzzle No. 817

By FRANK W. LEWIS



## ACROSS:

- 1 and 5 The habits here may be unusual, with hopefully unrecognizable features. (7,7)
- 9 Realizing the profits of insect protection? (7)
- 10 Would the idea of turning the sun over make one so? (7)
- 11 Caleb was an early one. (3)
- 13 Does one draw the line at such decision? (6)
- 15 Flounder in a likely spot, by the sound of it. (6)
- 16 Are not commonly found in secret surroundings, as George and Patrick are! (7)
- 17, 19 across, and 21 across Does the job make the light pack seem older, if one has to take a licking sometimes? (7,5)
- 20 Certainly not at the bottom of your heart! (A complete one has at least one pipe for each digital.) (5,4)
- 23 The towers of 21 down used to have big ones. (4)
- 26 Did the author of "Rolling Down to Rio" claim he'd never seen one of these cars? (7)
- 28 The proper method to produce 4 down by taking advantage of an unexpected seizure. (6)
- 29 Stamp out liquor? (6)
- 30 Used to be the return of the rip, perhaps. (3)

- 32 How to make a score of things, but not necessarily originally. (7)
- 33 Would an early settler find most of the medicine ghastly? (7)
- 34 This bird might be calmer. (7)
- 35 Concerning several aspects of lives?

## DOWN:

- 1 Able to stumble, and not to split asunder—it's an old 29 trick! (7)
- 2 Lands a number with a sort of tsetse? (7)
- 3 Concord. (6)
- 4 Urges chaps, good or bad. (4)
- 5 Test support, and then mount! (4)
- 6 It's not very often you'd find a god depend on it!
- 7 Is this board associated with the press? (7)
- 8 Mrs. Blimp and Miss O'Grady, subcutaneously? (7)
- 12 Would "Sustyla" be a rebus of Florida, for example? (9)
- 14 Make room for this passage! (7)
- 15 Such horses are not responsible for a sterling appearance. (7)
- 18 Head spinner? (3)
- 19 One of the things the navy of Tharsish brought with ivory and peacock. (3)
- 21 A yarn spun on the way. (What might make it with 18?) (7)
- 22 Are the magisterial duties not written down after a time? (7)
- 24 Is 19 across so related to sage? (7)

(Continued on page 396)

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# THE NATION

MAY 2, 1959 . . 25c

## PRISON RIOTS

A Struggle for Power

*by Gresham M. Sykes*

## THE SQUEEZE ON CASTRO

*by Carleton Beals*

# LETTERS

## Sparse Timber

Dear Sirs: I would simply like to remind Frederic W. Collins, author of "Timber!!—Presidential," (issue April 4), that due to our human frailties, he will always be able to find idiosyncrasies in a man nominated for President. It is also necessary for someone to answer the call of duty. Imagine our embarrassment if we had no candidate at all!

It seems at present that the American voter has a minimum of rejoicing to do. For him there is not one worthwhile candidate in the coming Presidential election.

MARY ALF

Edgewood College of the Sacred Heart  
Madison Wis.

## Mr. Thompson's Error

Dear Sirs: If there is a Pulitzer Prize for purposeful humorous reporting, I nominate Wade Thompson for his account of "My Crusade Against Football" in *The Nation* of April 11. He ran a full hundred yards on a slippery field and fell flat across the goal line.

But he is somewhat in error when he intimates that Louisiana might demand horse racing or prostitution. To demand either would be superfluous.

MORRISON SHARP  
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs: Wade Thompson's "My Crusade Against Football" in your April 11 issue is excellent, and Dr. Albert Owers' letter on Mark Twain in the same issue is the most honest analysis of anything I've seen in some time—and written with a Gallic conciseness seldom come upon in English.

WILLIAM H. ARDUR  
Burlington, N. C.

## Were We Unfair?

Dear Sirs: The question of how much foreign crude oil and products could be brought into this country without endangering our safety has been under scrutiny for years—and been the subject of many investigations. Finally, the President formed a committee of his Cabinet to study the matter and the Cabinet, after a thorough study, reported its findings to the President who subsequently announced a voluntary program. This plan, after a year or so, was found unworkable. Once again an investigation was made and the findings reported to the President who,

after some delay, announced his mandatory quotas.

Boiled down to its essence, this is the true story of mandatory foreign oil controls. If *The Nation* ["Oil Politics," page 287, April 4] takes issue with the findings of the Cabinet—that is its privilege. If *The Nation* believes Senators Proxmire, Morse and Aiken have sources of information denied to the Cabinet—or if it believes these Senators are better qualified or more patriotic than the Cabinet—it not only has the right but the duty to enlighten us further. But to leave the impression with your readers that the President or his advisers (the Cabinet) issued the mandatory oil-control order to bribe (or as you put it: "On its face, this would seem to be a high price for the Administration to pay for the continued helpful support of Messrs. Rayburn and Johnson. But it is possible that the price might have been higher if the President had not signed the order.") the Speaker of the House and Majority Leader of the Senate, makes me wonder what you learned from your illustrious predecessors on *The Nation*.

NELVILLE G. PENROSE

Fort Worth, Tex.

## Saving Shelf Space

Dear Sirs: I note an occasional letter in this column indicating a reader's desire to dispose of a file of past *Nation* issues. I have solved the problem by not collecting a file—I pass my copy of *The Nation* along to friends as soon as I have finished with it. I find that young people particularly are hungry for liberal interpretations of the news.

BEN OKSHEA

Detroit, Mich.

## Labor in Hawaii's Hospitals

Dear Sirs: I enjoyed your article in the March 14 issue, "Victims of Charity," on the organization of employees of non-profit hospitals in New York City.

Here in Hawaii, all the major non-profit hospitals are unionized. Our union has contracts with seven private hospitals. Workers are protected by Hawaii's "Little Wagner Act"—the Hawaii Employment Relations Act—and are covered on the same basis as other workers by unemployment compensation, workmen's compensation and minimum-wage laws.

Even with a strong and active union in these hospitals, we find it difficult to negotiate wages and working conditions which compare with contracts in other fields. Knowing how difficult the situation in hospitals can be, we wish

the best of luck to New York's workers in their efforts to organize the non-profit hospitals.

In many ways, labor in Hawaii is just catching up with the rest of the nation. In this field, at least, Hawaii seems to lead.

HENRY B. EPSTEIN,  
Territorial Director,  
United Public Workers

Honolulu, Hawaii

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## EDITORIALS

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### Conspiracy of Silence

Thanks to Walter Schneir in last week's *Nation*, the "secret" Kulp report on the increasing absorption of strontium-90 in children's bones is now in the public domain. Two days after the appearance of this magazine on newsstands last week, the story was headlined in newspapers in New York and elsewhere; Senator Clinton P. Anderson, chairman of the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy was denouncing the AEC for its handling of the report, and newsmen were laying siege to members of the commission, demanding to know why the report had been treated as if it were of insufficient importance to release to the public.

In what looked to *The Nation's* editors—and to the editors of other publications as well—as a move in defense of the AEC, the National Committee on Radiation Protection and Measurements, an unofficial group of scientists who act as advisers to the AEC and the Public Health Service, called a special news conference in Washington apparently designed to reassure the public about strontium-90 absorption. (At this conference the preface and conclusions of a handbook, scheduled for June publication, were handed out to reporters; asked whether this advanced press-release technique was not "unusual," a spokesman for the committee admitted that it was. "We have been under unusual pressures," he said.)

We are glad that *The Nation*, which on April 4 printed an article by Senator Anderson on what the public ought to know about the atomic-energy program, has been instrumental in bringing out vital facts which the American people had been prevented from knowing. But our warm regard for Mr. Schneir's work, and our

feeling of satisfaction in the role we have played, are secondary to the main issue: the unconscionable manner in which the AEC's conspiracy of silence, begun under Chairman Strauss, is continuing under Chairman McCone. This conspiracy has got to be smashed, once and for all, by an aroused public and press.

### The Downgrading of Strontium-90

Now to what the National Committee on Radiation Protection and Measurements actually had to say at its sudden press conference in Washington. This was, in essence, that the MPC ("maximum permissible concentration") of strontium-90 could be raised 25 per cent above its present level for milk, and as much as 100 per cent for the human body, before an "unacceptable" hazard arises. But before the dancing in the streets commences, it would be well to assess the meaning and limitations of all such studies and evaluations.

To begin with, although the committee's report presents figures — e.g., the maximum allowable level for workers in atomic plants is 2.0 microcuries of strontium-90 — this is not quoted as a "safe" level, nor is an inevitable hazard incurred if it should be exceeded in a particular case. It is just a working average in the light of currently available data. This becomes obvious on further examination of the data. The maximum for populations around atomic facilities is fixed at one-tenth that permitted atomic workers. Why just 10 per cent? If the 10 per cent level is right for the general population, it is high for atomic workers, and vice versa. Similarly, when we are told that the limits for young children are fixed at 1 per cent of the permissible levels for adults, couldn't one argue for 0.5 per cent, or 0.25 per cent? The experts do not deny that there might still

be some damage at 1 per cent; all they say is that the hazard at that level is "acceptable." Acceptable to whom? Parents might well prefer a lower figure for a particular child — their own. Whatever the committee is saying, it is certain that if nuclear testing is resumed and expanded, any given standard will be exceeded and unacceptable damage will result. To soothe headline readers with such captions as "Estimate Lower Strontium Peril" is bad science and bad ethics.

## How Much Power Has Labor?

The adoption of Senator John L. McClellan's "bill of rights" amendment to the Kennedy-Ervin labor bill offers a timely object lesson in labor politics. Traditionally, labor has always opposed legislation designed to regulate the internal affairs of unions. Even in instances where a strong case could be made for particular legislation in terms of labor's long-range interest, the traditional attitude has prevailed. Over the years, this attitude has often irritated labor's friends, the more so as the reason for it has seldom been explained. That reason is this: in the absence of a labor party — that is, a party committed to a labor platform and directly responsible to labor — there has never been any way to safeguard even the most benign legislation against crippling or dangerous amendments offered from the floor. An older generation of labor leaders — John L. Lewis is one — learned this lesson early in their careers and have never forgotten it. But today's leaders, more concerned with public esteem than with the rank-and-file of labor, have mistakenly assessed labor's political power.

Tactically, it was a mistake for these labor leaders to have volunteered their "cooperation" to the McClellan Committee; there was never any reason to believe that a committee chaired by Senator McClellan had labor's interests at heart. But it was an even graver error to give tacit support to the Kennedy-Ervin legislation on the theory that otherwise Congress would come up with stronger measures. In the circumstances, this is just what Congress has done; nor was there any way by which the risk might have been avoided. The Democratic Party is not a labor party nor is it of one mind about labor legislation. Given the present party system, labor's power at the polls — amply demonstrated in November — could not be directly translated into equivalent power in Congress. True, 44 Democrats and only 2 Republicans voted against the McClellan amendment, but 15 Democrats joined with 32 Republicans to oppose it. If the Democratic Party were in fact a labor party, party discipline could have insured enough "no" votes to have defeated the amendment; Senator Paul Douglas would not have been absent on "official business," nor would Senator Humphrey have been campaigning in Oregon.

Now the damage has been done and it will not be easily repaired. A motion to reconsider the amendment was tabled, and it will take a two-thirds vote to set aside this motion. Nor will it be easy for labor to pinpoint responsibility for the amendment; while it was a Republican Vice President who cast the deciding vote on the second roll call, the amendment was offered by a Democratic Senator and supported by fifteen decisive Democratic votes. The vote on the McClellan amendment amply demonstrates that labor's traditional suspicion of regulatory legislation was based on a sound analysis of the present two-party system.

## Again the New Nixon

"U.S. Seen Entering New Era In Its Relations With Soviet," is the heading of a column by Carroll Kilpatrick in the *Washington Post*. Simultaneously, in the *Christian Science Monitor*, William J. Stringer, chief of the *Monitor's* Washington bureau, writes on "State of the Nation: Don't Underrate Herter." The topics are different, and in some respects the stories are: Mr. Stringer, for example, is alone in making the point that Secretary Herter, though not truly one of the blue-bloods, is a gentleman and "has adopted in sufficient degree that Brahman code of rectitude and honorable dealing which distinguished the old Bostonians." But then a curious coalescence takes place. Both stories turn to Vice President Richard M. Nixon who, as we pointed out last week, has assumed the role of chief entrepreneur in foreign policy. Kilpatrick quotes Senator Fulbright's statement that it is important to "get into the habit of consulting and meeting with these people (the Soviets) whom we must do business with whether we like it or not," and ascribes this same view to Mr. Nixon. Stringer uses the same statement and likewise links it to the new statesmanship of Mr. Nixon. Kilpatrick writes of a foreign affairs "triumvirate" — Nixon, Fulbright and Herter — while Stringer suggests that this same friendly trio may move to establish more frequent exploratory contacts with Moscow than Secretary Dulles permitted. Both writers climb to truly dizzy levels of U.S.-Soviet rapprochement with the revelation that the Vice President is not, and never has been, opposed to a Khrushchev visit to the United States.

Since Mr. Nixon has made it plain that he will not push aside the Presidential scroll if it is thrust upon him, our suspicion that he scents votes in a U.S.-Soviet *détente* appears to be confirmed. To a sufficiently cynical observer, it might even appear that the conclusions of the two newsmen originated in one mind. But this is of little importance. The interesting thing is that Mr. Nixon, the friend of Secretary Herter as of ex-Secretary Dulles before him, is rapidly approaching the point where he will be indicting ex-Secretary Acheson, never his friend, for chauvinism, if not treason.

## The Old Men

Suddenly, in the field of statesmanship, the yell is on the old. More in sorrow than in anger, Joseph Alsop intones, "The Old Men Go." More in anger than in sorrow, the British press complains that the United States is run by "sick old men." To the *New Statesman*, they are worse than sick: "Dead Men Leading," is the way Malcolm Muggeridge captions it, and his first sentence is, "Probably no powerful country in history has had quite so dead a government as the United States has today." Even the sensible St. Louis *Post-Dispatch's* comment on Chancellor Adenauer's acceptance of the Presidency bears the headline, "As an Old Order Passes."

But does the order pass with the men? And are the middle-aged, who in statecraft pass for young, necessarily better than the old? Dangerous over-simplifications lurk in reasoning based on mere chronology. Even the organs of the same individual age at different rates, and when it comes to the mind and heart, some are old at forty while others are still young at seventy. Senator McCarthy was young, and Hitler and his entourage were young; the last restraint on Nazi villainy was removed when the octogenarian Paul von Hindenburg finally died. Field Marshal Montgomery, at seventy-one, seems to have changed some of his earlier views and is going to Moscow to further Anglo-Soviet rapprochement, if he can. He may not succeed, but one cannot say that he has fallen into despair or indifference, the chief stigmata of old age. Inexperience is not in itself a virtue. Good will and talent are at best rare in those high-level political activities where they are most desperately needed. We must take them when and

where we can find them and not, as so many commercial employers do, refuse to consider anyone over forty.

## The Insatiable Service

It takes gall to run a military service nowadays, and the Air Force has its share. If sheer brass can do it, the Air Force will take over the Army and Navy and unification will be achieved at last. The Air Force has been less than generous in its evaluation of the Navy's Polaris missile, but its generals, presumably on the basis that inconsistency is the bugbear of little minds, has applied formally to the Joint Chiefs of Staff for operational control of the Polaris submarines. The Navy wants fifteen Polaris submarines in firing position around the globe at all times. If all goes well, these subs could, in the favorite term of *Newsweek*, "clobber" the key Soviet targets with 240 nuclear warheads. The Strategic Air Command naturally wants to do the clobbering.

The Air Force is ably seconded in its efforts by its suppliers, who advertise for bigger powers for the Air Force and bigger profits for themselves. One of the foremost Air Force advertising sponsors is the Lockheed Aircraft Corporation. One of its advertisements — full-page, of course — shows a peaceful picture of sea and sky. "Looks harmless — could be deadly!" is the caption. Soviet submarines are lurking under the waves. What to do? "The United States Air Force and Lockheed have the solution in a fully integrated . . . EW&C (Early Warning and Control)" system which, moreover, is economical. What with the Army's Jupiter missiles, the Navy's submarines, and Lockheed turboprops for surveillance, the Air Force would seem to have everything, and what it hasn't got, it will get.

## PRISON RIOTS: A Struggle for Power .. *Gresham M. Sykes*

A FORTNIGHT ago, National Guardsmen had to be called in to quell desperate mutineers in Montana State Prison who had killed a deputy warden, wounded another and were holding more than a score of prison officials as hostages. A month earlier, the Massachusetts Walpole State Prison had exploded

into violence, and it took more than two hours of savage gun-fighting before seven hostages were released and six ringleaders of the mutiny captured. Last week the same six convicts, transferred to another Massachusetts prison, again led a mutiny.

Every few years our prisons flare into riot. The public reacts with concern, indignation and a morbid fascination. And then, with the spectacle over — the mutineers always lose the immediate battle, though not without taking their toll of lives — the public falls back into indifference, quite ready to forget the "prison

problem" until it is reminded once more by black headlines that violence has broken out again behind the forbidding walls of some prison.

These periodic outbursts are important, however, not simply for the immediate danger they represent, but also as symptoms of deep-seated, continuing inadequacies in our methods of handling the criminal.

There are, of course, many different kinds of prison riots. A single psychotic inmate blowing up in the mess hall, a handful of prisoners plunging into a short-lived and disorganized eruption, a limited disturbance created to cover up an es-

*GRESHAM M. SYKES, member of the Sociology Department of Northwestern University, is the author of Crime and Society (Random House), The Society of Captives (Princeton U. Press), and of a forthcoming textbook on criminology.*

cape attempt — all are flashes of violence which disrupt the control of the officials. But I think the most important sort of riot is the recurrent (and more or less predictable) disturbance which grows out of an attempt by the prison officials to regain power which has slipped over into the hands of their prisoners.

Perhaps the best way to see this is to construct the natural history of a riot in a maximum-security prison, to trace the steps through which a prison moves from order to disorder. And the best place to begin is immediately after a riot has occurred. From the viewpoint of the public, a riot is over when the guards and the state police have stormed the rebellious prisoners. The officials, however, are well aware that they have not regained control of the institution until they have ferreted out the contraband weapons, repaired the smashed locks, broken up the cliques of troublemakers and firmly reinstated their security procedures: the routines of discipline, searches, counting of prisoners, inspections of bars, windows, gratings and so on.

ALL THIS takes time—days, weeks, even months. But finally the officials reach a point where they feel they have once more securely seized the reins of power. Now an attempt is made to run a "tight" institution, to enforce the many rules which circumscribe the activities of inmates and form a dominant feature of modern prison life. It is a fatal defect of our prisons, however, that this attempt is very likely to fail, except under quite special conditions. Understaffed, harried by inadequate budgets and trying to meet not only the demands of security but also to maintain institutional housekeeping, a work program and recreational, educational and religious facilities, the officials find it almost impossible to exercise total control over their captives. The custodians must depend on some degree of uncoerced cooperation from the inmates if the institution is to keep going and fulfill its varied, frequently contradictory, tasks. The custodians are all too aware that they cannot rule by force alone; even if they were not so heavily outnumbered, they know that simple brute force cannot secure, in



the long run, efficient operation of a machine shop, a quiet and orderly mess hall or the needed performance of such chores as cleaning, cooking, bartering, stoking fires and serving as hospital orderlies — all of which must be done by prisoners.

Somehow, then, the officials must get the inmates to obey them without the constant use of a straitjacket, a "come-along" or a nightstick. After all, if all the inmates are put in the "hole" — that isolation wing that forms a prison within a prison — the institution is going to grind to a sudden and disconcerting halt. And it is at this point that the officials run into the second major flaw of the prison. They do not have a collection of rewards and punishments which can induce general compliance. The inmate of the prison is a man who is already being punished near the limits set by our society and the stock of legitimate penalties — the withdrawal of mailing privileges, a temporary diet of bread and water, and so on — is dangerously low. On the other hand, the reward side of the picture is hardly calculated to stir the inmate to an easy obedience. The man in prison receives little for his labor; in the federal prison system (which is one of the best) the average daily wage of the prisoner was around sixty cents in 1949; it is not much more now. The most powerful reward, perhaps, is the promise of so-called "work time" and "good time" which provides for the reduction of sentence in return

for conscientious job performance and compliance with the regulations. Yet these, like retirement benefits and other distant rewards of the free community, cannot secure a full and easy obedience here and now.

THE RESULT of all this is compromise. The officials find that they can win the cooperation they need in areas where it counts (a quiet, clean cell block, an orderly recreation yard) if certain infractions of the rules are overlooked. A little gambling, a little stealing of food, a little relaxation of the security measures which call for locking men in their cells immediately on return from work or meals — these *sub rosa* privileges and many more like them are traded, probably quite unconsciously in many cases, for a certain degree of quiet. The officials, no less than the experienced inmate, want to keep things from being "all shook up." And thus the prison enters the next phase of its cycle: a phase of minor corruption.

Corruption, unfortunately, has its own dynamic. The weight of precedents and the demonstrated ease of administration by concession push the prison officials deeper and deeper into patterns of compromise. Furthermore, the drift toward a sort of inmate "home rule" is helped along by the fact that the guard is hard put not to become friendly toward the men he guards. Like the foreman in industry, the guard is caught in a conflict of loyalties, caught fast between his superiors in a bureaucracy

and the men he controls; and, in constant association with his prisoners — who make him the victim of their resentment over policies which he has had no part in making — he is under strong pressure to be a "good Joe." Many details of the guard's duties may gradually be turned over to prisoners whom he has come to trust, for *criminals* in prison are often transformed by a subtle alchemy into *men*; in the eyes of their captors, they are no longer viewed as dangerous offenders to be suppressed at any cost.

A point is sometimes reached when the inmates are, in effect, running the place. Cell and job assignments, recreational privileges, the right to move about the institution — all may be controlled to a large extent by prisoners. The situation becomes analogous to an earlier style of prison administration — in the debtors' prisons in England — when the officials withdrew to the walls and left their captives to regulate their own affairs. Yet this phase of the prison's cycle is highly unstable, for any number of things can destroy the *modus vivendi* achieved by guards and inmates. A disgruntled guard, annoyed by the power of inmate bigshots, may clamor for the attention of the press. A conflict within the official bureaucracy may catch the public's eye or a campaign to reform the prison may become part of a political maneuver. In any event, some crisis is bound to upset the applecart; the officials will feel driven to regain control. And this turning point in the administration of the prison often sets the stage for the tension and discontent which ultimately grow into insurrection.

Prison riots depend heavily on the rise to leadership of the more violent, aggressive and unstable prisoners who can fuse the many dissatisfactions of prison life into an organized plan of action. And such men get a chance to move into positions of leadership when the officials start their attempt to tighten up the institution, since the elimination of *sub rosa* privileges and relaxed routines often carries in its train the elimination of inmate leaders who have been cooperating with the officials to keep things quiet. By precept, example and personal

charisma, these men have set the pattern of getting along with the custodians; in addition, they have passed along the benefits of compromise much as a ward boss dispenses patronage. When they fall out of favor, however, as the officials strive to regain a close control, they leave a vacuum of leadership and the wilder, disgruntled inmates stand ready to take their place. In a spiral of agitation, the prison moves toward disaster.

THIS VERSION of the natural history of a prison riot is much simplified and certainly does not cover all the rebellions that plague our penal system. But it is enough to point out that the prison is not always a powder keg, waiting to explode because of poor food, over-crowding, inadequate recreational facilities and so on. The problems of imprisonment go deeper than that, and they lie in the basic structural defects of the prison as a social system. The fallacies of coercion, the pathetic collection of available rewards and punishments, the strong pressures toward the compromise of the officials' power in the form of "trades," friendship and the transfer of duties into the hands of favored inmates — all create a situation which has little to do with rehabilitation and which is only too likely to flare into periodic violence.

I doubt very much that our prisons will be free of the threat of riots in the future unless the basic features of prison life are drastically changed. Enlightened penal administrators are pretty much in agreement on what has to be done; the major stumbling block is not ignorance, as is so often claimed. Some of the changes which are widely accepted as necessary are: (1) a greater variety of institutions designed to handle specific types of prisoners; (2) smaller institutions to provide a greater degree of individual treatment; (3) a system of furloughs to provide for the prisoner's gradual re-entry into the life of the free community; (4) provisions for family visits; (5) improved social and psychiatric counseling; (6) better trained and better paid guards; (7) an improved work program, including provisions for higher inmate

wages; (8) a greater use of parole and probation along with an improvement of parole and probation facilities; and (9) more rational sentencing procedures. These might be taken as a minimum program of reform; all of the points mentioned, it is interesting to note, are recommended in the recent British White Paper on prisons.

All of this is going to cost money — more than might be commonly expected, since our institutional population is increasing at a faster rate than the population as a whole. (In New Jersey, for example, the institutional population will probably double in some fifteen years.) If we find the "prison problem" difficult now, we will soon find it much worse.

I THINK, then, that the crux of the matter lies in the formation of a continuing and informed public interest which will be willing to support an enlightened penal philosophy. Such an interest exists in England today, and it once existed in the United States, in the beginning of the nineteenth century. At the present time, however, the public's attitude seems to be largely composed of a transient taste for bear-baiting as expressed in its modern dramatic form of a periodic struggle between prison officials and prisoners. Perhaps, as one writer has suggested, the issue of imprisonment may not loom very large in these days of cosmic satellites; yet I think we must listen closely to the following statement of Winston Churchill:

The mood and temper of the public in regard to the treatment of crime and criminals is one of the most unfailing tests of the civilization of any country.

A calm dispassionate recognition of the rights of the accused and even of the convicted criminal against the state; a constant heart-searching of all charged with the deed of punishment; tireless efforts toward the discovery of regenerative processes; unfailing faith that there is a treasure, if you can find it, in the heart of every man: These are the symbols which in the treatment of crime and criminals make and measure the stored-up strength of a nation and are sign and proof of the living virtue in it.

# THE SQUEEZE ON CASTRO . . . by Carleton Beals

HAVING apparently abandoned the role of Caribbean crusader against dictatorship, Fidel Castro, the bearded young "Liberator of the Cuban Fatherland," has embarked upon a vocal subjugation of United States public opinion. Earlier, he had criticized United States policies severely, either from conviction or to keep a fire of militant nationalism built under his followers. With a contemptuous gesture, quite warranted, he threw out the useless carpet-bag military missions which had decorated and banqueted Batista killers. Perturbed now by the hostility of the American press, mostly McCarthy smear-type reporting, he seeks to choke off the hysterical clamor from Southern and hog-belt Congressmen and the press. That he will have any success in quarters now denouncing him seems unlikely unless he turns his back on Cuban needs, halts land reform and ends his "new democracy."

None of the strenuous American critics showed concern when Batista abolished the press, jailed newspaper men, censored the radio, destroyed all but a few stooge political parties (the head of the powerful Orthodox Party committed suicide), staged a new bayonet election (at the behest of Ambassador Earl Smith), put the army in charge of labor unions and schools, drove at least fifty thousand Cubans into exile in almost every country on the globe. Those good American critics never opened their mouths when some ten to twenty thousand Cuban doctors, lawyers, Rotarians, Catholic women asking for "peace," workers, peasants, students, newspaper men and writers were having eyes, ears or genitals torn out and were being assassinated (some burned alive, as my friend Octavio Seigle). Nor did they criticize Batista, with his open house for gamblers and business speculators, for pandering to Communists while

scourging democratic elements. Never was a country more looted.

At this hour, Cuba enjoys a peace never enjoyed during the six years of unremitting revolt against Batista's illegal rule — though it is an uneasy peace that can't last unless Castro is able to carry out basic promises. In the brief hundred days of the Provisional Government, a tremendous and amazingly competent reconstruction, both physical and moral, of government and island services has been carried through against great odds. Grafters and holders of sinecures (including at least one American press representative) have been cleaned out from cellar to garret of government. Future theft of public funds has been made punishable by death. Quite a few millions of more than a billion dollars looted by the Batista gang have been recovered.

Much of this, including punishment of "war criminals," is merely house-cleaning, relatively negative, and the few reforms thus far have been chiefly palliative. But the press has been unshackled and corrupt news subsidies abolished, though the daily organ of Castro's July 26 Movement, *Revolucion*, must be receiving considerable help. Army-imposed union officials of the former regime, deep in corrupt union-fund deals with Batista, have fled and union autonomy seems to have been re-established. The new General Confederation head, David Salvador (not pro-Communist as *Time* has stated) is an ardent Castro supporter. This new freedom has resulted in some Communists being elected in a few unions, but an insignificant number compared to the period right after the downfall of Dictator Gerardo Machado twenty-five years ago. The new union "freedom" has resulted in a far larger number of pro-Catholic, pro-Grau-San Martín, pro-Prió leaders being elected, plus a majority of straight pro-labor men.

The jails are jammed full right now: mostly military, police and secret-service personnel, though plenty of civilian. The civil courts, pending complete overhauling, are

not yet functioning, so the traditional safeguards of *habeas corpus*, time-limits for preferring charges and providing trials, etc., do not exist. These rights were never respected by Batista, either, and under him the few judges who ventured to grant *habeas corpus* for anybody prosecuted by the Army or the police, or who harbored any charges against Army or government personages, had to flee from the island for their lives. One of them was Manuel Urrutia, the present provisional president. On the other hand, Castro has announced that within weeks the courts will have been reorganized and such rights restored.

New elections are not to be held for perhaps four years. Castro has argued that the government cannot be reorganized or essential reforms executed sooner, that an election now, with all free political parties destroyed by Batista and without proper political preparation, would merely result in automatic victory for himself and the July 26 Movement.

THUS, whatever one's opinion of Castro's summary military trials (and Cuban court-martial proceedings are more liberal than in the American Army) and his executions of Batista "criminals," Cuba, except for the known "counter-revolutionaries," enjoys more civil rights than it has any time in its independent history save for the Estrada Palma administration fifty years ago and the short-lived first Grau San Martín regime. How long they will last is anybody's guess. A new edict, making all "counter-revolutionary" activity against Castro's Provisional Government punishable by death, has an ominous ring.

Unfortunately, civil rights in themselves cannot provide bread or security, Cuba's urgent requirements. Unless drastic reforms are carried out promptly — perhaps in part because such reforms are needed — civil rights will soon be abridged, or a new military terrorism will take over, or the land will go on into revolutionary convulsions. Unless

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Castro can perform the miracle that never has been performed — land reform, the diversification of agriculture and the establishment of new industry — Cuba will revert to the dreary process of military rule punctuated, every two to five years, by revolutionary disorder.

It would be easy to list Castro's contradictory utterances (he talks too much), his about-faces, his bad errors, a few disturbing violations of civil liberties (the arrest of several labor leaders and of a critical newspaper columnist as well as the menacing investigation by a revolutionary tribunal of a priest who denounced the executions as the law of "an eye for any eye"), but it seems more constructive to consider the serious problems confronting his government.

Half the Cuban labor force is unemployed — and this before the completion of the sugar harvest. How long could the government of the United States survive with thirty million jobless, their families unsustained by unemployment payments? Even with full employment (which has never existed in Cuba, except in a few bonanza years during sugar-harvest time), the rural worker (who constitutes the majority of the Cuban working force) earns only \$25 or \$30 a month in a land where the cost of living is almost as high as in the United States — and for

many food and clothing items, which must be imported, even higher.

Thus Castro is being asked to perform the incredible feat of providing unlimited freedom without the bread or health or schools to implement that freedom. Hundreds of millions of dollars are drained out annually, not reinvested in the country, by absentee capital which controls most of the arable land and all important industry. Castro is walking a tight-rope between his militant armed followers and the Cuban people, denied even the minimum necessities of life, on the one hand, and on the other, the exigent demands of American business (with which the critical press in Cuba declares he must co-operate), the State Department (not celebrated for any love of popular governments to the south) and the American press. Castro has quite a balancing act to do to please both the Cubans and the American public, which knows nothing about Cuba.

For fifty years Cuba has cooperated extravagantly with American business, and it has known only dictatorship and semi-starvation for most of its people. The sugar industry, accounting for 81 per cent of the island's exports, employing the largest number of workers, provides pauper wages for three or four months each year. For the rest of the year, these workers and their families — except in the case of a

few enlightened large corporations which have provided permanent land plots — are cast forth from their thatched huts (such as the Siboney Indians lived in five centuries ago) and their huge unsanitary barracks to sleep in public plazas and under the arcades, scrounging for odd jobs, begging, stealing, fishing in garbage cans, their children unschooled, rarely enjoying medical care. Such is the blight of the world's worst rural sweat-shop industry which knight-errant Castro, harassed at home and abroad, seeks to remedy.

THE SUGAR industry does provide considerable revenue; it makes many payments, inadequate ones, to captive *colonos*, or Cuban growers; it provides part-time work for hundreds of thousands. However, the legal minimum wage (about a tenth of that in the United States) has never been enforced in rural areas. The bulk of the industry's purchases of equipment is made abroad. All shipping is in foreign hands (Castro is trying to set up a Cuban merchant marine); and though there are a number of rich Cubans in sugar, most profits flow abroad, thus preventing local growth. At present, Cuban revenues from this source have been halved. The price of sugar is lower than it ever has been except for a few years before and during the Great Depression. Quantity-wise, too, the market has been bad this year, so the government will have an enormous carry-over, with accompanying subsidy and warehouse costs. On the basis of past experience, the situation will depress the market for the next ten years. This disaster occurs at a time when the sugar workers, whose wages were slashed in half by Batista-imposed union officials in connivance with the corporations, are demanding wage increases. Even the 20 per cent increase tentatively promised by Castro will not lift them out of semi-starvation.

Other prices for Cuban products are down. The tourist trade — \$100,000,000 a year — is a mere trickle, not likely soon to revive. Inflowing foreign investment has been shut off; nor is credit available, for Batista had upped the national debt a billion dollars. Castro has had to



"We hope your politics won't stop you from joining the Free World."

clamp down on luxury imports, an additional loss to importers, merchants and service trades. How will Castro carry out his ambitious public-housing, school-building, factory-building, marsh-draining projects without money? A few token land resettlements have been made, but how will he provide the promised farm equipment, animals, seed and technical assistance? How pay for the additional land that will be required? Yet unless he can promote considerable land diversification, get a few more consumer industries going, provide adequate food for the rural population and a degree of economic security, he is sunk and civil liberties are sunk. The needs of the people are great, and the possibilities of new disaster loom even greater.

Nonetheless Cuba — about the size of England, with four times the

amount of arable land and most of it far more fertile, with mineral wealth that includes copper, nickel, manganese and one of the world's great iron supplies (now being held in reserve by American corporations), and with less than seven million population — could become one of the world's richest and most prosperous nations instead of being a blot on the free world. What it needs is honesty, initiative and some outside help.

One of Castro's plans is to make Cuba self-sufficient in rice production — not an unreasonable idea, given the soil and climate; Ecuador and Panama both accomplished it in recent years. But here too there hangs a tale. Great increases in rice and land production were seriously attempted by Cuba in the early thirties, but the much-touted reciprocity treaty with the United States

knocked the projects on the head. Nearly all of Cuba's rice has been coming from Louisiana. The Cubans wanted to keep rice and lard off the free list. It may have been purely coincidence that the American Ambassador at the time came from a big rice and hog-growing plantation family in Louisiana. Furthermore, the reciprocity treaty obliged Cuba to buy almost exclusively in the high-priced American market, preventing it from taking advantage of lower-priced goods from Germany, England, Japan and Italy.

Cuba has been cooperating with the United States for a long time. The wry Cuban saying is, whenever the going gets rough, "Cuba is a cork; it always floats." But a cork can do a lot of tossing. Cubans have been seasick for two generations. They are likely to be seasick a while longer.

## De GAULLE: THE FIRST YEAR . . . by Alexander Werth

*Paris*

PERHAPS THE GREAT change that has occurred in Europe in the last two or three weeks may best be described by quoting a prominent Soviet official whom I met a few days after the announcement that Mr. Adenauer was relinquishing the West German Chancellorship.

"I think it pretty certain, now," he said, "that there will be no war."

"Did you ever really think there might be one over Berlin?" I asked, somewhat surprised.

"There was always the danger," the Soviet official replied, "that we might have drawn so near the brink that we would have had to resort to the kind of compromise which could lead only to new incidents and new perils. I think the world should be grateful to Britain—the press, the Labor Party, the Aldermaston march — for showing more realism than the rest of the world."

A few days later, I met the same official. He said:

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"Mr. Dulles was becoming more reasonable lately, but probably we will be still safer with Mr. Herter. And my countrymen are delighted that Mr. Nixon will visit Moscow; he got on surprisingly well with Mr. Mikoyan in Washington. In general, flexibility is making so much progress in the West that I think you'll find us more flexible. There's a fair chance now that we may agree on a peace treaty, with some kind of confederation of the two Germanies; on a number of disengagement proposals and on a U.N.-controlled West Berlin."

I QUOTE this authoritative Soviet view because it seems to sum up the reasons why there's ground for optimism on both sides. A curious anomaly is de Gaulle's belated self-identification with the Adenauer policy of *no disengagement of any kind*. But the way things have developed lately, it seems unlikely that France will be able to stand alone for a wholly rigid attitude, especially after the recent Debré visit to London, where Macmillan partially won

him over (Debré was not all that pro-Adenauer, anyway) to the British viewpoint. So some rethinking is going on at the top in Paris at the moment.

Not that, on the face of things, the French public seems to care much one way or another. Indeed, after a year of de Gaulle, one could argue that the French people have become apolitical, preferring to leave everything to the "great man" who, while not infallible, is "better and more honest than anybody else."

Paradoxically, there is still a strong prejudice in favor of de Gaulle on the Left. True, he is not popular in the hysterical way Hitler was in Germany, or General Boulanger was in France. There is nothing emotional or even irrational in the worship of him. His public appearances arouse no popular enthusiasm. But nearly everybody somehow imagines that to support de Gaulle is *reasonable*, because he represents a compromise between two extremes; because he represents not a revolution, but merely the preservation of a (slightly modified) *status quo*. No

doubt, the constitution of the Fifth Republic is a monstrosity; but so long as de Gaulle is in charge, there is little to worry about. And you will find old-fashioned liberals who express satisfaction at the thought that, after all, since de Gaulle has taken over, personal freedoms seem to be more respected than they were in the bad last few months of the Fourth Republic. M. Tréno, the witty, whimsical editor of the *Canard Enchaîné*, the best satirical weekly in France, told me recently that he had far less trouble with the authorities today than previously, and that the sales of his paper are soaring now that the bulk of the press had become completely conformist. Indeed, M. Tréno told me that de Gaulle himself took great pleasure, every Wednesday, in reading the *Canard's* wisecracks and in trying to figure out who had "leaked" to the paper inside information about the last cabinet session.

AND WHO cares here about Berlin? No doubt, there's a kind of tongue-in-cheek attitude toward the question: everybody realizes that France, the bulk of whose forces are tied up in Algeria, is in no good position to play at a great European policy. Whether de Gaulle had any intention originally to revert to his 1944-45 "between-East-and-West" policy (which Moscow was hoping for), he had little choice but to stick to the Atlantic Pact and NATO, assuming at the same time a rather independent air by playing off Western Germany against Britain. But most observers believe de Gaulle's show of independence is little more than camouflage for France's hopelessly weak military position in Europe; and the gang-up with Adenauer is not necessarily any more genuine than the almost open breach with Macmillan. A few observers differ, however, with this view. A leading British diplomat spoke in all seriousness to me of de Gaulle's genuine ambition to make the present Franco-German *rapprochement* the basis for a new "Charlemagne's Empire"—a crazy formula de Gaulle conceived back in 1951. But de Gaulle himself implicitly denies any such designs; he is talking big about a much greater Europe embracing the whole

Slav world, urging Khrushchev not to be "silly" about so unimportant a matter as Berlin! In fact, he even went further: he dismissed all the quarrels over Germany and Berlin as insignificant, and urged a global reconciliation with "the saving of man" as the ultimate object, and with France forming, as it were, the center of this world-saving system.

Only, as Beauve-Méry of *Le Monde* wrote on the following day, all this appeal for Man and for Human Dignity would sound a little more convincing if it were to meet with an immediate response in Algeria, "where, in the midst of blood and tears, and at the price of terrible mutual degradations, an increasingly meaningless and senseless war is continuing." This war is now costing France 1,000 billion francs a year. Not only is it having a fairly serious effect on the standard of living here, but it is weakening France internationally, and is costing her around one hundred young men a week.

*It is beginning to threaten the de Gaulle regime itself.* De Gaulle is vaguely aware of this. He knows that the Constantine Program for the development of Algeria, predicated on large French private investments in Algeria, is meeting with increasing opposition from Big Business, which is not ready to risk its money as long as the war continues to render investments highly precarious. Big Business (or, at any rate, a substantial part of it) is in favor of winding up the Algerian war, if possible. And, as the recent municipal elections showed, the electorate, despite outward appearances, is far from indifferent to Algeria; and it is now obvious that the votes for de Gaulle in the September referendum and for the "Gaullists" in the November election were largely dictated by the hope that de Gaulle would end the war. Since nothing had happened by the time of the municipal elections four months later, the electorate tended to turn against the Gaullists, if not against de Gaulle himself. Communists who had voted for de Gaulle in the referendum now went back to voting Communist. In about a quarter of the bigger provincial constituencies the Socialists, sick of Guy Mollet, ganged up with the Commu-

nists, so much so that it was possible for the first time in many years to speak of a Popular Front reviving in France. No doubt there were mental reservations on both sides; but the fact that a high proportion of Socialists was no longer willing to obey Mollet's orders to "keep out the Communists" at any price (even at the price of letting in the Gaullists and reactionaries) was significant. The "anti-Fascist" movement, which failed so lamentably to materialize when the Fourth Republic was threatened with extinction last May, was showing signs of coming into being—if only as a protest against the Algerian war.

And if the left-wing victory was not a more sweeping one, it was because there continues to be a widespread belief that, in the end, de Gaulle is determined to make peace in Algeria, though on what terms still remains a mystery.

*The big pressure on de Gaulle now*



L'Observateur (Paris)  
"I do not see, for my part, any objection in principle to what the negotiations address themselves. . . ."

comes, not from the Left, but from the extreme Right. By this I do not mean Big Business, which is essentially "Gaullist," but from the large Fascist fringe of the European Algerians and of the Army.

Some observers, like Claude Bourdet, think it not improbable that, to appease the Army and the extremists, de Gaulle will give the right-wing and pro-Fascist elements—particularly in the Army—a much freer hand in France in return for a peace settlement in Algeria. Another possibility is that the Berlin crisis (when it comes) will give de Gaulle an excuse for proclaiming an emergency situation in which the present freedom of the press, for example, would be abolished—much to the satisfaction of the Algiers *ultras* who have for months been screaming for the suppression of the "treason press."

A more optimistic view is that de Gaulle will refuse to surrender to the Army and the Algiers *ultras*, but will wait until general dissatisfaction will have grown sufficiently (because of economic difficulties, Algeria, etc.) to enable him to dissolve the present National Assembly, with its incredible right-wing and *ultra* majority, and to hold new elections which would produce a left-wing majority. This would be more representative than the present As-

sembly (in which the 200-odd "Gaullist" deputies represent 19,000 voters each, as against the ten Communist deputies representing 400,000 voters each). For what it is worth, the latest opinion poll shows that 63 per cent of the French want a negotiated peace in Algeria; this wish is certainly not reflected in the composition of the present Assembly.

IT SEEMS that a large part of the non-Communist Left is hoping for an early dissolution of parliament. Is this the result of wishful thinking? What does the non-Communist Left represent, anyway? How big a force can it become without joining forces with the Communists who, in a general election today, would again have over five million votes? Instinctively, a growing proportion of Socialists, though distrustful of the Communists, have been preferring an alliance with them to toeing the Guy Mollet line; this process would undoubtedly be intensified if the Fascist menace became accentuated. The role of Mendès-France is of doubtful importance at the moment; he represents not a political force but rather an intellectual attitude. In any case he is certainly not seeking a *rapprochement* with the Communists, or anything resembling a Popular Front.

Other left-wingers, ostensibly less hostile to the Popular Front, claim that the impossibility of having one must be attributed to the dominant role the Communists would want to play in it (which, numerically, at any rate, is understandable); in truth, the Communist "obstruction" has, in fact, been greatly exaggerated, notably in the pro-Bevan press in England. Others still, like Claude Bourdet, hold that any alliance with the Communists (even "against fascism") is doomed to failure, so long as Thorez is "still a Stalin and not a Khrushchev." In reality, it seems that the future of the Popular Front largely depends on de Gaulle himself. If he gives in to the Army and the *ultras*, and a serious Fascist threat in France develops, there will be a Popular Front, whatever the intellectuals may say. If de Gaulle behaves in a reasonably liberal manner, keeps the Army in order and holds out the prospect of an Algerian settlement before very long, and if also economic conditions do not deteriorate disastrously, then there will be no need for one.

Meanwhile, watch out for May 13, the anniversary of the "revolution." Something may happen that day. Another revolution? No. But perhaps some kind of showdown forced by the Right.

## LITTLE ORPHAN BASEBALL . . . by Robert Coulson

WE AMERICANS have been neglecting our heritage. Seduced by such trivia as national security, the education of our children and the exploration of outer space, we have allowed the true essence of America to sicken near unto death.

Minor-league baseball clubs are losing money. Many small boxing arenas are being forced into bankruptcy. Television has altered the delicate financial machinery which

once permitted fortunes to be won in the minor leagues of sport. Soon, unless we act quickly, wisely and courageously, the salaries and bonuses paid to players will diminish, promoters will turn their attention to other matters and athletes will become champions merely by eating Wheaties.

The loss of money is not important; the promoters, impresarios and managers have assured us of that. What worries them is the gradual loss of skill which will afflict our minor-league athletes. Inevitably, the quality of play in the larger arenas will deteriorate. Our future boxing champions will suffer from

comparison with the champions of old. Major-league baseball games will have more errors, fewer hits and less curve-ball pitching. Worst of all, the performers who might have become champions will abandon their sport to become coaches, salesmen, laborers or candidates for political office.

It is this last specter which haunts the impresarios, and prompts them to appeal to Congress and the Supreme Court for special rulings, new laws and personal exemptions from the Constitution which defines the rights of the rest of us. If we fail to save baseball and boxing from the competition of free television, the

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professional athletes will decline in number and in skill; their sponsors, owners, promoters and managers will enter other businesses; baseball-club franchises will continue to be shifted from city to city; televised fights will lose their sponsors and the boxing arenas will be demolished to make room for superhighways.

Of course, baseball and boxing will still be as interesting to watch as ever: in baseball, the poor quality of pitching will be matched by the inexperience of the batters and the clumsiness of the fielders; in boxing, both men in the ring will be equally deficient. But American Prestige will suffer. Perhaps Venezuela, Cuba or Japan may be able to offer a baseball team which could beat ours in a genuine World Series. Certainly it would shock all Americans to see the heavyweight boxing title go to a champion overseas. That is why boxing and baseball deserve special treatment from the Supreme Court.

Other businesses in the entertainment field have been injured by television, but not at the peril of the American Way. The motion-picture industry, being simply a business, was rightly compelled to stay within the framework of our laws while it economized, splintered, merged and otherwise adjusted to television. Radio and the legitimate theatre have been given no special exemptions from the anti-trust laws; why should they? Aren't they, too, just businesses?



We have to go back fifty years to find a comparable example of a great American Institution threatened by scientific advances — back to the day when the automobile began to destroy horseshoe - pitching. Here was the greatest participant sport of all, and the most truly American. There were contests in every town, gate receipts for the promoters and champions in every class. Then came the automobile, sponsoring paved roads everywhere, reducing the size of our backyards and putting houses on all our horseshoe lots. Blacksmiths, together with horseshoes — not to speak of horses — began to disappear from the American scene; alleys grew narrower; audiences faded away, and now the millions of sand-lot games are no more. Hardly a professional horseshoe pitcher is left alive. Detroit killed the whole sport — and this was the greatest American game of all, a part of our

earliest history, a game which all our Presidents used to play.

Yet horseshoe pitching can be revived, and by the same devices proposed for the rescue of boxing and baseball. The scientific advance which destroyed the sport should pay the cost of resurrecting it. We would need a Pay-Ride law, requiring that everyone who purchases an automobile subsidize part of a horse. Another part of the purchase price of every car would be allocated to the building of dirt roads and getting the horse back into circulation. We would also need some changes in our zoning laws and building codes, and special tax inducements to champions and contenders.

Thus would we establish a healthy precedent for saving baseball and boxing. But we must hurry. As one expert put it recently, "Unless Congress acts quickly, most of us will be unable to stay in business for another year." Or as another says, "It may be too late already for the Supreme Court to keep the small clubs operating profitably." Or another, "The courts have got to realize that this is not a business, but a part of America."

With all the billions of dollars wasted in building rockets which sometimes misfire, surely we can spend a little time and money on the true essence of our country. Up, horseshoe pitchers! With the boxers and the baseballlers, let's unite to save America.

## MEDAL WITHOUT HONOR . . . by James Avery Joyce

"THE PRESIDENT injected a personal note," reported *The New York Times*, "in presenting the Gold Medal to Dr. Von Braun, who fifteen years ago received the Knight's Cross from the German Government for his work in perfecting the V-2 rockets used to bombard London."

"My congratulations," the President remarked with a smile. "We're proud of you."

The Von Braun citation said: "The security of the nation and the free world has been enhanced by his

great learning and his extraordinary achievements."

My eye stopped at these warmly congratulatory words, and my mind swung back fifteen years — from fantasy to reality.

DARKNESS was about to close in on a chilly winter day early in 1944, as my economics class met in what was left of Goldsmith's College of the University of London. In this southeast neighborhood of London, which lay behind the docks and warehouses

lining the River Thames, on the way out towards Greenwich, four years of bombings and blastings had left hardly a street intact.

The night raids, in later phases of the war, had slackened off somewhat, but had reduced Goldsmith's Col-

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lege from its original fifty classrooms to barely half a dozen. One of the best preserved of these was mine. I see it now, its windows stuck up with uneven boards or stuffed with rain-and soot-blackened sandbags. There was probably not a single pane of uncracked glass left in what was once a typically solid stone and brick college building — the home, before the war, of a flourishing workers' education program providing university training for thousands of South London teachers.

From 1951, until the General Election of 1955, I was back again in the same district, as a prospective Labor Party candidate "nursing" a neighboring constituency in Lambeth. I then watched the roofless structure being gradually filled up again with new rubble, and the portals repainted to receive another half-generation of young, ambitious London students.

WHAT exactly was the course we were taking together during that bleak winter back there in 1943-4? Around me in that dingy and very dusty room — for continual air raids leave behind them a surprising amount of mineral fallout on chairs, shelves, walls and window sills — a dozen or so young men and women in Civil Defense uniforms were taking time off from their all-round-the-clock duties to participate in a lecture-discussion series entitled: "*The Economics of Post-War Reconstruction*." Such was the title of our course that winter — how to build a brand new world after Hitler's assassins had finally been put down forever.

The Soviet Union — our "Gallant Ally" (Churchill's glowing term) — had turned the Nazi tide back from Stalingrad; and it was not too premature to plan the coming peace. In fact, "Peace Planning" had become a popular lecture-course topic that winter. No one was bothering in England about *theoretical* economics. "*The Beverage Plan*," "*Town and Country Planning*," "*Industrial Nationalization*," "*Land Utilization*," "*National Health*" — these were the popular topics; and literally hundreds of tabloid pamphlets and pocket-sized guides to these realistic fields of study were circulated by the

millions. My own practical economics course, repeated in several parts of London throughout the week, was typical of many similar courses being held up and down the British Isles, thus enabling two or more million uniformed men and women in civil defense units and at local fire-fighting stations to prepare for the future peace by keeping their minds above the battle now.

The almost overnight switch from a Churchillian what-we-have-we-hold wartime administration to a Labor plan-the-peace Government in the fall of 1945 — to the astonishment of, especially, American observers — was due more to this solid but little-publicized "underground movement," which had grown in strength during the darkest days of the war, than to any other factor. Many of our formal classes and a network of informal discussion groups were held in the deep shelters, as well as in sandbagged or concrete-enforced buildings, like the one we were occupying on the fatal night at Goldsmith's College.

THE CRASH came with terrific deafening suddenness — in the middle of a sentence. The V-2s gave us no warning: only a split-second swish, like a hurricane bursting from a bottle thrown against a mountain of dynamite. The whole room became a semi-solid mass of stifling smoke and sharp, gritty flying dirt, mixed with the appalling stench of explosive chemicals and the peculiar odor of decay that marks the disintegration of centuries-old buildings and walls.

This particular priceless gift from Hitler's war machine had actually fallen about three houses away from the college. It is true that the V-2 rocket which Von Braun and his fellow Nazi-scientists had invented, installed and launched against London contained only one ton of T.N.T. One ton — a mere juvenile delinquent's Christmas toy, compared with the real adult things he now has to play with, at 50 million dollars apiece! But what a change even a single ton of old-fashioned T.N.T. can make to living bone and flesh and blood!

It was just before closing time for the shops in the neighborhood when

this extraordinary contribution to the Hague Convention, which prohibits acts of war against civilians and non-combatants, fell that evening exactly on the Co-operative Stores at the corner of the street where, at that moment, a dozen or more housewives, some with their little children, were putting their last-minute groceries in their shopping-bags or collecting their change.

WHETHER anyone survived, I do not remember. Clambering over this sudden desert of destroyed brick-work, chimney tops, drainpipes and door frames, watching firemen and Civil Defense and Red Cross workers, who were at the spot within minutes, one could not even recognize the street any more. The supersonic speed of the V-2 rocket, accelerating from so great a height, had hit with ear-splitting impact, piling up the debris into a vast amphitheatre which made it seem as though the whole of the Co-operative Stores had been driven into the very center of the earth.

Is it necessary to describe what happens to human bodies when they become instantaneously mixed up with inert matter? Or how unexpected, unreal, is the sudden discovery that one's hand or foot is touching what a few minutes before was part of another human being — now almost indistinguishable and protruding from thick layers of muck and filth which coagulates human blood into a sort of gluey stain on stone or brickwork or wood?

Fortunately, thanks to Von Braun and others, this obscene messiness is not likely to offend us in the next war. Few will survive who are close enough to the blast of a 20-megaton warhead to see its immediate effects. And the few who do will be pleased to note that a nuclear blast of this type burns up the human body into clean ash, like a crematory, over a 500-square-mile radius, thus proving without doubt the superior benefits of our new modes of killing over those "dirty" T.N.T. missiles of fifteen years ago.

How unmistakably obvious it is that the "security of the nation and the free world has been enhanced by [Von Braun's] great learning and . . . extraordinary achievements."

# BOOKS and the ARTS

## The Horse's Meat

*THE CAPTIVE AND THE FREE.* By Joyce Cary. Harper and Bros. 369 pp. \$5.

*ART AND REALITY: Ways of the Creative Process.* By Joyce Cary. Harper and Bros. 175 pp. \$3.

*JOYCE CARY: A Preface to His Novels.* By Andrew Wright. Harper and Bros. 186 pp. \$4.50.

Jean Martin

"HAPPINESS is a very real thing . . . it is what we live for . . . the quality which belongs to things one would not dare spoil," wrote Joyce Cary in *Prisoner of Grace*, thus touching lightly on a theme he had pursued, in one form or another, through all of his intensely alive comic novels. Indeed, if ever there was a writer who was obsessed by a single theme, that writer was Joyce Cary, though he was too much of an artist ever to allow himself to argue his point openly with the reader. Instead, in all of his carefully wrought books, which include a trilogy about art (*The Horse's Mouth*, *Herself Surprised*, *To Be a Pilgrim*), a trilogy about politics (*Prisoner of Grace*, *Not Honour More, Except the Lord*), some novels of Africa (*Mister Johnson*, *Aissa Saved*), some about women (*A Fearful Joy*, *The Moonlight*, *Charley Is My Darling*), several semi-autobiographical books (*A House of Children*, *Castle Corner*), and now, in what was to have been the first book in a trilogy about religion had Cary lived to complete the project, *The Captive and the Free*—in all of these, Cary struggled valiantly to find a form that would merely leave his theme vulnerable and exposed so that the reader could take it directly into his own life. Cary's relation to the reader is always on a strictly personal, morally penetrating level, for his chief desire was nothing less than to teach a big happiness.

But how do you go about teaching this, how do you show it clearly and show it plain? For those who read (in Cary's words) because "they want a guide to life as navigators want a map," Cary had a special vision to impart. It was a penetrating view—fully formed and unsentimental—the kind of vision possible only in one who is no longer very young, which probably explains

why Cary did not publish his first novel until he was forty-four. Cary was something different from the general run of popular novelists, for where other writers have suggested love, honor, art, politics, or religion as possibly holding the answer to man's dilemma, Cary saw all these merely as temporal forms of happiness, different in degree but not in kind from walking in the sun or drinking tea and eating buttered scones. What Cary was after was to isolate for the reader the essential, abstract joy of living itself, and—what is yet more difficult—to show him how to accept this joy into his own life in spite of the lonely condition which is the basic state of every human soul.

Cary was always fully aware of the dilemma of the human situation: to be free is to be alone and to be alone is to be imprisoned. The captive and the free. Yet Cary saw further that this captive freedom was the necessary background to happiness, for with it we can make our lives anew and afresh every moment. The fact that we cannot hold on to happiness even after we have recognized it seemed to Cary to make it yet more poignantly beautiful: "It is far more beautiful than any picture. Because it is real, and so it must die" (*To Be a Pilgrim*). The most difficult part of happiness, as Cary saw it, was in accepting it in our isolated state—and then having the strength to let it go. "Unless life be made, it is no life . . . we cannot escape our fate, which is to live in creating and re-creating . . . we are the pilgrims who must sleep every night beneath a new sky" (*To Be a Pilgrim*).

Joy is only to those who do not fear to be free and alone. It was a very big theme for a comic novelist—and it is little wonder that Cary failed to find exactly the form that could express all of it with blinding directness. Time and time again (even in his masterpiece, *The Horse's Mouth*) the impact of his vision was dissipated through being interwoven in the human scene, just as the basic joy of living is hidden from many of us in the complications of life itself. That Cary never quite succeeded as a novelist does not diminish his skill—it merely attests to the depth of his vision.

Cary's attitude was basically a religious one—in his world the chief sin was the unforgivable one of not enjoying life. "Remembered goodness is a

benediction," reads the dedication of *Mister Johnson*, and it does much to explain Cary's own effect on his reader. Those who have undertaken to accept and understand what he is saying have come close to an experience for which the only description would be "blessed."

But they have only come close. For one reason or another, perhaps the lavishness of scene or the fleeting immediacy of action—his novels seem imperfectly realized and they linger imperfectly in the memory. Like life itself they have an extraneous quality and they flow on with little to mark out the climactic moments from the subtly meaningful ones. The message is so entwined with the events that it is extremely difficult to "tell the story" of a Cary novel, yet the effect remains quite clear in the reader's memory.

ABOVE ALL, they are not books for the very young. "The young are cruel . . . because they are afraid . . . they harden their hearts against memories of goodness" (*Except the Lord*). Cary's books are for those who are ready to look back and understand, those who have reached an age "when one begins to feel what fate is—I mean circumstances that can't be changed except for the worse" (*Prisoner of Grace*). Most of his characters are about forty, the age at which Cary himself first crystallized his intuitive understanding of life. ". . . the average man or woman of forty, however successful, has been so battered and crippled by various accidents that he has gradually been restricted to a small compass of enterprise. Above all, he is perplexed. He has found out numerous holes and inconsistencies in his plan of life and yet he has no time to begin the vast work of making a new one. . . . I think that is the reason for the special sadness of nearly all grown-up faces, certainly of all those which you respect . . . the sense that there is no time to begin again, to get things right. The greater a grown man's power of enjoyment, the stronger his faith, the deeper and more continuous his feeling of the waste of life, of happiness, of youth and love, of himself. But for children life seems endless, and they do not know a grief that has no cure" (*A House of Children*).

But for Joyce Cary, the grief and its cure were one, that is, "the doom of freedom which gives us both all the tragedy and joy of life" (*Art and Reality*). He knew the problem: "I be-

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lieve in His existence, but how does one keep up an interest in Him, how does one go on being interested in life?" (*To Be a Pilgrim*). ". . . ingrowing despair . . . kills more people every year than all the other kinds of heart disease put together" (*The Horse's Mouth*). Cary's answer lies scattered in a thousand different forms through all of his novels, as when to a girl who would commit suicide he says flatly, "Don't be a fool . . . think of all the cups of tea and buttered scones you'd miss."

Perhaps nothing illustrates so vividly Cary's passionate attachment to the "fearful joy" of living than the last words of two of his most sharply drawn creations—Gulley Jimson and Mister Johnson. Gulley, the Hogarthian painter-genius of *The Horse's Mouth* at the end of the book finds himself being conveyed to a hospital in a police ambulance. . . . "Please don't talk," said the nun. "That's all right . . . they can't hear me because of the noise of the traffic and because they aren't listening. And it wouldn't make any difference if they did. They're too young to learn, and if they weren't they wouldn't want to." "It's dangerous for you to talk, you're very seriously ill." "Not so seriously as you're well. How you don't enjoy life, mother. I should laugh all round my neck at this minute if my shirt wasn't a bit on the tight side." "It would be better for you to pray." "Same thing, mother."

Similarly, Mister Johnson, the waggish young Negro who is the hero of Cary's first really successful novel—a kind of Gulley Jimson in the bush—at the end of the book is facing execution for a murder he committed, strangely enough, out of an excess of exuberance. "I don't mind hanging, but I don't want to say good-bye," says Mister Johnson.

He talks with his white friend, Mr. Rudbeck, who is to carry out the execution. "Is it time now, sah?" "Never mind the time." "I tink perhaps I like to wait small, small. I jess remember something." "Another message?" "Oh no, sah, jess something I forget—I forget all about dat time in Guta with Mister Jones." "Has it anything to do with your trouble here?" "Oh no, sah, I jess remember he very good time. I nearly forget him." . . . Johnson speaks as if he has nearly committed a fault. In fact, he feels that he has only just escaped a piece of ingratitude toward the good time at Guta. Facing death, he becomes dimly aware that "remembered goodness is a benediction."

Since for Joyce Cary the ultimate virtue was that of enjoying life, the virtuous among his characters were not necessarily those who were moral, but those who knew how to enjoy themselves. "I get a lot of fun out of fun" (Gulley Jimson). "She liked to enjoy life . . . I never knew a living soul who could enjoy herself so much at a party or just walking down the street looking at shops and other people's clothes" (Nina Nimm). "She gave me that service . . . but she never unpacked her box" (Sara Monday). Joyce Cary's chief desire was to reconcile the reader to the life of captive freedom—joy belongs to him who learns never to unpack his box.

HARPER and Brothers, who publish Mr. Cary's books in this country, have recently brought out three Joyce Cary items. *The Captive and the Free*, his last novel, is incomplete, not in the sense that any part is missing, but it has not been fully worked out and polished. Cary has said that he worked back and forth through his books as a painter works over the entire surface of a canvas, and

*The Captive and the Free* is obviously in an early state. Cary tried several times to write a book with this title—indeed, it is a capsule definition of his view of the human plight—but it is doubtful that he would have considered this version acceptable. While anything from the pen of Joyce Cary is interesting, and while Mister Preedy of Pants Lane—a deviously enigmatic, almost Manichaean evangelist—is assuredly in the tradition of Cary's comic rogue-heroes, it is obvious that much more would have been done before Cary would have called the book finished.

AS A matter of fact, when Cary realized he would not live long enough to finish the novel, he set it aside in favor of completing *Art and Reality*—a treatise on the working problems of the artist. Since Cary had an exceptionally clear grasp of what he was trying to say, as well as long experience in trying to turn it into words on paper, what he says about the process is extremely valuable. The gap between intuition and tangible expression is a wide one, and *Art and Reality* is a little gem of aesthetic theory that goes right to the heart of the "work" part in "work of art."

The third Cary item is a small book of criticism by Andrew Wright of Ohio University. Mr. Wright went to Oxford where Cary lived: "For nearly six months I went daily to his house in Parks Road. He gave me his study on the second floor to work in; he gave me permission to use anything I found. In the attic and in the study I found manuscripts of novels, short stories, essays, plays, poems, journals, letters. I found bills, memoranda, wallets, pistols, medals, trunks, boxes, and bicycle tires. I have made a good deal of use of the literary and biographical materials which turned up; that I was able to use them freely is, I understand, not only unusual but almost unique: most people conceal or withhold some at least of the facts. Cary did not." With his materials Mr. Wright has put together a warmly intelligent account of one of the most interesting writers of recent times. He is fully aware that Cary's message was a serious one put into ordinary speech and meant as a guide to all of his readers. As Gulley Jimson put it, "It's wise to be wise, especially for a born fool . . . half a minute of revelation is worth a million years of know nothing. . . . Curley Kale, as a work of the imagination, beats Shakespeare . . . take a deep breath, hold your thumbs, count up to fifty, and USE LARGE MAPS."

## Eucalyptus Dance

A modern papyrus burlesque,  
The eucalyptus strips,  
Sheds her pale and mottled running vest;  
  
An exquisite virtuosa,  
On ceaseless exhibition,  
Appears, at once, in multiple shades of undress:  
  
Below, sparse creamy yellow  
And reddish-tinted slate,  
Above, a naked reeling ashy white,  
  
Intermittently, strips of tan  
And slats of brown tinsel, trailing  
Streamers of orange lace and peels of sorrel;  
  
Rings of green and dazzling sabers  
Spiralling up, coarse blunt  
Chocolate antlers peeping out between!

LAURENCE LIEBERMAN

# Up to the Slums

*UP FROM PUERTO RICO.* By Elena Padilla. Columbia University Press. 317 pp. \$5.

*ISLAND IN THE CITY.* By Dan Wakefield. Houghton Mifflin. 278 pp. \$4.

John V. Murra

AFTER a decade during which the bibliography on the Puerto Rican migrants was padded with newspaper revelations and press releases, rumors and the syrup of official reports, we face the pleasant surprise of two excellent, if very dissimilar, accounts from-the-inside published within four months of each other. Both Dr. Padilla and Dan Wakefield are aware that New York has demanded a profound and frequently painful readjustment in the migrants' life and social organization, symbolized by the fact that they now firmly prefer to be known as *Hispanos*. It is an ethnic category peculiar to New York: there are no *Hispanos* in their island home and none in Spain. The self-rejection implicit in this new label is explained by Elena Padilla as arising "to protect themselves from being characterized in a derogatory manner" as Puerto Ricans. As elsewhere in the colonial world, rejection by the master has as its most lingering consequence not exploitation and abuse but low self-esteem.

And yet the new label reflects also some new adaptational realities. Miss Padilla, a cultural anthropologist trained at the Universities of Puerto Rico, Chicago and Columbia, insists that the *Hispano* group in New York cannot be understood in the light of what we know of life in the Island\* — "it is not possible to speak of Puerto Rican culture in New York." Family structure, religious practices, personal aspirations, the link to authority, work habits and the expectations of women undergo such rapid and such thorough changes in the metropolis, accompanied by so much doubt and bewilderment, that the emergence of a self-conscious *Hispano* group can be seen as a creative effort to "provide a framework and model for adaptation to the larger society." Most of Miss Padilla's work is devoted to documenting the ingenuity of the new adaptations from the data of her own field work in "Eastville," less than a score of contiguous Manhattan blocks. Eastville is not the *Barrio*, that solid

Puerto Rican district around 110th Street and Lexington which is Mr. Wakefield's "island in the city." It is a mixed neighborhood with a good many Puerto Ricans but also Italians, U.S. Negroes and other New Yorkers. Here "American" society is represented not only by the employer, teacher or policeman; the "Americans" are everywhere—neighbors, fellow shoppers and clinic users, playmates and pew sharers. The pressures are personal and one learns from them, but the learning's final form has been shaped by the *Hispano* world and it is neither a copy of the proffered, nor an enduring of the old.

BUT Eastville, like the *Barrio*, is also a slum, a particular and distinct version of the over-all U.S. culture. Its institutions, like the juvenile gang, existed long before the coming of the Puerto Ricans. Some of the best pages of both Miss Padilla and Mr. Wakefield show how attractive these organizations are for the youth of the two neighborhoods; we have a good example in these two books of how well the anthropologist's and the reporter's techniques can supplement each other. Wakefield has caught the tension and hesitations of the transition of a well-known fighting gang, the Enchanters, to become a social club to be known as the Conservatives; we discover that the young may be readier to shift from lawlessness than the city is to provide the rewards which would make the shift a more meaningful one. Otherwise, the gangs' proliferation is not just idle gregariousness: in slum circumstances they are a creative gesture like pegtop pants. We owe to the anthropologist the revelation that the gang is also an agency insisting on the Americanization of the younger migrant. Where the outside middle-class observer sees only violence and deviation, Miss Padilla shows that the goals of assimilation, "to act American" and learn English, are more successfully enforced under slum conditions by the slum's unbudgeted institutions.

In documenting the emergence of *Hispano* culture among the New York Puerto Ricans, Miss Padilla is careful to indicate the transitional, temporary quality of this adaptation. By its very nature the new is in constant flux; there is also little uniformity and much fis-

\*See *The People of Puerto Rico*, by Julian Steward et al. University of Illinois Press. Miss Padilla is one of the co-authors.



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sion in the migrant community. The ideal of a "united family" is both strengthened and threatened in New York; length of stay and success in the city may become more important than education or "good family" back home. Here again, Dan Wakefield provides the interesting supplement of a reporter slicing the generalization down to the telling instance: Puerto Ricans are potentially an important percentage of New York's electoral roll. As part of this growing significance the city's politicians schedule flights to San Juan, long before the Puerto Ricans' political participation or share of patronage are commensurate with their numbers. Wakefield effectively chronicles the migrants' own hesitating steps in United States politics (in 1956 some still flew back to the Island to vote on what seemed to them weightier, Caribbean issues), in and outside the major parties. When it is all over and José Lumen Román, the first Puerto Rican candidate for City Council has been defeated, his supporters talk bitterly of forming "a Spanish party because they could trust only themselves." A moment of reflection reminded them of where they were: of course, it would be a "Hispano party open to all Americans."

Early in his book Wakefield asks the all-important question:

I wonder what we are costing the Puerto Ricans? In my trips outside

the community that is one question I never was asked. It is the question that was answered for me every day when I lived there.

His book does a good job of communicating this answer. It has a fine rebelliousness about it, an exposé indignant but well-written and well thought through. There is remarkably little overlapping with Dr. Padilla's book. Her strong point is the analysis of what Puerto Ricans have done for and to themselves while coping with the rest of us. One sometimes wonders why they keep at it and Miss Padilla reports that they've been thinking about it and now feel they do it *por los hijos*, for the children.

Two issues suggest themselves for further thought and reporting. Granted the emergence of a *Hispano* adaptation to life in New York, we need a more thorough exploration of its ideological aspects and particularly the role of mass communications in Spanish in articulating, reflecting and shaping the thought and values of the *Barrio*. It would also be interesting to hear of those who have "succeeded" and left the *Barrio* or Eastville. E. Franklin Frazier has indicated in his *Black Bourgeoisie* that success in a segregated society leads to new institutional forms and new attitudes, akin to those of the comparable majority, yet novel enough. The future of the *Hispano* world may well become predictable once we know more on matters like these.

Perhaps I can best get at the quality which troubles me by describing a very simple thing, page 61 of Miss Brée's book. This page reproduces in facsimile one sheet of the 1957 manuscript draft of *L'Envers et l'endroit*. In itself this seems to be nothing more than an ordinary handwritten rough draft. The handwriting is round and undistinguished; there are the usual scratchings-out, insertions and transpositions; no world-shaking issues seem to be under discussion, there is no reason for us to think ourselves on Mount Sinai or within the crucible of the artistic imagination. Indeed, the only quality in any way remarkable about the MS as reproduced is that for some reason, very likely the badness of the reproductive process, it is quite difficult and occasionally impossible to read. And this is a quality which I frequently find in M. Camus' writings as a whole. What he is saying in the limited context is not at all difficult; indeed, it displays on occasion a childlike innocence about stating the perfectly obvious; but the total import of a number of these oddly related, or unrelated, clarities is curiously difficult to formulate.

MISS BREE tells us: "Camus has had from the beginning an acute awareness of his existence: 'To be a man, that is what counts. His grandmother will die, then his mother, then he himself. . . . To do one's tasks, and accept being a man leads to being old. . . .' This is the wisdom he learned as a child" (p. 74). The omissions indicated above are Miss Brée's; and perhaps restoration of the omitted materials would make this inscrutable Oriental lore sound a little less bald. But, however adorned, it will not strain the intellect. Surely we need not leave the banks of the old Raritan, and journey all the way to the Casbah, just to learn this.

My example is unfair. If the rest of Camus' wisdom were on a par with this, we might dismiss him out of hand as a portentous rascal with an urgent vocabulary and an empty head—a breed not unfamiliar to the modern world. But Camus is not to be written off in this way. In his own writings to some extent, and to a much greater degree in Miss Brée's book, he does appear as the proponent of certain glassy, gassy, impenetrable abstractions. He believes highly in individual liberty and individual responsibility; he opposes injustice and tyranny in all their forms. Indeed, indeed, he is aware of the loneliness of the self in a world which appears absurd; undeniably his essential concern, his deepest need, is happiness. I am convinced that behind these edifying

## Adventurer in Morality

**CAMUS.** By Germaine Brée. Rutgers University Press. 275 pp. \$5.

### Robert M. Adams

CAMUS is a man we all want to know about, and Miss Brée has written an admirable introductory book about him—some such comment is an inevitable opening word, and may well prove to be our concluding one, about the dramatic little book issued by Rutgers University Press. But the filling of the sandwich must be different—not negative, necessarily, but questioning.

As a guide to the career, Miss Brée is careful, specific, sympathetic and informed. She writes well, not merely in the sense of turning a neat phrase now and then, but strategically; she marshals her information carefully, maintains good impetus, avoids the excesses

of jargon, and focuses her ideas with a distinct and wiry energy worthy of Camus himself. And Camus himself is an admirable subject; for he is evidently one of those spiritual lightning rods around whom our age concentrates its darkest clouds, its most outrageous fires. Still, having said all this, a puzzle remains—why doesn't this man, and why doesn't the book about him, amount to something more substantial and memorable?

One's first impulse, on receiving this impression of the diaphanous and impermanent in a writer's effects, is to think there is something fake or artificial about him. He has worked up a few flats and painted drapes to impress an audience; when one can see through or around them, as one often does with Gide and can do now with Eliot, what is left to watch but the working of a rather bare and sterile machinery? But of Camus this is simply not true. Whatever else he is, he is not a man of fa-

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generalities M. Camus knows pretty exactly what he is talking about; but how he has convinced me I cannot say, and I am not sure that Miss Brée has given me very many reasons to support the faith we both share.

It is curious to find oneself at so much of a loss about the real workings of Camus' mind, because, like Gide, he is profuse in explanations of himself. Though he has made his reputation as a novelist, the essay is evidently his chosen form; and at the age of forty, he has produced eight volumes of essays, in addition to a healthy number of separate articles and interviews, all devoted primarily to expounding his view of things. He has been generous with his "shop," opening his notebooks to Miss Brée and allowing her to compare versions of the essays, to trace the genesis and metamorphosis of individual sentences. Yet Miss Brée is not alone in feeling that many of the pieces he has written as explanations themselves need explanation; and while it would be ungrateful to suggest that she hasn't advanced matters a great deal, still it is plain that the end is not yet.

ALL this sounds very grudging and debunking-like; and that is unjust to M. Camus, to Miss Brée, and (incidentally) to your reviewer's own feelings in the matter. M. Camus is an adventurer in morality and art after the pattern of Pascal, Dostoevsky and Gide; and the fluid, inventive spirit of such a man will find its full creative expression only in the arc of a career. It is nice that he received the Nobel Prize for Literature at the age of forty; I can think of no other forty-year-old on the current literary scene with a better claim to the distinction. Yet one can't but agree with M. Camus himself, who is reported to have remarked, on the occasion of the award, that he didn't deserve it. Whether ultimately he will deserve it, or some accolade even more uncontrivable—I am thinking of the sort of universal love and reverence which enshrine the memory of Yeats, for example—one would be foolish to predict.

We are not wrong in wanting to know as much about him as possible. The intense and sensitive face which looks out of his portraits is insatiable in its attraction to the great questions of life—the ones to which we must have answers in order to get on with it. And the residual restlessness we sense in his character, as in his art, is the best guarantee that he will not fob us off with easy answers. Amid perplexities, confusions and distractions to which he himself bears witness, he remains con-

stant in his devotion to the task of forging a conscience for modern man. If for nothing else, we are indebted to him for the persistence of his questions, the force of his negations. And to Miss Brée we are obliged also for moving him one step closer to the center of our scrutiny. She leaves him ensconced in certain liberal formulas which one can only describe as "tired"; but she also suggests a radical interrogative instability, of which much may be hoped, and without which we should certainly be the poorer.

## Courtroom Horror

*STAR WORMWOOD.* By Curtis Bok. Alfred A. Knopf. 228 pp. \$3.95.

*Amos S. Basel*

THE courtroom can be a great laboratory for obtaining insights into the functioning of our society. Here man reveals his terror, his vengeance, his greed and also his love of truth. Here he is willing to settle his disputes by argument and compromise rather than by warfare. Here he sometimes performs at

his noblest, and often at his worst. Great social and economic problems are here to be examined if one wants to look and listen. Judge Curtis Bok of the Pennsylvania Supreme Court has fortunately used his twenty-one years on the bench to try to understand what drives the men who have appeared before him. He has come to some provocative conclusions in a brilliant and exciting book.

HE tells the story of a lonely, starved boy who kills a girl in a moment of rage and terror. The book is divided into three parts — the crime, the trial and the execution. The story line moves against the boy with the inevitability of great tragedy. He is doomed by an act of mutilation upon the body of the girl which occurred after the murder and is in no way connected with it. In the jurisdiction where the boy is tried, mutilation of a dead body is a misdemeanor, but the district attorney makes him out to be a cannibal. The passions of the community and the jury are

*AMOS S. BASEL* is a lawyer practicing in New York City. He has contributed articles and reviews to various publications.

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aroused against him. Society is avenged for his extraneous act, but believes it is repaying the girl's death when it murders the boy by capital punishment.

Judge Bok tells the story in a gripping thriller style, but he follows each chapter by an incisive comment in which he uses the story to analyze and examine the conduct of the "criminal," those who sit in judgment on him and the operation and motivation of our penal laws. He concludes that our enforcement of criminal law and our penal system are based on vengeance, that their methods are outmoded and of little social value. He says confidently that we will some day look back at our present methods "with the same horrified shock as we now look back upon the Spanish Inquisition."

Normal courtroom dramas as told by writers for the stage or in novels are usually dull and barren or melodramatic and unreal. The trial described here by Judge Bok comes alive because he tells the story, not from inside the courtroom, but from inside the people involved. His description of the tactics of the lawyers and the reaction of the judge, the jury and the spectators could only have been done by a professional with insight, who had lived through many trials. He explains the techniques and the reasons for the airing or the

failure to air certain facts and circumstances. He uses his great power as a writer, in the trial section of the book, to question the effectiveness of our advocacy form of trial in criminal cases. He pleads its abolition. He would replace it with a method where the court finds "deeds" and the psychiatrist finds "facts" — "and on the basis of these facts proper treatment will be tailor-made to fit the patient."

He makes a brilliant case for putting these new attitudes to work in open prisons. He points out that the open prison at Chino in California, where each prisoner is approached and treated as a person, has a record of about six per cent repeaters. The repeater rate at fortress prisons is sixty per cent.

The publisher has described *Star Wormwood* as "A shattering story of crime and punishment told with great compassion and a sort of naked compelling sincerity. Justice Bok has preserved something rare in a modern judge, the quality of old-fashioned indignation." In this case a blurb does no more than justice.

ceremony with corn and wheat seeds is called prayer. I have always understood that prayer was a communication addressed to God; Dr. Loehr and his friends are communicating with vegetables—"meeting them," he says, "on their own level and in terms of their own being"—and though this is certainly a remarkable feat, it is not essentially a religious one. Cinderella's godmother had a pleasing way with pumpkins, but no one has implied that she was a particularly devout old lady.

The fact is that Dr. Loehr, for all his scientific cackle and unctuous sermonizing, is an old-fashioned magician. He does not petition God for aid, he commands nature to forsake its ways and follow him. He can, he says, direct "several brief 'bursts' of negation" at a healthy young shoot, and the plant will forthwith wither and die. May the saints preserve us in our hour of peril —the man's a warlock!

ALL this, I make bold to say, is nonsense; but it is not in itself a very wicked sort of nonsense, nor sufficiently novel to occasion comment (at the age of ten I used to "will" people to scratch their heads, and surprisingly often they did). It becomes wicked, however, when Dr. Loehr suggests, as he does repeatedly in his book, that the same kind of "negative prayer" he uses to inhibit plant growth will, pretty soon now, be used to cure cancer. And it becomes noteworthy when to it you add all the other irrational exploits we have been invited to admire in recent years. There was the late Kenneth Roberts, dowsing for water over a map of distant Bermuda; there is Dr. Rhine down at Duke, flipping his cards, bandying words like "psychokinesis" and sending "trained investigators" all over the lot to look into poltergeists; there was that woman down in Texas who was inhabited by her Irish grandmother, and only a few nights ago I watched Oral Roberts effecting miraculous cures of cataract, goiter and mental disease on television.

Quacks, mediums, gypsy fortune tellers we have always had, but these new prophets of irreason work close to the sources of influence. Dr. Loehr is given serious heed by Huxley; also by the F.B.I. and Richard Nixon, who think that his well-directed bursts of prayer might very well discourage crime and cause communism to wither at the root. He conducts large classes under the auspices of churches whose names at least do not carry a hint of madness and he teaches at prosperous "psychological" institutes. His book is not published by something called the True

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## Objective Faith

*THE POWER OF PRAYER ON PLANTS.* By Franklin Loehr. Doubleday & Co. 144 pp. \$3.50.

*Robert Hatch*

THE author of this singular book is a Presbyterian clergyman who found himself less than content with his spiritual calling by reason of earlier training as a chemist. Dr. Loehr had discovered in the laboratory the satisfactions of controlled experiments and verified data; he could find no similar objective tests for success in the world of faith, so he set about devising them.

Dr. Loehr's technique is to pray at plants, and he has a number of followers who assist him in this devotional horticulture. (He also distributes a kit containing all the materials necessary for home prayer enthusiasts.) Sometimes he prays for the plants, sometimes against them; being a well-trained and scrupulous scientist, he always prepares one pan of seeds which is ignored and serves as control. Dr. Loehr offers a section of photographs in his book, and you should see the dandy results he gets. Aldous Huxley is quoted as saying that this documentary evidence is "incredible," and it takes something pretty surprising to draw that judgment from the most credulous of Huxleys.

What puzzles me, though, is why the

Light Press, but by Doubleday, a hard-headed corporation that knows there is a market for this sort of thing and is not embarrassed to sponsor it.

There is, in short, far too much irrationality abroad in the land and it is time to cry halt. The cause of this renaissance of magic is not obscure: men are overwhelmed and terrified by the consequences of the search for knowledge, and in a mood to heed the easy solutions of the necromancers. But this of all times is the one in which we can least afford to take leave of our wits. I do not know whether or not reason is the gift of God, but it is assuredly the only gift that will save us. Praying at plants is asking for obliteration.

## MUSIC

### Lester Trimble

THE Composers' Showcase, which began a lively existence last season at the Nonagon Gallery, has moved to larger quarters this year, at the Circle in the Square Theatre, in Greenwich Village. Charles Schwartz, the series' young producer and moderator, has continued his policy of pairing two composers—generally distinguished ones—on a forum-type program, with a pleasant discussion and question period at the end. Virgil Thomson and Ben Weber, representatives of different generations and widely divergent styles, provided the music for the most recent Showcase.

Weber's music occupied the first half of the evening. A twelve-tone composer (described by some writers as a "conservative" twelve-toner), Weber is characterized by high expressive intensity, meticulous craftsmanship, and a fundamentally lyric disposition. His music, especially for larger combinations, is often exceedingly complex. The design is always firm, and the forms work.

Small chamber works were his contribution on this evening: the *Humoreske*, Op. 49, for piano (1958), the *Piano Suite*, Op. 27 (1948), the *Dance for Solo Cello*, Op. 28 (1948) and *Five Pieces for Cello and Piano*, Op. 13 (1941). Glen Mack was the pianist; Seymour Barab, the cellist. Both were perceptive executants, and in their hands the music revealed the qualities of sensitivity, intelligence and clarity which make Weber's writing always admirable.

Virgil Thomson, for his half of the program, chose works which showed him at far-flung points in his career. The *Sonata Da Chiesa* (1926), was the earli-

est. Then came the *Sonata for Violin and Piano* (1930) and *Four Songs to Poems of Thomas Campion*. (1951). His performers were stellar: Joseph Fuchs, violinist, Artur Balsam, pianist and Betty Allen, mezzo-soprano. An apple-cheeked quintet of Juilliard students was heard in the *Sonata Da Chiesa*, and played very well indeed.

Thomson is a composer difficult to characterize; I have yet to hear a description which completely fits. Perhaps the "bad-good" boy of American music would come as close as anything. When he is setting words, as in the Campion songs, he can be the best-boy you ever heard. His prosody is so perfect it becomes a stylistic element in itself; his feeling for the mood of a text, and his ability to evoke its counterpart in music, is infallible. In most instances, his inclination is to create an elegant, poised entity, using simple harmonic and rhythmic means.

On other occasions, as with the orchestral work *Sea Piece With Birds*, the bad-boy will peak out at an unexpected moment, giving us sea gulls with brass throats, or an over-all compositional form which has no precedent in musical literature. The *Sonata Da Chiesa*, for E Flat Clarinet, D Trumpet, Viola, Horn and Trombone, is a chamber work loaded with bad-boy characteristics. Neo-classic in manner, its *Chorale*, *Tango* and *Fugue* movements wend their way with clear-cut energy and a wry malevolence toward convention. Unlike many neo-classic works which use Baroque or Classic models as perfectly sober points of departure, the *Sonata Da Chiesa* gives the impression of having

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adopted this stylistic attitude only to step aside for long stretches to spoof both the old and the *neo* with equal glee.

The *Sonata for Violin and Piano* fell between the other two works both in chronology and in personality. The lyrical first movement had a long, flowing violin line, beautifully contoured, and made its appeal directly without any hint of side comment. With the *Tempo di valzer* movement, however, the composer's sense of satire came to the fore. The bad-boy was proper in his manners, but he had his fun, and Messrs. Fuchs and Balsam went right along.

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# ART

## Maurice Grosser

TWO VERY fine present-day Impressionists are now on view — Inna Garsoian, at Bodley until May 2, and Pierre Sicart at Carstairs, until May 9. Inna Garsoian's subject is Venice, treated not as a romantic city, but as an inhabited and industrial one — its gondolas in the snow, the palaces of the Zattere ranged like rows of warehouses in the dusk, the lagoon with its islands like strings of barges being towed away. The pictures are small, the paint thin, the brushwork easy. The color is delicate, varied and exact. The light and air particular to time and place are recorded as subtly and as simply as in a Boudin. The pictures have what is very rare in painting today—real and unpretentious taste.

Pierre Sicart's work is more brilliant, rough and striking. His extraordinary subject, as far as I know never painted before, is urban night in our time, in France, in California, in New York — the dark, opaque skies, the buildings lighted from below, the traffic signals and neon signs, the black asphalt roads jammed with traffic, winding away like a glittering two-toned ribbon, one side blazing with the headlights of oncoming cars, the other an array of red, retreating taillights thinning to a line in the distance. Sicart's brushwork is bold and free. The pictures themselves, patterns of bright pale colors on a background of black and midnight blue, have a virtuoso exuberance quite different from Inna Garsoian's subtlety and restraint. But both painters, unlike as they are, belong to the Impressionist tradition, and paint with the same aim — to give a convincing and resembling portrait of nature.

Three different painting manners are available to the painter of our time — abstraction, magic realism and impressionism. Which of them he adopts depends uniquely on his subject matter. If his subject is a comment on art itself — if he is engaged in making an analysis of a historical style, or in reducing painting to one of its basic elements of color, texture, composition or brushwork for the sake of the visceral emotions which these things used pure can be made to arouse — then he is an abstract painter and will necessarily employ the techniques invented and sanctioned by modern art. If his subject is fantasy, the depiction of a dream world, or a poetic ecstasy, or a compulsive interior state — subjects which would be incomprehensible without clear state-

ment — then he will be driven to present them in some traditional and easily understood technique, as do Dali and the English pre-Raphaelites before him, or Max Ernst and Magritte. He will expound his mysterious theme in a vocabulary of clearly painted symbols, and the rather old-fashioned techniques by which this clarity is obtained are the essential elements of the magic realist style. But if the painter's subject is the objective world and how it looks to him, his best tool will be one of the modern adaptations of Impressionism.

Impressionism today is not the same thing as the Impressionism practiced in the last century. The most striking difference is that Impressionism has now completely abandoned formal *pointillism* (that method of producing tones with little distinct dots of pure color juxtaposed on the canvas). The technique has proved to be more laborious than useful. Furthermore, *pointillism*, like blue shadows and lavender tonalities, has become disagreeably associated with that academy of Impressionism which fell so firmly into disrepute some thirty years ago. But apart from this, most of the characteristics of Classic Impressionism have been retained — dependence for subject matter on light and nature, love of clear color, a constant use of the soft and varied edge, and of the brush stroke that breaks across the form — and that most important of all Impressionist contributions, the discipline of spontaneity by which each picture is painted as an improvisation.

Magic realism as a practice has almost disappeared with the Surrealism which inspired it. Abstract art has become official and lost much of its excitement and tension. The possibilities of Impressionism are not yet exhausted, and I suspect that we will see a great deal more of it in the near future.

#### Poem in Honor of Poets

Who Form Schools

Deliver Manifestoes

Name Generations

Chant Slogans

Praise Each Other

And Roar in Cellar Saloons

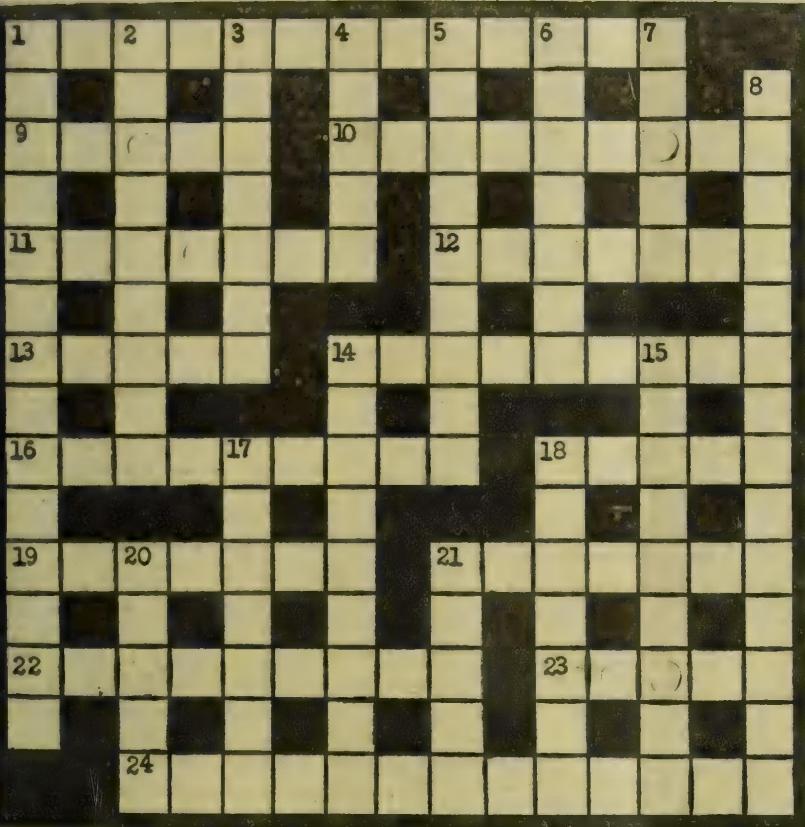
They also serve who only sit and write.

GEORGE CUOMO

The NATION

# Crossword Puzzle No. 818

By FRANK W. LEWIS



## ACROSS:

- 1 But the fight isn't thrown! (7,6)
- 9 Outfit with pique! (5)
- 10 Made personate by Zamenhof. (9)
- 11 Legally to revert the case. (7)
- 12 Improved by putting in the jaws again? (7)
- 13 To set bears on the trail, perhaps. (5)
- 14 By so editing, one can achieve assimilation. (9)
- 16 Sometimes held by those encouraging the movement of some stock. (4,5)
- 18 Heading for an argument, perhaps. (5)
- 19 Might be on the ball, and is better than secure. (7)
- 21 "All the ..... is like a phantasma, or a hideous dream." (J. Caesar) (7)
- 22 Their ruling wouldn't really be popular with a G.I. scholar. (9)
- 23 Maori girl associated with red shoes? (5)
- 24 As a matter of speculation the pay-dirt? Shake, friend! (13)

## DOWN:

- 1 Misdirecting a pedestrian into feeling the route is marked? (14)
- 2 No apex if one does. (9)

- 3 Boxes the skipper follows? (7)
- 4 Lived like Lucy? (5)
- 5 Shoots like father, with a possibly refined upbringing. (9)
- 6 Flourishes. (7)
- 7 Birds of the wilderness. (5)
- 8 Keeping the guests a little longer might be good business! (7,7)
- 14 Rolls with every meal! (6,3)
- 15 The devil with a rigged trial—the judge had better be! (9)
- 17 Substitute for percale? (7)
- 18 Representative of a symbol. (7)
- 20 To indicate by a digit, as a separate item. (5)
- 21 The way net is let into a garment? (5)

## SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 817

**ACROSS:** 1 and 5 Costume parties; 9 Netting; 10 Nervous; 11 Spy; 13 Ruling; 15 Plaice; 16 Saintly; 17, 19 and 21 across Postage stamp; 20 Organ stop; 23 Ears; 26 Jaguars; 28 Waylay; 29 Scotch; 30 Was; 32 Arrange; 33 Pilgrim; 34 Halcyon; 35 Resides. **DOWN:** 1 Cantrip; 2 Settles; 3 Unions; 4 Eggs; 5 Pony; 6 Rarely; 7 Ironing; 8 Sisters; 12 Peninsula; 14 Gangway; 15 Platters; 18 Top; 19 Ape; 21 Towpath; 22 Mayoral; 24 Altered; 25 Schemes; 26 Jaunty; 27 Scales; 30 Wean; 31 Spar.

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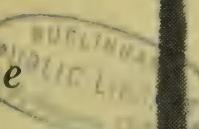
# THE NATION

MAY 9, 1959 . . 25c

## MINUET IN STEEL

*Negotiations by Headline*

B. J. Widick



## SPIES IN SPACE

Carl Dreher

*Homogenized History*

## HIGH SCHOOL TEXTS

George Rudisill, Jr.

## LETTERS

### Dr. Libby and the Martell Report

The following letter is from Walter Schneir, news editor of a medical magazine, whose article, "Strontium-90 in U.S. Children," printed in the April 25 Nation, set up wide repercussions which are still continuing (see editorial, p. 417).

Dear Sirs: On April 27, *The New York Times* scored a scoop with a report on an important research paper on fallout by Dr. E. A. Martell which was to have received its first publication in the May 1 issue of *Science*. The circumstances were somewhat analogous to those surrounding my own story in *The Nation* on the third Kulp report, which also had been scheduled for first publication in *Science*.

What interested me particularly in the *Times* story, however, was that it quoted Dr. Willard F. Libby of the Atomic Energy Commission as saying that up to that time he had not received a copy of the Martell paper. It happens that I have in my possession the text of a speech delivered for Dr. Libby in Seattle on March 13—more than six weeks before the *Times* story appeared—which refers in detail to Martell's study. The Seattle text (which was released to the press but received little coverage because of its highly technical content) contains several pages of tables based on the Martell paper and also the following footnote reference: "Atmospheric Aspects of Strontium-90 Fallout. Martell, E.A., Cambridge Research Center, *Science* (In Press)."

Did the *Times* misquote Dr. Libby? Did Dr. Libby fail to look over a speech which was to have been read for him? I think it fairly safe to assume that neither happened, in which case Dr. Libby is left in an ambiguous position—to put it mildly—in more ways than one. Not only is there a discrepancy between his statement that he had never seen the Martell report, and the references to this work in the Seattle speech of March 13, but there is also a discrepancy in principle as enunciated by one of Dr. Libby's colleagues in the AEC. With reference to my own story in *The Nation* on the Kulp report, comment by Dr. Charles Dunham, head of the AEC's Division of Biology and Medicine, was summarized as follows by Robert G. Spivack in the *New York Post*: ". . . The report was actually the property of Columbia University . . . and the editors of *Science* had a right to determine, with the authors, when

and where it should be published." What it boils down to is that vital research reports on fallout are sacrosanct to the authors except when a member of the AEC wants to give them out or make reference to them.

A possible explanation for this double standard comes to mind. Dr. Libby's March 13 speech used the Martell data, which predicted rapid fallout over the Northern Hemisphere as the result of Soviet nuclear tests in the Arctic, to shore up his own sanguine theories on fallout rate, which are now under heavy scientific attack. The third Kulp report, on the other hand, contained nothing but bad news, and apparently included no data that could be used to patch up any of Dr. Libby's leaky theories.

As I write this, the third Kulp report is not yet available to the public in its entirety. Yet it contains details which are of vital importance. For instance: 1,500,000 Americans, scattered throughout the country, are drinking milk produced from poor or untilled land which contains higher than average amounts of strontium-90. On isolated farms in the high-acidity, low-calcium soil areas of Kentucky, the highest milk samples contain twice the U.S. average; one area in western North Dakota produces milk that averages three to five times the U.S. mean.

What steps have been taken to inform the people, the physicians and the public health officials in these areas of this situation?

WALTER SCHNEIR

New York City

### For an Insane Nuclear Policy?

Dear Sirs: It is useless, I know, to attempt at this late date to convert *The Nation* to a point of view which holds that bomb tests are worthwhile and necessary—and even admirable under certain circumstances. This would be to ask for a renunciation of much of what *The Nation* has been saying, and much of what our "liberals" have been advocating. . . .

The very fact which you take for granted, that of danger in testing, is a matter of keen controversy and the committee doubts that sufficient evidence has yet been presented to establish any proof of danger. Those who would serve humanity best are those who are fighting the Communist tyranny

which seeks to enslave the minds of free men. Those who are testing weapons are testing the means by which we hope to maintain what is truly important—our freedom and our dignity. Stop tests, stop weapons production, and you are, in effect, inviting disaster.

ALLAN C. BROWNFELD,  
Committee for Nuclear  
Weapons Development

Williamsburg, Va.

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## EDITORIALS

### The Beautiful American

The Luce-Morse hair-pulling match is one of those things that could happen only in America. Perhaps the most bedizened, versatile and headstrong woman in the country is nominated as Ambassador to Brazil. A Senator of the opposition party, one not lacking in temperament himself, gives her a rough but perfectly permissible going-over in the confirmation hearings. The lady wins, 79-11. A former playwright, she cannot resist a tag line so ill-advised as to cast doubts on the wisdom of her confirmation. Then the lady's husband advises her to resign in a kind of editorial statement, as if he had no other means of communicating with her.

There is, however, a serious aspect to all this opera bouffe. This is the age of the American oaf who doesn't know how to behave himself abroad and casts disrepute on his country. Mrs. Luce certainly does not belong in that category: she has manners, information and experience. But could not a better choice for the ambassadorial post have been found? Mrs. Luce is one of the most frenetic of all the Red-hunters, and she is bound to make trouble in any country which has a large disaffected population. Mr. Luce complains that he and his publications are being attacked through her. No doubt this is true, but isn't it also inevitable, and will it not happen in Brazil as it has happened here? And since Mr. Luce, sitting atop his magazine empire, cannot be called to account by the Senate, is a flank attack via Mrs. Luce completely unnatural? The Bolivian incident which *Time* triggered off is not so easily dissociated from Mrs. Luce's projected Latin-American career, nor — assuming she does not resign beforehand — will her brazen interference in Italian internal affairs pass unnoticed in Brazil.

The basic trouble, which the pushing and hauling should not be allowed to obscure, is that she is the wrong person for the job. The President's own brother, Milton Eisenhower, has a better Latin-American background and, unlike Mrs. Luce, is not hard on the nerves. There are several other better and more prudent choices open to the President. The incident may teach a lesson which the Administration needs to learn, and better late than never. The power of the Senate to review, advise and confirm is not to be taken lightly and if, as a result

of this fracas, it is exercised more assiduously and appointments are made more responsibly, the country will gain more than the combatants have lost.

### The Bias of the AEC

Eight days after the appearance of Walter Schneir's article in the April 25 *Nation*, calling attention to delays in publication of AEC-sponsored reports on the dangers of fallout, Chairman McCone promised that "vigorous steps" would be taken to remedy the situation. This is all to the good; yet we confess, as editors of *The Nation*, that our sense of achievement would have been considerably greater had we any real faith in Mr. McCone's ability to keep his promise. Our reservations have nothing to do with Mr. McCone's personal integrity, which we do not question; they arise, rather, from his bias — a bias shared by all members of the AEC — in favor of continued nuclear testing. The nuclear bomb is the AEC's treasured and pampered baby, and it is inhuman to ask parents to appraise judiciously the harm, however monstrous, their offspring can do. The Washington correspondent of the *New York Daily News*, writing for a newspaper which editorially fervently champions the AEC and the nuclear bomb, nevertheless felt constrained to note: "Scientists operating under policies of the Atomic Energy Commission have to do a balancing act on the strontium-90 danger. If they say that so much is a threat to human survival, then we have to slow up or call off planned future tests. So they hedge." The same point is made indirectly by Mr. Schneir in his discussion, on this issue's Letters page, of Dr. Libby and the Martell report.

In the light of its bias, the AEC should be deprived of its present public-health responsibilities — including the responsibility for disseminating fallout information — and this phase of the atomic-energy program placed in the hands of a government agency which is committed not to the nuclear bomb, but to public health.

### Teller the Comforter

Dr. Edward Teller, generally considered the "inventor" of the H-bomb, was the principal speaker at the eleventh annual Forest Lawn Writing Awards competi-

tition, held in Beverly Hills, California. For the benefit of the few Americans who may not be familiar with the wonders of Southern California, Forest Lawn is not a lawn and not a forest and not a school for writers; it is a cemetery. It is called by a nicer name, however: Forest Lawn Memorial Park. Cynics may feel that Dr. Teller was in his element at a function whose purpose was not entirely unconnected with selling cemetery lots, although some may question, in the event his invention is put to use, whether enough gravediggers will be left alive to bury the dead. Dr. Teller did not touch directly on this point, but the general optimism which irradiated his talk, as reported in the *Los Angeles Times*, must have buoyed up the hopes of the prize winners and distinguished guests. Dr. Teller urged "emphasis in all schools on language and science and predicted that the holocaust of atomic war would not destroy civilization." Dr. Hubert Eaton, president of Forest Lawn, condemned "mass compulsory education beyond grammar school" and lashed out at labor's "dominant national position." It must have been an inspiring evening.

### **Cum Chiang, Cum Rhee**

The State Department on March 28 accused China of "barbarous intervention" in Tibet in violation of its solemn pledges of Tibetan autonomy. In the circumstances, the note of moral indignation has a hollow ring. For it must be recalled that in 1950, when Tibet first appealed to the United Nations for help in the face of the threat of "liberation" at the hands of the Chinese Communists, the Chinese Nationalist U.N. delegate opposed consideration of the appeal on the ground that Tibet was a part of China and "all Chinese, whatever their party or religion, regard it as such." The United States did nothing then, and Chinese military forces duly occupied Tibet. With the forfeit of the 1950 opportunity to preserve intact Tibet's *then existing* autonomy, it is a somewhat barren exercise to pretend to want to do something about it in 1959. The Tibet affair is not ended; the effects will, in fact, be felt in South Asia for some time to come. But as long as the State Department is caught in the toils of the disastrous alliance with Chiang Kai-shek, it will be unable to evolve a policy in Asia that will express American values, interests and concerns. What is needed is an *American* policy in Asia, not a series of improvisations based on the entanglement *cum* Chiang, *cum* Rhee.

### **The Lynching**

Lynchings are more horrifying than private murders only because the community is more directly involved. No doubt some local citizens regard the lynching at Poplarville with abhorrence, but the general feeling is probably accurately expressed by Governor J. P. Cole-

man of Mississippi: "We trust that our citizens won't be punished by civil-rights legislation as a result of what a small handful of men have done in violating the law." The high-level counterpart of this attitude is that while lynchings are wrong, the worst thing about them is that the Communists will make propaganda out of them. That the crime is one against the conscience of a putatively Christian nation, that it is hideous in itself, is an afterthought.

The Governor, dutifully deplored, hastened to add that the case against the victim was "conclusive," that he would have been duly convicted of rape had the mob stayed its hand. No doubt the Governor was right on the second count. Actually, the guilt or innocence of the Negro is of only incidental interest to the white supremacist. A white female has been raped. A black male must die. Only in this way can the purity of white womanhood, with all its secondary economic and psychological benefits for the dominant race, be preserved and perpetuated. Occasionally an obstacle has been interposed in the form of a sheriff with pistol in hand at the door of the jail. But at Poplarville the conditions were normal, reminiscent of the twenties and before. The sheriff knew from nothing, the jailer was at his home, the jail was unattended, and the keys to the cells were hanging conveniently in the sheriff's office.

### **The Caners and the Caned**

The Union of South Africa shares with Mississippi the distinction of having the highest concentration of racism on earth. But in South Africa beatings may be judicially administered, while in Mississippi the police merely beat up the prisoners according to their own judgment. *The New York Times* recently described the South African system of judicial caning and the public reaction to it. There was no mention of color, but it is safe to assume that whites are not often caned. It seems, however, that there was considerable objection on the part of the citizenry. The beatings were administered in the central police barracks on Caledon Square in Capetown. Business executives complained that the "reaction," i.e., screams, of the prisoners were "upsetting" women employees. "I sympathize with the police," one woman said. "It cannot be nice to have to deal out these beatings. But I wish we didn't have to listen to it." The police, their hearts touched, announced that future beatings would be shifted to the basement.

### **Mr. Truman at Columbia**

Former President Harry S. Truman was in fine form in his lecture last week to the Columbia and Barnard undergraduates on "Hysteria and Witch Hunting." Repeating a statement he had made recently in Los

Angeles, he denounced the House Committee on Un-American Activities as "the most un-American thing in this country today." Both Mr. Truman and Dean Acheson are to be commended for the candor with which, since leaving office, they have conceded that the Truman administration's handling of the loyalty-security and related issues was one of its worst blunders. But even while they were still in office, they often said the right things; it was their actions, not their speeches, that were at fault. On one occasion, for example, we used the cover of *The Nation* to appeal to Mr. Truman to implement his well-known "Seeds of Tyranny" speech to the National Civil Service League; a fighting speech, we said, should be followed up by some fighting action (see *The Nation*, May 17, 1952). Both Mr. Truman and Mr. Acheson doubtless regret — as their subsequent writings and utterances indicate — that this action was never forthcoming. But it is still not too late for Mr. Truman to address a direct appeal to the Democrats in Congress to vote this most un-American committee out of existence. If he would make such an appeal — and we urge him to do so — it would unquestionably be endorsed by the outstanding national leaders of the party.

## How to Stop Smoking

A few weeks ago, H. W. Kastor & Sons, a Chicago advertising agency, caused a stir in the industry by buying a full page in *Advertising Age* to complain that one of its clients, the manufacturers of Bantron, was

being deprived of its rights as a free enterprise. Bantron is a patent medicine sold as an aid to breaking the tobacco habit and Kastor charges that the big cigarette companies have been growling at publications which accept Bantron copy. This, says the agency, is behavior unworthy of American business at its finest. And anyhow, it hastens to add, Bantron could not possibly have a serious effect on cigarette sales.

This second, rather jarring, statement is clarified by an article in the May *Consumer Reports*. Scrupulous "double-blind" tests (neither the subject nor the operator knows which pill is being administered) have shown that heavy smokers who are determined to give up cigarettes will succeed about 25 per cent of the time if they take Bantron or a tranquilizer or a sugar pill. They will do somewhat better than that if a doctor throws a scare into them.

The value of Bantron thus apparently resides in the customer's will to believe, and that is what you might call the perfect product for advertising. If Americans can be convinced that a filter will remove a "harmful ingredient" which no one yet has isolated, they will certainly believe that Bantron will make kicking the cigarette habit as easy as child's play. At least, they will believe enough to try a box, which is what Kastor means by fair play and it really won't hurt tobacco sales anyhow.

Public credulity is the natural resource of advertising; it must forever remain in the public domain. And advertisers are foolish to quarrel over it because, unlike other natural resources, it is inexhaustible.

## NEGOTIATIONS BY HEADLINE:

### MINUET IN STEEL . . . by B. J. Widick

Detroit

THE RECENT decision by management and labor in the steel industry to call off their public shadow-boxing and to negotiate privately provides a suitable respite from the sound and fury that emanated from Pittsburgh, and enables us to put the so-called steel crisis in proper focus. Headline-hunters have been presenting the recent sparring between the Steelworkers Union and the spokesmen of the twelve major

steel companies as a prelude to a decisive slugging match between organized labor and the country's big-business interests.

Closer observers of the labor scene felt, however, that the antagonists more closely resembled ham actors than gladiators and that the crisis — such as it was — came from a sense of mutual frustration rather than from any basic antagonism between them. The real trouble arose because this year the negotiations, at least at the outset, were conducted in the open, subject to public scrutiny, instead of being cloaked in the iron-clad secrecy which characterized the 1956 negotiations and which had

brought vigorous protests from the press.

The suspicions of many observers as to what was really going on was heightened recently when David McDonald told Senator Estes Kefauver to "keep your nose out of my business." This was an astonishing attitude for a union leader to take toward a Senator whose committee last year had made such a devastating analysis of the pricing policies of the steel industry. The current Kefauver hearings into the wage-price spiral in the industry not only serve as an effective answer to the argument that wages and prices are a private matter, but also to reveal

B. J. WIDICK, who has written extensively on labor problems, is co-author, with Irving Howe, of *The U.A.W. and Walter Reuther*.

what has been happening during the entire post-World War II period in this decisive sector of the American economy.

In reality, all talks between the steel union and the industry since last fall had as their ultimate goal a package of approximately ten cents an hour for the union, with the industry planning to raise prices about \$4 a ton. But negotiation along those lines has now become extremely difficult for both sides in view of public sensitivity to the inflationary effects of previous labor-industry negotiations in steel.

IT IS AN open secret that since 1946 many labor leaders have viewed with considerable skepticism the relationship between David McDonald, Steelworkers' president, and steel management, and the impact of the wage-price policies arising from this relationship. It may be recalled that the wage-price spiral really began in the postwar period, when the Steelworkers' leadership accepted an 18½-cent-per-hour wage increase and U.S. Steel was granted a price rise of approximately \$5 a ton by the Office of Price Administration. This price increase spread through-

out American industry. However, at that time a Truman-appointed fact-finding commission had recommended to the auto industry that General Motors grant the Auto Workers an 18½-cent wage increase without any price rise. The action of the steel union and the steel industry cut the ground from under Walter Reuther's theory of higher wages without price increases. In fact, at the time a spokesman of the Steelworkers publicly stated that prices were not the business of the union. Since then, the Steelworkers have won ten rounds of wage increases, while during the same period the steel corporations have raised prices twenty-two times.

The growing sensitivity of the steel industry to its pricing policies was given a sharp boost by publication of the 1958 Kefauver report, which pointed out:

The most puzzling price and production movements from the standpoint of orthodox economic theory have taken place since December, 1955. The production index fell from 226.3 in December, 1955, to 146 in August, 1957. During this same period there were three price increases, raising the price index from 141.7

to 161.6. . . . While production fell by 36 per cent, prices rose by 14 per cent.

Here, of course, is a classic example of what many economists call the administered-price theory. Net income per ton of steel reached an all-time high in this period. In 1954, it amounted to \$9.15 a ton; in 1955, \$14.51; in 1956, \$14.56; and in 1957, \$18.00.

A rather interesting sidelight of this development is that the most critical comment on the steel industry's policies came not from the Steelworkers Union, but from the New York *Herald Tribune*, which on July 3, 1957, pointed out that between 1946 and 1956 steel prices had gone up 115 per cent while labor costs per ingot-ton were up only 30 per cent.

DURING this decade the steel industry not only recorded fabulous profits, but used its own cash resources to finance 70 per cent of its structural improvements and the expansion of its capacity by over thirty million tons. Is it a wonder that the current Kefauver hearings are a source of embarrassment to the industry, which has the prospect of fantastic net earnings for the first half of 1959, and that the industry will find it difficult to grant only a modest gain to the union while its own profits continue to soar?

Early in April, the Department of Labor published a report with ambiguous figures on steel productivity which served no useful purpose, since both the Steelworkers and management are aware that for every dollar the industry paid out in increased wages, it got back over \$3 through higher prices; and both sides know that a recent private study of steel productivity published in a trade magazine concluded: "The productivity improvement on the production line has kept production workers' pay per unit fairly stable, even with substantial wage hikes."

In the context of this profit situation [see comments by Eugene Havas on this page], it is understandable that a growing segment of the American public is unwilling to accept the kind of settlement of the current negotiations described succinctly in a recent dispatch from

## Profits in the Steel Industry

*The following is a summary of testimony given before the Senate Subcommittee on Antitrust and Monopoly (the Kefauver committee) by Eugene Havas, a consulting economist.*

IF INFLATION is to be stopped—and this, apparently, is President Eisenhower's goal—administered prices must be rolled back, particularly in the steel industry. Can this be done without endangering the interests of stockholders?

[Recently John Blair, chief economist of the Senate Subcommittee on Antitrust and Monopoly, told the Kefauver committee that U.S. Steel's earnings rose from \$9.14 per ton in the second quarter of 1954 to \$19.31 in the last quarter of 1958. The significance of this comparison lies in the fact that the company's productivity rate was about the same in both periods.]

During the 1957 Kefauver hearings, U.S. Steel executives testified

that returns to stockholders should be measured not according to par value of stock, but according to market value. Let us look at the picture from this viewpoint. In 1949, both U.S. Steel and Bethlehem Steel shares (par value, \$100) were selling at \$60 to \$75. Since then, U.S. Steel shares have been split six ways, Bethlehem twelve ways. The present market value of both stocks is around \$600 per share. This represents a capital gain of 1,000 per cent in ten years for the stockholders. To put it another way: In 1949, all U.S. Steel common stock was valued at about \$500 million; today, it is valued at \$5 billion—a tenfold increase.

It is my conviction that even with a cut of \$5 per ton in the price of their product, leaders of the steel industry could maintain—and perhaps surpass—the level of profits they enjoyed during good years 1953-1958. Even a cut of \$10 per ton would not imperil the current rate of dividends to stockholders.

Washington by Ed Lahey, a competent labor reporter:

There will be a steel strike as the three-year contract of the Steelworkers Union expires at midnight June 30. Eventually it will be settled. There will be a wage increase. There will be a price increase. And the inflationary spiral will be in another spin. It has been so since the steel crisis of 1946. After every steel settlement, the repercussions extend to the remotest corner of a society built on steel.

One is entitled to ask whether this course is inevitable. Perhaps a critical analysis of the real situation in the steel industry and the union may furnish a satisfactory answer.

EARLY IN January, the "word" from Pittsburgh was that a steel strike this year was inevitable. Press dispatches reported that the twenty-eight major steel consumers were buying extra supplies against a strike. Steel production rose from approximately 60 per cent of capacity to its current level of 93 per cent. The fiery speeches of President McDonald at last fall's Steelworkers convention seemed to buttress the theory that a strike was due. (Among other things, McDonald had threatened a long strike unless the steel industry recognized the union's demand for a shorter work week, etc. This militancy was sure-fire stuff at the convention and had the immediate effect of overwhelming all opposition to McDonald among the delegates. McDonald's talk of a billion-dollar package for the workers was certainly as high in the sky as any small change the opposition delegates could dream up.) And the steel industry played a part in this game. From Roger Blough, president of the U.S. Steel Corporation, and from other spokesmen of the industry came the categoric statements that they were going to resist all demands for wage increases.

The steel union proposed a price freeze in return for a wage freeze. Meanwhile, playing it safe, both sides began to maneuver for public support in the event the original proposal—10 cents for the union and a \$4-per-ton increase for the industry—was considered inflationary (it could hardly be considered anything else).

The threat of a strike had, of course, the effect of stepping up purchases of steel. Stories from Pittsburgh emphasized this point, but few commentators noted that by building up a twenty-two-million-ton inventory by June 30, the steel purchasers would be saving \$88 million, since they would have that much steel on hand before the proposed price increase went into effect.

In the midst of all these developments, Senator Kefauver's intervention, and his calling a further hearing on the wage-price policies in steel, served to remind both sides that this year it was not going to be so easy to "gang up," in effect, on the public. The Kefauver committee report of March, 1958, pointed out that when the steel industry operates at 60 per cent capacity (as it did for most of 1958), the rate of profit for stockholders is 4.8 per cent, whereas this would increase to 12 per cent on investment after taxes if operations reached 90 per cent of capacity (which is the situation for the first half of this year). The steel industry will have great difficulty in convincing anyone that it does not have the ability to pay ■ wage in-

crease this summer, and now it can no longer depend on the backhanded support of the union to justify a price increase to maintain a fabulous rate of profit.

Perhaps both sides hope to get out of the dilemma posed by their previous practices by having a short strike. McDonald made so many promises at last fall's Steelworkers' convention that he may well have to call a work stoppage to "prove his militancy." Contrary to public impression, the revolt against the Steelworkers' president has not been crushed, although it has died down temporarily. Four dissident leaders (including Don C. Rarick who ran against McDonald for president in 1957) were exonerated in recent months by local union trial committees against charges preferred by McDonald and the convention that they had been guilty of dual unionism. The four leaders are now pledged to support McDonald and the wage-policy committee of the union in the forthcoming negotiations. Their presence in the union puts McDonald on the spot to make good on his convention promises. A short strike could easily serve the purpose of



"Don't Pump So Fast, You Fool!"

Tom Eng

solving this factional union problem.

For the steel industry, a short strike would furnish an opportunity to cut down, by means other than drastic production cutbacks, the huge inventories that have been built up. A strike would also enable the industry to show the rest of American manufacturers, and the Eisenhower Administration, that it was willing to "fight it out" with the union. Then, at the right time, both sides could retreat in the interest of "public welfare" in the hope that a relieved public would be more amenable to the idea that a modest wage increase and a not-so-large price increase were better for the country than a long strike.

Actually, of course, neither side desires a long strike, and with good reason. In terms of world politics, a bitter and lengthy steel strike in America this summer would certainly be grist to Khrushchev and his supporters. In the second place, a long strike would tend to upset long-established relations between the industry and the union and make a mockery of McDonald's theory of peaceful cooperation (which he has emphasized by touring the plants, in recent years, with Benjamin Fairless, former head of U.S. Steel, making joint talks to workers on the

benefits of union-industry cooperation). In the third place, a long strike would have important internal union repercussions, perhaps strengthening McDonald's opposition. This prospect is no more welcome to the industry than to McDonald, for unions with sizable discontented factions tend to develop leaders who compete with each other to win greater gains from employers.

As a rule, labor leaders prefer to take a somewhat smaller gain than gamble on a strike which might get out of control. Industrial leaders, likewise, prefer a peaceful settlement, not only because a strike upsets production, but because they would also willy-nilly have to show more resistance to union demands in the future; otherwise an aroused rank-and-file would become increasingly convinced that strike action was the best way to win concessions.

Thus powerful subjective factors favor either a very short strike or no strike at all. Since 100,000 Steelworkers of the 1,000,000 in the union are now unemployed, there are mixed feelings about the value of a strike in any event. Token layoffs in the steel mills before June 30 could serve to cool off those Steelworkers who look forward to taking on the steel industry with the idea that this

year's enormous steel profits make a strike worth while. How the situation actually will develop depends on the estimate of both the companies and the union leaders of the "feel" of the country and of the workers as the deadline approaches. One thing seems certain: both the union and the industry will have difficulty in settling on a package which has inflationary consequences such as followed the 1957 negotiations. Of those negotiations, the Keefauver committee reported:

A reasonable guess as to the magnitude of increased labor costs which have arisen from the July, 1957, adjustment in wages and other benefits would fall somewhere between \$2.50 and \$3 per ton of finished steel. The margin between such a figure and the \$6 a ton increase in steel prices would be between \$3 and \$3.50 per ton.

Implicit in the outcome of the steel negotiations is the answer to a basic question that confronts the entire nation: Can the United States any longer afford the luxury of the kind of collective bargaining that has heretofore marked industry-labor relations in steel, or does a new set of rules have to be established in which the genuine interests of all parties, including the consumer, are taken into account?

## SPIES IN SPACE . . by Carl Dreher

*With this article Carl Dreher, an engineer by profession before he turned to writing, continues his survey for The Nation of the political and social implications of the technological-arms race (see "The Showcase War," November 16, 1957; "Program for a Crash," February 1, 1958; "War By Accident," September 6, 1958, and "Missile Madness," December 13, 1958). Mr. Dreher is the author of Automation (W. W. Norton).*

—EDITORS

AMID THE technological wonders which crowd in on us at such a pace that we can neither understand nor appreciate them, world-wide communications is one of the most com-

plex and, to the corporations involved, one of the most profitable. The Army, Navy and Air Force must each have its own communications system and, since each service spreads all over the world, each system must be global. The duplications are likewise global.

The Air Force recently announced a program for adapting its far-flung network to the requirements of the space age, cost what it may. This conglomerate assemblage of circuits—comprising voice, data handling, graphics and teletype—is known collectively as *GlobeCom* or *AirCom* (Air Communications Complex) and the plan for its modernization and futurization is called "Quick Fix."

The "quick" must have been appended to deceive the enemy, for at a press conference held at Wright Field, well attended by general officers, it was revealed that the program will continue "through 1970 and beyond." In view of this longevity, and the fact that the system is classified, none of the attending generals or their budget assistants could venture to put a dollar estimate on the ultimate cost. Unofficial estimates were that in its first stage—to 1963 or 1964—"Quick Fix" might exceed \$100 million. Since such projects have a way of snowballing, it seems unlikely that the prime contractors, International Telephone and Telegraph and the

Radio Corporation of America, will suffer a lack of government business for the next decade at least. To avoid hard feelings among other deserving corporations, it was agreed that the winners would refrain from engineering the system to give themselves an advantage in subsequent procurement. Nevertheless, it is nice to be in on the ground floor.

A PARTICULARLY glamorous possibility in connection with an expanded GlobeCom—let's call this future project OrbCom—whether the Air Force's or the Army's or the Navy's or a mere civilian outfit, is the use of orbiting earth satellites for relaying. As far as the public is concerned, OrbCom began with the launching of an Atlas on December 18, 1958, and the subsequent garbled reproduction of some Hagerty-Eisenhower banalities from a tape recorder which had been included in the missile's 150-pound payload. The project's communications system, which also provided seven teletype channels, was developed for the U. S. Army by the RCA Astro-Electronic Products Division, the Convair Astronautics Division and other sodalities of sophisticated electronics. The idea of using a satellite for relaying purposes goes back a half-century to Nikola Tesla, and has been seriously discussed by communications engineers ever since it became evident that satellites could actually be put in orbit.

To understand the possible future role of earth satellites in communications, it is necessary to know a little about the propagation of radio waves (in this context, "radio" does not refer merely to sound broadcasting, but also to television, radar, telephony, telegraphy and all forms of wireless transmission). The complexity and cost of the facilities required, both in frequencies and in money, depend on the amount of information to be conveyed and in particular on the rate of transmission. The quality of the information is not a factor: a telegraph circuit transmitting Socrates at twenty words per minute has information content, in terms of band width, only about 1/60,000 of that of a pitchman holding up a bottle of nostrum in a tele-

vision commercial. Because of the wide channels required, only VHF (Very High Frequency) waves or higher can be used to transmit messages of high-information content. These waves move in straight lines, much like the waves of visible light. It is for this reason that television transmitting antennas are placed on towers or skyscrapers, so that as many receivers as possible will be in line-of-sight range. Obviously, this line-of-sight requirement makes it impossible to send the signals across the oceans. Thus intercontinental television has been balked. At the same time, the longer HF (High Frequency) waves, which are usable for overseas telegraphy and telephony, as well as international sound broadcasting, have been in increasing demand by governments and commercial interests.

HERE IS where the satellite comes in. If VHF waves, in particular, could be freed from terrestrial line-of-sight limitations, not only would international television and other new services become feasible, but VHF and higher bands might be used for some services now performed by HF. This is doubly desirable because long-range HF transmission is disrupted by violent increases in solar radiation which occur from time to time. The straight-line propagation characteristics of the VHF-and-up radio waves cannot be altered, but by use of a satellite as a lofty relay point, terrestrial line-of-sight no longer limits the range. Signals from New York, for example, may be beamed up to a satellite over the Atlantic and beamed down again to London, or vice versa.

Among new services envisioned by RCA engineers is a satellite post-office system, plausibly described by S. Metzger in a paper presented before the American Rocket Society. Overseas airmail would use standard letter forms similar to World War II V-mail. The contents of the letters would be electronically converted into high-speed facsimile signals and transmitted to the satellite, whence they would be relayed to the continent of destination, reconverted to text, and airmailed to the addressee. Even allowing for terminal delays,

substantial savings in time could be expected, not only on the relatively fast air mail routes between the United States and Europe, but especially on air mail between American and African or Asian cities.

The satellite might be a delayed-relay type which would receive material by high-speed radio, store it on tape, and release it on command to ground stations near the destination points. Another idea, on which the Navy has been working, is to bounce signals off the moon; this system, however, will be inoperative except when the moon is in the right position relative to the communicating stations on the earth's surface. Still another system, good for 24-hour-a-day communication, involves a satellite capable of maintaining a fixed position over a selected point on the earth. Such a satellite would be fired into a circular equatorial orbit to a height of some 22,400 miles. With delicate guidance and adjustments once it was in orbit, it could, in theory and probably in practice, be kept at a constant altitude over any desired terrestrial location. In effect the satellite, although flying along at a speed of thousands of miles per hour, would for electronic purposes be hovering. It is estimated that with a life of one year, and allowing for failures, an Atlantic satellite would be economically feasible.

IT SOUNDS fine, and hardheaded businessmen like David Sarnoff, chairman of the board of RCA, and T. Keith Glennan, head of the National Aeronautic and Space Agency, can hardly wait to see it done. Glennan remarked the other day that interest was so keen that "several of our most profit-conscious electronics companies are spending money of their own" to secure a place in the burgeoning new industry while it is still in the study stage. There need be little fear that the companies will bankrupt themselves in their strivings for progress. The government will provide the satellites and almost all the money and, if precedent is a guide, whatever the companies contribute will be bread cast upon the waters.

Still, since it is a peaceful use of

rocketry, should we not welcome it? Under current auspices, we should not. The fundamental difficulty is that in the hands of the present industrial and political leadership, everything serves as a cover for intensified diplomatic stratagems which we can never be sure will not eventuate in military action of undetermined scale. Atomic war as a calculated risk is not easy to sell, and it is precisely systems like OrbCom which must, in the hands of the present vendors, be viewed with the gravest suspicion. The systems themselves may have merit but, as matters stand, it would be the height of naïveté to imagine that they will be used primarily for the purposes advertised.

Among themselves, the anointed planners are franker than when they address the general public. Speaking before the Armed Forces Communications Electronics Association on March 4, 1958, Lieut. Gen. Clarence S. Irvine, deputy chief of staff of the Air Force, disclosed that a space vehicle which would "hover under control over a given portion of the world" was under study. "The possibilities with such a device are tremendous," General Irvine declared. "A more immediate use would be its potential for reconnaissance observation or for countermeasures against communications." General Irvine puts first things first, as a general sees them. His opposite numbers in the Soviet Union which, it may be conjectured, is the "given portion of the world" he has in mind, no doubt think in the same terms. The prospect, therefore, is not for an orbital post office carrying benign communications with the speed of the unchained lightnings, but rather for constellations of reconnaissance satellites hovering over enemy territory and sending back telescopic pictures of what goes on there. Already the Soviet Ministry of Communications has proposed the development of a television-relay satellite as part of the current Seven Year Plan. The next step will be for one side or the other to send up an anti-reconnaissance rocket with a hydrogen warhead. The communications experts will not be consulted or, if they are, it will be for purposes

other than those they started with, just as numerous Ph.D.s who were headed for the academic groves are now consultants to the armed forces in the most flatteringly lethal capacities.

THIS IS NOT technological guess-work. It is already being done, insofar as the available radio facilities will permit. Under the caption, "U. S. Listening Net Checks on Soviet," *The New York Times* of February 8 revealed that the Western allies are engaged in

. . . tuning in on Soviet wave lengths with a world-wide network of powerful radio receivers and radar screens. The system includes sound and screening stations in several countries just outside the Iron Curtain. . . . It is known that experts and technicians of the United States and its allies listen twenty-four hours a day to every conceivable Soviet radio wave length.

The article quotes from the Oxford University magazine, *Isis*:

All along the frontier between East and West, from Iraq to the Baltic, perhaps farther, are monitoring stations manned largely by national servicemen trained in Morse or Russian, avidly recording the least squeak from Russian transmitters—ships, tanks, airplanes, troops and central stations.

The two university students who made this not at all surprising disclosure were jailed by the freedom-loving British.

The communications-satellite idea is merely the extension of this audio surveillance—perfectly normal in wartime—to the video realm. It is the civilian version of the Air Force's "recon" satellite program which, Norman L. Baker writes in *Missiles and Rockets*, has undergone the following name changes: "Big Brother," "Pied Piper," "Sentry," "Baby Sentry," "Discoverer" and "Midas." Baker comments that the last is the most ludicrous of all—Midas was "the stupid, greedy, mythological king who was given the golden touch." It is not so inappropriate, actually. As McGraw-Hill's *Electronics* magazine reported on January 9: "The year ahead will be a good one for our industry," with military sales accounting for \$5.3



billion out of a total sales volume of \$9 billion. The "recon" and communications satellites, added to "Quick Fix" and its successors, promise to swell these proceeds.

THE EXISTING audio services likewise foreshadow the future course of the international television which OrbCom will make possible. It does not promise to be an unmitigated blessing. As anyone with a short-wave receiver can find out for himself, propaganda is to international broadcasting what advertising is to domestic. In both cases the sole purpose of whatever entertainment or instruction is offered is to attract the customer and sell him something, whether it be an article of commerce, a distorted idea, or both. The striking lack of interest in short-wave broadcasting in the United States evidences the scanty appeal foreign propaganda has for the citizens of a relatively free country—especially when they are already habituated to the propaganda of their own news and entertainment media. Only in countries where thought control is overtly practiced does it become necessary for the government to go to the expense and trouble of jamming foreign broadcasts. It is hard to see how OrbCom TV will alter any of this for the better, in either direction. The Soviets will not accept our TV for their outlet stations and will jam our transmitters if we try to get it directly to their receivers—which, even in the absence of jamming, would involve severe technical difficulties. For our part, there is no likelihood that what

is boring to the ear will be less boring if, at great added expense, the Soviets should also try to appeal to our eyes. It would no doubt have some novelty value at the outset, but so did international radio.

Of course there is also the contest for the neutral mind to be considered. A British scientist, Arthur C. Clarke, thinks that the impact of television in Asia and Africa would be enormous. "It may well determine whether Russian or English is the main language in the future," he suggests. But will it necessarily be either? Aside from the fact that the chief interest of the masses of Asians and Africans for some time to come is more likely to be in their bellies than in TV screens, isn't it possible that they will continue to prefer their own languages and ways of life? If Red China launched a communications satellite and, by some heathen deviltry, persuaded our TV networks to disseminate video broadcasts from Peking, would Americans adopt Chinese as a second language and decide to live in communes? The Chinese are probably just as willful as we are.

There is no disputing that if the superpowers ever decide to call off the cold war, there will be great cultural opportunities in international video, just as there will be in foreign travel, exchange of students and other intercourse. But for the present the high controllers look on every form of communication as a means of winning the war, not of ending it. In the foreseeable future they will misuse satellites as they have misused atomic energy. The very best that can be hoped for is a mixture of good and bad applications, with

just enough of the good to make the predominance of the bad acceptable to public opinion.

BESIDES the danger of war when the great powers start shooting down each other's "recon" satellites, there is the menace of quasi-legitimate satellites, such as the communications types. "It will take a careful look," Dr. John P. Hagen told the House Select Committee on Astronautics and Space Exploration, "to determine in a very short time whether the object you see coming is some old satellite, an ICBM coming from across the water, or a stray meteor...." Before such fast-moving vehicles can be made safe for mankind, international regulation, even a minimal form of world government, will have to supplant the present variant of international anarchy. There will need to be a GCC—Global Communications Commission—to allocate frequencies which now are parceled out by occasional international conferences, one of which is scheduled for 1959, after an interval of twelve years. Even more necessary is a GSCB—Global Satellite Control Board—which, presumably under the auspices of the United Nations, will issue licenses for the launching of the satellites which the superpowers are now firing ad lib, as if each by itself owned earth and heaven.

But even if this measure of order should be imposed on the present drift toward chaos, not much good can be expected of the most brilliant technological feats, for one and all are imbedded in the matrix of the cold war. Until a start, at least, is made toward the easing of its peren-

nial crises, every technological advance will merely exacerbate the potentialities for global harm, for everything new in technology is potentially a new weapon. OrbCom is a clear illustration. To transmit by radio thousands of miles with a single repeater in the sky has manifest advantages over transmission by a hundred repeaters on the earth's surface. But this suppositional improvement in communications is inextricably linked with weapons capable—and this is not at all suppositional—of wiping out most, if not all, of the human race. If the weapons are used the survivors, if any, will derive scant comfort from the improved communications they were promised.

In the Soviet Union the moral basis of technology is undermined by Communist dogmatism and repression, in the United States by capitalist opportunism. By the technique of simultaneously frightening the populace with the Red menace, dazzling it with new technological baubles, and providing armament-generated employment, the high controllers and prime beneficiaries maintain themselves in power. OrbCom is only another super-gadget in the military spending spree designed to stimulate an economy which for twenty years has demonstrated its inability to get along without war, actual or impending. In a peaceful world it would be an inviting technological enterprise, though scarcely one entitled to top priority. In the permanent war economy to which the West, under American leadership, has committed itself, OrbCom will be welcomed only by the incurably gullible.

## THE PRESIDENT or the TIGER... *by Richard Harris*

THE PRESIDENT'S speech was announced two days before he delivered it. In Washington—and, through the diplomatic grapevine, in every capital around the world—the

possible context of the speech was discussed with great avidity, for, unlike all of his other speeches, the subject was not divulged nor even hinted at beforehand. Moreover, since it rapidly became known that no one other than the President himself knew what he was going to say,

that no one had been consulted, and that, in fact, the President had thrown a high-up State Department official and two Congressional leaders out of his study for being so bold as to demand that he reveal his intentions, speculation was intense.

On the morning of the day set for

RICHARD HARRIS, a free-lance writer, has also done fiction.

May 9, 1959

the speech, which was to be delivered before a joint session of Congress, there was a great furore in the White House. The regular consultees had still not been, and obviously were not going to be, consulted. For the first time in the history of the United States, it appeared, a President was going to speak entirely on his own. Among the results that I can testify to personally were that half a dozen eminent portfolios were torn up and flung down in resignation, a prominent elder statesman who had a thoroughly undeserved reputation for sagacity suffered a heart attack when his offer of advice was summarily rejected, and the press secretary, a raptly devoted servant, was told to get away from the President, by none other than the President, whereupon the secretary rushed off on a vacation to the Poconos to nurse his injured vanity and a peptic ulcer. As a matter of fact, the only people to come through were the owners of television and radio networks; they threw open every channel and station for the speech.

"**MY COUNTRYMEN**," the President began before a stilled audience of Senators and Representatives, not to mention upwards of a hundred million viewers and listeners throughout the country. "What I have to say to you today is what I must say. It is both painful and joyous to me. If it is more painful than joyous to you—as you express yourselves through your elected representatives seated here before me—I will heed your voices. When I have finished, you may wish to impeach me. I tell you now that your wish so stated is my resignation. I was elected by you. I took an oath to preserve and protect the Union. What I am about to propose is, I most firmly believe, the only way to preserve and to protect that Union. But I may be wrong. It is for you to decide. I can only say that I feel it is my duty to speak to you now. If you do not hearken, there is an end to it. The man at the Speaker's table will take my place, and the world will go on—for a time as we know it."

The President looked slowly around the great hall. At times, he stopped, momentarily, at a face, and then moved on. Every expression be-

fore him was as impassive as it was expectant. It was clear, as it is clear only in a crisis, that this was the dividing moment—soon they would either be with him or he would be alone. For another moment, he hesitated, perhaps wondering which he wanted most.

"In a sense," the President continued somberly, "nations are like individual men, and, in quite another sense, men are like boys. Honor is a man's word, but it was born in the heart of a boy. What we must do is distinguish between what is of the man and what is of the boy. All of us as boys—and many of us as men—found ourselves caught in a situation where someone seemed to be intent upon fighting us. We may have wanted to say, 'I don't hate you. I don't want to fight you,' but we could not, for our honor was at stake, and to preserve our image of ourselves we fought. The honor of a nation was once very much like that. In past wars, the deaths of our young men were much the same as the black eye and the cut lip of a mettlesome youth—badges of honor. But today nations cannot longer be doughy boys. Today honor has a new meaning. Who can say that it is honorable to kill and to die for no purpose but to kill and to die? War has always been the accumulated insanity of nations. Now, however, it is even more than madness. Half of it is murder, half of it is suicide, and its sum is death."

Stopping once more, the President took a step back from the rostrum, which he had been holding onto as he leaned toward his audience. A smile—almost apologetic—flickered across his face, as if he had some intentions of asserting his powerful personality to move his listeners. A few seconds later, though, he stepped curtly up to the rostrum and in graver tones than ever went on: "At this moment, we are faced with two absolute facts. The first is that, like a small boy who is being slowly driven to use his fists when he would far prefer not to, we are surely headed for war." There was a joint gasp from the audience, but he ignored it. "As we all well know," he continued, "the weapons are not fists any more. Nor are they longbows or rifles or machine guns or even blockbusters.

All remaining to us of the old days are our pride, our fears, our hopes—and, still lingering on, our ancient methods of trying to deal with international differences. These methods, it is clear now, are hopelessly outmoded. We are anxious enough to preserve our way of life that we would fight a global war to do so, but what we would be fighting for could not conceivably survive such a war. With half or more of the peoples of the world obliterated, with ascendant terror and chaos, only the most ruthlessly forcible kind of military dictatorship can result. As for the second fact, it is that most of the people in the world are hungry, ill-clothed and housed, unable to read or write, and desperate. Like the first fact, this is alterable. If the world avoids an atomic cataclysm, it is likely that in two or three hundred years of ordinary conditions and progress little of this misery will remain. It is likely, too, that without poverty and deprivation there will be far less urge for men to kill. It is despair that makes one desire death—for another or for oneself. But we cannot sit back and wait for those two or three centuries to pass. This may be the last chance the world will have to turn aside from its despair."

STOPPING again to appraise those before him, the President hunched forward a bit and then raised one hand gently, lowered it slowly, and said, "Now I would like to speak of some cold truths and some warm hopes. Over the last seven years of peace, this nation has spent \$274 billion on military preparations. That amount—\$274 billion—is only \$2 billion less than our total national debt. And what have we bought with it? At the best we have bought time. At the worst we have brought ourselves precariously close to our explosive end. What else could we have done with this money? Of course, we could have made ourselves nationally solvent. That is an important matter, but under present conditions it does not seem to me to be a vital one. What more could we have done? Why, we could have remade the world. We could have brought the poor and the helpless and the desperate perhaps a century

closer to the fulfillment of their needs."

Hesitating briefly, the President raised his voice, which had begun to waver a little. "I suggest that it is time to stop this folly," he said evenly. "To stop it, I propose that for the next ten years we continue our expenditures at the same level as today. I propose, further, that we take the roughly \$40 billion a year that we have been spending on armaments, and spend it instead wherever it is needed across the globe—on hospitals, on schools, on farm supplies and equipment, on factories, on teaching the underprivileged how to become privileged. I propose that we spend nothing whatever on arms."

A murmur rose from the audience and swelled to a tumultuous roar. Some members of the press broke for telephones. There were shouts—angry, confused, encouraging, dismayed. Fists were shaken. Someone was slapped. An elderly man in the gallery fainted. The President raised a hand for silence, and it fell as quickly as it had before been dispelled.

"You want to know how we will defend ourselves?" he asked, glaring at the crowd. "I offer you a choice—the destruction in agony of half the population of the world and an absolute end to any freedom besides anarchy, or the possible subjection of our lives by a foreign tyranny. Those are the worst possibilities. Which do you choose? I say further that I do not believe that the sec-

ond possibility would come about. What reason could there be for the Russians or the Chinese or anyone else to murder us in our beds and take our property? What would be their excuse to the world? And could they ever despoil or subjugate an entire world of firmly united and angry men? Up till now, the nations of the world have competed for physical power and control. Let us make the competition be over health, decent comfort and the freedom to grow. The great depression has taught us that a small part of our country cannot enrich itself while the rest languishes in need. Today, due to the speed of travel and communication and to international economic interdependence, the whole world is like one country. We cannot hope to progress and prosper at a run as long as nine-tenths of the world crawls along in utter penury. By helping others to help themselves, we can only at last help ourselves. It is my beholding duty to say to you that I know that it is help or it is death. Man has been stupid enough, greedy enough, cruel enough for too long. Let us together be men at last. I thank you."

WITH THE greatest difficulty, the Secret Service agents finally managed to escort the President out of the Capitol. When they at last thrust him into his car, as they were forced to do, he had a bruise on his forehead, one lapel of his coat was half torn off, and there was a smudge of lipstick on his right cheek. In the

following days, the world went wild. Throughout the United States, mass demonstrations for and against the President's proposal were made, and on the several occasions when the opposing demonstrators ran into each other, many on both sides were killed. The President remained in the White House, for the most part alone in his room, waiting for the country to answer him. Three attempts were made on his life by frenzied assassins who forced their way under one ruse or another into the mansion—a Communist agent, a representative of one of the large manufacturers' associations, and a retired clergyman. All three were shot down on the spot. Two days later, just before Congress was to convene in extraordinary session, the Russians and the Chinese committed a number of grossly provocative acts against the American government. The Administration ignored them, and forty-odd generals and admirals immediately resigned. There was talk of an internal rebellion. Newspapers ceased publication, and all but the most essential businesses closed down. Fist fights broke out constantly on the streets, the police across the nation patrolled night and day, and now and then a shot rang out.

The rest, of course, is well known. I am writing this down only because in the hysteria that followed the President's speech a great deal that occurred went unnoticed. I was on hand through most of it, and for some reason it seems to me that it should be put on record.

## THE PARKING IRRITANT . . . by Richard Schickel

A REASONABLE man, eying the American city, would not, at first glance, place the parking problem high on the list of its pressing problems. Surely, improvement of the educational system, slum clearance, rooting the rascals out of the police department should rank higher.

But Americans, irrationally in

love with their automobiles, are not to be judged by reason alone. A survey of store executives showed that 81.3 per cent listed parking as a major problem in their downtown areas, with sixty-one of the 200 cities represented listing it as the major problem.

The American Automobile Association summed up the situation this way:

Most American cities, large and

small, have failed to meet parking needs, especially in their central business districts. . . . In fact, the annual outlay for parking by the urban automobile user who travels daily to downtown destinations in many instances surpasses any other single cost involved in the operation of his vehicle.

Before considering, in detail, the downtown parking problem, and what to do about it, let us pause for

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a moment to consider a simple thesis, expounded at some length by the editors of *Fortune* in *The Exploding Metropolis*: The rationale for the city, and the city dweller's way of life, is its core. It is there that the advantages of city living are found — the fine shops, the museums, theatres, sports arenas, art galleries and good restaurants. Today, the core of the city — its "vital center" — is threatened, mainly by the automobile. What is happening is that, tired of traffic and parking problems, people are taking their trade elsewhere. In effect, that which is best in city life is perhaps being destroyed by that which is worst. It is the business of this article to examine the parking mess, but it cannot be considered in a vacuum.

To begin with, there is enough curb space in American cities to park every single car that has to be parked within the city limits. The trouble is that (to take New York City as an example) a Manhattan driver's allotted space may be in Queens. There is simply not enough curb parking space where it is needed. Principally, this is because there are too many cars on the road. In 1946, there were 29 million cars; last year, there were 65 million; by 1965, experts are predicting 85 million.

IF PARKING all these vehicles is a major headache, keeping them moving at a reasonable clip is an almost Kafkaesque problem. The core of the average American city was built up in horse-and-buggy days, and the street pattern we have inherited is, as anyone with half an eye can see, inadequate for modern traffic — let alone that of the future. So traffic engineers, great ones for putting first things first, have been gaining that extra lane for traffic movement by placing the familiar "no parking" signs at many a downtown curb. The result is that each year 7 per cent of our curb parking space disappears.

Then there is our penchant for longer (and longer) cars. New York Mayor Robert Wagner, in a letter to the major auto manufacturers, begging for shorter cars, pointed out that "In the past ten years the average parking lot has lost 15 per cent of its usable space . . . while pre-war garages have lost 40 per cent. . . .

Parking meters installed a few years ago . . . are no longer adequate for handling passenger cars."

The problem even directly affects the Senate of the United States. Senator Prescott Bush points out that "in the new Senate Office Building . . . it has become necessary to reduce the number of parking spaces in the garage to compensate for the growth in size of automobiles since the plans were first drawn." It is too bad this situation wasn't known before the Senators had passed the \$25 billion federal highway program which will help move even more traffic to the center of cities, but which provides nary a penny for parking.

Even now, existing expressways have created a situation described by Wilfred Owen in *Cities in the Motor Age*:

Water originates in many springs and flows into brooks, rivulets and rivers that ultimately combine into a mighty stream that empties into the ocean. Traffic does the same thing. The traffic stream has its springs in residential areas, from which it flows into roads and highways and finally merges into the broad stream of the freeway. Freeway or expressway traffic, like the swollen waters of a large river, rushes toward the city center. But here, unfortunately, the analogy ends, because there is no ocean. Instead, the rushing flood is left to trickle through the narrow canyons of downtown streets, and the result is that traffic, like water, backs up.

If we wish to profit from the lessons of nature, which provides oceans for streams to empty into, we have to create retention basins at the confluence of traffic streams. . . .

We shall deal with the creation of these "basins" in a moment, but we are not yet finished with all the ramifications of the parking jam. Both the traffic and the parking problems would be greatly eased if, instead of allowing our rapid-transit systems to deteriorate further, we could persuade more people to use them. But here we are again dealing with irrational behavior. Somehow, the American has convinced himself that he is more the master of his fate if he is inching along on a crowded freeway in his own car than if he is whisking along, reading the paper,

on a train. As things stand at the moment, however, he has a point. Say "rapid transit" to the average man and his immediate associations are spittoons, drafty waiting rooms and rickety trains which are perpetually late. True though this image remains, the fact is that the rattlers get commuters to their jobs in about the same length of time it would take them to drive, and without the strain of driving. And if we were to invest just a fraction of what we're investing in expressways, we could have a rapid-transit system that would move more people, more quickly, more comfortably than they can possibly be moved by car. Surveys further indicate that if railroads paid just the slightest attention to creature comfort, people would ride them. But at the moment, despite the huge population increase, fewer people use rapid transit today than in the 1920s, and all over America transit lines are being abandoned as more and more people choose to drive in and join the hunt for parking spaces downtown. Yet even our present rapid-transit system can move 40,000 people per hour past a given point. The best a single lane of traffic can do is 2,000. Thus it would take a highway twenty lanes wide to do the job of a good transit line.

Experts are predicting that unless something is done there will be an end to all railroad passenger service by 1970. A New Jersey expert gives that state's rail commuter system just five more years before it collapses completely. The result? In Manhattan, every inch of land south of 50th Street would have to be converted to multiple-level garages just to park the commuters' cars.

WE CAN see, now, the broad outlines of the problem. Engineers, practical souls that they are, have come up with any number of suggestions that may help, at least temporarily. One of the simplest things they have done has been to arm working parties with brushes and paint and set them to marking off curb parking spaces. This cuts the length of time it takes to park by 16.7 seconds, increasing the rate of turnover and, incidentally, cutting the accident rate (one out of ten accidents in

volves parking). They've also had some success fiddling with the parking limits. Most downtown areas have too many one-hour and two-hour zones, not enough fifteen-minute and half-hour zones. Increasing the latter gives everyone a better chance at the great American game of musical parking spaces. Another idea is to include in the building code a provision requiring each new structure to provide off-street parking spaces for the traffic it will generate. This has been successful in the few cities which have forced builders to put in a realistic number of spaces, but New York rejected the idea on the grounds that such buildings generate more traffic than their own parking facilities can possibly handle, thus worsening the problem.

A city can always put in more parking meters, causing me and thee to howl in anguish. Before we complain, however, we might reflect a little on meters. As of 1952, Americans were feeding the no-armed bandits \$75,648,942 every year. In addition, each of the 111,112 meters was collecting another \$12.33 in fines. This dough, in addition to financing traffic improvements, paid for 20,315 parking spaces in 165 lots in 167 cities. So, in addition to giving the space hogs their comeuppance, they have contributed handsomely toward providing what everyone agrees must be the ultimate solution to the parking problem — namely, off-street parking.

Robert H. Burrage and Edward G. Mogren, in their authoritative *Parking* (Eno Foundation) from which some statistics in this article are drawn, put it this way:

Parking will remain a problem as long as the public regards curb space as suitable and sufficient. . . . Streets are primarily intended for travel, and a basic policy should be that [space] needed for the freer movement of traffic should not be used for parking. . . . Removal of curb parking to relieve congestion is inescapable, but must be matched by equivalent off-street spaces. . . .

One can prove the advantages of this formulation in many ways. For instance, the street pavement on which a parked car rests costs \$71; parking-lot paving costs but \$20 per car space. A study of a pair of streets

in Sacramento on which parking was banned and which were made into one-way thoroughfares showed that traffic volume increased 14 per cent, speed went up 24 per cent, car accidents were reduced 16 per cent and pedestrian accidents were cut 62 per cent. Merchants on the streets found business up 27 per cent.

The last figure is particularly important, for it is the merchants who complain of the "no parking" signs in front of their stores. Yet every survey available shows that the average shopper, relieved of having to



hunt for curb space and of the nagging fear that he may find a parking ticket on his return, will cheerfully trudge the distance from off-street parking to stores.

The current trend among enlightened shopkeepers is to build, or to lobby for, off-street parking. Dancing before them are visions of Quincy, Massachusetts, where sales increased up to 80 per cent when good off-street parking was provided. There is also the horrid vision of the store in San Bernardino, California, with no parking space nearby, which did only \$40 worth of business per square foot of selling area, compared to a competitor who did \$90 per square foot after he got a parking lot. With 37 per cent of all parking in big cities now done illegally, it should be obvious to the dullest merchandiser that it is good business to support off-street parking, which relieves his customers of their anxieties about tickets.

Ernest Gruen's plan for the redevelopment of downtown Dallas is the most visionary scheme yet for

relief of these woes. He has proposed that all traffic be banned from the area, that garages be placed at the fringes and that public transport be used to bring people to the pedestrian paradise he envisions at the city's core. It is an idea that appeals to a lot of city fathers right now, and it may be the answer they all seek.

Whether or not it is, revolutionary thinking must be done about parking, for although parking spaces, thanks to the use of all the methods we have been discussing, are becoming more plentiful, they are not increasing in proportion to population, automobile and human. In Dallas, the school board has recently been forced to set up four big lots, one for 500 cars, to handle vehicles owned by high schoolers. "Kids don't have legs any more," grumps the city's school superintendent. In Idaho, a survey found a direct relationship between grades and car ownership. Not a single A student had a car, but 15 per cent of the B students did, as did 41 per cent of the C students and 83 per cent of the flunkers. In urban colleges, parking has become a major financial problem and no less an observer than J. Robert Oppenheimer has publicly worried that the increasing mobility of students may directly affect the national welfare, since the kids show a distinct preference for hitting the road instead of the books. The implication is obvious. If we are having serious urban problems because of adults refusing to leave the car at home, what happens when the school generation, with what seems to be a pathological dependence on the car, hits the city in full force?

Those directly concerned with the problem are attacking it in the good old American way — pragmatically. Yet one cannot help wondering if a more radical approach is necessary — one involving a re-education of Americans to show them what urban life could be if the automobile were placed in proper perspective.

Los Angeles is a horrible example of what can happen when automobiles are allowed to run wild. Here, as the wisecrack goes, is a "hundred suburbs in search of a city." It is a city with no core, and therefore, no heart—and what destroyed it, of course, is the automobile.

## Homogenized History

George Rudisill, Jr.

OBVIOUS embarrassment still registered on my colleague's face. A student had just asked him why we were fighting in Korea, and he had no answer. A senior professor sympathized, "I'd hate to answer that one. With that man Truman in the White House you can't explain anything these days." Today, nearly a decade later, a columnist tries to explain why so many captured GIs "technically" collaborated with the enemy in Korea by saying that they "did not seem to grasp the American heritage or American history."

Yet we spend millions every year — educational publishing in 1957 totaled sales of \$484,660,000 — to familiarize our students with their national heritage, to teach them American history, to mold their civic character. More students are taking more courses in American history and related fields than ever before. The American Celebration is booming, but ignorance seems to increase and character to deteriorate in direct ratio to expenditure. The current generation is the victim of textbooks that do not teach and of teachers who have been taught nothing but how to teach. Texts and teachers are as characterless as the white-collar society which produced them.

Colleges and universities, dependent upon the high schools for their student bodies, have attempted to remedy this situation by compounding it, by adding to the plethora of surveys in American history, more of which are required of more students every year. Professional historians like Oscar Handlin and William L. Neumann have already described some of the unhappy results: text-taught teachers and untaught pupils. Even the texts, as Neumann has pointed out, are being altered to accommodate the vagaries of public opinion. In an age of acquiescence, he writes, their mood is one of "affirmation rather than criticism." The lucrative success of school texts has encouraged the imitation of their format on the college and university level; and the declining caliber of the students who have been exposed to

such texts has made this almost imperative in the eyes of number-conscious educators. One representative of a college textbook firm, on the lookout for manuscripts, put it nicely: "What we really need is a good high school text that doesn't say so on the title page."

IN appearance, regardless of author or publisher, the American high school history book is fairly uniform: two oversized covers approximately seven inches by ten with from six to eight hundred pages of text between them. The covers vary from a conservative dark blue, an excellent political indicator in the case of Bragdon and McCutchen, *History of a Free People* (Macmillan), to multi-colored scenic wonders more appropriate to the popular picture magazine. Wirth's *United States History* (American Book Company) is a good example. Titles stress everything from freedom and togetherness to modernity and democracy, the last being least popular, used only by Craven and Johnson, *The United States: Experiment in Democracy* (Ginn and Company). Some publishers feel that history is too forbidding; so instead we get Harlow and Miller, *Story of America* (Henry Holt), or Augspurger and McLemore, *Our Nation's Story* (Laidlaw Brothers). The internal format is that of a rotogravure section: lots of pictures of many sizes and styles, meaningless figures and sketches, frequent charts and diagrams, multi-hued but useless maps, and somewhere in this mélange, two columns, usually partial columns, of text. The whole business is divided into from eight to eleven Units or Parts, subdivided into from thirty-two to forty-four chapters, each division replete with elaborate introductions and reviews. Since chapters are short — Chapter 36 in Canfield and Wilder, *The Making of Modern America* (Houghton Mifflin), is all of nine pages — not much can be said in them. They resemble those fifteen minute newscasts which consist of five minutes of headlines, five minutes of commercials and five minutes of summary. You get everything but the news — or the history.

Uniformity of content borders on homogenization, just as standardization of text frequently comes close to plagiarism. The Alphas and Omegas are Col-

umbus and Eisenhower. Fewer than one hundred pages get the reader to the American Revolution. The period since Pearl Harbor often receives as much space as the three centuries which separate the voyages of discovery from the colonists' quarrel with Great Britain. This disproportionate emphasis upon the contemporary, dictated by publishers in response to educators who are ignorant of history and to students who are indifferent to it, is misleading. First of all, the student learns about current figures like Judges Medina and Goldsborough but never hears of Chancellor Kent or Justice Story. Another consequence is a false equation of values. Thus, Cecil B. De Mille is apt to appear more conspicuously than Cotton Mather, General "Nuts" McAuliffe more than General Rochambeau, the Truman "scandals" more than those of the Harding Administration. Senator Robert A. Taft, who never succeeded in leading his party or changing its direction, attracts more acclaim than Al Smith, who did both. The political significance of the latter universally escapes notice, thereby further distorting the meaning of the election of 1932. But one must not conclude from this that the students are at least learning recent history. To the contrary, their ignorance is merely thinly veiled, not appreciably diminished. For example, the student who reads the following on the election of 1948 learns nothing:

THE ELECTION OF 1948. Surprising the "experts," President Truman, with Alben Barkley, won the 1948 election against Governor Dewey. The Democrats regained control of Congress (Wirth, p. 717).

Given this telescoped account, the young reader can only wonder why anyone should have been surprised. Finally, because the New Deal gets more space than the American Revolution, Franklin Roosevelt more than the Founding Fathers, this superficially extravagant treatment of the recent past renders textbooks vulnerable to the conservatives' meretricious charges of political bias.

While quantitative stress inevitably makes some impression on the reader, criticism for political bias on this score is as superficial as the material under criticism. Counting lines, whether in the text or in the index, can prove delusive, as anyone who has analyzed reports of journalistic objectivity during election campaigns should know. But where

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newspapers and "news" magazines are apt to be insidious, the textbook approach is blandness, evasion rather than insinuation. "We expect our authors to follow the rule of the middle of the road," one high school editor has explained. "Don't take sides in any controversy." In practice this means "presenting both sides." The New Deal, for instance, accomplished neither as much as its liberal champions nor as little as its conservative critics claim. Presenting it in terms of these alternatives, however, leaves the erroneous impression that both champions and critics are simultaneously correct. Errors compound errors; they do not cancel each other out. Instead, why not put the New Deal in context and point out that other industrial countries applied similar solutions to similar problems the world over? The primary fault of our texts, however, is not that they contain biases but that they contain nothing at all. The worst they do to a student is not to brainwash him, but to leave his brain as blank as it was before, with no sensitivities offended and no prejudices altered.

THE formula for this emasculation of American history is simple. Be brief, be factual, be trivial. This saves the reader time, spares him controversy and entertains him with idle curiosities to which only a well-developed critical intelligence could take exception. The facts can be wrong, frequently are, as when authors suggest that Columbus' contemporaries believed the world to be flat (Augspurger & McLemore, p. 60; Wirth, p. 8; Canfield & Wilder, p. 26). They can be misleading, as when the Boston Tea Party is described in terms more reminiscent of its restaging in 1957 by the Greater Boston Chamber of Commerce than of the original protest against parliamentary reorganization of the British Empire (Wirth, p. 69; Augspurger & McLemore, pp. 118-119). Facts can be absolutely true, yet deceptive. Thus, John Locke, if mentioned at all, usually appears as an English philosopher who drew up a theoretical plan of government for Carolina (Muzzey, *A History of Our Country*; Ginn and Company, p. 50). The significance of Locke's contribution to political theory is almost universally ignored; one would think that Jefferson had invented the doctrine of natural law and natural rights. Instead we are told that Jefferson invented the dumb-waiter (Harlow & Miller, p. 110), the folding buggy top (Bragdon & McCutchen, p. 176), a primitive air-conditioning system (Muzzey, p. 166), "the swivel chair, a machine to make copies of letters, a bed lamp, a weather vane that registered

inside the house, and a dozen other helpful gadgets" (Craven & Johnson, p. 181). Indeed, today when the President twists the Soviets for the things they claim to have invented, the sensitive reader can only modestly blush at the elaborately devotional passages in which our texts describe not only the fruit of the inventive genius of the Founding Fathers like Franklin and Jefferson, but of Americans generally.

If a passion for detail breeds neutrality of thought, sweeping generalizations foster willful self-deception. Augspurger and McLemore (p. 169) summarize the Patristic period under the heading of three famous documents: the Declaration of Independence, the Northwest Ordinance of 1787 and the Constitution. Yet the first, presented as the ideological guide of modern democracy, derived its principles from English legal tradition and political philosophy. Its popularity declined sharply in the nineteenth century, and today active proponents of its viewpoint would be liable to prosecution under the Smith Act. The second document, representing a colonial policy "far in advance of that of any other power," doubtless impressed some Indians differently. Surely it was no more "advanced" for its time than the Quebec Act of 1774, and it dealt with a far simpler problem. Finally, the Constitution, extolled as a model of the advantages of "the federal form of union," broke down in 1861 when federalism everywhere was succumbing to the forces of nationalism, liberalism and industrialism. Nevertheless, States' Rights, like "the Laws of Nature and of Nature's God," remain unassailable shibboleths in American history as do other propaganda devices such as the "Intolerable Acts" and the "Tariff of Abominations."

But shibboleths are useful things. While they divide some people, they unite others. War furnishes a useful example. We unite at home in our hatred of someone abroad; therefore no war can be futile. The War of 1812, for instance, loses its futility in a patriotic orgy of "completing our independence," as though anyone had been threatening it. The Mexican War, one of our least creditable conflicts, involves more deliberate misrepresentation than any other, including shifting the Mexican boundary and the time when President Polk first heard of the attack on General Taylor's troops. That incident may have been a godsend, but Polk had favored war before he had heard of it (cf. Harlow & Miller, p. 187; Wirth, p. 216; Muzzey, p. 254; Bragdon & McCutchen, p. 286). The Civil War is almost invariably misrepresented as a conflict over States'

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Rights, a battle between North and South or between the states. One finds little talk of the failure of the democratic process, or the inadequacy of the Constitution, or the conflict between two different concepts of society. The Spanish American War commemorates either the end of isolation or our emergence as a world power. One exception, Canfield and Wilder, candidly head their chapter: The United States Adopts a Policy of Imperialism. No such candor discolors our role in two world wars or the cold war, however. The moral imperatives of Wilson's jihad still prevail over the criticisms of George Kennan. And World War II, the war nobody wanted, was caused, Harlow and Miller tell us, by "greed and stupidity in Europe and Japan" (p. 476). "It seems strange," the same authors write (p. 480), "that a crazy man could have gained control of a modern industrial nation and millions of educated people." Not so strangely, Father Coughlin and Huey Long enjoy comparative obscurity. Accounts of the cold war read like *Time* magazine condensed for *The Reader's Digest*. Bragdon and McCutchen (p. 205) remark that "a sense of common history and tradition" are the most important elements in nationalism. Our textbook writers have in this respect gone far beyond the call of their patriotic duty.

SOMEONE has defined social history as history with the politics left out. It has pictures instead. Sometimes this is a welcome relief, for there are no more depressing chapters in the school texts than those describing American life or civilization. A deluge of unassorted trivia is the cultural counterpart of useless political detail, a technique again borrowed from the press. Canfield and Wilder (p. 434) tell us about the growing popularity of soda fountains and the introduction of chewing gum, while Bragdon and McCutchen point out (p. 650) that "a TV set often attracted 'baby sitters.'" These are safer topics than the popularization of birth control, the militarization of American society, or the increasing crime rate.

Sections on music, art, science and literature become catalogues of obscure contributors to our cultural barrenness. How many American historians would

## Return to Love

Shy at first but quick,  
An alien thing in nature  
Or lost last season's creature  
Come back, half well, half sick,  
On poor leathern bat wings,  
Eager and creaking,  
Blind still and still seeking  
Where the thin sun sings—  
Then strong in the array  
Of this unhoped-for season  
That smoothes the winter lesion  
Of snowbleeding earth away,  
And bids bewildered grief  
Remorselessly make merry  
For sake of the coming berry  
And the golden leaf.

HAYDEN CARRUTH

recognize the musical compositions of John K. Paine and G. W. Chadwick? And if one wants to discuss Edward McDowell as a native composer, why not mention that his preparation was quite untypical, that his start came in Europe rather than in America, and that the academic phase of his career came to an unhappy end over a disagreement with the Philistine authorities of Columbia University? Why must one of the few significant American writers, Edgar Allan Poe, be either dismissed as a Southern writer or apotheosized as the "inventor" of the short story? Few authors take notice of Dreiser, and those who bother with Hemingway at all too often leave the impression that his reputation hinges on *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. John L. Lewis invariably makes the grade; Sinclair Lewis, only occasionally. Despite long passages on science, the most notable scientist produced by the United States in the nineteenth century, Josiah Willard Gibbs, goes unmentioned. Finally, though references to American historians abound, rarely does one come across notice of the works of Alexis de Tocqueville, still less often that of Lord Bryce, Moisei Ostrogorski, Andre Siegfried, Harold Laski, Denis Brogan, or any of the other Europeans who have shown that they understand this country better than most of its inhabitants.

The most sacred cows of all are the educational system and the business community. This is only fitting, for it is from these two groups that these dreadful textbooks issue. "The crowning achievement of American life," Canfield and Wilder tell us (p. 261), "was its growing school system." Growing, of course, means getting bigger: more students, more buildings, more athletic teams, more courses, more disciplinary problems. The same applies to business.

According to Harlow and Miller, (p. 277), we should remember Carnegie and Rockefeller because "They developed the giant industries on which the modern way of life depends." Even the Great Crash is subtly connected with the possibility of a financial crisis spreading from Vienna or Berlin to the rest of Europe and America, this in spite of the fact that the Kreditanstalt in Vienna collapsed in May of 1931, more than a year and a half after Wall Street. Robber barons have become industrial statesmen with a social conscience. Their problems are the nation's problems: "inflation, the huge national debt, the threat of Communist aggression . . ." (Harlow & Miller, p. 564). There is no hint of the political cost of the extension of economic protectionism under business leadership. The typical finale consists of a few platitudes from the Sage of Gettysburg, whose speeches in 1954 allegedly kept a Democratic trend from becoming a landslide. It will be interesting to see, a decade from now, how these self-appointed pundits will interpret the elections of 1958. Chances are there will be little problem. According to the American Textbook Publishers Institute, "Changes in both the climate of opinion and the march of events call for frequent revision of social studies materials." After all, whatever is right, and scholarship can be adjusted accordingly. The proof lies in the sales.

THAT is the crux of the problem. Is textbook publishing a "public service," as the A.T.P.I. likes to think? One New York editor, when asked if he felt any responsibility toward education at all, replied, "Frankly no. We are in business, and our business is to make money. We do that by selling books." "The textbook," we are told, "is the contribution of competitive free enterprise to the public school system of America." The terms of the competition remain a mystery, but the result is much the same as in the automobile industry—standardization of price and product, the choice of both lying beyond the control of the consumer. Textbooks are the tailfins of our academic system, exaggerated in size and devoid of honest purpose.

Few professional historians will touch the subject on the school level. Those who do usually associate themselves with a co-author from the secondary schools, a good selling point for the administrative personnel who make the final selections. The remaining authors come from colleges of education which, instead of teaching history, teach teachers how to teach history. These people all write the same way, namely, by collating other

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people's texts, simplifying them in accordance with the rules of Rudolph Flesch, and sending them off to editors whose function it is to remove every last trace of intelligence or originality. A handful of assistants, often recent graduates with little or no professional training in the field, do the hatchet work on even well-established professors. When the book conforms to the lowest common denominator, it is peddled by squads of salesmen who are as unintellectual as the customers they deal with. The better books are despised by them for being hard to sell—either because they are too intelligent or because they offend some "great sensitivity," as Dr. Austin J. McCaffrey, executive secretary of the A.T.P.I., calls it.

American history has simply become another commodity to be peddled in a protected market, its value determined by the size of the sales rather than by any intrinsic merit of the product itself. Worse yet, the effect is cumulative, each generation corrupting the next; each generation more defenseless than

its predecessor, like the school boys in George Orwell's "Boys' Weeklies." The literary plumb of teenagers on both sides of the Atlantic produces remarkably similar results. British adolescents, wrote Orwell, acquired the "conviction that the major problems of our time do not exist, that there is nothing wrong with *laissez-faire* capitalism, that foreigners are unimportant comics and that the British Empire is a sort of charity-concern which will last forever." We do not speak of empire but of world leadership. And the most famous textbook of them all (Muzzey, p. 636) ends its panegyric with a discussion of Washington as a "World Capital." "The position of world leadership has been thrust upon us"—presumably just as empires were forced on Great Britain and Rome. The only other difference to note is that Orwell's boys' weeklies were pulp magazines distributed by the conservative press magnates of British commercial journalism. The bogus Americana acquired by our school children comes through the school system itself.

The Cochran piece also provides the book with one of its major themes. Cochran's survey of labor history leads him to take issue with the general thesis of John R. Commons *et al*, which holds, roughly, that union growth and activity are mainly functions of the trade cycle. The Commons theory, still supported by many labor economists, argued that prosperity and rising prices promote "aggressive strikes, trade unionism, class struggle," whereas depression and falling prices turn labor to "politics, panaceas, or schemes of universal reform, while class struggle [dissolves] in humanitarianism." Allied with this is the thesis that in the age of People's Capitalism and employer-labor comradery the militant labor leader must give way, in Cochran's words, to "the sober administrator, the smooth negotiator, the knowledgeable statistician, the genial lobbyist."

Cochran's analysis of the major periods of union growth stresses that each of them covered a relatively short time span, and occurred "against a background of major social upheavals brought on by depression and war." Union growth and activity during the two World Wars and the Depression tend to support this view, and labor history in general, according to Cochran, suggests that "unionism is a product of social revolt, not of bureaucratic effort... of mass insurgency, not slow accretion."

## How Militant Is Labor?

**AMERICAN LABOR IN MIDPAS-**  
SAGE. Bert Cochran, editor. Monthly Review Press. 196 pp. \$3.50.

**Arnold A. Rogow**

THE point of approach is especially important in appraising the present situation of American labor. If in the fifties we apply the radical perspective of the thirties, we can only conclude that the organized proletariat does not perform very well; it is not merely non-Socialist, it is *anti*-Socialist, and there is even some evidence that a large section of the working class does not accept the basic premises of liberal democracy. From another point of view, however, American labor does very well. In an increasingly atomized and splintered social environment, it continues to express a sense of unity and cohesion. Although the influence and extent of the "labor vote" have been exaggerated, the political loyalties of most trade unionists remain attached to the Democratic Party, and tend to favor liberal forces within that party. Despite the fact that the prevailing ideology denies class conflict and stresses a harmony of interests, there is considerable awareness in the

labor rank-and-file of the facts of power, group and class in America. While the top leadership is predominantly conservative, there are still union leaders whose differences with George Meany are almost as profound as their disagreements with Charles E. Wilson. All this is a way of saying that American society, in all its essentials — culture, ideology, psychology and structure — tends to be hostile or at least unsympathetic to the idea of a separate, radical and organized working class; yet the idea exists, and if one examines it in its broad social context, it is possible to observe that it exists very well.

But it does not flourish, and the failure to flourish is the problem with which *American Labor in Midpassage* is largely concerned. The book originated in the July-August, 1958, issues of the *Monthly Review* and the *American Socialist*, and was the product of a collaboration between the editors of the two journals. But the book is not identical with those issues; it contains three additional essays, one of which, by Bert Cochran, provides the book with its title and comprises a third of its entire length. The other new contributions are Nancy Reeves's "Women at Work" and "Corruption and Racketeering" by Dennis Anderson (the pseudonym of an AFL-CIO staff official). Some of the original nine essays are now slightly modified.

**ARNOLD A. ROGOW**, who teaches political science at Haverford College, is the author of *The Labour Government and British Industry*.

May 9, 1959

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He also argues that in the insurgent eras "even conservative leaders talked radical, and when the mass movement declined, even the radicals adopted a façade of conservatism."

TWO conclusions emerge from Cochran's analysis, and they are further developed elsewhere in the book, notably in the essays by Paul M. Sweezy, Leo Huberman, Harry Braverman and William Glazier. They are, first, that economic and social instability, despite appearances, remains a major characteristic of American society; it follows from this that the essential questions about labor's stake in the system have not been answered but only deferred. Second, when the unions become aware of the underlying instability of a defense economy — for example, through unemployment and the disruptions of automation, perhaps combined with a tougher business line at the bargaining table — the present euphoria will give way to a new militancy whose ultimate expression may well be an American Labor Party.

But militancy for what? Or put another way, what kind of Labor Party? Several contributors to *American Labor in Midpassage* wistfully look abroad; it may be doubted, however, that the

British Labor Party in its current phase provides a blueprint for radical action. In Britain, too, People's Capitalism has taken hold, and there is little in the Labor Party's recent policy statement, *The Future Labor Offers You*, that the AFL-CIO, as presently constituted, could not accept. For the moment, at least, the phenomenon of labor conservatism and complacency is not confined to the United States.

Moreover, the political and economic exploitation of the worker may be less significant, as Harvey Swados suggests, than the cultural exploitation which is hardly less characteristic of Britain than of the United States. Swados' essay, "A Note on Cultural Exploitation," persuasively argues that the modern degradation of the worker is a function of advertising and the mass media. The role of the pitchman, he argues, is comparable to the earlier role of the saloon keeper, and the permanent debt to the saloon has become the permanent mortgage to the installment plan.

One may disagree with this analysis, and take issue with other points scattered through the book. A few of the essays tend to be rather simplistic in their approach, and it may be regretted that there is no detailed treatment of union leaders, internal union organization, the labor press and the involvement of unions in cold-war politics (this is partly remedied in the selective but annotated bibliography prepared by David Herreshoff). Nevertheless, *American Labor in Midpassage* is an important assessment of the present condition of the American trade union movement.

Reik departs from usual Freudian interpretation by declaring that love is not identical with sex desire and is not derived from either sex or narcissism. He derives love instead from recognition of our failures to resemble our ideal selves, and our substitution for the ego-ideal of those in whom our inadequacies are supplied, or seem to be. In this framework love becomes "second best," "compensatory" for ourselves "not obtaining the ego-ideal state."

(John D. Kelton, Director, Test Service, University of Alabama, kindly provided the foregoing estimate.)

*Creativity and the Unconscious* by Sigmund Freud (Harper-Torchbooks, \$1.85), papers on the psychology of art, literature, love and religion from his *Collected Papers*, with great clarity states the basic Freudian principles and with equal restraint applies them or suggests applications in understanding of the arts and other human enterprises.

*What Life Should Mean to You* by Alfred Adler (Putnam-Capricorn, \$1.25), assuming the pre-eminence of occupational, social and sexual desires in human motivation, presents illuminating but sometimes controversial generalizations derived from a distinguished career in psychiatry.

#### Literature

*The Modern Psychological Novel* by Leon Edel (Evergreen, \$1.45; cloth, \$3.50) is one of the two or three best studies of novelists' efforts, chiefly since about 1915, to penetrate and represent the workings of the mind. Mr. Edel is especially concerned with Proust, Joyce and Dorothy Richardson, with subject and technique and with the Symbolist relationships of the stream of consciousness. (*Nation*, July 16, 1955.)

*The Far Side of Paradise* by Arthur Mizener (Vintage, \$1.25), the feverish story of F. Scott Fitzgerald, shows him as a character in the world his fiction represents as well as a sensitive observer of that world.

*Prefaces to Criticism* by Walter Jackson Bate (Anchor, 95c), selected from the excellent *Criticism: The Major Texts*, now provides a clearer chronological account of literary criticism than before. Too heavily weighted with British and American critics.

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## Second Impressions Review of Paperbacks

Robert M. Wallace

### Psychology

*Of Love and Lust* by Theodor Reik (Evergreen, \$2.45) contains "The Emotional Differences of the Sexes" and viable portions of previously published works which "try to probe secret ways in which men and women search for happiness." The collection is at once fascinating and frustrating. Reik's observations and analyses are keen and obviously spring from deep experience, but at times they recall Reik's own warning that "theory which originates in speculation only cannot survive."

Though a student with Freud and indebted to him for ideas and approach,

(Rinehart, 95c) happily provides *A Tale of a Tub* and other prose, verse, the *Journal to Stella* and personal letters. No *Gulliver*.

*The Pioneers* by James Fenimore Cooper, Leon Howard, editor (Rinehart, \$1.25), is the first and in many ways best of the Leatherstocking Tales; this volume is useful for reprinting the first revised edition of 1825, from which the collected edition was further revised by Cooper.

*The Classic Theatre, Volume II: Five German Plays*, Eric Bentley, editor, (Anchor, \$1.45) reflects Mr. Bentley's taste and sense of good stage plays in lively translations, or versions, of work by Goethe, Schiller and Kleist.

*Sir Gawain and the Green Knight* (Rinehart, 95c) here appears in a lively, faithful verse translation by James L. Rosenberg with superb scholarly apparatus for the great medieval romance by James R. Kreuzer.

#### Politics

*The Power Elite* by C. Wright Mills (Oxford-Galaxy, \$1.95), a grimly fascinating clinical study of power and the hands which hold it today, stresses the degradation of the American public into a mass society and manipulation of that mass by a powerful few.

*Jordan, Its People, Its Society, Its Culture* by George L. Harris (Evergreen, \$1.95), second HRAF Survey of World Cultures, conveniently assembles substantial political, economic and cultural data on one of the key Arab states.

*Muhammad and the Islamic Tradition* by Emile Dermenghem (Harper-Men of Wisdom, \$1.50) is a profusely illustrated introduction with quotations from Moslem holy writ and philosophy.

#### Miscellaneous

*The Land of the Great Image* by Maurice Collis (New Directions, \$1.45), an absorbing, instructive narrative of the travels in Arakan of Friar Manrique, a seventeenth-century Portuguese priest, depicts the tensity and excitement of the Orient and illustrates graphically some basic similarities and dissimilarities of Western and Eastern civilization.

*French Country Cooking* by Elizabeth David (Penguin, 85c) Anglicizes the menu and some dishes but contains very good recipes and is sound on wine and sauces. Not for efficiency apartments.

AT YOUR DRUGGIST'S: *The Rainbow* by D. H. Lawrence (Avon, 50c); *A Handful of Dust* and *Decline and Fall* by Evelyn Waugh (Dell, 1 v., 50c); *The Aspern Papers* and *The Spoils of Poynett* by Henry James (Dell, 1 v., 50c); *Laughing Boy* by Oliver La Farge (Pocket Library, 35c); *The Sound and*



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## MUSIC

### Lester Trimble

I SHALL BE surprised if musical history does not record that American opera, as a movement, had its beginnings at the New York City Center in the spring seasons of 1958 and 1959. For more years than one likes to consider, American composers have been writing for the lyric stage, but in hope rather than expectation. A few works have been produced by professional companies. University and conservatory workshops have, in recent times, provided possibilities for small-scale productions. Even the Metropolitan Opera, which is oriented toward music of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, has paid occasional attention to the home-grown, twentieth-century product.

But a scattering of performances does not create a dynamic or a movement — nor do semi-amateur or student undertakings. For this, a certain concentration of force must be achieved, and a continuity then established. The enthusiasm of the public must be drawn into the venture, too, for without it the lyric theatre cannot exist. These things can happen only in a professional opera house; one unhampered either by innate traditionalism or by an audience preconditioned to enjoy only established repertory. In America, they could happen only at a place like the City Center, and under the stimulus of a lively-minded director like Julius Rudel.

One of the most encouraging new offerings of the present season was Carlisle Floyd's *Wuthering Heights*. In the past, I have not been particularly a Floyd fan. His *Susannah* has had a considerable success at the City Center during these two American seasons, but it seems to me a thin product, depending upon the kind of folklorism which has become a cliché since Copland started it all with his admirable Americana ballets. In *Wuthering Heights*, however, Floyd has laid folksiness aside and made a respectable gesture in the direction of universality. His choice of subject guaranteed that the work would tend

toward melodrama, but within that framework he has achieved a musical expression which hints at the emotional depth and breadth required by serious opera. His characters have substance; the libretto he fashioned from the Brontë novel succeeds in framing events, far-flung in time and space, within the confines of three acts and a proscenium.

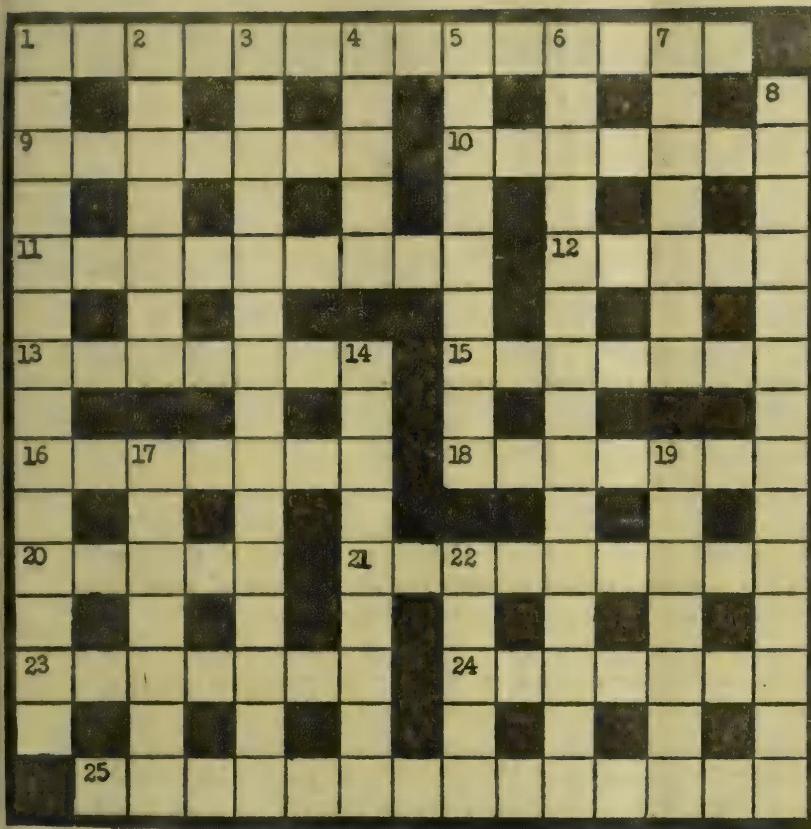
*Wuthering Heights* is more interesting as a transitional work than as a musical achievement in itself. Its vocal and orchestral language attracts one's attention at a given moment and sustains itself by a sort of determination, even in long, ensemble numbers. It does not remain in the mind, however, and the after-flavor is neutral. What is wanted, of course, is a stylistic personality, and there is every reason to hope that Floyd will arrive at his own, convincing, musical style. Certainly, he seems to be headed in that direction. And his dramatic gift is unmistakable.

WITH Norman Dello Joio's *Triumph of St. Joan*, which also made its first appearance at the City Center in this series, the problem of style is more vexed. Dello Joio has been preoccupied with the idea of St. Joan for at least ten years. The present work is his third essay at the subject. The second, entitled *The Trial at Rouen*, was televised in 1956 by the NBC Opera Company. I did not see the preceding versions of this opera, but judging by the present one Dello Joio has become transfixed by a story which embodies significant hazards for a composer whose style is light in coloration. Fluency his music has, as well as a certain gracefulness. But I cannot imagine how he could achieve the dramatic intensity needed for any treatment of this material, except by moving radically from his established mode of expression. The more effective the stage presentation becomes, the more the disparity widens between the tragic seriousness of the story and the relaxed lyricism of the score.

Dello Joio is a thoroughgoing professional, and his *Triumph of St. Joan* possesses all the smoothness of workmanship associated with that competence. It would be beside the point to belabor the one or two flaws in dramatic presentation which are contained in this latest version of St. Joan's travail—the emphasis, in this instance unconvincing, on her wearing of men's clothes, for example, or the slightly disappointing scene of her immolation at the stake and subsequent transfiguration. Had the music been able to carry a sufficient burden of the tragedy, these things would not have mattered.

# Crossword Puzzle No. 819

By FRANK W. LEWIS



## ACROSS:

- 1 His savings may or may not be used (5,9)
- 9 Ran out with a favorite animal, in a way. (7)
- 10 Her soup pleased Pluto. (7)
- 11 Is one's place in front of the shower? (4,5)
- 12 Might be found on top in the militia ranks. (5)
- 13 A study in degenerates and rats in general. (7)
- 15 Your suit won't get pressed if you do. (3-4)
- 16 Suggestive of peaches—in the large, or giant size! (7)
- 18 A suggestion of the first course to study? (7)
- 20 A child of Uranus and Gaea. (5)
- 21 The bright type? (9)
- 23 Sounds like viola's lowest is a likely spot for tar. (4,3)
- 24 Sandburg's Hog Butcher. (7)
- 25 They possibly hope the habit catches on. (5,9)

## DOWN:

- 1 To break fast before a religious holiday is to do more than enough! (14)
- 2 Alkali can't shake it in further! (7)

- 3 With parents gone, he is fatherless by implication. (15)
- 4 Rank distinction! (5)
- 5 Certainly not water-tight conclusions by which the time-killer might be found. (5,4)
- 6 Freedom is found on top of it. (7,8)
- 7 Theater, perhaps, for a production of A. Pinero? (4-3)
- 8 The country is about to follow a couple of fools, and they're treacherous! (14)
- 14 What the commodore has on his shoulders in port? (9)
- 17 To last longer, should be something other than undergarments! (7)
- 19 To make one of this, one might demonstrate how to burn the first and drink the second. (7)
- 22 Just in case? Not quite all of it for the first of 11. (5)

## SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 818

- ACROSS: 1 Pitched battle; 9 Equip; 10 Esperanto; 11 Escheat; 12 Revised; 13 Totes; 14 Digestion; 16 Nose rings; 18 Topic; 19 Topsin; 21 Interim; 22 Oligarchs; 23 Moira; 24 Theoretically.  
 DOWN: 1 Predestination; 2 Truncates; 3 Hoppers; 4 Dwelt; 5 Asparagus; 6 Thrives; 7 Ernes; 8 Holding company; 14 Dining car; 15 Impartial; 17 Re-place; 18 Totemic; 20 Point; 21 Inset.

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# WHEN IS TRUTH?



## *Developments between Monday, April 20 and Sunday, April 26:*

**MONDAY** *The Nation* appeared on newsstands with an article by Walter Schneir\* revealing that scientist J. Laurence Kulp and associates had reported to the AEC at least three months earlier that the absorption of strontium-90 in children's bones doubled in 1957. Mr. Schneir found that the Kulp report was being held for publication in the scholarly magazine, *Science*, for some time late in May or in June.

**WEDNESDAY A.M.** New York metropolitan dailies picked up the story; an AEC spokesman told *The New York Times* that the commission "was not officially involved in the Kulp report." *The Times* carried a summary of Kulp's study.

**WEDNESDAY P.M.** Senators Anderson and Humphrey expressed dissatisfaction with the AEC's handling of fallout data; National Committee on Radiation Protection and Measurements, an advisory body of scientists, revised upwards (to the objection of other scientists) the "maximum permissible concentration" of strontium-90 in human bone.

**FRIDAY P.M.** In response to a query from *The Nation*, A. R. Luedcke, AEC general manager, explained (a) that while the commission "supported" the Kulp study, it had followed practice in this case by permitting scientists whose work it sponsors to make their results public in their own time and in their own way; (b) assured *The Nation* that "the commission is making arrangements for non-AEC scientists engaged in commission-sponsored research to make possible regular publication of the data by the commission as quickly as possible. . . ."

**SUNDAY** Confirming Mr. Luedcke's announcement, Chairman McCone of the AEC stated that the commission was taking "vigorous steps" to hasten the process of making fallout information public. Meanwhile the Air Force, acting because "it believed the public was entitled to know about the results of unclassified research at Government expense" (*The New York Times*), released in advance of scheduled publication an AEC-sponsored fallout report by one of its own scientists.

\*Reprints available: single copies, 10c; 10 copies, 75c; 25 copies, \$1.25; 100 copies, \$4.

*Thanks to The Nation, truth came a little sooner the week of April 20-26.*

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MAY 16, 1959 . . 25c



Campus Report No. 3

**TENSION BENEATH APATHY**

*The Myth of the Bland Generation*

**Paradox in Parenthesis**

**Heirs to Disillusion**

**The Silent Faculty**

**The Teen-Age Ulcer**

**War of the Generations**

**Mark Hopkins' Log**

# LETTERS

## Straightening the Record

Dear Sirs: Mr. Winthrop Parkhurst has pointed out that my recent acknowledgment of having at one time favored a policy of threats against Soviet Russia which might have led to war do not accord with a denial which I published in *The Nation* of October 17, 1953, wherein I stated that I had never advocated such a policy. Although it may seem incredible, I believed this statement to be entirely correct at the time when I made it. I had, in fact, completely forgotten that I had ever thought a policy of threat involving possible war desirable. In 1958, Mr. Alfred Kohlberg and Mr. Walter W. Marseille brought to my notice things which I had said in 1947, and I read these with amazement. I have no excuse to offer.

BERTRAND RUSSELL

Wales

## Auto Safety Law

Dear Sirs: I wish to call attention to some important omissions in the otherwise excellent article on auto safety by Mr. Nader in your April 11 issue. He makes no mention of the need for dual braking as a safeguard against hydraulic-brake failure. Thousands have died because of this. He also says nothing about the need for a Code of Safety Requirements that the auto makers should comply with. But I believe the most important omission is the need for a law making the weakening of the safety of an automobile a criminal offense.

A. EPSTEIN

Los Angeles, Calif.

## Posting the Voters

Dear Sirs: The Voters' Information Act (S. 544, introduced by Senator Javits on January 20) provides that in each post office there shall be posted information on how to register and how to vote as well as the names and office addresses of the Senators and the Representatives for the area in which the post office is located.

A Gallup poll has found that only one voter in five throughout the country has ever written his servants in Congress. A recent poll in New York City revealed that 76 per cent of the voters do not know who their elected lawmakers are in nation, state and city.

The Voters' Information Act should greatly improve the above situation.

However, if you were to assume that the act will have clear sailing in Congress, you would be mistaken. Postmaster General Summerfield has taken a stand against it. He has reported to the Senate and House Post Office and Civil Service Committees as follows:

1. In some areas of public opinion it would be felt that the suggested activity (sic) on the part of the Post Office Department would be in the nature of a partisan (sic) act.

2. The Post Office Department was established to transmit the mail and not as an instrument for influencing (sic) public opinion.

The distortion of this innocuous Act in Mr. Summerfield's eyes needs no comment. But since his viewpoint represents the Administration, all believers in small "d" democracy will have to go all out in support of this bill.

ROBERT P. CORT

Brooklyn, N. Y.

## No Point in Suicide

Dear Sirs: Since 1945 I have been fighting a losing battle against the feeling that, as an inhabitant of the planet Earth in the mid-twentieth century, I am trapped in a lunatic asylum for homicidal maniacs where the inmates are running the place. The weekly arrival of *The Nation*, with its reminder that there are still a few sane people left who see no point in committing super-scientific suicide, has enabled me to avoid complete defeat so far.

R. RIDDLE

Denver, Colo.

## "APT" and Employment

Dear Sirs: In your editorial of April 11 on "Slippage," you state that "APT" [Automatically Programmed Tool] "is the father of 'slippage' and 'disemployment.'" This statement is not supported by any comparative facts. In the Socialist countries, they are pushing "APT" for all it is worth and as a consequence have ever-increasing intensity of employment.

No, mass unemployment is not a function of "APT," or automation, or any over-supply of goods and services. It is a normal, inevitable and perhaps necessary function of capitalism.

MORRISON SHARP

Chicago, Ill.

## The Real Danger: Salt

Dear Sirs: I have had some amusement from reading the rabble-rousing articles by your writers in the April 25 issue

[Walter Schneir, "Strontium-90 in U.S. Children"; Dan Wakefield, "Beachhead on 42nd Street"] concerning the dreadful dangers of strontium-90. Their case would have been more convincing if they had not found it necessary to admit that no one, absolutely no one, has more than the vaguest idea how dangerous traces of strontium-90 really are.

You do not waste your pages deplored the dread danger of too much salt to the health of humans, though it is terribly dangerous if taken in ex-

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## EDITORIALS

### Then and Now

Some twenty years ago it was revealed that the Hollywood movie studios, to insure labor peace in their industry, had made substantial gifts to Willie Bioff and George Browne, eminent racketeers and officers of the International Alliance of Theatrical and Stage Employees. The payments were made through a film distributor. When the transactions were brought to light (incidentally, through the efforts of Westbrook Pegler and the present Editor of *The Nation*), and it was disclosed that income-tax irregularities had occurred, one of the movie magnates was sent to jail. That the heads of the other studios were sternly upright men, unaware of the misdeeds of their colleague, was a theory not widely credited among those in the know. It was believed, rather, that the convicted producer was the "fall guy" for the industry. But, although the episode was front-page news for a time, it had, after all, occurred in the film business, a vaguely unsavory occupation.

The decades have rolled by, and in the latest of the McClellan committee's delvings we find a striking parallel between the events of the thirties and certain incidents of the late forties. Only now it is a part of the impeccable newspaper publishing community which did the bribing. As the *Daily News* puts it with its usual succinct elegance: "307G Paid to Union Bosses to Buy Press Peace Here." Again the payments were made through an intermediary, a large printing firm, Neo Gravure. The principal beneficiary was an extortionist named Harold Gross, who received \$131,459.95. Whatever his faults, Gross is a man who is good to his relatives, for they received \$128,376.95 more. But the greatest surprise (if you have been asleep for a good while) is where the bulk of the money came from. As of this writing, it came from the *New York Mirror*, the *Journal American*, the *American Weekly* and — *horribile dictu* — *The New York Times*. The *Times* representative, squirming in the Senate Rackets Committee dock (or if he didn't squirm, he should have) avowed the *Times* would not do the same today. But it does seem strange that, having done it, the *Times* has not been afflicted with the slightest stammer as it intones its lofty editorials on labor racketeering.

If the McClellan committee would subpoena the circulation managers of all the New York dailies, it

might be rewarded with further revelations of the harmonious relations which can exist between honorable men and crooks, when profit calls the tune. But the point of the current incident, as of the earlier Bioff-Browne episode, will be missed by both the McClellan committee and the public, if sight is lost of the fact that racketeering invariably implies a relationship between the bribe-payer and the bribe-receiver.

In labor relations, pure extortion is rare; the familiar pattern is the bribe which is partly extorted, partly paid for services rendered. We suspect that the McClellan committee will find this familiar pattern in the newspaper business, as elsewhere.

### Mr. Herter and the British

One of the principal duties of a foreign secretary is to maintain good relations with his country's allies. Vis-à-vis the British, the chances are that Secretary Herter will do better in this respect than his predecessor. Not that Mr. Dulles rode roughshod over these nearest and dearest comrades in NATO, but the agreements he concluded kept coming apart at the seams. They are still coming apart. Mr. Macmillan has embarked on a course which would scarcely have won Mr. Dulles' approval. The British Prime Minister obviously believes that agreements with the Russians can be reached, a theme against which Mr. Dulles instinctively rebelled. But then, Mr. Macmillan, and more so Mr. Gaitskell, who may be the next Prime Minister, must take account of active anti-war sentiment in Britain such as does not exist in the United States. Moreover, is it plausible that Sir Winston Churchill came to the United States solely for a last reunion with his old comrade in arms? Is it not more likely that he came to enlist President Eisenhower's support for Macmillan's policy, and thus to make an electoral victory for the Tories more likely? Peripheral to these political considerations, we hear anguished protest from British armament interests that the United States has seized a virtual monopoly in supplying weapons to Western Europe. The task of coping with these British dissatisfactions, and reconciling American, British, and NATO strategy generally, will come more easily to Mr. Herter, with his relative freedom from the rigid policies of the past. But he will need every resource he can lay his hands on.

## In Defense of Mr. Strauss

*The Nation* has on numerous occasions expressed editorial views regarding Rear Admiral Lewis L. Strauss, and its opinions have been uniformly unfavorable. We still feel that Mr. Strauss has a congenital aversion to the truth if it conflicts with his predilections, and that these inclinations of his are essentially retrogressive. He should never have been appointed to a sensitive post — we use the term in its pre-security-conscious meaning — like the chairmanship of the Atomic Energy Commission. In that position, we believe, he did great harm to the United States and to all humanity, and the end is not yet. Nevertheless, he should be confirmed as Secretary of Commerce. We said so when the President appointed him, and the bulk of what has emerged in the Senate confirmation hearings seems to us irrelevant.

Commerce is, of course, a big department which takes in many vital divisions, but most of these are run by career men whose activities are scarcely affected by the political appointee who momentarily sits in the Secretary's chair. The chief function of the Secretary is liaison with such bodies as the National Association of Manufacturers and the Chamber of Commerce of the United States. He is essentially the representative of big business in the Cabinet. For this responsibility, Mr. Strauss is sufficiently qualified both by disposition and experience. He may be secretive, obtuse and self-righteous, but no one has ever said he was not a capable investment banker. He can speak to audiences with or without a teleprompter, and as an administrator he is probably as good as his predecessor. Since he is an indefatigable public servant and has the President's confidence, he must be appointed to something; his ministrations in Commerce will give a measure of immunity to other departments for the balance of General Eisenhower's term. It can also be argued that the President has a right to have anyone in the Cabinet he desires, unless a clear and present disadvantage to the country can be demonstrated. We are pleased, therefore (although for different reasons) to join Dr. Teller in stumping for Mr. Strauss' confirmation. If this is a lute for Mr. Strauss' wounds, he is welcome to it.

## A Timely Proposal

The press of the nation, reflecting a mood of national relief and satisfaction, has joined in editorial praise of the prompt action of the Organization of American States in saving the ginerack regime of de la Guardia in Panama from the "invasion" of eighty nondescript raiders. The action was swift — the Rio Treaty of 1947 has teeth in it — and it was also unprecedented; this is the first time the O.A.S. has intervened to protect a member state from "private" raiders. But the danger to the Canal Zone does not stem from the fact that any

particular Panamanian regime might be overthrown by force and violence. The real danger is rather to be found, as *The Nation* has pointed out before, in our straight-faced, unblinking insistence that the American position in the Canal Zone is utterly unlike the position the British once occupied in Suez. In a strictly *de jure* sense, the positions are, of course, unlike; and in any proceeding before the World Court we would win hands down. But measured against the circumstances under which we acquired rights in the Canal Zone — and these circumstances are well known and not subject to debate — our "paper" position is nevertheless vulnerable to political attack. In different ways, Presidents Roosevelt, Truman and Eisenhower have recognized that we could not safely place our entire reliance on contractual and treaty provisions. And since the nationalization of the Suez Canal, the political attacks have been stepped up.

Against this background, the recent proposal of Dr. Jose Figueres, former president of Costa Rica, deserves far more attention than it received. Let the United States, he said, transfer the Canal Zone to the Organization of American States. The headquarters of the O.A.S. would then be moved to the zone, which would be renamed "District of the Americas." Let a customs union be negotiated. And let the O.A.S. recognize that the military defense of the canal was the primary responsibility of the United States. In this way, the area would cease to be a weak point in the defense of the Western Hemisphere and become, instead, a symbol of Western Hemisphere strength and unity.

In Dr. Figueres' view, some such proposal would win fairly easy acceptance if it were advanced now; later on, acceptance might be more difficult. An election is scheduled in Panama for 1960 and the issue of the Canal Zone — more particularly, the division of revenues from its operations — has already provided splendid political fireworks to enliven the campaign. No doubt we have a strong legal position in the zone, but can it withstand the political hurricanes that are now blowing up in the Caribbean?

## Publish or Perish

Trygve R. Tholffson, for five years an assistant professor of history at the University of California, Los Angeles, has been fired. Next fall, Mr. Tholffson will be an associate professor at the University of Louisiana, a rise in rank that, among other things, gives him tenure. So this is not an occasion to bewail the professor's misfortunes.

It may, however, be an occasion to commiserate with the students at UCLA. On hearing of the administration's action, senior students in the history department circulated a petition attesting to Mr. Tholffson's excellence as a teacher and urging the university to re-

consider. His former bosses do not question Mr. Tholfsen's professional skill, but he has not published much during his stay on the Pacific and must give place to an academe who may prove handier with his pencil.

This is the rule of "publish or perish" in action, and one can understand the university's motive. All things being equal, a man who gets in print regularly draws more credit to his university than one who devotes himself to mute, inglorious instruction. But things — and particularly teachers — are never equal, and the people in a good position to know feel that Mr. Tholfsen's departure is a deprivation. As one undergraduate spokesman said, "the purpose of the university is to teach students." That is such a simple statement that any administrator, sophisticated in matters of grants, alumni patronage and status, could spot it at once as the remark of an unfledged idealist.

## The Slow Transition

It is a nice question of cause and effect whether the troubles continually thrust on the Western world by the Chinese Reds can be ascribed solely to their innate atheistic deviltry, or whether non-recognition by the United States might also play a part. Be that as it may, if a balance sheet could be struck between the inconveniences and the advantages, if any, of current U.S. policy, it would be apparent that non-recognition comes high, and probably will come even higher. Representative Chet Holifield admitted as much in suggesting that an agreement with the Soviet Union on a cessation on atomic testing would be worthless unless Red China were included. Asked whether this would make it desirable to recognize Red China in order to prevent sneak testing on its territory, Representative Holifield replied that he was for any step that would prevent a nuclear war. He said further that he couldn't understand why the question of Peking's participation in a test ban was not included in the Geneva talks among the NATO ministers. While not advocating recognition, Mr. Holifield seems to be resigned to it for practical reasons, and in this he probably represents the temper of an increasingly influential section of official and public opinion. The next step in this slow progression will be for some bold soul in the Administration or the Congress to advocate recognition of the Chinese Reds as being so obviously in our own interest that it can no longer be evaded.

## Self-Government for the District

Good ideas are contagious. It is now apparent that the admission of Alaska and Hawaii to the Union was secured by the simple trick of getting one to yield priority to the other. Alaska's admission had the magical effect of increasing, many times over, the pressures for

the admission of Hawaii. And the admission of both has now added great momentum to the ancient campaign to enfranchise the 850,000 residents of the District of Columbia. No other major capital denies the franchise to local residents in such an uncompromising, arbitrary fashion. It was not always so in the district (see: "Free, White and Voteless" by Constance McLaughlin Green, *The Nation*, November 17, 1956); indeed, the right of suffrage still exists there; it is merely, so the experts say, that since 1874 Congress has refused to permit the right to be exercised. The bill now before Congress is not a model bill but, if adopted, it will confer a measure of self-government on the residents of the district and lead, in due course, to their full enfranchisement. Once again, therefore, *The Nation* is pleased to second the motion to enfranchise the residents of the capital.

## The Lonely Insurgents

When the AFL-CIO expelled Hoffa's Teamsters Union in December, 1957, it coupled its action with an appeal to the rank and file of teamsters to clean their own house. The federation made it clear at the time that it would not charter a dual group, but left the implication that it would at least offer moral and other support to anti-Hoffa dissidents.

Last month the AFL-CIO had an opportunity to put words into action. A group of seventy teamster insurgents, including the former president of Chicago's Taxicab Local 777 of the Teamsters Union, appealed to a prominent AFL-CIO attorney for help. The current head of the local, Joseph Glimco, had been exposed by the McClellan committee as guilty of all sorts of derelictions and they wanted to change their leadership. But though the lawyer telephoned five AFL-CIO affiliates, none wanted to get mixed up in a fight with the teamsters. The insurgents are still on their own.

The incident points up the folly of the 1957 expulsion. The day before the teamsters were expelled, Hoffa was reported to have offered the AFL-CIO a monitorship for one year over his organization as the price for remaining inside the official movement. Meany and Reuther, however, anxious to placate public opinion, turned the offer down. The results show that no one has been helped. Hoffa is stronger than ever; his two opponents, Bill Lee and Tom Haggerty, who ran against him for office, are no longer in opposition; in the face of a downward trend in AFL-CIO membership, his union has gained 116,000 members. Neither McClellan, the court monitors, nor the AFL-CIO has done anything effective for rank-and-filers who needed help. The McClellan tirades haven't stopped — and they have hurt all of labor, not only the Teamsters Union. The hasty concession to "public opinion" has proven to be an empty and futile gesture.

# TENSION BENEATH APATHY

**EDITORS' NOTE:** The present generation — youth in college and just graduated — has been called apathetic, silent, conformist, indifferent, confused. Whatever validity these labels may have, they are still labels: descriptive but not diagnostic.

This issue of *The Nation* has been turned over to a small group of teachers and students who take the epithets for granted and seek the reasons. The magazine is in a good position to undertake this clinical explanation because it has prepared the ground with two earlier descriptive surveys. In "The Careful Young Men" (March 9, 1957), a panel of gifted young university instructors offered a portrait of the contemporary student based on close work with articulate undergraduates. This was followed a year later (May 17, 1958) by a mirror-picture of the subject in "The Class of '58 Speaks Up." These two projects fully carried out their purpose, which was to define a situation of national, but unfocused concern — the apparent failure of youth in an era of crisis.

Now we offer the picture again, but this time in the perspective of causes and influences. As one might expect, it is quite a different picture and one that suggests mobility and conflict rather than despair.

For example, Provost Edward D. Eddy, Jr. of the University of New Hampshire, basing his conclusions on one of the few serious nation-wide studies of the American campus today, insists that "the careful young men" are anything but complacent; they constitute, in his

provocative phrase, "a paradox in parenthesis." William Sloane Coffin, Jr., Yale's young chaplain, tells why he finds this generation "the heirs to disillusion." Dr. William Graham Cole of Williams shows that the student, far from complacent, undergoes tensions merely in trying to get into college. Following this theme a little further back in time, Dr. Louis E. Reik, Princeton's resident psychiatrist, notes that youth is involved in a struggle for independence long before it reaches the university campus.

Or is it the faculty, in truth, which is "the silent generation"? For an answer to this question, we turned to the students themselves. Messrs. Burlage and Power, campus journalists at the universities of Texas and Michigan respectively, stress in different ways a failure of communication between student and faculty, the growth of administrative bureaucracies, and the need to study faculty performance before deciding where the silence has fallen.

All these men agree that the nation's youth will respond to the life of our time, if it is challenged by the life of our time. But from what source is the challenge to come? That question is outside the scope of this "diagnostic consultation," but it serves to bring the nation's youth back into the chain of generations. No generation exists by itself, though terms like "silent" and "complacent" — and the currently popular "beat" — obscure and aggravate the situation by assuming that isolation is possible.

## 1. Paradox in Parenthesis . . by Edward D. Eddy, Jr.

*University of New Hampshire*  
ONE OF THE favorite pastimes of the present age is to wring our hands in despair and cry loudly over the deep-seated decadence of today's youth. I suppose what I most rebel against is the idea that today's college youth somehow ought to be secure, purposeful, endowed with all the attributes which are so obviously missing in their adult counterparts. Too often students are criticized as

if they were a breed apart, to be judged by entirely different standards than anybody else. On the one hand, they are accused of having no spark; on the other, heads shake when the spark ignites occasionally in the wrong way. Many adults now appear to have forgotten that youth is a time of ferment not cement.

Now that I have said this, let me proceed to contradict myself by indulging in some rash accusations (to be taken, however, in the spirit in which they are now expressed—a supreme, unbending confidence in the silent generation and a sneaking suspicion that it is the older generation that is really at fault). What I am

going to say emerges for the most part from a study which is reported in full in *The College Influence on Student Character*, published in March by the American Council of Education. Last year I was one of a group of three who, under the sponsorship of the council, set out to take a look at the American college student and the process of gradual enlightenment which is generally called "higher learning." Two of the three — James L. Yakovakis and Mary L. Parkhurst — were recent college graduates whose job it was to become as much a part of the campus as possible. We spent time at twenty colleges and universities—of all types

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**EDWARD D. EDDY, Jr.**, vice president and provost of the University of New Hampshire, is the author of *The College Influence on Student Character* and other books.

and sizes—in seventeen different states across the country. On each campus the staff members lived with the students in dormitories, fraternities or sororities. They ate with them, went to class and to meetings, participated in bull sessions, drank countless cups of coffee and mugs of beer. In addition, we interviewed members of the faculty and staff on each campus.

In our observations and conclusions we leaned heavily on the reaction of students to the collegiate experience. We did this in the belief that *how* students receive education conditions *what* they receive. Everywhere we traveled, we found the majority willing and often anxious to talk about what was happening to them. In many cases we noted a genuine sense of urgency. We emerged with no easy definition of education or of the contemporary college student. The best capsule summary I can offer is that we found the student to be a "paradox in parenthesis."

LET ME EXPLAIN, first, the word "parenthesis." Over and over again college students told us that, in their opinion, the content and form of higher education are *not* sufficiently related to the rest of life, nor is education genuinely relevant to their concerns. Because of this, students tend to regard the four years of college as a parenthesis setting off a time in which they can perhaps enjoy themselves for the last time before "real maturation" sets in. The parenthesis encloses something which has no particularly striking relationship to what went on before, or to what will follow. Nevertheless, it is socially necessary—both as a custom and for the sake of a better life (which usually means a better job for the boys and a happier home for the girls). This is the background for the concern of one student who told us, "They keep telling me that college is preparation for life, but I'm alive now."

The absence of relevance in collegiate education has some side effects of substantial importance. If college is regarded only as a pleasant respite, the student may well come to feel that there are two worlds in which he may live—the here and the

then. Not infrequently, for instance, we came across the student who was frank enough to admit, "I really don't see any relationship between my cheating on an exam now and what I'll do later in life. Because I get my kicks today, doesn't mean that I'm always going to be living it up."

That's the parenthesis and the danger of its maintenance. Now what about the paradox?

FIRST OF ALL, let me pose the initial paradox: Beneath the student's studied pretense of indifference and apathy lies an unfashionable but searching desire for meaning in all that he does.

On almost every campus we visited—from California to New England—student apathy was the major topic of conversation. This apathy was often expressed by the student in the simple phrase: "I couldn't care less." The phrase was supposed to apply to academic work, to leadership positions in activities, to any number of campus events. A faculty member told us: "Apathy is another way of describing the attitude that registers *superficial* or studied indifference. The unfortunate result is satisfaction with mediocrity." The student, it appears, wants never to become excited or involved.

Yet when we probed more deeply,

we found another and wholly contradictory characteristic: the student is interested, often urgently, in an honest search for meaning. To many the search is not easy, for they are just beginning to sense the dimensions of truth. As one student wrote in his campus newspaper: "I do not know what I want out of life—or what I want to contribute to it—but I am learning. First I had to learn that it was necessary to have some idea about these questions. It didn't take me long to discover that there are no simple answers." The search, it seems, is often hid under a crusty layer of non-concern—but it's there.

If beneath this crusty layer of non-concern, the students are genuinely searching for meaning, why is there among them so scant a satisfaction with higher education? I put the blame squarely on us—the faculty, the administrators. In Ordway Tead's phrase, much in college education today is "so chatty, so trivial, and so inconsequential." In a nutshell: college does not demand enough from the student.

On only a handful of the campuses which we visited did many students claim that they were really performing to their full capacity. Much time is expended on meaningless activity. College campuses may be busy places, but it's surprising how much trivia consume the important hours of growing up. Students are much too easily distracted, much too quickly dumped into a rut of self-pity and sometimes self-indulgence. It's fashionable, of course, to be busy—but the busyness is often more important than the achievement. Prestige comes from busyness. The student who can sing the loudest, "I've got more to do than you" gets the lead in the campus musical comedy.

Something rather dramatic and encouraging happened last spring on the campus of the University of Wisconsin. Over 200 student leaders sent to the university president a petition which, according to our study, reflects well the sentiments of many students throughout the country. It read in part:

Although the university is constantly making attempts to improve its standards, we believe that it has failed to challenge its students sufficiently. In many senses, it is too



easy for thousands of students to "get by" and never learn to become critical, analytical thinkers or to achieve an understanding of the world around them. Students on all levels of attainment feel that they have not worked to the limits of their ability and time.

The university must raise its standards. In some cases this means simply requiring more work; in many more it means emphasizing an improved quality of work and an intelligent, analytical approach to the subject matter. Students must extend themselves to achieve a deep and meaningful understanding of material. But this is possible only if the faculty seeks to help us by challenging us more fully.

I COME NOW to the second paradox: While wanting to know what he should know, the student protests that he should have increasing opportunity to think and act for himself. The student, like all human beings, is naturally self-centered. He views education in terms of what it will do for him rather than *with* him. And so, over and over again, he complains about his instructor: "If only he'd tell us what he wants us to know."

While desiring more independence in both thought and action, the student, nevertheless, has a strong urge to know *exactly where* he stands at any given moment—and at the same time demands the right to influence the conditions affecting the stand. On a campus threatened with more stringent restrictions, a junior girl student wrote a typical letter to her college newspaper protesting that students desire to be treated as something better than machines:

It is time to herald the Thinking Machine. No emotion, no benefit of experience—just an enormous brain—reading, listening to scholars, writing papers, taking exams. Learning about democratic ideology, but not having the terrible conflict of acting. And if the machine lasts four years without breaking apart or running down [it will be given] a piece of paper and [made into] a man or woman, prepared to assume its role in a much less bright society.

This paradox is beautifully illustrated by the response to one of our most challenging questions. We asked a student to describe the ideal person. His initial answer reflected,

for the most part, society's current admiration of the well-adjusted person who gets along with anybody. But to this was quickly added praise for the person who reasons and acts for himself. The man of character, according to the student, is one who does not accept too readily the point of view of others and yet has the knack of understanding and working with all who cross his path. Obviously, the student's desire for individual thought is gravely threatened and compounded by his equally strong desire for social acceptance.

Moving on to the third paradox: Often intensely dissatisfied with the programs and processes of education, the student, nevertheless, is reluctant to play much part in change.

The average student is not happy with the higher learning he is getting. We came across strong criticism of classroom methods: the over-emphasis on marks or the heavy stress on the use of the curve in determining grades, for instance. One student told us: "We don't mind competing, but this is encouraging unhealthy competition. And then it often ends up this way—instead of competing with one another, we all gang up on the prof and compete with him!"

A FREQUENT complaint centered on the over-use of objective-type examinations. An editorial in the Colorado student paper, discussing the question of whether or not the college graduate learns how to think, concluded:

In too many cases the answer is no. Four years in college may simply signify that one is more adept than most at surviving the multiple-choice, true-false exams which are given in most classrooms. Colleges are turning out satisfied men with empty heads—and it is the colleges themselves which are primarily guilty.

The freshman year seems to take the brunt of the criticism. Here the courses are said to be the most tradition-bound and the teaching the least inspiring. Unless the student is challenged and becomes, to some degree, fascinated at this early stage, later efforts to interest him will meet with more resistance. As one student commented, "In the middle of my freshman year, I suddenly discovered

that I'd become awfully sour. I was pretty cynical about the great things the college said it was going to do with me. I've recovered somewhat, but that first experience started me off on no feet at all."

Despite this sometimes intense dissatisfaction with the educational process, students are reluctant to take part in change. Perhaps because they are campus transients, they are not eager to uproot traditional forms. Students will cite numerous activity-groups and functions which might profitably be combined; yet, as leaders, few prove willing to initiate change or to allow their own organizations to die a relatively painless death. The question *Why?* is a neglected interrogation in both curricular and extra-curricular life. It is buried under the weight of the system, the custom and the tradition of the academic world.

Most students have no idea of the influence at their command. They have the unquestioned opportunity to help broaden the horizon of higher education, to force the faculty member to delve more deeply and to cherish more fully. We were delighted to find one student who told us, "In our class, the students agreed the teaching was lousy. The treatment was superficial. We backed the prof into a corner and shot so many questions at the poor man that he had to go back and take a second look at his own knowledge as well as his method."

THE NEXT paradox: Keenly interested in experiencing the totality of life and knowledge, the student often reacts by preferring to compartmentalize his own life and knowledge.

The interest in totality is obvious. The inquiring student seeks the broader implications and relationships of what he studies. He frequently complains that too few of his teachers begin the encounter by discussing their concept of the overall purpose of the course, the place it may hold in the student's educational development, its relationship to other subjects, and what it might say to the student as a living, striving person. No matter what the field of study, that field does have a relationship to fundamental issues.

A faculty member put it this way: "Do I insist that what is important is and must be important in the *immediate present*? Or shall I be willing to consider the past? Do I identify myself simply with my colleagues who are living now, or do I try to sense the whole experience of the race? Am I willing to consider the question of tradition? Do I consider, for instance, the human image simply as I happen to meet it — walking around on the street, God help me — or do I view the human image at all times and in all places and contexts?"

There, in a nutshell, is the heart of liberal learning. And how does the student react? Like the instructor, he proceeds to compartmentalize, to make no attempt to relate, to live *today*. A good example of this is the student who gives lip service to integrity as a fundamental value of the human race — and then cheats on the next examination, or copies the theme of another, or does any number of things which are quite foreign to the logic which he demands of the teacher.

THE LAST student paradox: While respecting and honoring the adult who has explicit convictions, the student prefers to hide his own in the shelter of the group.

Over and over again, students claim to value far more highly the faculty member who has convictions and is willing to make them known. They agree that often they first recognize the importance of taking a stand only after they have actually observed a person who is honestly and carefully committed. They sense

immediately and are suspicious of any teacher who tries to hide under a façade of assumed objectivity. One student concluded, "We're called the silent generation, but can you really blame us? We've studied under those who often make a fetish of silence." A Harvard Student Council report commented:

Students frequently receive the impression that this noncommitted objective stance is the only one that is scholarly and scientific. Hence they may think that they should try to maintain it all of the time, even when commitment is in order. . . . If suspended judgment is connected with a scholarly approach, students may remain suspended until they leave the academic community, and then revert to earlier social norms or unthinkingly adopt new ones offered them by the society they enter.

The student says he likes a man with convictions; but what, really, does he himself practice? As one student told us, "We prefer to hide our convictions under a blanket of superficiality because of the social pressures of the crowd." It is not popular on a campus to have a well-considered, entrenched concept. We found that while most students are idealistic individually, the group norm does not sanction expression. The setting of standards, for instance, is a group process. Relatively few students profess to maintain individually held values.

For this, they blame the world around them. Here is a beautifully phrased rendition of the current attitude, as reflected in a campus editorial:

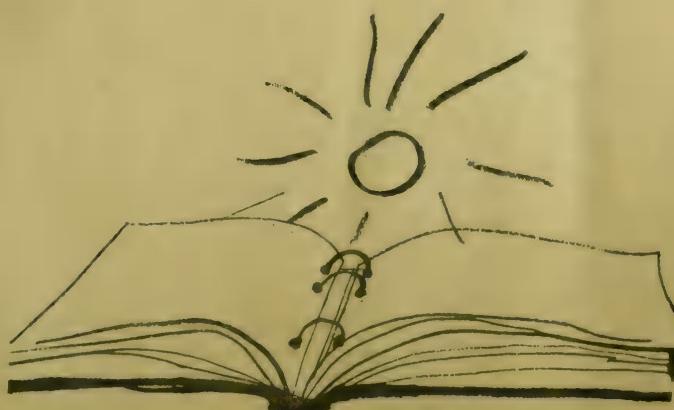
We are the antiseptic generation.  
We have grown up protected from

the germs of extremisms which had given our elders a case of intellectual gout. For us history is a study only of the past; greatness today is not our necessity. Therefore, we concentrate on "life adjustment" which helps us rid ourselves of the little idiosyncrasies of which greatness is made. [Malcontentism] is as great a sin as adultery and probably more often punished. But somewhere in the back of our minds we know that this protection is but a flimsy wrap. We want to know more, hear more, do more, think more, but our society neither encourages nor rewards those who inquire.

Parenthetically, let me add that we found significant differences in overt idealism between men and women. In a word: the women want to be better and the men better off. Most students are deeply introspective. They want a frame of reference for their lives — but not necessarily a religious one. The student is not anti-religious, but he is usually uninspired by the usual pattern of religious activity. And often he confuses religious belief with mere humanitarianism. The student will not respond to empty moralizing. He will not commit himself religiously until he has found what is for him adequate grounds for commitment. This is why he prefers, at present, to intellectualize religion.

WE found, too, that most students associate morality with their inability to comprehend and accept absolutism. For example, many expressed an inability to understand what they term the vestiges of a God-centered system of self-discipline to which their grandparents subscribed — and their parents less so. They contend that this system of Puritan ethics has been diluted by generations of incessant questioning. It involves more compromise and hypocrisy than they wish to embrace. So the moral standard becomes: "I'll take my chances, but I will play it safe in the future." Here again the standard of double existence. To the student, morality is strictly a personal matter — but it is, on inspection, largely group-controlled.

The final paradox involves directly the college itself: The student is ready for a more searching and



strenuous educational experience, but the colleges have not fully recognized, nor are they fully prepared to meet, this potential challenge. The colleges are often the purveyors of security-worship. The failure of the student to respond is basically the failure of the college to challenge. As one student told us, "We all do our best when we really believe that somebody has faith in us. It's the indifference that makes rationalization so much easier."

The notion that the chief role of higher education is to preserve tradition must be overcome. Wherever we traveled, we found that the student, beneath his façade of cynicism in strange combination with buoyant optimism, is ready to be challenged.

The current generation of college students may be silent at times, and most loquacious at other times, "beat" one moment and out to beat the world the next, self-satisfied and

frightened; but it is, by and large, well aware of its growing pains and not particularly reticent about discussing them. If the stimulus is right, the student will respond. Without the right stimulus, however, he will drift and finally moor in any haven which appears most immediately attractive.

For the intelligent student as well as the perceptive college, this represents both an obligation and a magnificent challenge.

## 2. The Voice of the Student

*The voice of the student is represented, in this symposium, by contributions from two campus journalists on subjects each has treated in extenso in his own publication. Robb K. Burlage was editor of The Daily Texan until a few months ago; Philip Power is now a night editor of The Daily Michigan.*

### The Silent Faculty

By ROBB K. BURLAGE

*University of Texas*

THIS IS THE AGE of bigness—big business, big government, big churches, big-screen TV and "big" education. And because bigness begets bureaucracy, conformism, discretion, the giant academic communities which today dominate American higher education are harboring teachers and administrators who deserve the appellation "silent generation" as much as the students for whom the phrase was invented. This is particularly true of state universities, which are dependent upon legislative appropriations for their existence.

True, the academic community is no longer the easy punching bag that it was for the pseudo-patriots of the McCarthy era. The teaching profession, riding the coattails of the sputniks, has attained a higher level of public regard. There are fewer "incidents" in violation of the principle of academic freedom.

There have been no firings for political reasons here at the University of Texas, for instance, since the dismissal of Homer T. Rainey as presi-

dent in 1946. And while the Texas legislature makes no bones about its dislike of the Big Bad State University (a current bill, which even its sponsors know is hopeless of passage, would require all professors to sign an oath declaring belief in a Supreme Being), it has refrained from direct attack on any individual on the campus.

Yet the Rainey incident left a heritage of caution on the university which has not been effaced in the intervening years. Bulging enrollments, moreover, have given rise to a campus "togetherness" atmosphere in which nobody wants to say anything to which anyone else—particularly anyone higher up in the academic hierarchy—could possibly take exception. Witlessly or no, Dr. Logan Wilson, president of the university, set the tone in a speech last fall in which he candidly expressed his feelings about the "sociological aspects" of administering a university community. He emphasized that "conflict" must be avoided—or at least kept to an absolute minimum—in an academic community no less than in any other large enterprise.

Elaborating this point of view (which a local newspaper recently hailed as "diplomatic progress"), Dr. Wilson said:

One of the primary obligations of top administration is to prevent conflict, and hence any continuing and deep conflict is *prima facie* evidence of administrative ineptness. . . . My point is not that the administration should yield to the faculty in a dispute over principles or other matters, but merely that it is the duty of ad-

ministration to keep impasses from developing.

Perhaps this is sound business-administration policy. But is education a business? Though Dr. Wilson and his team of administrators have won high regard on the campus for the manner in which they have increased the university's prestige throughout the state (and its appropriations from the legislature), there is nevertheless a deep sense of unease among the faculty. There are reports that promotions have been withheld from teachers who, at one time or another, displayed independence of thought. One professor of the humanities, known for his "controversial" views and his outspoken criticism of administrative rulings, has failed to win promotion despite the recommendation of his department superiors. Of a group of faculty members who, two years ago, protested the removal of a Negro student from a campus opera production, only one received a merit increase that year.

Of course, the pressures which can make, break or stultify an academic career do not appear on the surface, and it is more often than not impossible, in any specific case, to link cause with effect. But it is enough that responsible members of the faculty are psychologically ready to accept the more sinister interpretations. One senior faculty member here insists that the morale of his colleagues is the lowest he has seen it in the eighteen years during which he has been associated with the university.



The problem here at the University of Texas is not unique; indeed, it may well be less acute here than elsewhere.

State universities, packed to the rafters, find themselves answerable to every mom and dad in every county in the state, and beyond. Every voter thinks he is an expert on education because, after all, doesn't he "control" the legislature which "controls" the university? And he wants to know what kind of "alien" indoctrination his children are getting in the laboratories and classrooms.

This widespread, intense and altogether inexpert concern is reflected in administrative and teaching attitudes. A recent article in *The New York Times* magazine quotes a professor:

Today the faculties at our large universities work for the administration rather than the reverse, as was the case in earlier days. . . . A large and powerful bureaucracy, then, places a premium upon service to its ends, and these are not always coincident to the primary function of the teacher.

Dr. George Williams, professor at Rice Institute, says in his disturbing book, *Some of My Best Friends Are Professors*:

The typical professor is in continual dread of antagonizing, irritating, or disturbing "the administration"—especially if he happens to know that most modern university

administrators maintain a secret dossier on each of their professors, and that into this dossier goes every scrap of gossip or criticism that reaches the administration.

Professor Louis M. Hacker, writing in *The Nation* of April 12, 1958, insists that "There is a virtual black-list existing in the American university world that is as mean and cruel as any inquisition."

On the other hand, Dr. Millard Rudd, professor of law and chairman of the Academic Freedom Committee at the University of Texas, denies that such administrative pressures exist—at least on this campus. Yet it is undeniable that the university's Faculty Council, once a hotbed of controversy, has turned into a "yes" group for the administration. Is this because the meetings themselves have become so big as to discourage debate? Or could it be that the faculty representatives are afraid to speak out? Dr. Eugene Nelson, council secretary, says simply that "We haven't had as many issues in the last few years that have been divisive of the faculty." No issues? At a time when the university is at the brink of its greatest period of expansion? If there is nothing "divisive," nothing to debate, why have any meetings at all?

THE QUESTION IS whether, under the circumstances prevailing on most large campuses, creative, articulate leadership is being trained. Is the

so-called "silent generation" of students simply emulating the apathy—or the caution—of their teachers?

It is the university administration's job, it seems to me, to create that kind of campus atmosphere in which the faculty feels encouraged to challenge, to debate, to reach conclusions which do not necessarily coincide with "popular" conclusions. (As *The Daily Texan* put it recently: "The administration cannot hand out . . . courage with the monthly pay checks, but it can provide elbow-room for its exercise.") More than this, it is the administration's job, having encouraged independence of thought within the academic family, to defend that independence against the outside world, and to lead in teaching the public that a university's prime responsibility is not to reflect public opinion, but to help in creating it.

Precisely in this age of "bigness," of mass media of communications, of increased pressures on the university from the non-academic worlds of business and industry, there is greater need than ever for university administrators and teachers who are dedicated to a renaissance of freedom—and controversy—on the campus.

## Mark Hopkins' Log

By PHILIP POWER

*University of Michigan*  
A COLLEGE was once compared to a log with a student sitting on one end and Mark Hopkins (an early president of Williams College) on the other. This was meant to suggest that the core of the educational process is the one-to-one personal relationship between teacher and student. But a modern university or college cannot be quite so uncomplicated (and effective) as this.

The unifying element in a modern university arises from the common dedication of all its members to both education and scholarship. Recent developments in higher education have made it increasingly difficult for schools to retain such a sense of unity and dedication. Increased enrollment has drawn into the academic community a surprisingly large number of administrative and service personnel whose immediate functions are neither educational nor

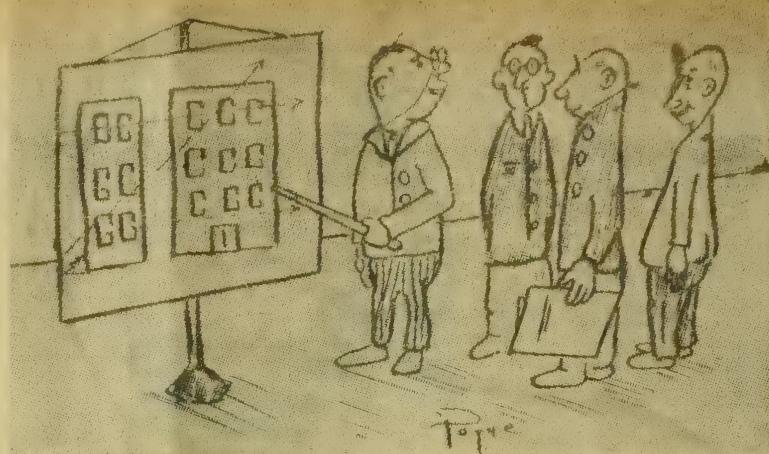
scholarly. This has led to an increasingly complex organizational structure which tends to obscure the primary functions of the university and to destroy its intellectual unity.

The principal difficulty lies in the United States' "population explosion," which by 1970 is expected nearly to double the present college-age group. Assuming the same percentage of college enrollment from this group as in the past, schools must expand as much in the next eleven years as they have in the last hundred. And the likelihood is that the percentage will rise, making things that much worse.

Most colleges and universities in the United States have responded to this increased pressure by raising enrollments. The University of Michigan, by common consent one of the top state universities in the country, ranking with the best of the private institutions, has doubled its student body in the last twenty years. Enrollment is expected to double again in the next decade. This situation is common throughout the country. But universities fear that student enrollment inevitably will expand faster than the faculties, which may be held back by administrative inertia or lack of funds. Further, what teaching offers, as a profession, does not seem sufficient to attract enough qualified men and women to fill the need. The trend, if not checked, could lead to classes of ever-increasing size and, perhaps, the eventual de-personalization of education by the use of some more "efficient" teaching medium such as television.

SO FAR, most universities are attempting to retain their traditional student-teacher ratios by expanding their faculties. The University of Michigan, for example, insists that over the long run, its normal thirteen-to-one ratio has increased only slightly, if at all, and that class size has not been significantly altered.

But the simple statistic that there is one teacher for every thirteen or so students does not prove that a university is discharging its function properly. A university community which is oriented toward thinking—itself a process of communication—must have easy personal contact between its members in order to thrive.



"Now we will take subcommittee C and merge it with Department A, and put it all under Philosophy."

It is not operating as it should when students know merely that Professor X is a member of the English Department, but nothing of his nature as an individual, which is perhaps the most important thing he can contribute to his teaching. Mark Hopkins' log will not function as it should when it becomes so long or so crowded that the teacher and the student cannot talk face to face.

Bigness *per se* is not entirely unhealthy, of course. A large school has more resources at its disposal than a smaller one. But it also requires more organization, which in turn creates the danger of over-organization and the choking, thereby, of the primary educational function. The University of Michigan has some 246 separate administrative departments, and further increases are probable. On campuses all over the country, complaint is rising against the proliferation of committees, subcommittees, committees on committees, "channels," organizational schematics, etc.

Although in some measure necessary to the adequate functioning of large and complex institutions, such proliferation sometimes makes things so difficult to get done that they no longer seem worth doing. The progressive fragmentation of university organization can lead only to a withering away of the spirit of mutuality which is essential to the functioning of an intellectual community. Mark Hopkins' log was simple and straight, not a twisted branch.

Size creates still other problems. For adequate operation, a university has a legitimate need for a corps of administrators and service personnel. The University of Michigan, for example, adds around 130 new employees directly connected to the functioning of the university for every 1,000 additional students. Assuming that the university continues its thirteen-to-one student-teacher ratio, around seventy-six of the new employees will be teachers, and the other fifty-four will be in administrative and service fields. Similar figures are reported for other schools.

UNIVERSITIES follow the pattern of growth seen in other large institutions: the proportional increase in administrative and service segments tends to outstrip growth of its other elements. Thus academic communities are faced with an influx of personnel who service, rather than participate in, the intellectual life which is the university's *raison d'être*. Their presence is no doubt necessary, but their numbers dilute the concentration of active members of the community and make it more difficult for it to function as it should.

School administration has become so complex a problem as to require special training. The University of Michigan, for instance, has set up a program of Michigan Fellows in College Administration. If this trend continues, the average faculty member or student, lacking these special

administrative skills, will become increasingly divorced from day-to-day policy-making decisions and even, in some cases, from many fundamentally important decisions affecting the future of their community. Yet both faculty and students, theoretically at least, are coordinate elements of a university. As such, they, as well as administrators, should have the chance to influence university policy.

Further, the increasing specialization of function in a modern university has largely divorced administrators from their historical origin as teachers. Many of them have taught only for a short time, and some not at all. They often lack the special concern that teaching members of the community feel for the ethical and philosophical ideals which should guide policy formation.

The influence and prestige of the faculty is thus diminished as the university grows. Some teachers may attempt to recoup by becoming administrators themselves. Others adopt an increasingly apologetic attitude if and when they stray outside the

meticulously circumscribed "safe" boundaries of the teacher and scholar and get "involved" with the administration.

The accelerating growth of the university community, and the consequent differentiation of its elements has led, then, to a three-way specialization of function and outlook: administrators administrate and make decisions; professors teach and do research; some students learn and some have a good time. And even within these three groups there is considerable differentiation: administrators may administer finance or

student affairs; there are professors of philosophy and also professors who teach corporate finance; students gravitate to their own cliques. All these groups are essential parts of a university community, yet few of their specialized interests overlap, except perhaps geographically.

Such a split strikes at the essence of a university community: its unity. When the community is split into three increasingly divorced groups, it can no longer flourish.

True, there is and ought to be differentiation among student, teacher and administrator. But if there is to be an adequate unifying spirit, there must exist a common meeting ground for all its members. This meeting ground is the existence of a unified and dedicated intellectual community. Today, a vicious circle is in operation: lack of a common spirit leads to a less effective university community, which in turn breeds problems. These problems in turn affect adversely the university's spirit.

Mark Hopkins' log was a whole log, not split into a tangle of rails.



### 3. The Teen-Age Ulcer . . by William Graham Cole

*Williams College*

THE annual college-admissions race has just about been run. The mail has brought joy and sorrow, happy surprise and stunned disappointment to homes all across the land. Admissions officers are about to enjoy a brief period of respite, of leisure to gird their loins for the struggle of another year. The class of 1963 has now been separated and divided out of the vast and milling herd into the various runways and pens of academic slaughter-houses.

There has been a spate of loose talk about the perils and problems of entrance to college, talk engendered by the admittedly hectic experience of a minority of educational institutions. But that minority consists of the most prestigious colleges and universities in the country. Ac-

tually, the so-called "tidal-wave" of students has not yet hit the colleges and will not do so for another two to three years. There are no more seventeen to twenty-one-year-olds in the total population than there have been for a decade or more, nor is there a substantially larger number of these seeking entrance to institutions of higher learning. Frank Bowles, president of the College Entrance Examination Board, has remarked that out of the roughly 900 four-year, degree-granting, accredited institutions in the United States (excluding junior colleges, various denominational seminaries, etc.), there are about one hundred that are regarded as top quality. This definition includes two factors: quality institutions are able to select their students from an embarrassingly wealthy pool of applicants, and they send better than 50 per cent of their output on to graduate school. There are an additional 200-250 colleges and universities that will not know-

ingly admit anyone whom they think will fail. All the rest, however, will take any student who applies. They are still in the position that virtually all schools were in the 1920s and 1930s—crying for students and greeting all applicants with greedy joy.

In those good old days, the student was the buyer, the academic institution the seller, and about the only necessity for attending college was the price of the tuition. Even the lack of that could be overcome if the student was either an outstanding athlete or a promising scholar. The alumni would pay for the education of the former, and endowed scholarship funds would take care of the latter. The high-school years were accordingly relaxed, easy and comparatively carefree. Youngsters whose parents were moderately endowed with worldly goods could look forward to admission to the college of their choice with little or no anxiety. The law of supply and demand might, in its operation in the market-

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place, produce ulcers in their fathers; in the academic economy, it was all in their favor. They could safely concentrate on the important things of adolescent life: athletics, dating, social affairs, and let their studies fall where they might. To be sure, there were the tensions and anxieties normal to their age-level, the fear of rejection by one's peer group, the awkward gropings toward socialization and emotional maturity, the hopes and hazards of the future. But by and large, the pace was leisurely and the pressure low. In any case, a college degree was not the *sine qua non* of status and success in life. Many a corporation executive had made it to the top through the classrooms of experience with no degree save that of energy and ambition. The college-educated were still a minority who required additional qualities if they were to gain preferment and progress in their careers.

TODAY, THE majority of colleges still are sellers, but not for long. What is already true in the hundred quality institutions, where the admitted represent one out of every four, six or even ten who are refused, in the next two or three years will become characteristic of all colleges and universities. By then the number of applicants will double. Our society has begun to feel that without a bachelor's degree a man will have to settle for a life of mediocrity. The higher echelons are reserved for those carrying, if not clad in, a sheepskin. This means that almost every parent wants his son, and if possible his daughter also, to have a higher education. Two fateful consequences for American life stem from this eagerness for college. In the first place, the bachelor's degree, whether in arts or science, is increasingly seen as the means to an end, rather than an end in itself. And secondly, the pressures exerted on the secondary-school student to produce the grades necessary for admission to college are already strenuous and show every sign of increasing in geometric ratio, in the years ahead.

American culture has always had a modicum of instrumentalism in its approach to education. Even the earliest colleges were founded to train



clergymen, lawyers and doctors. Although the curriculum was classical, there was little of the British or continental training of the aristocracy, the gentry with leisure and land. The natural sciences made their way into the American groves of academe against considerable handicaps, dominated as those groves were in the nineteenth century by clerical presidents and professors not altogether receptive to a discipline that had spawned a Darwin. But the demands of technology would not be denied and by the early decades of the twentieth century, American higher education had become secularized and increasingly sensitive to the demands of a business economy, whence colleges and universities derived the flow of financial support which was their life-blood. An early Nast cartoon hangs on the walls of the Faculty Club at Stanford University, depicting a robber baron, complete with plug hat, expensive cigar and broad watch chain, saying, "Perfessers is cheap."

THESE VERY "perfessers," however, viewed with growing alarm the tendency to prostitute education to purely pragmatic purposes, and the general education movement of the twenties and thirties spread markedly. Today, colleges and universities struggle valiantly to infect their students with the virus of enthusiasm for learning for its own sake, but the natural resistance of the young, carefully cultivated by family and society, proves a stubborn barrier.

All indications are that the resistance will grow rather than diminish as the college population doubles in the next decade. The diploma will increasingly become a work-permit, a ladder up which the individual will climb to personal suc-

cess. This means that the kind of *noblesse oblige*, the sense of responsibility to society which Oxford and Cambridge so successfully grafted into the minds of their students for centuries, will have less and less opportunity to take root and grow. The aristocrats of the mind, the intellectually elite, may well be smothered by the mushroom growth of the mass, trampled under foot by the rush to the market place.

THE pressure for performance at the secondary-school level illustrates exactly the danger described above. The student is encouraged, nay driven, to work for superior grades, not out of the love of learning, but because these are the only means to the desired goal: admission to the college of his choice. Before he ever sets foot on a campus of higher learning, he has been conditioned to regard his academic work as the means to an end, instead of an end in itself. Further, he must present to college-admissions officers an impressive record of extra-curricular activities, athletic, musical, dramatic, social and governmental. He is no longer the buyer but the seller, and the way he merchandises his product (himself) is all-important. Already our prestigious colleges are witnessing a curious phenomenon: the fatigued freshman, who has spent the previous four years knocking himself out to get into college and is just plain tired. A further factor involved is the pressure of parents eager for their children to attend their own alma maters, irrespective of the aptitudes and limitations of the youngsters concerned. The boy is forced into the freshman class over the strong objection of the college admissions committee and then fails to make the grade. At a less difficult college, he might do very well indeed.

The occupational disease of students today is mononucleosis, which is a virus nourished by exhaustion. And as the pressure grows for graduate training, the college student finds no respite from his frantic efforts. He has still another admissions officer to impress with his grades, his record outside the classroom, his prestige in college. Ulcers have begun to turn up on the campus already, and they can be expected to increase.

## 4. Heirs to Disillusion . . by William Sloane Coffin, Jr.

*Yale University*

IN THE March 16 issue of *Time*, there is an account of the questionnaires sent the members of the class of '49 at Princeton in anticipation of their tenth-year reunion next month. On the basis of 510 replies, *Time* summarizes the state of mind of the average class member: ". . . He is plump, prosperous, has most of his hair, is worried about the state of the world, yet comfortably sure of his own place in the sun." The last two phrases — "he is worried about the state of the world, yet comfortably sure of his own place in the sun" — seem to describe not only the average member of the class of '49 at Princeton, but also the average member of the class of '59 at most Ivy League and, I imagine, other colleges. Deep down he is worried; more superficially, he is not.

Deep down he is worried because every major social evil which men in the nineteenth century confidently expected to see abolished, he or his elders in this century have seen flourish as never before — civil and international wars, famine, tyranny, race conflict; he is worried because comparatively lesser social evils, such as divorce and juvenile delinquency, are equally flourishing—and in a country where the standard of living has never been higher; and he is worried most of all because, while men cannot seem to live without these problems, not many, it seems, are going to continue to live with them. As two Stanford seniors wrote cogently for the May 17, 1958, issue of *The Nation*, "Each graduating class has been faced with problems it did not create, but we are the first generation to know that our failure will mean the destruction of mankind."

Small wonder, then, that deep down there is a strong inclination, as one person put it, to "Lie down in darkness, leaving orders, 'Do not disturb.'" Small wonder, also, that there is a deep sense of kinship with modern writers who consider life a

loveless existence in a "kiss-proof" world, as futile as a long day's journey into night. In *The Nation*, the Stanford seniors summed up their situation: "We are heirs of disillusionment."

Disillusionment, I think, largely accounts for the indifference, or at least the inactivity, of the present college generation. After all, the pacifists and the student champions of labor in the thirties, and the "One World" students of the forties all harbored illusions which today's students have seen explode in their faces. Since some illusions seem necessary for the promotion of great causes — the great reformers, Luther, Marx, Freud, Lenin, were not without them — it is easy to see how a "no nonsense" generation, when it finds out that the answer to the question, "What can you do?" starts, "Well, it is rather complicated. . . ." quickly becomes apathetic.

THEN there is another factor. Will Herberg has pointed out that in 1903 the world was outraged when forty-seven Jews were killed and ninety-two wounded in Kishinev, Russia. But the unrelieved violence of subsequent decades, the violence that has wiped out millions upon millions, has thickened the skins of all of us, including students. Today shoulders are shrugged more often than fists are shaken. Again, "What can you do?"

That students are not willing to plow through the complexities of social issues is, of course, very disappointing from society's point of view. For the very complexity that discourages student attention is itself an indication of how serious social issues are, and how badly, therefore, they need intelligent, dedicated champions. Thus student apathy is better understood psychologically than logically. It is this strong psychological reaction to the complexity of the world's ills that best accounts for the significant fact that while in late October, 1956, Hungarian students were rioting for national freedom, American students were also rioting — on two campuses for the

removal of football coaches who had failed to serve up winning teams, and on a third for more free student parking space.

Discouraged by the complexity of social issues, and encouraged by exciting discoveries in psychology, many students have turned their attention inward, hoping to find inside the meaning they cannot find outside. Knowledge of the self rather than of the world, has become for many the great new quest. Never has the ego been sought for more diligently, but never also in our age of Sputniks has there been a fuller recognition of the truth of Chesterton's remark, "The ego is more distant than the star." While meditation and quiet, significant, conversation have produced wonderful results for some, for the majority the quest has been unsuccessful. Most students, like most of the rest of us, confuse self-knowledge with self-preoccupation, not realizing that to seek the one through the other is self-tion and quiet, significant, conversation-defeating. In summary: the average student, unable to make any more sense out of himself than out of the disintegrating world about him, is living a life of quiet desperation.

THIS IS THE situation "deep down." Nearer the surface, things are different. *Time* writes of the average '49er that ". . . he is plump, prosperous" and "comfortably sure of his own place in the sun." The same is true of the average '59er. Prosperity is the opiate of today's students as it is of the American people as a whole. Here again is a human reaction which is as psychologically comprehensible as it is rationally incomprehensible. The goods of this world ought to pale into insignificance when the world itself is threatened with extinction, yet the enormous anxieties produced by the threat cause students — like their fathers and mothers, be it underlined — to cling all the more desperately to the immediate gratification these goods afford. What better narcotic than a full stomach to deaden the gnawing feeling in the pit?

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This reaction, then, both increases the apathy of disillusionment and makes of today's students not only a causeless but a self-seeking generation. It accounts for the tremendous importance of "more free parking space," and for the fact that every college and graduate school in the country is a haven for draft dodgers. "Me first," is the big cry in a world in which we are all on the same precarious raft for weal or woe, to survive or perish together. Thus the problem for the average student, as I see it, is basically a religious one: namely, the problem of finding a faith that will (1) enable him to make sense out of himself and the crumbling world about him, and (2) be strong enough to arouse his slumbering Samaritan instinct and compel him to seek his neighbor's good as well as his own.

DOES A liberal college education help the average student reach a valid belief around which to build his life? Does it help to make him less self-seeking? My general impression on the whole is "no."

In the first place, there is a great fallacy in the theory of liberal education that a well-rounded program produces a whole man. It doesn't. A whole man is a unified man, and most well-rounded programs represent simply the separate, shattered fragments of the once whole crystal of truth. I say "once whole" because the curriculums of the nine principal colonial colleges, for instance, were once unified by a belief in God which ran through them all. Today, in these same colleges, God is far more alive in the hearts than in the minds of both students and faculty. This does not mean the campus intellectually is godless. Far from it. The campus is a veritable pantheon of gods, many of whom are engaged, moreover, in serious civil strife. Thus the "uni-versity" is really a "plura-versity," held together largely by the observance of conventions which ironically depend for their validity on beliefs for the most part abandoned. Imagine the confusion in the mind of a freshman, moving in the course of one morning from a religion class where it is assumed that "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof," to a psychology class where

it is assumed that God is an antiquated, pre-scientific anachronism, to an English "lit" class where God is assumed to be only an entrancing myth that poetry knows more about than theology. The freshman is left almost entirely on his own to pick up the pieces and glue them together as best he can into some form of unified belief. Is it any wonder that he gets confused?

A whole man is not only unified, however, but also committed. But commitment is often discouraged by a pseudo-objectivity promoted by teachers — often, I am afraid, as a convenient subterfuge for themselves. There is a big difference between objectivity viewed as a provisional detachment leading to a more intelligent commitment, and objectivity viewed as a permanent detachment which is simply a rationalization for a reluctance to assume responsibility. Those psychologists, sociologists and other social scientists, for instance, who teach their courses in such manner as to foster a sort of epicurean agnosticism, might well remember the comment: "Open-mindedness is a virtue which becomes a vice when the mind is open at both ends."

Students are enormously helped when they can see that life is commitment; that while a scholar is detached, a human being is not; and that, as professors are people (certain opinions to the contrary notwithstanding), all are really committed — if only to no commitment. Students greatly respect and are much aided by professors who are willing to state their own ultimate convictions and the criteria used in reaching them. These professors, incidentally, are apt also to be the most honest scholars, for as Whitehead has pointed out, the dangerous dogmatists in education are not those who hold ultimate convictions overtly, but covertly, ferociously resisting all attempts to bring them out into the light of day.

Of course, it must be remembered that the contemporary university mirrors a contemporary world which is itself, intellectually, not a "uni-verse" but a "plura-verse," not a cosmos, but a chaos. Greater intellectual unity, therefore, cannot be achieved by an unrealistic insistence on basic Christian convictions. But

if unity cannot be achieved by agreement on common answers, could not a larger degree of unity be achieved by agreement among faculty and administration on common questions, that is, by agreement on what constitute the important issues for human existence? Wasn't Socrates wise, not because he had so many good answers, but because he asked so many good questions? To be sure, the comparatively simple needs of his world made none of the endless vocational demands on education which the needs of our complicated urban society make. Nonetheless, the basic questions of human existence concerning a man's relationship to other men, to himself, and to God, if such there be, are the same in our day as they were in Socrates', only in our day they are far more neglected.

FINALLY, should not universities and colleges, professing as they do a serious interest in student values, be more directly concerned with campus life outside the classroom? Altruism is rarely fostered by classroom work except as a student may be exposed to a generous, dedicated teacher. To become smarter is not automatically to become more decent. More often, to become smarter is to refine one's egoism, to become more intelligently selfish. Altruistic values cannot be taught, they must be caught; they cannot be known by being known about, they can be known only by being experienced concretely in value-forming experiences, most of which at residential colleges take place outside the classroom. Here is the area of "real life" to the average student, and here good value-forming, compassion-provoking experiences which the "underprivileged rich" so sorely need on most campuses are sorely lacking (sorely lacking, at least, in administration and faculty support). But bad value-forming experiences thrive, and to a large degree, I am sure, they determine the students' future outlook. Educators long in the business have little trouble recognizing in the man who at fifty is eagerly fighting to keep Jews out of his country club, Negroes out of his residential area, foreigners out of the country, and New Dealers and Reds

— "same thing" — out of his Alma Mater, the same undergraduate who thirty years ago, was eager with his hatchet in fraternity "chop sessions." This leads one to wonder if most colleges plagued with bigoted alumni do not deserve what they get.

Generous students who are strongly motivated survive the perils of extracurricular life, but what about the weaker ones? To put a bigoted student in a fraternity and expect him to become liberal-minded is, as one student remarked, as compassionate as putting a drunk in a wine cellar and expecting him to lay off the bottle. Is it no concern of educators that, according to a recent survey, there is less integration of minority races into the predominantly white fraternity system throughout the country than there is in the entire elementary- and secondary-school systems of the nine Southern

states? Bigotry is part of life, true; but is it something to be encouraged or discouraged? Universities cannot legislate morality, but can they not at least legislate conditions more conducive to it? Are we trying to prepare students for the present moral level of society or to save them from it? Have we not some obligation to help the most talented generation ever of American students in some measure to transform society by first transcending it? The Stanford seniors made it clear: if this generation does not do better than the last, then it need not worry about the next.

If dedicated seniors such as these — and there are hundreds, perhaps thousands, like them — are to receive the support they deserve, university administrations and faculty must speak out not only on international and national issues, not only

on issues on other people's campuses, but also on their own campus issues, for here the students are most involved. The word must come also from the top — yes, even at the expense of public relations — for students and faculty alike rightly expect to see the values the university professes in its songs and seals embodied in its leadership.

Some may argue morality is not the business of higher education, but can truth be separated that neatly from goodness? Has not the old Calvinist phrase, "Knowledge is in order to goodness," some application to campus life? Would not colleges and universities be utterly irresponsible, both to their students and to society as a whole, if, in a world in unparalleled peril, they did not consider the right use of knowledge as important as the mere possession of it?

## 5. War of the Generations . . by Louis E. Reik

*Princeton University*

BY THE TIME a student reaches college age, he should be well launched on a good, brisk war of independence. His object is to express to his satisfaction the ferment of energy with which sometimes he is all but bursting. He no longer endows his elders with the godlike authority they had for him in the days of his helpless childhood. In fact, now that he has learned that even his parents are not so wealthy, wise and infallible as he had previously imagined them to be, he enters a phase when he exaggerates their shortcomings. Not infrequently, he feels constrained to apologize for them to his friends, or to express a blend of rebellious attitudes ranging from condescension to open hostility. At the point where cold war threatens to give way to a hot one in the home, he packs up and goes off to college, often to the immense relief of all concerned.

In its physical aspect, a college campus seems one of the most peace-

ful and beautiful places in the world. But behind this idyllic façade, the student continues to wage his war for independence. He has achieved a truce, if not a victory, in his struggle to free himself from those powerful despots in the home who had only to assert their wishes to establish them as family law. But at the university he is confronted with some of the same demands for unquestioning obedience to the seemingly arbitrary dictates of his elders and presumably his betters. It is true that at first he is ready to have more tolerance for these elders than for his parents, but the role of submissive neophyte in which he is cast, with its demands for subordinating private inclinations to an unrelenting succession of assignments, requirements and examinations inevitably stirs up the urge to revolt to a more or less intense degree. But while this urge is probably common to students everywhere, it remains for the most part covert and unnoticed, except in occasional times of riot. Students, obviously, have too much to lose to run the risk of open rebellion during their college days. Actually, there seems to be a clear and

startling analogy between the educational customs of civilized people and the primitive initiation rites practiced the world over from ancient times. The modern student, like his primitive brother, is faced with the necessity of submitting to an ordeal at the hands of his elders as the price he must pay for the privileges of adulthood. It is debatable which ordeal is worse — the student's with its prolonged psychological torments, or the primitive boy's with its relatively fleeting physical hardships. In any event, the student's initiation into the world of civilized men cannot be assumed, even under the most auspicious circumstances, to be an entirely painless affair, or to proceed without provoking conflict, hidden or expressed.

BOTH AT home and in the university, there are confusing elements that prevent the average student from achieving independence, or even from recognizing clearly that this may be desirable. After all, it is undeniable that parents and teachers ostensibly have his own best interests at heart, so that filial duty

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and gratitude demand that he give up his own inclinations when they clash with theirs. Moreover, he is confronted with the additional difficulty of discriminating between what his elders in their wisdom unselfishly advocate for him and what they mistakenly imagine is best because it would be best for themselves. Henry Fielding observed long ago of this tendency of the older generation to confuse their children's identity with their own, thus making both parties completely miserable in the process: "Though it is almost universal in parents, [it] hath always appeared to me to be the most unaccountable of all the absurdities which ever entered into the brain of that strange prodigious creature man." Bernard Shaw, in one of his prefaces, went even further, presuming not only to find the cause of the absurdity but also to prescribe for its cure: "If adults will frankly give up their claim to know better than children what the purposes of the Life Force are, and treat the child as an experiment like themselves, and possibly a more successful one, and at the same time relinquish their monstrous parental claims to personal private property in children, the rest may be left to common sense." Just recently, the veteran child psychoanalyst, Gerald H. J. Pearson, in his monograph *Adolescence and the Conflict of Generations*, after convincingly tracing some of the hidden psychological origins of the conflict, concluded that since its main roots on both sides are so deeply anchored in a tangle of emotional attitudes, of which self-love is by no means the least important, he had small hope that either parents or adolescents could profit much from a generalized intellectual explanation of the affairs of the heart — which nevertheless he proceeded to give in his book.

These emotional affairs of the heart have such a distinct and primitive logic of their own that psychiatrists long before Freud have steadfastly and repeatedly observed that a man may be brilliantly endowed from the intellectual viewpoint and simultaneously an irresponsible child where his emotions are concerned. Or he may be the reverse: a genius when it comes to the affairs of the

heart, but an intellectual moron as measured by his I.Q. In this connection, it is worth remembering that following the introduction of Binet's intelligence test in the early years of this century, situations in ordinary school and social life that before seemed baffling because someone was involved whose feeble-mindedness remained unrecognized, became clear and susceptible to control when approached with the new knowledge. Undoubtedly, some day we shall also have better indices of emotional development, a kind of E.Q., which will enable teachers and parents to take a more calm and realistic attitude towards problems posed by students that now seem inexplicable or of deliberate malevolent intent.

Meanwhile, we have outgrown old superstitions in the ruling power of witches, devils, planets and charms, but have still to discard the notions that emotional attitudes and motives are readily controlled by the intelligence, or that they depend only on external circumstances, or that they are utterly mysterious beyond comprehension. On the contrary, medical psychology, particularly during the last half-century, has been accumulating an impressive mass of clinical data, drawn from normal as well as abnormal subjects, that demonstrates something of the peculiar evolution and logic of the emotional life.

IN COLLEGE practice, for example, the psychiatrist has many opportunities for observing that a student's attitude towards his father seems to determine his attitude towards college authorities. A student who has been strongly attached to, and simultaneously overwhelmed by, the father is apt to view the college teacher as the embodiment of the wisdom of the ages. His war for intellectual independence does not go well because the more he admires his mentors the more he is inclined to be uncritically influenced by them and to belittle himself. Educators are familiar with students of this type, who are variously called "perfectionists," "over-achievers" or "over-conscientious." The more they belittle themselves, the less capable they become of achieving self-as-

surance and spontaneous, original work. Their energies, instead, are used up in curbing natural impulse and in preoccupation with superficial detail.

One such student, for example, felt compelled to memorize the dates of withdrawal and return on the librarian's card in a book of assigned reading, to say nothing of a staggering mass of excerpts he had copied down. The psychiatrist sees this as a kind of self-defeating compromise, in which there has been no whole-hearted acceptance of either the self or the father. Its object, essentially, is to keep the peace and to win rewards and esteem from parents and teachers for a kind of mechanical compliance characteristic of the rote-learning of childhood days, rather than to achieve satisfying growth and true self-expression. Deficient self-esteem and an exaggerated estimate of authority make such students slaves to duty and routine, a slavery which the world too frequently applauds, but which nevertheless defeats the aims of liberal education and provides fertile soil for private misery and neurotic symptoms, such as fatigue, insomnia, incapacitating tension, and sometimes despair.

Likewise, it is frequently observed that students who have been inclined to defy and underestimate the father are similarly inclined to belittle authority in general. In extreme form, their behavior is variously regarded as immature, abnormal, delinquent or even criminal, depending on how badly the community feels its interests have been violated and how it assesses the responsibility of the offender. As long ago as 1910, the psychiatrist Stewart Paton (who incidentally was the first to advocate a mental-health program for college students) is said to have been astonished when he first began his work at Princeton University to discover "students who had pronounced suicidal, homicidal impulses, sex perverts, those who stole, cheated, were exceedingly egotistical, aggressive and showed other signs of serious maladjustment." He saw no point in making "every attempt . . . to induce all, the unfit as well as the fit, to pass through the educational mill" which, he noted, is in

sharp contrast to the more realistic policy in schools and colleges of preventing those with weak hearts or lungs from taking part in strenuous athletic pursuits. Since then, colleges have gradually been paying more attention to the need for earlier recognition and more intelligent treatment of students with serious emotional disturbances.

When it comes to the less serious problems posed by rebellious but essentially healthy students, any good educator knows that the rebel is only confirmed in his defiance when he sees himself vindictively or scornfully treated with little, if any, concern as an individual, in spite of the professed brotherly love for him of the Christian community. The late psychoanalyst Fritz Wittels rightly pointed out the enormous difference in the effect on the culprit when punishment is administered by those who care for him, as by a father in childhood who wants to continue to love the naughty child, or by those in institutions or state who neither care for him nor are interested in his welfare. The wise father and the good teacher intuitively know that lasting repentance and ultimate self-discipline are not products of terror and force alone.

THE STUDENT'S war for independence does not, however, always display the more obvious forms of submission and rebellion described above. The majority of students seem to oscillate somewhere between these extremes, being on the whole perhaps more rebellious than submissive. Those who read standard histories of university life, where, as Rashdall observed, "the life of the virtuous student has no annals," are not surprised to find that they have been a rebellious lot from the beginning. Haskins in his informative *The Rise of the Universities* records that in 1317 the students at Bologna not only brought the townsmen to terms by threatening to go elsewhere, but also laid down strict regulations governing the teaching of their professors, who were subject to fines for absences and other controlling maneuvers. We also learn that in medieval Paris students went about armed with swords and knives, attacking citizens, abusing women and



slashing off one another's fingers. Elsewhere, it is said that prior to the present century, outbreaks of violence against college officials and property were more extensive and frequent than they are today in American colleges, and were seemingly worst at the most puritanical colleges. On the other hand, it is well known that there have been periods when students submitted to a much more rigorous academic discipline than at present, at least in a physical sense. From the standpoint of the psychological relationship today between the older and younger generations, it would be an anomaly if in these more democratic times either generation were to revert to the attempts at physical domination of the feudal past. But he who looks will find that the conflict goes on in other less obvious ways. It has, so to speak, been driven underground.

For instance, a student complains of a perplexing inability to concentrate on academic material, yet emphasizes that he would like ultimately to follow his father's career in teaching; meanwhile, he feels tense and miserable *except* when engaged in extracurricular activities. Another has had extensive medical investigations, with entirely negative results, of his complaint of recurring digestive upset, which, on inquiry, is found to be associated particularly with times of stress and examination. A third, while professing to want to remain in the university from which his father graduated, is

in danger of dismissal because he cuts classes from oversleeping, which he says he can neither correct nor understand.

Examples like these could be multiplied. But a recital of their bare outlines does not adequately convey the rich and subtle interplay of defensive and offensive maneuver that goes on. Often conflict is not ostensibly with authority at all, but with what we now recognize as its inner representative and ally, the conscience. The college psychiatrist encounters many instances where such inner warfare leads to apparently senseless dilemmas or pointless activities. These can only be understood when viewed in terms of the struggle within, reflecting in part a desire to yield to temptation and in part the scruples about it. Students can, of course, justify themselves with compelling logic and eloquence, recalling Shaw's observation that excellent reasons can be found "for every conceivable course of conduct, from dynamiting and vivisection to martyrdom." I share the feeling with colleagues that a university would be a dead and dusty place if all students were models of conformity. But I can also sympathize with the professor who once said that a university would be a wonderful place if there were no undergraduates in it.

WHEN WE TURN to the strategies that the older generation employs to meet these offensive forays of students during the years of their re-

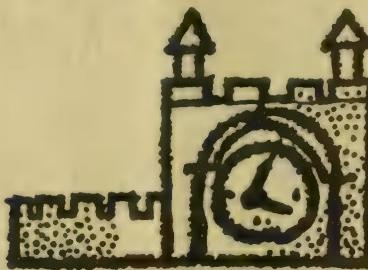
belling, we find on the college campus that they gravitate toward two opposite extremes, neither of which seems sensible or practicable from a psychiatric or pedagogical point of view. At one extreme, there are those who rely heavily on impersonal disciplinary retaliation when students exhibit unusual behavior or become troublesome. These are the upholders of traditions and rules at all costs, the sensitive spirits who beneath an impersonal mask react to the offending student as though they had been personally affronted themselves. At the other extreme, there are those among the older generation so easily influenced by the student's point of view that if their attitude prevailed there would inevitably be chaos and ineffective leadership and education.

BOTH extremists view the psychiatrist's approach according to their own predilections. The disciplinarians assume that the psychiatrist is indubitably against any punishment whatsoever and thus favors anarchy on the campus. The opposite group tends to be so convinced of the basic stability and intellectual capacity of any student who has been admitted to college that it suspects the psychiatrist of magnifying mental pathology where none exists, or of wanting to substitute some dreary form of adjustment for all the excitement and color that rebellious youth brings to the campus. Both views miss the mark.

Concerning the disciplinarian viewpoint, it is now becoming well known that punishment must take into account the individual as well as his offense. In other words, we are beginning to realize that there are abnormal states which no amount of punishment can cure, but in fact may aggravate instead. Until the comparatively recent pioneer work of the psychiatrist William Healy, begun in 1908, the law, for example, was still operating under the assumption that the vast majority of juvenile delinquents are of essentially sound mind, can control perverse impulses and will respond favorably to punishment. Since then, through the work of juvenile courts and the psychological appraisal of offenders, society has been discovering, sometimes to its chagrin, that

unwittingly it has been actively persecuting individuals who are so powerfully driven to antisocial behavior that they appear genuinely unable to restrain themselves as normal individuals can do, and so must be judged to be in some respects irresponsible and provided for in some other way than the law traditionally decrees.

ON THE campus, the very word "irresponsible" applied to a student is apt to evoke the itch to punish rather than the urge to investigate. The college psychiatrist, for his part, has to distinguish between students whose perversities come against a background of reasonable stability, and those who are rendered "irresponsible" by some deeply ingrained intrapsychic disturbance. Take, for example, the phenomenon of exam-



ination anxiety. Because it is present in almost everyone to some degree, it is often assumed of little importance. Yet in a large university hardly a year goes by without several more or less serious psychiatric casualties during the final examination period. The large majority of students can meet and surmount this type of pressure without serious strain. But the problem, as the psychiatrist sees it, is to recognize that there are occasional students so vulnerable already that this added strain of examinations can cause a degree of incapacity well beyond the student's ability to control. Fortunately, these exaggerated reactions to examinations are not frequent nor are they always of serious import. But occasionally they are symptomatic of deeply entrenched and extensive emotional disturbances that should be recognized as early as possible.

In the past, the first reaction of disciplinarians everywhere to the student who complains of being rat-

tled on an examination is to turn a deaf ear, or if, as occasionally happens, a blank examination paper has been turned in, to feel incensed and to think of maximum penalties. The student may at once be assumed to be disrespectful, dishonest or flagrantly lazy, the choice of diagnosis being more in line with the disciplinarian's pet preconception than with the facts, and the treatment being dictated more by fear that other students will become delinquent on examinations than by considerations of the educational development of the individual. The disciplinarian has often, therefore, been strangely reluctant to give the offending student careful and thoughtful scrutiny. Yet from both the psychiatric and educational points of view, an inquiry aimed at some understanding of whether the student is in good mental health has a more far-reaching significance than the specific offense itself, or the question of whether to punish or not to punish. The student who says that during an important examination his mind becomes blank or behaves like a drunken man's is confessing to inner disorganization that may have important implications regarding not only his mental health but his future educational development as well. Besides, an attitude of inquiry that seeks to establish the facts of a student's inner life will do more to alleviate cold war on the campus than one that presupposes, or is intent on, arbitrary domination.

Those lenient souls who, on the other hand, regard student aberrations and rebellions with an overly benevolent eye—perhaps finding in them a source of vicarious excitement and secret pleasure—run the same risk as the disciplinarians of overlooking the educational value of having some understanding of the student's inner problems. I agree with Chancellor Lawrence A. Kimpton of the University of Chicago, who is recently reported to have said that a great university must also have the "excitement of rebellion, the maladjustment of youth," and "occasionally it should discipline itself in freedom by embracing and supporting a weird one just for his weirdness." But I have too much respect for the force and vitality of rebel-

lions youth to share his fear that the university "would lose all its greatness if it were tortured into adjustment through analysis" by the psychiatrist or by anyone else. The student has something to say about whether he will submit to such analysis, and regardless of how desirable others may think such a course to be, he nevertheless holds a veto power. The psychiatrist would be a megalomaniac indeed if he believed he had the magic power sometimes attributed to him for making unwilling rebels lay down their arms. In fact, he would be inclined to wonder whether those who overlook this veto power of youth are not themselves overestimating the power of the older generation to influence, guide, and to create in its own image. In short, he would caution educators and parents, as he must constantly caution himself, against the illusions of omnipotence and omniscience.

TENSION and conflict between the old and the young will presumably always exist. But the problem of whether the individual's aggressive energies will be expressed in useful or destructive ways has never before cast such a deep and terrible shadow over human life. The student today, for example, must learn that atomic energy is merely the concentrated projection of these inner energies, made possible by the unified efforts of many, and thus not rightfully subject to arbitrary individual control or caprice. That the days of unbridled individualism are gone is a lesson that, at bottom, no high-spirited young man wants to learn.

Faced with the mounting urgency of this difficult problem, college teachers and psychiatrists need to pool their efforts to promote a healthy understanding of the forces in the inner world. Up until the present century, man could enjoy the luxury of dismissing this inner problem and concentrating his energies on achieving mastery over the external world. He did so partly to avoid confronting himself with unpleasant aspects of his inner life, and partly because healthy and disciplined introspection is extraordinarily difficult in the face of conflicting feeling and impulse and the

demands of the outside world. Thus the very word *introspection* continues to have unfavorable overtones, suggesting to many extreme subjectivism and even disease. The psychiatrist, however, recommends a kind of introspection that is based on more than the superficial data of inner thought. It must take into account not only what a student tells us in apparent sincerity about his motives, but must also square with what can be observed about his present behavior and his past tendencies. The author-physician Oliver Wendell Holmes, perceived with remarkable intuitive clarity why accurate introspection is so elusive, as the following passage published when Sigmund Freud was a mere boy of fifteen illustrates:

There are thoughts that never emerge into consciousness, which yet make their influence felt among the perceptible mental currents, just as the unseen planets sway the movements of those which are watched and mapped by the astronomer. Old prejudices, that are ashamed to confess themselves, nudge our talking thought to utter magisterial veto. . . . The more we examine the mechanism of thought, the more we shall see that the automatic, unconscious action of the mind enters largely into all its processes.

Unusual students, and students who sometimes behave in unusual fashion, raise serious questions pertaining to the philosophy of education in a democratic society. They are complex questions that have long been discussed, such as the effect of coercion on students, the optimum conditions for teaching and learning, the fate of non-conforming students in a system of mass education, and many others. The psychiatrist cannot pretend to answer them. But he would feel that the solution of such thorny questions depends not so much on generalizations, or even on technical psychological knowledge, as on an attitude towards students similar to that of the physician towards his patients. This attitude derives from the great clinicians in medicine who over the centuries discovered that if physician and patients have learned from each other it has only been because they were able to unite their energies against a com-

mon enemy—disease. Moreover, it is an attitude that permits acceptance of the individual in spite of dislike or even loathing for his sickness. Ben Johnson remarked: "I know no disease of the soul but ignorance."

Against this common enemy, ignorance, the old and the young have long sought to join forces. But only in this revolutionary twentieth century have we begun to have glimmerings of the hidden source of much of the enemy's power. Once we recognize that it resides in ignorance of the deeper and more primitive emotional self, which can bring to naught the proudest intelligence, the campus cold war will take on a healthier and more worthwhile objective.

## LETTERS

(Continued from inside cover)

cess and what constitutes excess is not known with certainty. You carp only casually about the dangers of automobiles, even though they cripple a million persons every year now, not at some vague future date. Yet you worry vociferously about strontium-90, which is not even in the top 1,000 causes of death in any country of the world today, but might get worse. Phooey!

I think I understand the real reasons for the hysteria of your writers. They cannot comprehend science, and they fear it as a rival of their literature for the esteem of the people. . . .

J. P. PHILLIPS  
Professor of Chemistry  
University of Louisville  
Louisville, Ky.

### 'Compromise' in Prisons

Dear Sirs: "Prison Riots" by Gresham Sykes in your May 2 issue is a very good job. His analysis of the temptation for prison officials to develop "patterns of compromise" is excellent. We think these "patterns" are quite proper for administrators in any field: education, welfare, public health, prisons or in production and other profit-making enterprises. If there were no patterns of compromise, we would still be using the guillotine and stocks on the public square.

ROBERT R. HANNUM  
Director of Vocational Placement  
The Osborne Association, Inc.  
New York City

# BOOKS and the ARTS

## Perseverance Against Violence

*THE WALL BETWEEN.* By Anne Braden. Monthly Review Press. 306 pp. \$5.

*TRUMBULL PARK.* By Frank London Brown. Regnery. 432 pp. \$3.95.

*BIGGER THAN LITTLE ROCK.* By Robert R. Brown. The Seabury Press. 150 pp. \$3.50.

**Harry Golden**

EVERYTHING we do—from the opening of the West to the trade-union movement to the acquisition of the Philippines to our accident tolls over the Fourth of July—is accompanied by violence. We live in a violent country and it may be that we cannot divide violence from either our accomplishments or our environment. Now the demand of the American Negro for equal rights takes place in a violent setting. This request has triggered injustice and mob rule. Sometimes the terror is banished by the glare of publicity; sometimes it is dispelled by silent perseverance. The glare of publicity killed the Ku Klux Klan of the 1920s. The quick, quiet, "no-publicity" efficiency of the Baltimore School Board resulted in the first of our successful school integration programs. But in Little Rock, the glare of publicity did not help law and order, and integration was secured only by the extreme alternative of sending armed troops. Nor did the glare of publicity let Andrew Wade keep his house in Rone Court.

The ugly sentiment that spilled across Louisville because Andrew Wade, a Negro, bought and lived in a house in a white area, is the subject of Anne Braden's book, *The Wall Between*. The wall between is the wall between Negroes and whites which Anne Braden and her husband, Carl, tried to demolish by using Andrew Wade's money to buy a house which they deeded over to him the next day. When a Negro family occupied the house the white Bradens had bought, a mob gathered upon the front lawn, crosses were burned, the house was dynamited, Mr. Braden stood trial and was convicted of criminal subversion and Mr. Wade eventually gave up his home.

Neither the dynamiters, nor the mem-

bers of the mob who tried to intimidate Wade, nor the officials of the bank who reneged on their mortgage were brought to punishment or even community disapprobation. But to say that the Louisville community was wrong and unjust—which it was—is not to say that the Bradens were right. While they had a legal and a moral right to buy a house for their friend, one can only conclude their actions were ill-advised. Mr. and Mrs. Braden obtained the house by subterfuge from James I. Rone, the builder, who thought they would occupy it. Admittedly, Mr. Rone was no hero, but deceit of any sort will not win the struggle the Negro wages so valiantly. Though integration has met many stumbling blocks, where it has proceeded successfully it has done so because the entire community, both white and colored, knew it as a public fact, as an incontrovertible piece of law. Progress and equality for the Negro is in the writ from the court.

Suggesting the Bradens were ill-advised, however, is not to impute their motives. For trying to help their friend, both Mr. and Mrs. Braden were savagely persecuted, threatened and Mr. Braden unjustly punished. Mr. Wade and his father were subjected to financial pressure and inhumanity from white neighbors. But the Wades and the Bradens maintained their morale and exhibited high courage. The conviction against Mr. Braden was, happily, dismissed by the higher courts, chiefly because the United States Supreme Court had ruled state subversion laws unconstitutional.

IN HER book Mrs. Braden is clear and precise about emotional states and does not strike the reader as an overly doctrinaire woman. She is, however, sometimes surprisingly naive. She was morally unprepared for the savagery of the Louisville community. It does not seem to me that Mrs. Braden understands that the struggle for justice is precisely that—a struggle. It is not a game in which people play their trumps. It is a war in which people throw bombs, dynamite houses, keep the phone ringing with threats, stage bus strikes and wrangle through the courts.

The hero of *Trumbull Park* did not make Mrs. Braden's mistake. He knew what to expect. Frank London Brown's

novel is on a theme similar to *The Wall Between*: several Negro families, urged on and legally sponsored by the appropriate city authorities, move into a white public housing development outside Chicago. Buggy Martin, his wife, Helen, and their two children survive the bitterness, physical violence and cruelty that accompany their move.

This is promising subject matter, but *Trumbull Park* is a sub-literate book. This is not the judgment one wants to make. Our literature already suffers from a disproportionate emphasis upon Jews, exurbia and the communications industry. American literature, we might expect, should be able to produce a book on so topical and crucial a subject as Negro civil rights. It has not.

Although Frank London Brown is a Negro and might seem to be at an advantage in writing from the inside looking out, his book fails, curiously, where Mrs. Braden's fails. Neither is forthright. Neither explores nor exploits the genuine motive of the American Negro. Mr. Brown and Mrs. Braden state too matter-of-factly that the Negro who moves into a white area is simply looking for a better place to live, a place that is clean and wholesome. We know this is a substantial motive, but we also know that it is not the whole motive. The Jew who wants to join the Gentile Country Club may claim he only wants to play on the best links in town, but we know that golfing is not his prime motive. He wants a sort of acceptance just as the Negro does, and while neither the Jew nor the Negro may be able to articulate what this acceptance is or why he wants it, we can still comprehend its emotional importance. The chief value these two books could have offered us is the articulation of this drive, but Mrs. Braden and Mr. Brown shy from it. They are not militant. And instead of being forthright they are apologetic.

Yet it would be unfair to say that Mr. Brown displays no virtuosity. Indeed, he sometimes does, although his virtuosity is sketchy and his book uneven. But his Negroes are all people, not sympathetic portraits nor stereotypes. And he sometimes manages brilliant insights:

From that minute on, until Mr. and Mrs. Thomas moved out of the project a year later—broken, nervous, talking about divorce, not speaking to any of us—William Thomas was never—not even in the closest room, not even in a moving car

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driving away from Trumbull Park — able to say that white people were breaking the windows, or setting off the bombs, or gathering in the mobs that once surrounded his wife and threw a bomb straight at her. Always, always were they "certain people."

While Mr. Brown does not have a supreme literature always at his fingertips, he has grasped the truth that "one man with courage is a majority." Buggy Martin wins his place at Trumbull Park because he is responsible to the need for courage and manliness. Buggy Martin knows that to gain dignity he must have dignity.

The modern miracle is that the Negro understands this intuitively. The nine children who braved the mob at Little Rock, and Dorothy Counts who walked home alone, have made us see how steadfast a thing is courage. And although the Negro is directly abused in this struggle, and although he numbers twenty-five million, he is remarkably fair and forgiving and he has not made a single serious mistake. Thus the most interesting development of the South of the 1950s is that the Negro culture has become what the white Christian community (I use the term generically) is not.

This failure of the white Christian community is described by Robert R. Brown, the Episcopal Bishop of Little Rock, in *Bigger Than Little Rock*. At first glance a more general book, Bishop Brown still treats of a specific condi-

tion. His title calls attention to the fact that Little Rock is more than an ugly incident in American social history; Little Rock is the symbol of the division between pulpit and pew. The Protestant ministers, the rabbis, the Catholic priests of Little Rock urged integration, castigated the rioters, tried to sway their parishioners, and were largely futile. The church, confesses Bishop Brown, is unable to wield an influence persuasive or strong enough to calm this problem. Segregation, in short, proves the church not one body whole. What makes this a tragic plight, comments the Bishop, is the sad thought of what might have been.

Bishop Brown adjusts a certain focus on integration. Integration is not *only* a contest between colored and whites, between Northerners and Southerners, between intransigent governors and an authoritative Supreme Court. Some parishioners may think church is only for Sunday, not for social crises. Others may suppose that the Constitution is for historical amusement and for the edification of the South Asians, not for Americans. And still others may applaud the fact that our entertainment is democratic and be blind to the truth that our schools are not. The conflict integration has engendered makes Bishop Brown ask "what can be done, by God's grace, which will assist the Church to confront society with both judgment and reconciliation?" This question is what makes his book important reading.

into self-loathing at being part of a protected, routine system of minimum standards and into indignation that Albion's sacred landscape is being "modernized." That the new security represents at least a minimal triumph after age-long struggle and sacrifice causes no exultation. That millions in the world are really, and horribly, suffering seems not to inhibit the complaints one whit. (But that is a commonplace of life—the well-fed and hearty demanding compassion of the starving or the deathly ill. One is reminded of that famous scene in Proust where the Duke complains to the dying Swann that "I had a wretched lunch this morning" and that the Duchess "is not nearly so strong as people think.") Nevertheless, all this is part of the idiom in England today; and it is authenticity of voice that makes a poetry live, whatever we may think of what the voice is saying.

John Betjeman rings the changes on that voice more deftly than anyone else now writing in England. His poetry is in large part a sparkingly sentimental body of work whose vast success in England recalls the triumphs of our own Longfellow, a poet he dearly loves to parody. There is surely something of Longfellow, even something of Holmes's "Old Ironsides," in a poem like "The Planter's Vision":

Cut down that timber! Bells, too  
many and strong  
Pouring their music through the  
branches bare,  
From moon-white church-towers  
down the windy air  
Have pealed the centuries out with  
Evensong.

Betjeman's appeal is most often highly local, with a strong smell of wet tweed and a lively effrontery slightly offensive to American sensibility—except, naturally, the sensibility of that special breed of American who can't get enough Stoking-on-the-Woking and who worships every horse Her Majesty ever sat on. But that is only one side of the matter. Betjeman's appeal is anchored in a burr-like specificity about places and circumstances and in a persuasive feeling for the countryside and its culture. This feeling, infused as it is with bitterness at the changes being wrought in English life, tempers his sentimentality and his occasionally squeamish horror at the increasing visibility and power of the hitherto uneducated classes. Together with his skill as a light-versifier and his familiar, humorous touches, it saves him from being (what he sometimes is anyway) just another weepily conservative Englishman with a strong sense of place. These elements add up

## Tuning in on Albion

**JOHN BETJEMAN'S COLLECTED POEMS.** Houghton Mifflin. 279 pp. \$4.

**THE LESS DECEIVED.** By Philip Larkin. St. Martin's Press. 45 pp. \$3.  
**SEEING IS BELIEVING.** By Charles Tomlinson. McDowell, Obolensky. 61 pp. \$3.

### M. L. Rosenthal

CONTEMPORARY British verse of wit is both seductive and repulsive. Developing a taste for it is like falling in love with a brilliant, sensitive woman who, however, demands oceans of sympathy because she has the usual troubles of life. Then, it is really insular, British in a special sort of way, idiosyncratic as a family joke. That is good; art should, certainly, grow out of the specifics of a life-style—and damn the ponderous seekers after "universality"! Still, you can't help thinking of Lawrence's "The English are so nice!" and

his picture of the British bourgeois:

Nicely groomed, like a mushroom standing there so sleek and erect and eyeable—  
and like a fungus, living on the remains of bygone life. . . .

Or Auden's picture of the invalidism of middle-class British society, with its obvious similarity to Lord Chatterley's condition—

I don't want any more hugs;  
Make me some fresh tea, fetch me some rugs.

It is the disproportionate infusion of self-pity, I suppose, that makes the difference at this moment. The tragic and revolutionary perspectives of the great generation of modern poets begin to seem archaic to people embroiled in the petty particulars of welfare-state planning. Most of their passion now goes

to passion and effective wit, and they usually prevent any large accumulation of soppiness from bogging down his descriptions:

We used to picnic where the thirst  
Grew deep and tufted to the edge;  
We saw the yellow foam-flakes drift  
In trembling sponges on the ledge  
Below us, till the wind would lift  
Them up the cliff and o'er the hedge.

Sand in the sandwiches, wasps in the tea,  
Sun on our bathing-dresses heavy  
with the wet,  
Squelch of the bladder-wrack waiting  
for the sea,  
Fleas round the tamarisk, an early cigarette. —“Trebleterick”

Probably it is poems like these, together with such rather more blatant, downright blubbering pieces as “The Old Liberals” and “Church of England Thoughts” and “Christmas” and “Verses . . . in Aid of . . . the Restoration of the Church of St. Katherine Chiswellhampton, Oxon.,” that have made Betjeman’s work so popular. Except for a few poems on death, social caste and sex, Betjeman is not at his best when he is completely serious. But in these few poems—“Late-Flowering Lust,” “Sir John Piers,” “On a Portrait of a Deaf Man” and “False Security,” for example—he hits the note of pure dismay implicit in his diatribes and satires against the new world of dreariness he believes England’s “plasterers” are building. One of Betjeman’s reactions to social service England is an old-auntie excitement about church restoration and other such nobly preservative causes. He exercises his talents more fully when he is being wittily half-snobbish, half-tender, toward the dull *polloi*; when he is mocking the traditional forms and vocabulary of the bucolic and other popular poetry he exploits so cleverly (he is most at home in a tradition that includes such minor, half-forgotten masters of swinging rhythms as Kipling, Masefield, Noyes and Chesterton); when he is dazzling us with the mingled humor and pathos of “The Arrest of Oscar Wilde at the Cadogan Hotel”; or when he is indulging himself in his curiously effeminate but very funny love-poems about powerfully athletic females:

Red hair she had and golden skin,  
Her sulky lips were shaped for sin,  
Her sturdy legs were flannel-slack’d,  
The strongest legs in Pontefract.

PHILIP LARKIN is representative of the younger group of self-snubbers and self-loathers (to whom, nevertheless, it

has never occurred to put down their wretched mirrors) who have recently risen to the fore in English letters. He is forever promising to be a wit and then appealing to the reader to pity him instead. It is another turn on that *petty* bitterness about life that Betjeman too sometimes exhibits—not a world’s sorrow and loss of meaning, but the sullenness of a man who finds squalor in his own spirit and fears to liberate himself from it:

Why should I let the toad *work*  
Squat on my life? . . .  
Ah, were I courageous enough  
To shout *Stuff your pension!*  
But I know, all too well, that’s the stuff  
That dreams are made on:  
For something sufficiently toad-like  
Squats in me, too;  
Its hunkers are heavy as hard luck,  
And cold as snow. . . . “Toads”

As in *Look Back in Anger* or *Lucky Jim*, the speaker’s assumption that he is in an inescapable predicament will seem to Americans more stubborn than unavoidable. Larkin’s poems of refusal to participate—such as “Reasons for Attendance” and “Places, Loved Ones”—have an air of spurious self-alienation, as opposed to a poem like Edwin Muir’s “The Interrogation” whose tragic authority derives from awareness of the myriads whom war and authoritarian militarism have deprived of birthright and identity. In the new British atmosphere a writer can speak of his childhood, as Larkin does in “Coming,” as “a forgotten boredom,” and have it accepted as a self-evident truth. He can write, seriously:

. . . Sex, yes, but what  
Is sex? Surely, to think the lion’s share  
Of happiness is found by couples—sheer  
Inaccuracy, as far as I’m concerned. . . .

There is a good deal of this kind of defiant beating-down of straw men, in the vein of the posturings of a precocious pubescent in revolt against the prospect of happiness. But another side to Larkin appears in poems like “Dry-Point,” “Myxomatosis,” and “Going.” The querulous whine and the limp squeak of defiance have disappeared, the poems are much more impersonal, and we can see from them that there is something of a deep, end-of-a-civilization sadness behind the talkative self-analyses and the almost silly little manifestoes. “Dry-Point” is perhaps the best poem in the book and immensely suggestive in the

way its images carry through a feeling of men’s helplessness within history. At endlessly recurrent crucial moments we are compelled to action amid an exalted vision which deserts us immediately the action is completed, and the dream of a concentrated, glowing perfection immune to historical destiny remains remote as ever.

The wet spark comes, the bright  
blown walls collapse,  
But what sad scapes we cannot turn  
from then:  
What ashen hills! what salted,  
shrunken lakes! . . .  
And how remote that bare and sun-  
scrubbed room,  
Intensely far, that padlocked cube of  
light. . . .

The spiritual dolor of “Dry-Point” comes not from the explicit meaning of its succession of evocative images, but from the character and arrangement of the images themselves. The abstract patterning here gathers the feeling for which Larkin strives in his lesser poems into its richest expression. He is able, thus, not only to speak sharply and springily about what he feels his predicament to be, but in poems like “Deceptions” and “Church Going” he hits a rather satisfying middle ground. The first, like Betjeman’s “An Incident in the Early Life of Ebenezer Jones, Poet, 1828,” is a gesture of keen sympathy toward the suffering of violated innocence. The second, which may be contrasted with Betjeman’s propagandistic church pieces, is a moving consideration by the poet—merciless toward his own ignorance and incomplete commitments—of what churches mean to him. The British are generally better at this kind of contemplative verse-exposition than we are. It’s their language, and they are well-trained at using it to be subtly lucid about things. They do not, it is true, have our knack, improvised under pressure, of beating hell out of, and passion into, the language by main force.

YET it is possible to belabor this point, and the insularity of current British poetic sensibility as well. Larkin’s “Dry-Point” is one sign among several that younger British poets are not satisfied with their special brand of dead-end and are turning to American post-Imagist models as a means of reorienting their work. The poems of Charles Tomlinson go much further in this direction. Tomlinson is a sophisticated student of the French Symbolists and of Pound and Eliot, as his sequence “Antecedents: A Homage and Valediction” makes perfectly clear. He is also indebted to Stevens

and, especially, to Marianne Moore. His remarkable precision and his gift for the implication of intense passion held in reserve are not to be denied. The affinity with Miss Moore is therefore quite natural, though poem after poem is marred by certain purse-lipped, almost prissy effects that really parody her work. Tomlinson has the same tone of grave shrewdness, the same trick of weaving quoted phrases into the body of his text, the same manner of marshaling images and observations toward a pithy conclusion, and the same voice of wise dismissal of his subject when the time is right:

A quick gold, dyeing the uncovering beach  
With sunglaze. That which we were,  
Confronted by all that we are not,  
Grasps in subservience its replenishment. —“The Atlantic”  
The sea laps by the railroad tracks.  
To have admitted this also defines the sea.  
—“The Mediterranean”

I find this derivativeness of Tomlinson's extremely distracting, though he does his exercises so well that they are more than exercises. They are, in cer-

tain respects, a perfecting of the Imagist ideal though—good lord!—forty years later. A poem like “Paring the Apple” is uncanny in the delicate sureness of its swerving movement, deceptively delicate since its grasp on the physical action around which its meanings are implied is so firm—

. . . Paring it slowly,  
From under cool-yellow  
Cold-white emerging. And . . . ?  
The spring of concentric peel . . .  
The blade hidden, dividing. . . .

Sometimes the smotheringly depressive mood of young England comes through clearly, as in the dominant symbol of “Poem” (an upended tree that “gapes enmity from its hollowed core”), or in various pieces suggesting an attitude like Betjeman's toward the English landscape, the churches, the lost past. Tomlinson's virtuosity puts him in a special class, though there must be some doubt as to how much life there is in his art. His kind of perfectionism may feed too much on itself; one can't help wondering whether he will receive enough stimulus from the prevailing British *ethos* to break out of his present self-bondage and produce something vitally new.

## Dreiser Hedged Out

*LETTERS OF THEODORE DREISER.*  
Edited by Robert H. Elias. University of Pennsylvania Press. 1,067 pp.  
3 vols., boxed. \$18.

**Nelson Algren**

“I DON'T want to search your pockets,” a kindly Chicago police officer once admitted to a fellow who had just emerged from a perfectly innocent-looking alley—“I'm afraid of what I'd find.”

Theodore Dreiser was a man whose pockets were best left unsearched. “So many Jews deliberately passing as Americans,” he complained in a letter of 1933. “Germany in driving them forth acted without wisdom. A decent way would have been to negotiate. Why not every Jewish male [be] forced to marry a gentile and every Jewish female [be] forced to marry a gentile male? Would not this solve this vexing problem?” Shaw once proposed this solution in irony, but Dreiser meant it.

He meant everything he said. That he should consider Russia at Stalingrad the keeper of man's hope is understand-

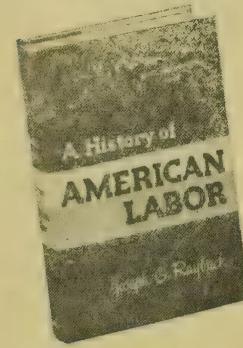
able; but that in 1941 he could write to Eleanor Roosevelt that England was no more democratic than Germany, was the lopsided thought of a lopsided man. He repudiated religion and yet had faith in revelations arranged by side-street spiritualists with séance rooms wired for sound. When he needed a lawyer he looked for a fortune-teller, which may have been a good move at that. Yet to judge the man by these letters would be as far off the point as to judge Charlie Chaplin, not on his comic genius, but by those occasional off-screen appearances as a grave pontifical ass.

Dreiser was willing to risk being wrong; and he had great wrong-looking juts to his character. He was a stiff-arming, an elbower who never gave ground outside his novels or in them. And though outside the books he could be so obtuse and unjust, inside them his passion for justice rang true. At the height of his success, when he had settled old scores and could easily have become the smiling public man, he chose instead to rip the whole fabric of American civilization straight down the middle, from its economy to its morality. It was the country that had to give ground.

His feeling for life everywhere was

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direct, and it was his great good luck to have for a base that city which of all American cities is closest to the life of men everywhere. He loved Chicago's bitter slums, "those neighborhoods where, in small unpainted tumble-down shanties set in grasslands, can-strewn yards, drunk and lecherous slatterns and brawlers were . . . mooning in a hell of their own." When he was supposed to be looking for work he was only walking about amazed at "the art of the jumbled streets, the rancid alleys . . . the dirty river, with its dark, inscrutable waters: all moving, soothing, beautiful, rewarding."

BUT though you might argue for not collecting Dreiser's letters at all, you cannot (or at least I will not) argue for half-collecting them. Editors of the present selection have exercised such care in clearing their small plot of empty cans and cultivating their ground that one feels a growing apprehension lest Dreiser himself trample a hedge trying to get in. People get pinched for that sort of thing, and this hedge is ex-

pensively trimmed. In excluding such matter as fails directly to reveal "a point of view that shaped Dreiser's books," the first to get bounced, of course, are his love letters — apparently upon the assumption that a man whose emotional life was one of perpetual storm somehow kept his work moving on a windless sea. On what happened to Dreiser himself—that astonishing swing from adulation of those who drive the world to compassion for those who are driven—no light is thrown. Of the spiritual journey that took him from defense of a man like Cowperwood to defense of one like Clyde Griffiths, more understanding is offered in Maxwell Geismar's essay on Dreiser in his *Rebels and Ancestors* than is indicated here.

Here one only feels that the man's chill ashes have been boxed in an overpriced case, well guarded by Ph.Ds, faintly yielding the scent of embalming fluid.

To leave us at last alone with the creepy thought: "What did I spend eighteen dollars for?" In fact, where the hell are Dreiser's letters?

## 'Only the People'

*THE HARMLESS PEOPLE.* By Elizabeth Marshall Thomas. Alfred A. Knopf. 266 pp. \$4.75.

*Robert Hatch*

THE KALAHARI DESERT is a barren plateau stretching 650 miles north and south and 400 east and west in South-West Africa and Bechuanaland. It is without rainfall ten months of the year and it will not support domestic herds or agriculture. This is the domain of the African Bushmen, a slight, gold-skinned, Mongolian-featured people who long predate the Negroes in South Africa. This enigmatic race, kin to the Hottentots, is culturally almost naked. The Bushman has no fixed abode, no tribal organization, no graphic art, no baskets or pottery, no history. He fears the spirits of the dead and knows a mischievous god whom for the most part he tries to avoid. In small family groups, Bushmen wander over the rolling arid plains, hunting antelope and springbok with poisoned arrows, digging for roots that hold moisture, lying at night in nests of grass, clad only in leather loincloths, aprons and capes in temperatures that regularly drop below freezing.

When the Bantu and the European farmers who live in the fertile lands surrounding the Kalahari need field labor, they drive out in their trucks and

take the Bushmen. It is not a question of force — a Bushman cannot stand up to the loud, masterful farmer voices. He will hide, and he is adept at concealment; but if he is discovered he will climb sadly into the trucks. The Bushmen call themselves the *zhu twa si*, which Elizabeth Thomas translates as The Harmless People, but which, she explains, is more accurately "only the people" — as we would say "it is only the cat."

The gulf between these primitive nomads and such a people as ourselves might be thought so great as to be absolute. The glory of Mrs. Thomas' book is not only that it erases the gap, but that it throws the reader into excellent company. Like all great travel writers, and it is safe to say that she is a great one, Mrs. Thomas writes more of people than of places. She traveled with a party of scientists (her parents are anthropologists) but she is not one herself. She does not provide data; instead she offers incident and personality. I have not counted, but she recalls perhaps thirty or thirty-five men and women from several groups, ranging from young wives and their strong hunter husbands to tough, stringy grandfathers and bright-eyed, somewhat malicious old cronies; and of course children and babies. It would be unfair to skim the

delight off the book by describing its characters in detail. I shall only call attention to a few: Gai, the young, serious, competent head of a family group, who is also a powerful medicine man and capable of being seized with awe-inspiring, super-human frenzy; or Tu, wife of the great and modest hunter, Toma — a woman of elegance and strong domestic virtue who is a sadly bitter shrew in her yellow-eyed mood. Short Kwai was bitten by an adder and his leg died; his friends and relatives, legion over hundreds of square miles, brooded before their tiny night fires at the cruel luck of this man. Do savage nomads abandon their cripples? The Bushmen do not.

When an animal calls out in the dark night, the Bushman invariably answers; it seems only friendly, and it amuses him. But he does not speak back to the lion. One of the stars he calls the "firewood star," because when it has set he can calculate whether the fuel supply will last to morning. He sings "mood songs" — about hunger and luck, loneliness at the turn of a season, or his own shortcomings. Professional aviators astonish us by making a neighborhood of the world; the Bushmen do much the same thing with the Kalahari. A man will recall where he left a cracked ostrich egg two hundred miles away on the open prairie; someday when he is passing there he will pick it up. It will make a good bowl.

There are pictures in the book and you can see these people, but it is

## There Is No Dew Tonight

There is no dew tonight.  
The day was hot.

A solitary man walks down the street.  
I hear his steps approach and fade away.  
A man I do not know and shall not  
meet,

yet wonder where he goes.

These steps must take him somewhere,  
to a house where fear or love  
may lie in wait for him.

Perhaps this man is lonely.  
I don't care.

His shirt was white.

It soiled the spotless darkness  
which I own.

There is no dew tonight.  
I could say more.

But a compassion for the thirsting soil,  
the arid earth of summer,  
calls for silence.

There is no dew tonight.

ERIKA RENON

*The Nation*

through Mrs. Thomas that you meet them. The contact does not exist until it is made; friendship is given on the terms that it is offered. The life details of a people who have to save their urine, who eat ants as a delicacy (and who invariably insist on sharing their delicacies), who believe that a man may not sit where a woman has sat, can absorb the attention of a person put off by trifles. Mrs. Thomas never gives such matters more weight than the Bushmen themselves place on them; her attitude is affectionate, respectful, amused, unassuming and intensely involved. The Bushmen loved her.

THE liteness of these people is astonishing; is it a matter of selection? There are now some thirty to fifty thousand Bushmen, surviving descendants of a much larger race that was pushed out into the desert by the enterprising Bantu. Presumably they were never aggressive (they liken themselves, with frank irony, to the tricky jackal), and today the idea of conflict or advantage seems completely absent from them. Instead they are resilient, ingenious, observant, gentle, quick of wit and limb, sympathetic, generous and somewhat touchy in a wry fashion. With them, these are not the marks of cultivated social behavior; they are the devices by which they survive naked in a hard world. In short, they are a people of grave but mercurial intelligence, balanced deftly on the finest thread of subsistence. They would have delighted Gulliver himself had he found his way to them.

## THEATRE

### Harold Clurman

London

THE THREE successful plays I went to see on my arrival here seem to me to represent three aspects of the English theatre today.

One is Shelagh Delaney's *A Taste of Honey*. This first play — Miss Delaney is 19 — is one of the very few in which the English streets are heard to speak. Though there were realistic plays in England during the days preceding the First World War, they were middle-class plays and, more often than not, upper middle-class. During the twenties and even the thirties — when plays

HAROLD CLURMAN is now in London for several weeks as guest theatre critic for The Observer.

May 16, 1959

Mrs. Thomas' language is a direct and vivid prose that moves quite unpretentiously at times into a strongly-phrased lyricism. That is not much of a description, but perhaps a closing quotation will make clear the quality:

Twikwe and Tsetchwe sat side by side, their legs straight out in front of them, the soles of their feet lit by the fire. They sang gaily and clapped their hands while the baby Nhwakwe walked up and down on Tsetchwe's leg, balancing himself like a child who is walking on a railing, then climbed to her shoulder and stood there triumphantly without holding on, gazing around like a child on a hill. He looked utterly astonished when Tsetchwe suddenly swept him to the ground and, flinging off her cape, jumped to her feet and began to dance. Everyone was astonished. Women almost never dance, though they are quite welcome to, but least of all Tsetchwe, a very conscientious mother and wife.

... She sang and waved her arms with great abandon, and danced her gay dance right behind the men, just for once flinging motherhood to the four winds and dancing right over her baby, who came trotting sadly after her. ... When Tsetchwe finally got tired and flung herself down on the ground he ran to her and nursed immediately to reassure himself. She held him loosely in one arm as she coughed from exertion and laughed, with a pleased, shy expression on her face that said: this is what I used to do when I was younger.

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student from the town's slums who cares for the young girl when she becomes pregnant — are all seen as people of their environment and as people in broader context: the context of common humanity in which, for all the disparities of education, station, or experience, we remain far more alike than we are different.

There is a detachment in the author's approach which is not callousness but the acceptance which rises from a shared experience. Thus the play has no "point" (that is, intellectual bias), but it strikes me as possessing more social significance, because more truth, than it would if it were demonstrating a specific moral idea.

*A Taste of Honey* is what we used to call a slice of life — its "story" has no ending — with emphasis on the toughness and tenderness of the life rather than on the grossness of the "slice." Such plays represent only a beginning, but a beginning in a vein which may revitalize the chalk garden of the English theatre.

The acting is excellent. The play has been directed by Joan Littlewood, the intrepid young woman whose Theatre Workshop, an organization which has functioned for some years in a working-

class district far from London's theatrical center, gave *A Taste of Honey* its first performances. The production shows signs of Brecht's influence, that is to say, Miss Littlewood uses certain of Brecht's devices with a purpose that is not exactly Brechtian.

Though essentially a realistic play, *A Taste of Honey* is given a sort of vaudeville treatment as if the story were part of the jazz world; indeed, jazz music accompanies several of the scenes. The tempo is breathless, actors frequently address the audience, or seem to, and they periodically break into dance steps. For the most part, I found the result effective: it appeared to give the play a certain lightness or effervescence which is probably not inconsistent with the author's brand of impersonality. Still, I could not help wondering what a more traditional realism in direction might do for the play. There is no way of telling unless someone as gifted as Miss Littlewood were to try. This conjecture is made because, as I shall have reason to emphasize later, we all ought to be clear that there is no virtue in the Brecht or any other technique by itself. The novel, the modern, the experimental, the *avant-garde* are all child's play when they are not part of a true content.

## The Wall

(From the Italian of Salvatore Quasimodo)

*Contro di te alzano un muro  
in silenzio, pietra e calce pietra e odio....*

They are building a wall around you  
in silence, stone and lime, stone and hate;  
every day from a higher level  
they drop the plumb line to the ground. The masons  
all look alike, bull-necked, sinister,  
the stereotyped image of the criminal.  
On the wall slogans are painted for the education  
of the citizens, and if the rain washes  
the letters out, they write them in again,  
larger and blacker than before.  
Loudspeakers reiterate that alphabet.  
From time to time someone trips and plunges  
from the scaffolding and before he is cold  
another takes his place. They do not  
wear blue coveralls but only little  
leather aprons like the Egyptian slaves,  
and they talk an allusive jargon.  
The wall is high, all rock.  
Scorpions breed in the crevices,  
and magpies grow fat on the beetles.  
Long black grasses hang in the air.  
On one horizon, the dark and vertical defense  
blots out the noons of the earth,  
although it does not hide the sky.  
Beyond this fortress, beyond the studded gate of skin  
and the animal voice of the primitive horn,  
you will not beg for mercy or plead confusion.

**FIVE FINGER EXERCISE** by Peter Shaffer is also a first play. It introduces an author who combines the new material of the English theatre with an old mode of statement.

The new material is the sense of impasse in the middle-class family. Father is an ordinary Philistine furniture manufacturer who sees life in terms of solid earnings, small comforts, pub pleasures and homey rewards. Mother, more pretentious, employs her smattering of culture as a club of contempt to bludgeon her husband while she smothers and unmans her son in sugary indulgence. The result is alienation on all sides. The only ones who stand clear of the muddle are a precocious baby daughter who seems free of everything but her charm, and a young German in flight from an ex-Nazi father. The presence of the foreigner brings about a painful explosion of consciousness on everyone's part that nearly makes him its victim.

The play is technically adept — glib, in fact — as if the author were training to emulate Terence Rattigan. Pleasant humors and quips make it agreeable to a West End audience, and its neat explanations of everyone's troubles, its symmetry of plotting, its eloquent but self-conscious editorializing place it in a theatrical category much more conventional than its premise would lead one to expect. The inner turbulence of the young generation is made somehow to echo the complacent moderation of the old. Just so Pinero years ago domesticated Ibsen for the English.

*Irma la Douce* is a musical comedy (European style) adapted from a great Parisian hit. It is a raffish fable which deals with a cocotte and her poor student boy friend who, to prevent his girl from continuing her pavement industry, becomes his own rival by disguising himself as a bourgeois sufficiently well-heeled to support the girl. (He gets a paying job to make the disguise work.) The student becomes jealous of his bourgeois *alter ego* and determines to kill him. He is tried for murder, he is condemned, he escapes, etc., etc.

The score is from the bottom of the barrel, the lyrics are sometimes witty but rarely memorable. What makes the show function successfully is the brilliant invention of Peter Brook's direction. There is no question that Brook's theatrical talent and a capacity to devise stage business of any sort — plus a highly developed visual sense — are surpassed by no American director and equaled by very few. Yet I came away from the show with the sense of having experienced nothing at all.

That is the danger which lurks in

*The Nation*

the masterful virtuosity which several English theatre men now command. They are consummate technicians — and this professional skill is not to be lightly dismissed — but their craftsmanship rarely becomes creation. Creativity is present when the subject matter of an artistic endeavor is so treated that a quality of substantial human force or value emerges. Without such creation — born when the craftsman is in love with something in his material beyond his own egotistic pleasure in exploiting it — virtuosity tends to destroy itself and to nullify the life it is presumed to reveal. That is why I trust that such talented directors as Joan Littlewood, in their cry for "good theatre" as opposed to phony art, will never forget that the validity of any style, method or language in the arts stems from the livingness and pertinence of what one has to say.

## MUSIC

### Lester Trimble

LAST WEEK, in writing about the New York City Opera Company's season of American works, I said that continuity is critical to the formation of any art movement. That seems self-evident, and yet, in the actual functioning of American artistic life, continuity is the happy exception to the rule. For every project which lives into its seventh year, a hundred die in infancy. And the reason is usually the same — failure of discerning and continuous financial support. Not only new, relatively unproven movements or institutions find it hard to maintain themselves. Even after decades of artistic contribution to their communities, many symphony orchestras have to conduct yearly begging campaigns. But the young institutions are the ones most sensitive to flagging interest on the part of their supporters.

I mention this because the astounding success which Julius Rudel and the New York City Opera Company are having in their efforts to establish an American repertory opera theatre is in large part made possible by the Ford Foundation. This has been one of the Foundation's most enlightened contributions to American cultural life, and I hope that its directors will not decide too soon that their work is done.

No one who has followed the City Center undertaking can fail to be amazed that, in only two seasons, each of them a mere six weeks long, any company could arrive at such a level of

stable competence, stylistic authority and sophistication. Every performance I attended this season represented an advance in aesthetic and technical security over last year's productions. One could almost smell the freshness of creative vigor in the City Center air. The stage directors whom Mr. Rudel enticed from Broadway and off-Broadway went at their work with sleeves rolled up, some of them a little open-eyed at the new problems they encountered (for instance, of moving singing choruses in the dark, where they can't see the conductor), and all of them aware that they were putting on productions in three weeks of rehearsal time which Broadway wouldn't have attempted in six. The house was full, it seemed, most of the time. And, on the last evening I attended, when Hugo Weisgall's *Six Characters in Search of an Author* was performed, I even heard *bravi* coming out of some stentorian throats on the first floor. When that happens, American opera must be arriving. Even at the Metropolitan, for *Tosca*, I never hear more than *brava!*

THE most successful large-scale operas to enter the City Center repertory this season were Robert Ward's *He Who Gets Slapped*, from the play by Leonid Andreyev (libretto by Bernard Stambler), and Hugo Weisgall's *Six Characters in Search of an Author*, from the Pirandello play (libretto by Denis Johnston). The Ward opera, which was given for the first time at the Juilliard School of Music about three years ago, under the title *Pantaloons*, turned out to be, for me, something of a sneaker. The author is a firmly established young composer, known for the smoothness of his craftsmanship and an amiable musical disposition. But now it appears that he is not only an abstract musician of quality, but one blessed with a sense of theatre as well. Without introducing any particularly ironic-sounding musical materials or, indeed, anything more revolutionary than a constant flow of good melody, harmony and rhythm, he conveyed in the first two acts a disturbing sense that life behind the scenes of a small, Parisian circus — and on the outside as well — was a sick morass of bitterness, heading inevitably toward an ugly tragedy. This mood he maintained so successfully that I found myself, during the intermission, impatient for the next part to begin. In act three, however, the opera faltered. In the original play the protagonist ends by killing himself, but Ward and Stambler side-stepped this situation and allowed him to make a conventional

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"the charade is over" exit. Considering the doom-filled atmosphere which had penetrated the first two acts, this was less than convincing. And, for one reason or another, the composer's sense of stylistic appropriateness faltered in this same act, giving us some music for a play-within-a-play that came too close to Gilbert and Sullivan for comfort, and a tango which, for lack of proper dramatic explanation, seemed inappropriate. It is my feeling that this third act should be reconsidered by both the composer and the librettist. If it could be made to carry on the dramatic intensity established by the other acts, they would have a bombshell on their hands.

The cast and direction of *He Who Gets Slapped* was admirable. Regina Sarfaty sang a fierce Zinida, the female lion-tamer; Lee Venora, as Consuelo, was winsome; Norman Kelley was detestable and amusing by turns as Count Mancini. On opening night, the principal character, Pantaloan, was sung by David Atkinson. He had some difficulties in remembering the text toward the end of the evening, but was otherwise quite satisfactory. Michael Pollock's staging was deft and colorful, including some of the prettiest clowning and miming I've seen in ages. Emerson Buckley presided smoothly in the pit.

HUGO WEISGALL's *Six Characters in Search of an Author* is the most ambitious and technically difficult work the New York City Opera Company has ever produced. Remembering the play, and considering the extremely difficult performance problems it poses even in its spoken version, I find it astonishing than any composer could have handled it even adequately. Weisgall did much more than that. With the help of an extraordinarily skillful libretto adaptation, he mounted a musical drama that functioned perfectly throughout every complex situation. The various "realities"—those of the six characters as individuals and as a group, and those of the actors (who are, in this case, shown as members of an opera company)—are all kept in clear-cut juxtaposition, fluently dissecting the philosophical problem, and doing so with the help of handsome music.

Weisgall's style does not fall easily into a pigeonhole. Its general quality is somber, and the music might even, at certain points, be considered "advanced." At the same time, the orchestra gives forth with many passages that appeal to the ear in an almost coloristic manner. This does not imply a leaping from style to style. More likely than not, when the orchestra is adding high color, the

voices will be given a rather severe counterpoint, so that a balance between "soft" and "hard" elements is maintained. It is a distinguished style, and an extremely flexible medium for operatic composition.

As I mentioned above, however, Weisgall's music is more than a little difficult, and even at the second performance, choruses were sounding a bit insecure. The principals, on the other hand, sang with complete authority, and acted splendidly as well. Ernest McChesney carried the central role of the Director; the Characters were sung by Paul Ukena, Robert Trehy, Adelaide Bishop, Patricia Neway, Ruth Kobart, Marc Sullivan and Barbara Becker. William Ball's stage direction was exemplary. Sylvan Levin, conducting in a sports shirt as part of the opera's illusion of rehearsal informality, kept things in good order.

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ARTICLES ON: The Struggle for a Mass Labor Party in the U.S.; The C.P. and the Labor Movement; The "Thirties" in U.S. Culture; The U.S. and Germany; Debate on Early History of the CPUSA.

CONTRIBUTORS INCLUDE: W. Z. Foster, Milton Rosen, Phillip Bonosky, Herbert Aptheker. Debaters are Theodore Draper & Oakley Johnson  
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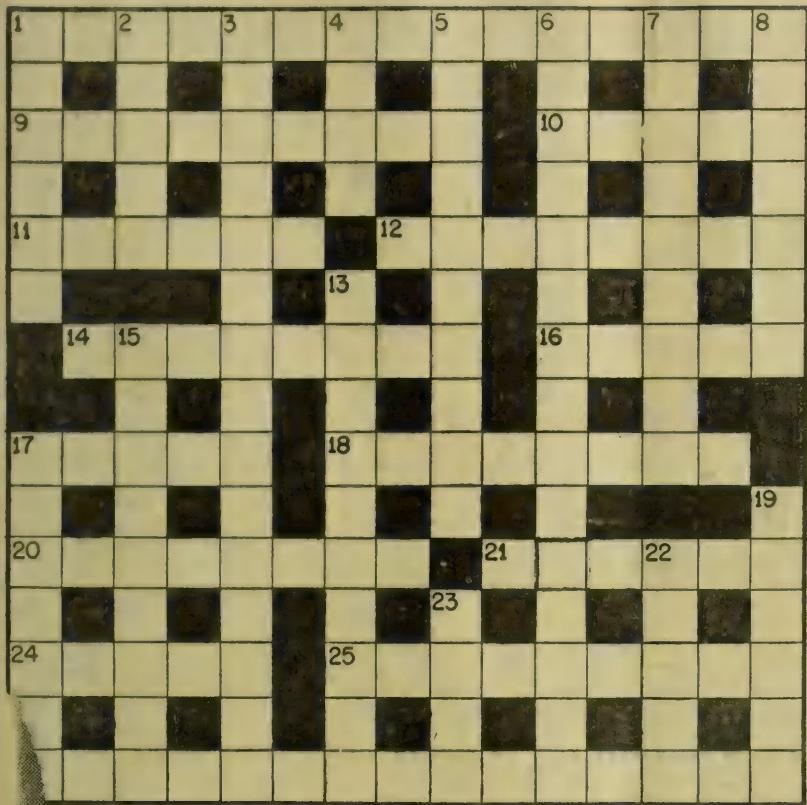
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# Crossword Puzzle No. 820

By FRANK W. LEWIS



## ACROSS:

- 1 France and China's habitants. (6, 9)
- 2 Let another country try what we have? (9)
- 3 And 11 Malls of copper and silver, perhaps. (5, 6)
- 4 The city type might prefer green belts. (8)
- 5 What a body sometimes does when tired of sitting? (8)
- 6 A time to turn back for the battlefield? (5)
- 7 Tales told by the inventor? (5)
- 8 Are such pleasures uncommonly slighted? (8)
- 9 Loaf here, perhaps. (The Padre is wrong in prohibition of it.) (5, 3)
- 10 Used to foil a worker with pickets, perhaps. (6)
- 11 A factor one found in Switzerland and France? (5)
- 12 In turn, they show the extent of travel. (9)
- 13 Any parts suggested by them are not real! (Changes the clue as well!) (15)

## DOWN:

- 1 Forces its back to the wall, perhaps. (6)
- 2 Is 9 tied in a knot with this in addition? (5)
- 3 Responsible for the following correspondence: "S. S. Dread". (6, 2, 7)

May 16, 1959

## SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 819

ACROSS: 1 Stamp collector; 9 Petered; 10 Orpheus; 11 Race horse; 12 Tiara; 13 Rodents; 15 Nol-pros; 16 Georgia; 18 Soupeon; 20 Titan; 21 Brilliant; 23 Open sea; 24 Chicago; 25 Dress designers. DOWN: 1 Supererogation; 2 Antacid; 3 Parthenogenesis; 4 Order; 5 Loose ends; 6 Capitol Building; 7 Open-air; 8 Assassinations; 14 Starboard; 17 Outwear; 19 Charade; 22 Incas.

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Reproduced above is an extract from that part of *The Nation's* 1958 index which appears under the heading, "Labor." The first item refers to an imaginative — and disturbing — projection of the effects of automation by the British scientist-philosopher, J. Bronowski; the last is a notation on an editorial introduction to a two-part article, by Harvey Swados, which recently won a Sidney Hillman Foundation Award. In between are listed a series of solid, timely pieces on all aspects of the labor problem by men who never permit their sympathies for the worker to get in the way of the facts. If you are interested in Labor, you are interested in *The Nation*.

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# THE NATION

MAY 23, 1959 . . 25c

## CHINA: the GHOST AT the SUMMIT

*Edgar Snow*

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## THE 'SICK' COMMISSION FCC and the NETWORKS

*Bernard Schwartz*

## KENTUCKY'S TRAGIC STRIKE

*Ron M. Linton*

# LETTERS

## North Dakota and the Non-Informative AEC

Dear Sirs: I am glad that Walter Schneir in his letter printed in the May 9 issue of *The Nation* has called attention to the fact that North Dakota is the "hottest" spot in the country with respect to sr-90 in milk. As a resident of North Dakota for the past two years, I would like to answer his query as to whether information on sr-90 has been given to local officials and the public. The answer is a simple "no" as far as the public is concerned.

It was not until May, 1958, that North Dakotans learned, unofficially, of the heavy fallout in their state. They have an enterprising young reporter of the local paper to thank for the information. A year ago, Dr. J. L. Kulp of Columbia University visited North Dakota to arrange for human bone samples to be analyzed for sr-90. The reporter learned of the visit, and elicited from a reluctant Dr. Kulp the fact that milk in the town of Mandan, N.D., was the most heavily contaminated of any studied by the AEC. Subsequently, AEC officials told the Minneapolis *Tribune* that "the study was to be kept off the record. . . . Van Heuvelen [North Dakota State Director of Public Health] said Kulp had not informed him about the sampling of the Mandan milk."

As a result of these revelations, I undertook to find out all that I could on North Dakota fallout studies. A letter to Mr. Van Heuvelen referred me to various federal agencies. Subsequent correspondence with the AEC, the Weather Bureau, the Public Health Service produced much information; officials were very cooperative in making data available to me, personally. I received maps showing the paths of radioactive clouds moving directly from the Nevada test site to North Dakota, data showing that Missouri River water had contained over the maximum permissible amount of radioactivity, that sr-90 deposition at Fargo had increased several hundred times in one day, and that Mandan milk had contained as much as 36 strontium units. None of these facts have ever been officially reported to the public, but have been circulated quietly to business leaders and scientists.

This reticence is not limited to North Dakota, but extends to our neighbor state of Minnesota, which is known in scientific circles for its contaminated wheat. When I asked state officials for figures on the sr-90 in milk tested by

the Minnesota State Health Department, I received the following reply: "In our opinion, the public climate in regard to levels of this isotope (sr-90) in the environment has been too emotional, and we have concluded that interpreted data only, without specific reference to sampling sites, should be reported at least for the present time...."

I must, therefore, conclude that had it not been for the local newspapers, we never would have learned the state of affairs in North Dakota, despite the fact that it is one of the hottest areas in the country.

E. W. PFEIFFER

School of Medicine

University of North Dakota

Grand Forks, N.D.

[Reprints of the original Walter Schneir article on sr-90 fallout are available at The Nation: single copies, 10c; 10 copies 75c; 25 copies, \$1.25; 100 copies, \$4. Payment must accompany order.—Ed.]

## Splitting Atomic Hairs

Dear Sirs: Thank you for sending me the galley proof of Mr. Schneir's letter [*The Nation*, May 9] and for the opportunity to comment on it.

The facts are quite straightforward. Dr. Martell sent me a rough draft of his article but I did not receive the final version. In other words, I had the complete scientific information but not the exact wording.

W. F. LIBBY

U.S. Atomic Energy Commission

Washington, D.C.

## The Tiger on Leash

Dear Sirs: "The President or the Tiger," by Richard Harris, in *The Nation* of May 9 is its most important item. The fantasy of our President's acting on his own past assertion that war, for any reason, is unthinkable, should have been printed in letters ten feet high on paper a hundred yards square. Instead, it went unmentioned on your cover where three (excellent) articles were listed. A fantasy, I suppose you thought, is only a fantasy after all.

BERTRAM F. WILLCOX

Ithaca, N.Y.

Dear Sirs: "The rest, of course, is well known," writes Richard Harris in "The President or the Tiger" (*Nation*, May 9). That gets Harris off the hook, but what did happen after the President made his stunning declaration for political and military sanity? My guess is

that, far from resigning, the generals and admirals rose from their desks and took over the country. I further predict that the Air Force seized the initiative in restoring old-fashioned madness to its rightful primacy. The admirals might hesitate, but those colonel and general flyboys know how to deal with subversion, in the White House or anywhere else.

CARL DREHER

Brewster, N.Y.

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The Nation, May 23, 1959, Vol. 188, No. 21

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## EDITORIALS

### Yesterday's Hoffa

John L. Lewis may be an old-fashioned tragedian in his now rare public appearances, but neither his orotund tones nor his bushy eyebrows can account for the fact that he can always be sure of an audience. The fact is that he has always had uncommon practical wisdom and the courage to be forthright, and along the way he has accumulated a vast fund of experience. All these he showed in his strictures on the pending labor-reform bills before a standing-room-only session of the House Labor Committee.

The press and the publicity media have mellowed toward Lewis, but he has not forgotten when he was their whipping boy precisely as James R. Hoffa is now. Hoffa is not and never could be a Lewis; it is a symbol of the time's decay that no worthier successor in the role of scapegoat can be found. But Lewis is not grateful for the degree of respectability he has been belatedly accorded. Hoffa, he predicted, will be enthusiastically re-elected as long as the Senate Rackets Committee "keeps trying to send him to the penitentiary for crimes he didn't commit."

The major service John L. performed was, however, in his manhandling of the notion that we could all be one big, happy middle-class family if only the bloated, racket-ridden unions could be pried off the backs of the poor, downtrodden corporations. The fact is that in the United States there is no labor party and labor has no defenders of consequence outside of its own ranks. Another fact is that nothing stands between millions of Americans and poverty in the midst of plenty except membership in a union and the right to strike. And still another fact: the interests of labor and capital may coincide in general theory, but in specific instances labor gets what it can command by its economic power, and nothing else. In what remains essentially a combat situation, there are always those ready and eager to use labor racketeering as an excuse for union busting, and this is their busy legislative season. If they are stopped short, it will be largely John L. Lewis' doing. He quoted Joseph Curran, head of the National Maritime Union, as saying that the AFL-CIO was "trying to compromise with the headman's axe," and added that he wished to associate himself with that statement. So do we, and we mean specifically the Kennedy-Ervin bill.

### Mr. Hoover at the Throttle

J. Edgar Hoover celebrated his thirty-fifth anniversary as head of the FBI much as he celebrated the thirty-fourth and thirty-third. He stood four-square on his record, urged the police to get tough with juvenile punks, and added his own congratulations to the thousands which poured in from members of Congress, governors, legislators, heads of lesser departments in the federal government, civic and patriotic organizations and plain citizens. The flood of eulogy almost obscured a hair-raising revelation of Mr. Hoover's before the House Appropriations Committee, which provides the wherewithal for the FBI's good work. In recent months, the Great Protector announced, the railroad industry has been singled out as a primary target for Communist penetration. Having thrown this bombshell, Mr. Hoover went off the record, the better to combat the enemy's machinations. And well he might, for finally the Reds seem to have latched on to a popular cause. No one is more aware of this than Mr. Hoover, who in January was photographed in a striped cap and bandana bestowed, together with honorary membership in the sodality, by the Grand Chief Engineer of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. He knows, and so do the conductors, that the commuters are ripe for revolution. Worst of all, the impending revolution cuts straight across class lines, and its Lenin may as well be a stockbroker as a bootblack. Alike they pay higher fares, ride on fewer and slower trains, peer through dirtier windows, and sit on dustier seats. At Mr. Hoover's induction, the Grand Chief Engineer extolled him for "helping thwart the efforts of those who would destroy our government and our way of life by infiltrating and seizing control of our labor organizations." Mr. Hoover had better bend his efforts toward helping the commuter before they seize the red flags from the brakemen and, after all these years, bring to fulfillment his own dire prophecies.

### Courage on the Campus

The contagion of courage is spreading from campus to campus and may soon reach epidemic proportions. First of all, there was the nearly unanimous opposition to the "loyalty oath" provision of the National Defense Education Act; a dozen or so institutions have

announced that they will not accept scholarship funds as long as the offensive oath is retained and several have already returned funds. Now the faculty and students at the University of Arkansas are up in arms over Act 10, a state enactment which requires all teachers (and administrative personnel) in the public schools (including state universities) to list under oath all the organizations to which they have belonged or to which they have contributed funds in the last five years — the period subsequent to the Supreme Court's decision in the desegregation cases. Ostensibly, the Arkansas act is aimed at enforcing recent legislation prohibiting the employment in Arkansas schools of any member of the NAACP. But the students and faculty at the state university are quite aware that it has a wider relevance. "What we are really confronted with," to quote Dean Gurden Nichols, "is a belated effort to make a copy of the McCarthy era."

This note of realism is echoed in other protests from the university. The organizational affiliations of Professor Edgar A. Albin of the Art Department are limited to the American Association of University Professors, the P.T.A. and the Presbyterian Church. "Why then," he asks, "do I even hesitate to list them? After all, I have nothing to be ashamed of and the penalty is great if I do not comply." His answer: "Twenty-eight years of working with young people have convinced me that they can spot a phony very quickly. How then can I continue to teach in a university situation, where matters of principle and value are always under the cool light of reason, if by my act I demonstrate hypocrisy? Act 10 is a vicious piece of legislation. . . . It signals but one of many encroachments on human dignity and human liberty this state has already suffered."

A suit brought by a Negro teacher to enjoin enforcement of the act — a hearing is scheduled for May 25 — is being supported by the faculty at the state university, which is preparing to bring an action on its own behalf. In this spring of 1959, a new courage has returned to the campus; it could spread far beyond.

### The Ladies of the Night

Unanimous votes at the U.N. are rare enough; when the vote is in approval of a resolution offered by a Communist state, it takes a real safari to find a precedent. Last week the miracle of unanimity was accomplished by the Social Commission. Sponsor of the resolution was Czechoslovakia; the subject, prostitution. Given the subject, there will be a natural tendency to belittle the miracle; but the reader who does so fails to take into account the intrusion of political ideology into all U.N. debate. In this instance, the Soviet delegate insisted that prostitutes (whom the British delegate elegantly termed "ladies of the night") were the unhappy offspring of capitalism, and that the best way to

do away with the one was to do away with the other. The U.S. delegate admitted that he was no expert on who walked Gorky Street at night, but pointed out that there were other East European capitals in a less fortunate position; they had gotten rid of the capitalists, but the offspring still seemed to be around. Neutralist Indonesia argued that war's economic effects were a prime cause of prostitution, recalling that the number of call girls in his country had risen since World War II.

The Czech resolution called upon governments "to take all appropriate measures for the elimination of causes leading to the traffic in persons and the exploitation of the prostitution of others through constant improvement of the social and economic living conditions of their peoples." The Czechs took the position, apparently, that prostitution was an undesirable, and removable, appendage of capitalism, communism and neutralism alike. Happily, in the end all agreed.

### The Sorcerer's Apprentices

The new technique by which public men support their lieutenants, known as the "I need him" defense, has quite predictably spread from President Eisenhower to executives in less exalted posts. Mayor Wagner of New York has lunched with Park Commissioner Robert Moses (after a delay of almost melodramatic protraction) on the issue of whether the city is to have free Shakespeare in Central Park again this summer, and has announced that he will back Mr. Moses' resolution that it shall not. Mr. Wagner never says that Mr. Moses is right in opposing the free performances, in fact he noticeably goes out of his way to avoid saying it; he supports the ban on the ground that "the only alternative would be to get a new Park Commissioner" — an eventuality that, curiously enough, the Mayor finds unthinkable.

Now our system of government assumes that the elected officer is the boss and that his appointees serve at his pleasure. But if the present trend continues we are going to see appointees running the land through the facilities of the sorcerer's apprentices who originally picked them. That is bad democracy. Perhaps candidates for appointment should submit to a test that would guarantee them to be at least 10 per cent less resolute than their patrons. In the present era of public life that might produce some rather weedy appointees, but at least it would spare us such distressing spectacles as Mayor Wagner phoning Mr. Moses at a number where he knew for a fact that his ogreish Park Commissioner would not be found.

### The Rehabilitation of Pasternak

President Harlan H. Hatcher of the University of Michigan has been touring the Soviet Union and his

observations are reported from Moscow by Harrison E. Salisbury in *The New York Times*. "Soviet society is moving at a much faster rate than is generally realized either here or abroad," Dr. Hatcher declared, and added it is time that "my countrymen begin to understand that changes can take place in the Soviet system and that these changes are actually occurring before our eyes." And for Moscow's leaders he had the advice that "the era of the robber barons, the era of primitive nineteenth-century capitalism, has ended in the United States and given way to a completely new way of life."

That the Khrushchev era is not the Stalin era (neither is it, nor can it be, its opposite) is indicated by some recent developments in the case of Boris Pasternak. The *Times* reported that Pasternak, as translator, is given prominent billing in the production of Schiller's *Mary Stuart*, now running in Moscow. This conflicted somewhat with the popular notion, in the United States, that Pasternak must be selling pencils in front of the

theatre. But it remained for *Newsweek* (May 18) to give some inside dope on the latest development. It seems, says *Newsweek*, that after Khrushchev got around to reading *Doctor Zhivago*, he promptly fired a pair of Moscow party officials; removed the head of the Komsomol youth organization, who had distinguished himself by calling Pasternak a "pig," and replaced Alexei Kochetov as editor of the *Literary Gazette*.

True or not, *Newsweek's* speculations are interesting. But if Khrushchev really wants to do a job, he should try to alter the atmosphere in which such "unwashed malignants," as Lord Byron called their counterparts of the nineteenth century, perpetrate their literary lynchings. When there is no compulsion for the artist to conform, the evolution which President Hatcher discerned will have progressed to the point where the Pasternaks will no longer be manhandled, their wrongs will no longer need righting, and Mr. Khrushchev will have more leisure for reading.

## China: the Ghost at the Summit . . . by Edgar Snow

NO CHINESE delegates will appear at Geneva or a Summit conference, yet the presence of China will be felt. If, as the Administration prepares for high-level Soviet talks with its back squarely turned on the momentarily quiescent Taiwan Strait—and a sidelong hopeful glance at the diversion in Tibet — that only reflects the weakness of a policy habitually one of reaction rather than action. Peking could at any moment, merely by renewing the bombardment of Quemoy, dramatically remind us of awkward truths irreconcilable with that policy. Or Khrushchev could, at a Summit meeting, demand that China be admitted to the United Nations as a quid pro quo to assure world enforcement of a ban on nuclear tests. Either device would help demonstrate the fact, still stubbornly denied by U.S. policy, that China is now the fourth power in the world, second in the Communist bloc only to the USSR, and holds a hidden veto over any East-West "peace" negotiations.

EDGAR SNOW is the author of many books on China. The latest is *Journey to the Beginning* (Random House).

May 23, 1959

The possibility of a sudden broadening of the agenda at the Summit does not constitute the only reason, however, why the moment is propitious for reviewing our China policy. There are signs that Mr. Dulles' retirement and his replacement by Christian A. Herter probably mark, more than was first supposed, the end of an era of one-man U.S. foreign policy and the beginning of an era in which a Democratic majority will make a growing impact in opposition. Mr. Dulles himself was originally as adamantly opposed to a Summit meeting as he was to any change in the China embargo on trade and travel; and he never wavered in his support of the nuclear arming of Germany. Since Secretary Herter assumed office, the President has conceded the Summit conference as virtually certain, which also means postponing, at least, the arming of Bonn with H-bombs. And soon after the announcement of the resignation (effective July 1) of Walter Robertson, Dulles' Assistant Secretary for China Affairs and staunchest defender of the Chiang-is-China credo, the travel ban was eased somewhat.

Today all rational Congressmen concede that our recognition of Pe-

king is ultimately inevitable. "Ultimately" may not yet be here, but the moment has arrived when it is possible to take a long objective look at a China policy which has not been seriously questioned under Dulles for six years.

IN THE EYES of most of Asia, and in the candid appraisal of many Americans, this policy is one of armed intervention in the internal affairs of China — just as surely as Peking's policy is one of armed intervention in the internal affairs of Tibet. The difference is not only that Tibet and China are both Asian states, but that Tibet has been ethnically and culturally closely linked to China for thousands of years, has been under Chinese military occupation many times, has been politically under China's suzerainty for centuries, was for long periods recognized as part of the Chinese empire, and is claimed by no other foreign power. The United States, on the other hand, is not an Asian power, has no past claim to Taiwan or Quemoy, and has pledged itself, by declarations at Cairo and Potsdam, to return Taiwan to China — not to Chiang Kai-shek personally

—following its liberation from Japanese conquest.

The United States has intervened in China before, but only in concert with other powers. Today we have alliances with forty-four states, any one of which might involve us in war; but none is obliged to support our alliance with Chiang. Our intervention is unilateral and in effect makes Taiwan a U.S. protectorate.

American intervention in China really began more or less accidentally during World War II. From Pearl Harbor onward, the United States gave all its military and economic aid exclusively to Chiang Kai-shek and his Nationalist Party and its armies. This practice continued after the war and, in a more desultory way, throughout most of the Chinese civil war until Chiang Kai-shek was defeated by the Communists.

Washington chose not to recognize the new Red regime. For a time American policy was one of "letting the dust settle." By the late spring of 1950, there were indications that the United States would not oppose seating China in the U.N. and might not deny China's claims to sovereignty in Taiwan. The outbreak of war in Korea on June 25, 1950, changed everything and has profoundly affected America's whole policy ever since.

President Truman, when he committed American troops to the defense of South Korea, unilaterally interposed the U.S. Navy in the Taiwan Strait to "neutralize" that area. We now affirmed that Chiang headed the only legitimate government of China. In 1953, President Eisenhower accepted a truce with the Chinese forces to end the war in Korea — on terms which Truman had rejected. Soon afterward, Eisenhower compensated by "unleashing" Chiang Kai-shek for a hypothetical return to the mainland. Then Mr. Dulles worked out an alliance with the Nationalists, whom we have been rearming, training and subsidizing ever since.

During the past five years it has become abundantly clear that the Generalissimo's dream cannot be fulfilled except as part of a major American war against China. Premier Khrushchev recently declared

that an attack on the People's Republic would be considered an attack on the USSR. Since a Soviet-American war over China would mean a world war and world destruction, the Generalissimo's aspirations cannot today be considered a sane possibility.

U.S. policy of "wait and see" has thus metamorphosed into a policy of "wait for a miracle." And yet, as seen from the China mainland, it is still a policy of provocation aimed at doing "all we can to contribute" (short of war) to the overthrow of the Peking government. The United States forbids the People's Republic access to Taiwan. Since 1950, it has imposed a total trade embargo against the mainland. Our Taiwan allies, using American weapons, have variously blockaded, harassed and attacked China's shipping and aircraft; they boast of having landed spies, saboteurs and armed bands in China. At least partly because of such activities, China began shelling the Nationalist base on Quemoy last August. President Eisenhower was obliged to go before the nation and try to explain why we would be morally justified in risking war in order to keep Chiang in possession of that small remote island, unquestionably a part of China.

ASIDE FROM the foregoing, what has our policy accomplished? It has temporarily kept China out of the U.N. It has influenced some allied nations to withhold recognition. It has deprived China of the full prestige of a great power and compelled her to carry on a political counter-offensive against the United States on a wide front in Asia and Africa.

The costs to the United States cannot yet be assessed, but the mere financial drain is formidable. Defense and other support given to the Nationalists since 1950 begins to approach \$3 billion; it now runs in the neighborhood of \$600 million annually. That expenditure is roughly fifty times more, per capita, for Taiwan, than the total and annual Soviet per capita loan-aid for Red China. The figures do not include the cost of maintaining the Seventh Fleet or of keeping American air and ground forces in Taiwan to man missile



Chiang Kai-shek

bases and train Chiang's aging troops. Consider one such item. During the crisis of 1958, Admiral Burke had to go before a Congressional committee for a special allowance to pay for convoying Nationalist supply ships to Quemoy. The amount requested: \$1 billion.

What else? The embargo hurt China, but gave her no choice except heavier dependence on Russia for trade and for equipment which has tied her to Soviet industrial techniques and patterns for the indefinite future. It greatly stimulated China's intensive internal development and drive for self-sufficiency while it totally cut off American trade exchange with an economy now probably expanding at a faster rate than any in the world. The costliest long-range item chargeable to attempts to "hasten the collapse" of the People's Republic may prove to be the complete loss of communications with the world's most populous nation during a period of the most dramatic and agonizing revolutionary planned change in history.

Continued adherence to the Taiwan alliance clearly must be justified by political considerations beyond the values measurable in terms of military necessity, economics or human communications. What are they? The State Department's answer is a policy statement released in August, 1958, which asserted that our policy is primarily based on two aims:

1. Opposition to the Communist

bloc's plans to destroy the way of life of non-Communist countries and dominate the world;

2. Opposition to the Chinese Communists' ambitions to carry the Communist revolution to the rest of Asia and later to the entire earth.

The first point is contradicted by the fact that we recognize most other Communist-ruled countries, including the seat of iniquity, Moscow. Is there some special reason why China must be an exception? Mr. Dulles has on various occasions offered various explanations, and these were also summarized in the 1958 policy statement, which argued that recognition of China would: (1) deprive overseas and mainland Chinese of hope of eventual liberation; (2) dishonor us and betray our Taiwan allies; (3) probably mean seating China in the U.N. against both United States and U.N. interests; (4) imply a resumption of trade, which China would use only "to develop as rapidly as possible a formidable military establishment and heavy industry to support it"; (5) reopen wide cultural interchanges which would endanger China's "close neighbors" by pressure of "additional intense subversive activities."

The first, third, fourth and fifth points listed could, if generally applied, lead to withdrawal of recognition from all Communist-ruled lands and to the break-up of the U.N. The second, fourth and fifth are almost embarrassingly subjective, if not mere fatuous speculation unsusceptible of factual proof. Dulles' brief also ignored the facts that India, Burma and Pakistan, "close neighbors" of China which together hold the bulk of Asia's non-Communist population, already recognize Peking; that these powers, as well as five other Asian states, have long been voluntarily exposed to the dangers of cultural exchange; and that our own embargo has in no demonstrable way prevented China's development as a military power or her unprecedented industrial growth.

IT IS ONE thing to demonstrate the unsatisfactory results of non-recognition. To define functional alternatives is not so easy. The United States is by now far too deeply entangled by past commitments for us

merely to say to Peking, "We recognize you." The logic of such a step certainly does imply at least some of the consequences pointed out by Mr. Dulles.

Recognition would indeed mean withdrawal of U.S. opposition to seating China in the U.N. It would also mean resumption of trade and cultural exchange. It would mean abandonment of the position that the People's Republic does not represent China. No doubt it would follow that most nations within the U.S. alliance system would eventually recognize Peking also. Viable formulas would have to be devised to secure the withdrawal of both Chinese and American troops from Korea and Indo-China, to guarantee existing frontiers of those divided countries by multilateral means, and in so far as feasible to neutralize them in a disengagement operation. If one assumes representation for China in the U.N., that kind of agreement need not be impossible.

The legal status of Taiwan might finally have to be set inside the U.N., but I do not myself believe that America alone should attempt to plan its future. If China's suzerainty over Taiwan were recognized in principle, in exchange for a pledge not to use force to annex it for a given period while the issue were negotiated or placed before the U.N., many things could happen. Almost certainly Chiang Kai-shek would resign, along with most of his staff, once serious recognition talks began. A coalition representative of the Taiwan natives and the Nationalist immigrants would probably succeed him and quite likely seek direct negotiations with Peking. It is not unreasonable to assume that they would reach a basis for intramural agreement before the issue ever reached the U.N.

Such changes would of course mean important gains in international prestige for Peking. Would they necessarily be against the "enlightened self-interest" of the American people?

Would it be in American interests, or against them, to be able to test the stability of the People's Republic through observers on the spot? To our advantage or disadvantage to meet China directly when dis-

putes arose between us? Would it be "good" or "bad" for us to be able to hold China's representatives to account before a world council in the case of situations endangering world peace—the potentials of the Sino-Indian dispute over the Tibetan rebellion, for example—rather than for China to remain legally unanswerable to a U.N. organization which excludes it?

Is China so clever, so powerful, so dreadful, that we must fear exposure to her ideas and culture, her propaganda, her products, the look of her people face to face, more than they fear us or we fear Russia? Is it more to China's advantage than ours to seek some disengagement on Asian frontiers where American armed forces stand, five thousand miles from their homeland, daily exposed to risks hardly definable as vital to the strategic security of American shores? Would it be for better or worse to seek to reduce unnecessary risks of "accidental war" and nuclear holocaust?

Certainly it would be illusory today to expect Moscow to repeat, in China, the mistakes whereby Stalin drove Yugoslavia down an independent road to socialism. But what would have happened to Yugoslavia by now if the United States had rejected trade with Tito? Would Poland be nearer freedom if we were to withhold trade and other relations with her? Is there any factual proof that China might not eventually respond, in a salutary way, to American initiative to help ease the heavy burdens imposed by her vast constructive effort to lift herself out of the centuries of mud? Edgar Faure, former premier of France, had this answer to make after he recently spent months visiting China:

It is necessary [he wrote in *The Serpent and the Tortoise*] to develop relations of every kind, economic and cultural, with China. Our attitude of resistance and refusal produces a result quite the contrary to what we wish....

China must be helped to accomplish her modernization, for only that modernization can bring her closer to us, economically and politically.

All non-Communist governments abhor Communist dictatorships. They resent the arrogant manner in

which foreigners in China have been abused, cheated, expropriated and expelled or imprisoned. But approval of the moral behavior of another government is not implied by, or necessary for, either recognition or membership in the U.N.; few states, if any, could get by St. Peter's watchful eye. Mr. Dulles himself once conceded this point specifically in the case of China, while Vice President Nixon recently justified continued "communications" with Hungary on the same grounds. Neither gentleman has anywhere gone so far as to claim that non-recognition had or could bring about repentance and reform in any government.

IF, OFFICIALLY, this Administration has rejected recognition, it may be asked whether Peking is equally uninterested. The answer might lie in the following statement by Chou En-lai last September:

In the Sino-American ambassadorial talks which started in August, 1955, the Chinese side time and again proposed that the two parties should, in accordance with the principles of mutual respect and sovereignty and territorial integrity and non-interference in each other's internal affairs, issue a statement declaring their intention to settle the dispute [in the Taiwan area] through peaceful negotiations and without resorting to the threat or use of force against each other.

Repeated use of the ambiguous phrase "Taiwan area," and the emphasis on Quemoy and Matsu in Chou's statement, suggested that negotiations could at that time have been opened concerning the offshore islands, alone. But Mr. Dulles' answer was the old counter-demand that the People's Republic renounce its right to use force to overthrow the Nationalists anywhere. It now

appears that Peking prefers a continuation of the armed stalemate rather than make any concession which might cloud a clear title to all Chinese territory.

With Soviet nuclear power behind it, Peking now has reason to feel that time is on its side. Today China is probably less interested in winning United States recognition than it is in winning early admission to the United Nations. The possibility that the United States may be outflanked and outvoted on the question of China's representation even as early as the next meeting of the General Assembly remains a real one. Nehru insists that, despite developments in Tibet, he intends to continue to demand a seat for China in the U.N. The day the seat is won the United States will have lost its chance for a strategic withdrawal in good order from basically untenable positions. Its China policy may then fall apart in a shambles.

CURRENT Communist "peace offensives" are genuine at least to this extent: both Moscow and Peking leaders know that nothing could save them from burning with the rest of us in World War III. Since 1953, and repeatedly since the twentieth and twenty-first party congresses, the Communist bloc has affirmed, both in theory and practice, that it will increasingly depend upon vigorous economic, trade, propaganda and political offensives to win world victory. It is this invasion of the world market, rather than danger of military attack, which constitutes what Allen W. Dulles, Director of the Central Intelligence Agency, has called the greatest threat the United States has faced in history.

During a visit to Moscow in 1957, Mao Tse-tung made the following significant statement:

The whole world now has a population of 2.7 billion, of which the various Socialist countries have nearly one billion; the independent, former colonial countries, more than 700 million; the countries now struggling for independence or for complete independence, 600 million; and the imperialist camp only about 400 million. . . . At present, it is not the West wind that is prevailing over the East wind, but the East wind over the West.

The Communists clearly aim to outflank and encircle the United States not by force of arms, but by a combined economic-political offensive. While they will *at all times* hold onto a military equilibrium, they have much to gain by reducing the capital outlay for military means. Their foreign target is the 700 million people in the newly independent states and the 600 million in areas "now struggling for independence or complete independence," including those dominated by "Yankee imperialism" in Latin America. In this sector of the world, the average per capita income is less than \$100 per annum, but this sector is now also fully awake to the possibilities of a better life; the quickest means of attaining it—not necessarily the nicest for "the West"—have the strongest appeal.

IT IS not overt Chinese Communist aggression, but the poverty, backwardness and inequality of that vast underdeveloped world which constitutes the major challenge to the United States. By convincing that world that communism offers the best and quickest means of liberation and the development of what Senator Fulbright recently called "a national personality," the Soviet bloc seeks to win to its side the balance of world power. The true deep weakness of U.S. policy toward China lies in its long-continued blindness to that fact. It lies in past heavy overemphasis on armed resistance to change as the best and quickest answer to human needs, upon immense concentrations of the wrong weapons in the wrong places in preparation for a war already lost, while the preliminary skirmishes are beginning elsewhere in Asia and Africa in that other war where the last decision will be made.

U Thant, Burma's permanent representative to the U.N., recently made this simple, true observation:

There is one major flaw in all Western aid to underdeveloped countries that makes it appear that the West is giving help for its own cold war purposes. . . . If the West is to get any lasting benefit out of its aid programs in the form of good relations with the recipients it must rethink and restate its motives.



In the long run, the greatest benefit likely to accrue by recognizing the giant fact of China would be the compulsion to do just that: to rethink and restate our motives and aims in foreign policy. For we should not be deceived about one thing. Recognizing China would inevitably mean admission of the failure of a policy of non-recognition. It would also mean acceptance of the status quo imposed by revolutionary change on a wide scale following World War II. It would mean the beginning of the end of the cold war and inescapable acceptance of that challenge thrown down to us for a war by other means — the means of competitive coexistence.

Recognition is not, therefore, something to be undertaken without a clearly thought-out alternative world policy, as well as China policy. After ten wasted years, it is now beginning to penetrate a number of ambitious brains in Washington that the alternative can only be large-scale international planning, financing and fulfillment of a partnership between

the advanced and the underdeveloped nations of the world.

RECOGNITION of China may yet be far off, but one immediate pre-Summit move could be made to clear away some of the worst debris endangering the success of a Summit meeting. The United States should tell Chiang Kai-shek that our alliance with him does not cover the defense of 30,000 Nationalist troops on Quemoy and Matsu; that those islands unquestionably belong to the mainland and not to Taiwan; and that, if another crisis develops over them, the U.S. Navy will not intervene. Chiang would have no choice but to withdraw. The President could and should then announce that those islands are not necessary to the defense of Taiwan (no competent expert could dispute it) and that, as a contribution to the pacification of the Taiwan Strait, and to world peace, he had recommended their evacuation. So that such a just move could not be misunderstood as "appeasing aggressors," the President

might at the same time reiterate that the United States stands ready, together with its allies and the U.N., to assist any nation threatened by armed attack from China or any other power.

If the President took this one step, it could go far to restore some mobility in American policy, inspire confidence in American intentions throughout Asia and the world, deprive China of a useful propaganda tool, strengthen the United States position at the Summit, and win valuable time and freedom and wide cooperation in the rethinking and restating of motives and peaceful alternatives. Not least, it would somewhat ease our cramped quarters in the strait jacket of an alliance by which Chiang Kai-shek thus far has bound us to his own one-sided ambitions.

If the United States waits until the Summit meeting, or the next shelling of Quemoy, or China's appearance in the U.N., however, that opportunity may be lost and none so favorable may recur.

## KENTUCKY'S TRAGIC STRIKE . . . by Ron M. Linton

Hazard, Kentucky

LEAN, tawny men, coal-grime ground into their skin, sit quietly on logs a few hundred feet from ugly, black, loading ramps. If you ask, they will show you that their pockets are empty except for an occasional coin or a voucher for \$27 worth of food (a week's supply) from their union. A few secrete an additional item: check stubs attesting to the wages they earned when they were working. Some stubs show earnings of \$35 for two weeks' work.

These are the picketing United Mine Workers who have struck the truck mines buried in the backwoods mountains of Eastern Kentucky. "I'll stay out as long as the union buys my groceries," one of them says. "And then I'll stay out longer. If John tells me to strike, I strike;

when John tells me to go back, I'll go back."

Why this loyalty to the United Mine Workers and John L. Lewis?

Because the union-owned hospitals in the region stand as memorials to the protection of the miner's health; to his wife's giving birth in a warm, antiseptic room instead of a cold, unpainted hovel; to his children's chances of growing to adulthood.

Because the coal wage in the Hazard, Big Sandy and Harlan fields has climbed high since the dog years of the twenties and early thirties, although it is still well below the scale of many other fields.

Because the miners have watched men make a quick buck in a small truck mine and refuse to pay the union royalty that provides for the health, welfare and pensions of the union members.

Because they look at the pretty homes of the small owner and wonder

about his complaint that he can't afford to raise wages.

Because they think the small owners are fronting for the big operators in a determined effort to bust their union in this already sickeningly depressed area, where ugly economics befoul the natural beauty of the mountains.

But if they have good reason for loyalty to the union, they also have good reason for worry. For there is truth to the mine owners' protestation that the new contract demands will drive them out of business and there will be fewer jobs.

SOME 7,000 to 11,000 miners have been on strike since mid-March. Theirs is not a simple strike; there is no black and white, even though each side demands of the other total, unconditional surrender. Even this is too simple a formation, because there are more than two sides,

RON M. LINTON is labor editor of the Louisville Courier-Journal.

May 23, 1950

There is the striking miner and the one who is not. There is the owner who has refused the union demands and the one who has signed. And there is the rail or captive (both mechanized) mine where per capita production is double that of the truck mines. Finally, there are the National Labor Relations Board, the federal courts, the state police and the National Guard.

Even the mine nomenclature is confusing. Truck mines are what their name implies: they cart their coal by truck to ramps on railroad tracks in order to get it to market. They are pick-and-shovel operations, uneconomical by the owners' admission. They came into existence during World War II, when the demand for coal increased sharply and the big mines gave up operations that didn't yield to mechanization. Many of them owe their existence to the approximately forty ramp owners in the five counties. The ramp operator either owns mines, or leases them to operators who then are indebted to the ramp owner. The rail mine is served directly by a railroad; a captive mine is owned, characteristically, by a railroad or steel company.

**THE STRIKE** began in a five-county area of the Hazard and Big Sandy fields against some 750 truck mines and loading ramps, each employing from a handful to several hundred workers.

More than 150 owners have since signed the new contract. With but two exceptions, the rail and captive mines signed before the strike began. In addition, in two other counties of the Big Sandy field, all truck mines and ramps also signed.

The new contract calls for a wage increase to \$24.25 a day—a \$2-a-day increase over the old contract, but from \$10 to \$12 a day more than what most of the truck mines have been paying. The contract also calls for a protective wage clause which would prevent ramp owners from buying coal from non-union mines. This would have a twofold effect: it would compel all mines to pay the 40-cent-a-ton union royalty and it would unionize the mines that so far have escaped unionization.

The truck-mine owners who refused to sign the contract say it would

drive them out of business. The ramp operators who have refused to sign say the protective wage clause is a secondary boycott.

It is true that many of the truck mines will go out of business under the new contract if the ramp owner doesn't sign. The ramp owner controls the price of coal that the truck miner gets. This has been about \$3.50 a ton. Under the new contract, the truck mine will need about \$5.50 a ton. But if all the truck mines sign the contract, the ramp owner will not be able to play the non-union mine against the union mine and thus hold his price below that of the rail mines.

This strike is essentially against the ramps. The picketing was at the ramps because without ramps coal can't get to market. And if the ramps sign, all the mines must sign.

In the early stages of the strike, it was difficult to tell how many men had struck. The U.M.W. officials insist that production was cut so sharply that the strike would have been over in a week except for the intervention of the state police, who moved in to keep law and order, to keep the roads open, and to prevent mob action. When they moved in, the coal trucks started moving again and some mines began working.

Today, in Pike County, about 25 per cent of the mines are reported to be operating. In Perry, Breathitt and Knott counties, about ten ramps and an undetermined number of mines are functioning, at least partially. The Louisville & Nashville Railroad, which handles most of the East Kentucky coal, is moving about 50 per cent of the normal tonnage out of the fields.

But even with the state police present, and some men reporting to work, mine operators demanded the National Guard and martial law. Three men have been killed and five ramps have been destroyed by fire and dynamiting.

The National Guard was called out and patrolled by day, but not by night. Violence continued after nightfall. The union charged the violence was provoked, that Governor A. B. Chandler had promised to disarm the operators and didn't, that the owners destroyed their own ramps for insurance and to get martial law.

Ramp operators in Perry County are well armed, and guerrilla warfare is carried on almost nightly on both sides.

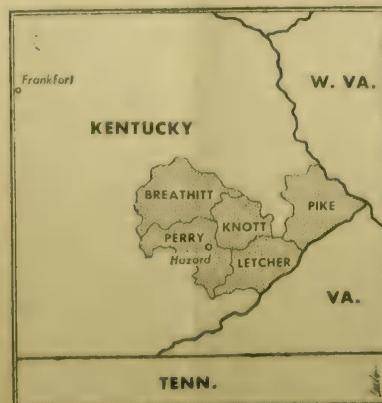
AFTER the state police and the National Guard came the National Labor Relations Board. Acting on charges filed by the operators, the board went into federal court and obtained a temporary restraining order that set out rules of conduct for the U.M.W. The first result of this was the ending of all picketing. For the union, this was not too big a blow, since only nine ramps were being picketed.

More important is the fact that the restraining order shifted the emphasis of the strike from economic action to legal action. The N.L.R.B. general counsel will attempt to prove that the mine owners are justified in their charge that the protective wage clause is a secondary boycott under the meaning of the Taft-Hartley Act, and is therefore illegal. If the courts affirm this interpretation, all the union's coal contracts may have to be renegotiated.

The ramp and truck-mine operators seem on the verge of victory. The union, barred from picketing and under injunction, finds itself under increasing pressure, and more and more men probably will trickle back to work.

But at best the truck-mine owners can win only a short-term victory. They have accused the union of collusion with the big operators to drive them out of business.

Yet it is just a matter of time until they go out of business, anyway. And they will go out of business



even faster if they succeed in breaking the union. For if the truck mines win their fight with the union, the rail mines will crack down on the union, too. If the rail mines succeed, then they will be able to cut wages and royalty even more drastically than the truck mines—and force the small owners out of business by underpricing them. Some truck-mine operators openly admit that what they want is that part of the truck mines be unionized, and part not. This is the only way the present truck-mining operation can continue.

Local union officials deny that any mine must go out of business. They say a rise in coal prices is the answer. The union officials charge that the truck-mine owners are now in an economic squeeze only because

they spent their money on luxuries instead of machinery.

On the national level, U.M.W. officials say: "You can look at this through a knot hole or from the broad standpoint." What they mean is, should the union allow the payment of a debased wage in East Kentucky in order to keep 7,000 men at work—and sacrifice the base wage of 173,000 other men in soft-coal fields? Should the union collect 40 cents a ton royalty on 95 per cent of the production and pay the health, welfare and pension plans for 100 per cent of the men?

The truck-mine owners are a breed of vanishing Americans. They go into business with almost no capital. They take the leavings of big business and now they are caught in the

squeeze of an industrial society where mass production and automation turn out more for less.

The only one who stands to gain from this strike is the big-mine operator. If the union wins, many small operators will go out of business. If the union loses, the big mines will take advantage of the union in the next round of negotiations. The little man has had it either way, and the union is in danger as a result of his losing fight for life.

The matter, for all its complications, is yet susceptible to solution through government redevelopment of this depressed area.\*

\*The tragic story of the Appalachian South, of which East Kentucky forms only a small part, will appear shortly in *The Nation*.

## THE 'SICK' COMMISSION

### FCC and the NETWORKS . . . by Bernard Schwartz

PUBLIC attention during the past year has been focused upon the improprieties committed by individual members of the Federal Communications Commission. These, however, have been only the most spectacular outward manifestations of a disease that has infected practically all of the FCC's recent work.

Perhaps the primary symptom of a "sick" agency like the FCC is its passive attitude toward its regulatory tasks. More and more, it has failed to give effect to the public interest — the purpose for which it was created. Instead, the commission tends increasingly to identify the public with the interest of the dominant groups in the industry to be regulated.

BERNARD SCHWARTZ made headline news last year when he was dismissed as counsel for the Congressional Subcommittee on Legislative Oversight after he had accused the subcommittee of doing a "whitewash" job. Now teaching law at New York University, he is the author of the just-published *The Professor and the Commissions* (Knopf).

The main beneficiaries of this attitude have been the broadcast networks. It is largely because of commission acquiescence that the networks have been able to acquire their present position of dominance in broadcasting. Nor is "dominance" too strong a word in this connection. "The record," declared a 1941 FCC report, "reveals at every turn a dominant position of the network organization in the field of radio broadcasting."

More recent studies reveal a similar situation with regard to television. "It is clear," states a 1957 report of the House Antitrust Subcommittee, "that CBS and NBC have a dominant position in the industry, and therefore exercise vast influence over television broadcasting and determine in large measure what the American people may hear and see over their television sets." According to this report, the two networks and the nine stations they owned and operated accounted for almost half of the total business done by the television broadcast industry in 1955 — an industry which then included some four networks and 455

TV stations (of which all but thirty-eight had some network affiliation).

Especially revealing in this respect are the figures contained in a 1957 FCC staff study. They show that the three networks now in existence (the third is ABC) account for close to 70 per cent of national television time sales, with CBS and NBC accounting for over 62 per cent. Network concentration is especially high in terms of what the study termed "one significant measure" — the proportion of network programs on TV stations during prime evening hours (i.e., 7:30-10:30 P.M.). During these hours, the networks account for close to 80 per cent of the total programs carried by commercial TV stations (over 90 per cent in the case of the basic stations of the CBS and NBC networks).

NETWORK dominance is bound to pose major problems in a system such as ours. "The First Amendment," the Supreme Court has affirmed, "rests on the assumption that the widest possible dissemination of information from diverse and antagonistic sources is essential to

the welfare of the public." Americans have repudiated the notion of a government-operated monopoly of the air waves. But this imposes a corresponding responsibility, as Senator Magnuson has put it, "upon both the Congress and its administrative arm, the FCC, to insure that private monopoly does not occur where government monopoly is avoided."

The problem is compounded by the means through which the networks have acquired their dominance. In practice, network operation turns upon the contractual relationships between the networks and their affiliated stations. From the point of view of network control, the most important of these is the so-called provision for "option time," which requires affiliates to carry network programs up to twelve hours a day. On network demand, local programs must be dropped to make way for network programs. This enables the networks to pre-empt most of the broadcasting time of almost all the TV stations in the country, especially during the prime evening hours when the viewing audience is at its peak.

The effect of all this is to put the networks in a position to determine the great bulk of TV programming throughout the country—thus concentrating in a handful of men control over what video fare is to be available to the American people. As a 1955 Senate report put it, "The significance of [option time] cannot be minimized. It is believed that [it creates] an artificial and competitive advantage for the networks which helps to explain the dominant position they occupy in the industry."

Then there is the networks' so-called "must buy" policy, requiring an advertiser, if he desires to use the network, to buy broadcasting time on a large number of TV stations throughout the country. Thus, both CBS and NBC require advertisers to order time on a minimum of fifty-eight stations. The head of the Antitrust Division of the Justice Department links this practice directly with option time. "There is reason to believe," he has said, "that television advertisers accept the network-picked package of TV stations because of the networks' control, via

time options, of prime telecasting time."

"Must buy" and the option-time clause drastically restrict the ability of the independent station competing with a network affiliate to sell time to an advertiser who is already tied to the affiliate. What this means in practice was shown by the 1956 testimony before a Senate committee by the head of station KTTV, an independent station in Los Angeles. It was his constant experience, he asserted, to be informed "by the advertiser or his agency that despite the fact that the KTTV proposal is more attractive, the advertiser must place the program on the network station in Los Angeles or he will be deprived of the opportunity of placing the program on stations affiliated with the network in other cities."

RESTRICTIONS upon competition such as are involved here present serious antitrust questions. There is, in fact, a striking similarity between these network practices and the practices in the motion-picture industry which the Supreme Court in 1948 held to be in violation of the antitrust laws. At the time, the Court outlawed so-called "block booking," which it defined as "the practice of licensing, or offering for license, one feature or group of features on condition that the exhibitor will also license another feature or group of features released by the distributors during a given time."

The relevancy of this definition to the major TV network practices is obvious. Both option time and "must buy," like block booking,

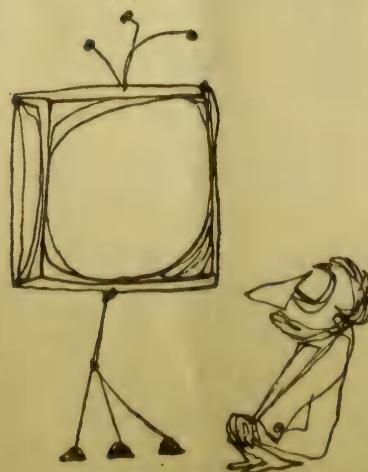
eliminate the opportunity for the small competitor to obtain choice programs and put a premium on network size. Option time, in the words of a Senate report, is a "more virulent practice than block booking, for not only does it commit the station in advance to take a whole block of programming, but it is a combination or arrangement between the networks and their affiliates to oust the programs of important competitors in order to honor the option."

The view that the practices upon which network operation depends violate the antitrust laws has been asserted in recent years both by Senate and House committees and other government officials. On April 24, 1958, the head of the Justice Department's Antitrust Division advised the FCC commissioners that option time and "must buy" definitely violated the antitrust laws. Last March, Attorney General Rogers issued a formal opinion to the FCC that option time was illegal because it "substantially restrains the ability of affiliates to deal with the wares of network competitors during prime viewing time."

THE STATUTE under which the FCC operates expressly declares that the antitrust laws are applicable to broadcasting. This gives the commission, in the 1956 words of the FCC chairman, "a unique responsibility to conform its regulatory activities with the letter and spirit of the antitrust laws."

But in recent years the FCC has been composed of men basically out of sympathy with the objectives of the antitrust statutes. "Concentration does not frighten me," flatly asserted FCC Chairman Doerfer in testimony before a House Committee. Doerfer indicated that he saw no antitrust problems at all in the option time and "must buy" practices. As he put it, "If I go into a store and I want to buy a pair of pants and the fellow says I have got to buy the coat, too, I do not necessarily construe that as an unfair trade practice."

For the FCC chairman to use such a comparison is almost ludicrous. Even more important, however, is the fact that the lack of understanding of basic antitrust



principles which Doerfer's statement indicates has been directly reflected in the operation of the commission as a whole. Despite numerous complaints of network antitrust violations, both by private parties and FCC staff memoranda, the FCC has taken no action.

Yet, as so often happens, administrative apathy may call forth its own cure in the form of Congressional inquiry and prodding. More and more frequently, in recent years, Congressional committees have expressed concern with the problem of network practices. Finally, under the direct urging of the Senate Commerce Committee, the FCC applied for and received appropriations to finance a comprehensive network study.

The study, which was conducted during 1955-57 by a specially appointed staff under the direction of Dean Roscoe L. Barrow of the University of Cincinnati, urged far-reaching changes in the FCC's attitude toward the networks. It strongly recommended that both option time

and "must buy" be "prohibited through a Commission regulation." The elimination of these practices, said the report, "should result in a greater degree of competition in broadcasting, programming which is more responsive to community needs, and a more nearly nation-wide service. The viewing public would have available a wider variety of television service and a more varied program fare."

The Barrow recommendations are now before the FCC. The commission heard lengthy arguments against them by the networks last year; early this year, by a four-to-three vote, it rejected the recommendation that option time be outlawed. This decision did not receive the public attention and criticism it deserved. However, the Attorney General's sweeping condemnation of option time two months ago has now led the FCC to reconsider.

In recent years, the FCC has appeared to be the servant rather than the governor of the industry it is supposed to regulate. Certainly, the

networks have had ample reason to consider the commission wholly "safe." But from the network point of view, this "safeness" has been substantially impaired by the current public loss of confidence in the commission. The fact is that, for the first time in years, there is a good chance of forcing the FCC to deal substantially with the problem of network dominance of the TV industry. Consistent public and Congressional pressure can assure action.

In a 1941 report, the FCC referred to the dangers involved in government operation of broadcasting. "But," asserted the report, "in avoiding the concentration of power over broadcasting in the hands of government, we must not fall into an even more dangerous pitfall: the concentration of that power in the hands of self-perpetuating management groups." Unless the present FCC is prodded into implementing the Barrow recommendations, the danger referred to by its predecessor could become a very real one in this country.

## ARMS AND THE MAN . . . by David Cort

IN ANY HUMAN society that combines guns with passion, greed, heartbreak, family fights, children and hard liquor, somebody is going to get shot now and then, and maybe killed. Every third household in America owns a gun, and 15,000,000 Americans go hunting every year. Gunfire homicides, criminal, personal and accidental, come each year in the United States to about 5,000. (This does not include police killings of criminals.) Killings with weapons other than guns are much more common than gun murders. In addition, automobiles kill nearly 40,000 each year.

The elementary attitude toward the U.S. Constitution's "right to bear arms" seems to depend on which

end of the gun the individual sees himself at. The Second Amendment would not reassure a duck.

The typical sociologist's attitude toward guns is that they are totally a bad thing—he evidently expects to be at the bad end.

Probably every state legislature in the country now has some bill before it to restrict further the ownership of firearms. Rhode Island is considering one that would provide that "no person shall possess firearms of any kind in his home unless a permit has been obtained from the police chief in a city or from the next top police authority in a town."

With every respect for the legislators' honorable intentions, it must be noted that similar regulations were decreed by Hitler, Mussolini, Franco and, of course, the Communists everywhere. Dictators have to know who has the guns. The Nazis' war against the underground was

greatly facilitated by the lists of licensed gun-owners in the town halls of conquered Western Europe. They made fascinating reading for the *Gauleiters*. England's licensing system had so disarmed the English people before the Battle of Britain that what Churchill wanted most and first from the United States was the shipment of a half-million .300 rifles for the Home Guard. That ship was very carefully convoyed, because Churchill believed it carried the survival of England.

These terrible lessons are not as obsolete as is supposed in the atomic age. In an atomic war, intelligently conducted to conquer something worth having afterward, small units of enemy troops would appear suddenly in key areas of the United States. An American citizenry with guns at the right time at the right place would then be useful. In an atomic war insanely conducted to

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commit world suicide, the survivors with guns would be a few criminals (who always have them) who would not scruple to loot and spoil the last remnants of civilization, and make brief holiday. Why not let the honest heads-of-family have guns, too? Some people think that if civilization dies, they would want to die with it, but others would expect to make some effort to survive even that great death.

The Founding Fathers thought this matter of guns so crucial that they made it the concern of the Second Amendment to the Constitution: ". . . the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed." They put this right ahead of the amendment guaranteeing the sanctity of the home and person and the citizen's trial rights. They believed in the sovereign citizen; they were not afraid of him with a gun; if they were afraid of anything, it was of the State. Guns were a very important part of the system of "checks and balances" conceived by the writers of the Constitution. It takes an extraordinary, lunatic faith in the modern official to believe that they were wrong.

MANY STATE and local laws would seem to infringe the sovereign right to keep and bear arms. The reason the Supreme Court has held them Constitutional revolves around two points: 1) whether the right is individual, or collective (as of "the people," who may be held as identical with "the State"); and 2) whether and how far this sovereign individual, or collective, right limits the powers of the separate states.

The Founding Fathers believed, and I believe today, that an honest, responsible man with a gun is a support of the free society.

The state and local laws respecting guns are generally conflicting, badly worded, ineffective and, in a country where everybody is constantly crossing state lines, ignored by peripatetic criminals. The criminal acquisition of weapons is explained by the hundreds of thefts from armories and military piers which go to outfit the underworld.

There are two relevant federal laws—the Firearms Acts of 1934 and 1938. The first taxes heavily the



making or transfer of any fully automatic weapon, rifle or shotgun with a barrel less than eighteen inches long (sixteen inches in the case of .22 caliber or smaller) or other concealable weapons except a pistol or revolver. The second controls the movement in interstate or foreign commerce of all firearms and all hand-gun ammunition. These laws are specifically aimed at stolen weapons and convicts, indicted persons and fugitives from justice.

New York's Sullivan Law objects to any unlicensed person's even owning a concealable weapon. California objects only to its being carried (barrel less than twelve inches) without a license. Los Angeles imposes a three-day waiting period before a weapon sale is concluded, permitting a check on the purchaser, and urges the whole state to adopt these procedures. Vermont, a very law-abiding state, has no law whatever about guns, except as in the commission of a crime.

IF THERE is to be any further law restricting ownership of guns, it should probably be a well-publicized federal law specifically aimed at criminals and stolen weapons. We could easily do without most local ordinances and concentrate on enforcing one uniform law. Hunting rifles and shotguns should never require a license or registration.

Personally, I am not very keen on having a gun around the house. Too many people, including children,

sometimes pass through a mood where they would like to terminate a situation forever. A gun offers an unhappily irrevocable way to carry such a whim into fact. In homes where such moments are conceivable, a suggestion would be to keep the ammunition in the house of a neighbor who, in turn, has no gun it would fit. Still, the total of such homicides is amazingly small. Their importance is swollen by the fact that newspapers love them. Such headlines must have inspired the recent amazing statement of New York City Supreme Court Justice Samuel H. Hofstadter: "The Police Commissioner is valiantly striving against desperate odds to protect an *already lawless community* . . ."

What? For one lovely moment one could almost believe that modern New York City is indistinguishable from Tombstone or Dodge City in the glorious age of hand-guns, as small boys would like to believe. For American thinking about guns is blanketed by an influence much more powerful than even police ordinances.

At every nightfall, twenty to thirty million American homes rock with the sound of sudden gunfire, preceded by an ominous uproar and followed by deadly silence. For all this suburban gunfire, the police are never interested. The gunmen are merely TV actors acting as if, in their scriptwriters' conception, they were living west of the Mississippi in a brief period following the year 1870.

The Western art form brings us to still another popular opinion about guns: that they represent virility. And so the population divides for and against guns about as it divides for and against virility.

IT IS surely safe to say that the strutters of virility tend to be deficient in virility, but not absolutely invariably. Most men look askance at men who must continually prove that they are men, unless they are obviously boys. This applies to the great hunters, muscle-benders, wife-beaters, muggers, saloon-fighters, etc. A strange note of effeminacy creeps into some of the avowedly manly magazines (while a note of manliness creeps into the so-called women's magazines). Virility, it may be recalled, was once the secret in-

gredient of the Hearst press empire, but has been abandoned.

It is evidently heady stuff for an actor to be allowed to call another actor's bluff of virility, whip out the six-gun and blast away with the blanks. Bang, bang! Bluff called.

You won't believe this, but these actors have sincerely convinced themselves, even if a few small boys remain skeptical. One TV gunfighter, Hugh O'Brian (*Wyatt Earp*), recently announced that he is the fastest gun in Hollywood. Well, on re-examination, it seemed that several obscure stunt-men are faster. O'Brian re-defined his brag by saying that he was still the fastest gun among Hollywood stars of TV Western series. A star who has actually been shot at, Audie Murphy, thereupon challenged O'Brian to a duel with live ammunition. Mr. O'Brian politely explained that all he had ever meant in the first place was that he was the fastest gun merely in the sense of getting the gun out of the holster quick. He had not, he said, ever meant to imply that he knew what to do with the gun after he had gotten it out of the holster.

No sooner had this colossal gunfight died down than Steve McQueen (*Wanted: Dead or Alive*) made himself wanted by deposing that he is the only real he-man on TV among a crowd of sissies. Jock Mahoney (*Yancey Derringer*) responded: "I've got a hunch that if you were to stack Steve McQueen against a big boy like Chuck Connors (*Rifleman*), Clint Walker (*Cheyenne*) or Rory Calhoun (*The Texan*), Mr. McQueen would really be the weak sister of the group." Mr. Mahoney then challenged Mr. McQueen to an ordinary paratrooper survival test to determine which was the more man. These fellows are evidently feeling their glands in an important way, yet several of the TV heroes are middle-aged millionaires.

ANOTHER middle-aged millionaire, *Life*, has now gotten into the virility gunfight (succeeding Hearst) with a series on the winning of the West, with color pictures. Here were "the Earps and Doc Holliday, marching to have it out with the Clanton gang at thirty paces," the grim gamblers

of Tombstone, a lynching re-enacted for tourists (there's a harness under the victim's shirt), etc., etc. The grinning camera-pointing tourists make these re-enactment pictures a savage and subtle satire.

In one of those fraternal ambushes peculiar to Time Inc., *Time* (March 30) cuts the ground from under *Life* with a cover story on TV Westerns. This proved that *Time* is more virile than *Life*. It was written in the new, ardently awful *Time* style that would have made the old managing editors throw up:

"The networks have saddled up no fewer than 35 of the bangtail brigade. . . . Every wring-tailed old oat snorter they could rustle. . . . Perseus of the purple sage. . . . Smoke-wagon Siegfried. . . . Cactus-happy. . . . Chaparral clichés. . . . Hasty passel of horse operators. . . . Jump like a bronc with a bellyful of bed-springs. . . ." Etc. Not a word of this can be checked. It is also very fatiguing to read, and must be agony to write.

*Life's* thing about the gun-fight "at thirty paces" collides heavily with *Time's* statement that the Colt pistol of the time was not accurate beyond twenty feet. *Time* is right: the hand-gun couldn't hit a horse at twenty-five feet, except by accident, and in that famous fight Doc Holliday carried a shotgun.

The original function of the six-shooter in the clumsy holster was to shoot wolves and coyotes from horseback. It was of no use at a poker table where it required two fatal seconds to get out, up and level. Meanwhile the gambler took a split second to pick his derringer, carrying a big bullet, out of his sleeve or shirt-front and blow a hole in the bold cowboy. Most of these murders were transacted on gambler's terrain. But the holstered gun, as a visible insignia of virility, infatuated the cowboys and the cruder gunmen, as it has the TV audience.

The "walk-down" in the West was simply bad-tempered bluff-calling, like a crude duel. A man at a hundred feet could draw his gun and start firing. The other man had the choice of running away or walking up, returning the fire. The noise was splendid. Everybody was scared. At about

twenty feet, somebody got hit. The custom did not contribute much to the winning of the West.

POSSIBLY the two greatest gun-fighters of that decade and a half were Doc Holliday, the gambler, and Wyatt Earp, neither ostentatiously virile. (*Time's* nominee is a Texan, Wes Hardin, who was.) Both died in bed, Earp of sheer old age and decrepitude, Doc at thirty-five of tuberculosis, drinking and laughing to the end. Their secret was that they knew the limitations of hand-guns, were incredibly suspicious and mean-minded men, had lightning reflexes, couldn't get drunk and stayed cold even in a rage. Holliday's cursing seemed to improve his shooting. But most of his killing was at eight feet across a poker table against helpless virilities like the TV actors with the holstered hardware. Doc was six feet tall but weighed only about 115 pounds. He dressed very neatly in black and was a qualified dentist.

A hand-gun, then and now, is an inefficient weapon except at very short range. A good pitcher can throw a baseball more accurately and effectively at middle-range than a fair pistoleer can fire quickly. (This might be an idea for a TV duel.) But even at close-work gunfighting, a holstered hand-gun is poor. According to experts like Brooks Mandell, a man drawing such a gun can be disabled by a good commando. (At least, Mandell demonstrated it to me.) Possibly policemen should wear a small gun in the shirt-front or sleeve as Doc Holliday did and, I gather, Paladin does on TV. The holstered gun may make a man feel important but it is of no use against a man who is either too close or too far away.

It should be evident that in any conceivable struggle against tyranny, native or foreign, the citizenry need not rely on hand-guns. The Western on TV in the thirty million homes gives us a very bum steer as to either virility or guns. It is not especially virile to kill a man; it is merely a skilled operation based on the proved ballistic characteristic of the weapon. And the less virile weapon may very well be the more effective gun.

# BOOKS and the ARTS

## Uses of the Past: Angus Wilson

THE MIDDLE AGE OF MRS. ELIOT.

By Angus Wilson. Viking Press. 439 pp. \$4.95.

R. J. KAUFMANN

ANGUS WILSON is a writer to be taken seriously. He takes himself seriously — I don't mean he reveres himself — and behind his variously refracted up-to-dateness in matters cultural there is a stark and purposeful mind dedicated to truth of a kind very distant from Bloomsbury. It is now exactly ten years since Wilson's first book of short stories, *The Wrong Set*, displayed his connoisseur's appreciation of every gradation of selfishness, aggression and incipient hysteria. He showed then (and has continued to show through two more books of short stories, a play, a book on Zola and now three novels) that he can write with so remarkable an assimilation to moments of histrionic self-indulgence in others as to seem uncanny — like the ventriloquism of some hyper-civilized shaman. His sophistication and the unusual extent and variety of his precisely held knowledge is as comforting a recommendation of his authority in fiction as it might be disconcerting in the drawing room. He is not a pedant, as Joyce or Mann sometimes are, though there is a lurking sense that he feels a constant, barely resistible impulse to "set things straight." Acceding to the rather depressed tempo of normal existence evidently calls forth from Wilson much the same heroic attempts at patience as is the habit of the saint. His intelligence is so strong and so strongly propelled by an active hostility toward the poor show put up by routine humankind that he tends at times to run right-through his characters and emerge empty-handed or with their scalp rather than with the sense of their private ethos. In short, his eye for falsity is so keen and his will to expose it so persevering that it is hard for him to find the deeper repose in the consciences of others which great novel-writing demands. The "set question" with Wilson is whether his type of fictional attack can last the route of full-scale novels.

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*The Middle Age of Mrs. Eliot*, his new novel, is good. Wilson is a good writer. Confronted with what is obviously a major effort, one that directly evokes the great English studies of female sensibility by Jane Austen, George Eliot and Henry James and thereby challenges comparison with them, we must ask: Just how good is he? What is Wilson's stature? In a time when many novelists have dived beneath the confusing welter of social change and sought every picaresque excuse to avoid ordering their material, Wilson, quite consciously, takes up the almost abandoned stance of the great Victorian novelists, tries to orchestrate his fiction for a wide range of types and has the resources to provide a rich background of relevant comment on the public moral order.

CLEARLY, Wilson is trying "to make sense of things" in *Mrs. Eliot*. The book is a study of a sister's and brother's fight for health and identity; very empirical, very consecutive, very English and a contribution to *lebensphilosophie* — an escaping from a dead world of stifling "life-lies" toward a viable, humanly adequate morality. A surprising thing is that Wilson, the most cultivated and sophisticatedly intellectual of his generation of novelists, is as earnest as the novice American transmuting his autobiography into fiction. And Wilson has the same aim — to discover and to show the concrete, existential roots and setting for living a meaningful life. Angus Wilson (like many of his younger British contemporaries but more so) is part of a resurgent but offset Puritanism which is trying to decide its own relevance to British life. Its moral canons are austere, even vindictively severe, no matter how indirect. Its politics tend to be leftish but quietistic. Its social preferences are not so much anti-material as suspicious of too-readily-acquired goods. It prefers Nature at the same time that it protests against Wordsworthian retreats from the assertions of modern life. Above all it rests upon a sense of alienation from the *hybris* of nineteenth-century British affluence at the same time that, seeing Americans prosperously enjoying these same Victorian public attitudes, it experiences a guilty envy which provokes nostalgia for just those prior excesses. That is a complex set of moods, but it has a con-

sistency discoverable by a good, analytical novelist interested in the involutions of cultural middle age.

From the first Angus Wilson has pursued the theme of the precise uses of the public and private past. It is behind his obsessive concern with the deadly failure of communication between parents and children. It forms the subject of the title story to his second collection, *Such Darling Dodos*. He skillfully ramifies virtually the same characters (outmoded humanitarian liberals in decline) into a very superior neo-Chekhovian play, *The Mulberry Bush, Hemlock and After*, his first novel, might as well be called *The Death of a Humanist*, for through the tragic figure of its hero, Bernard Sands, the failing, homosexual, great-man-novelist whose apparatus for weighing and articulating motive is turned back on himself, Wilson conducts a complexly sympathetic autopsy on a whole way of life. In his second novel, *Anglo-Saxon Attitudes*, the necessity to come to terms with the past is made the explicit plot. Wilson here holds an inquest into the intricate decorum of pretense in the life of a man who, while ostensibly making a career of reckoning with the past, has in fact denied it and selfishly avoided its consequences. The structure of the book is a *tour de force* of associative flashbacks rising unbidden, like a massive Freudian return of the repressed. The aim of this painful inquiry is quite literally health — the moral health which can release over-civilized men from the disease of self-enclosure and lovelessness. If Angus Wilson's career as a writer starts in savage vexation and seems at times circumscribed by a desperate sense of human futility, he has not permitted it to rest in despair but, almost by will alone, has pushed on toward the freedom of imaginative health.

THE first two novels are dramatic in structure. Having come to the novel from the short story, Wilson likes to enter his narrative at or near the point of climax and then use variations on the flashback to substantiate and clarify. This has become the orthodox, nearly stale, way of prosecuting longer narratives of any psychological pretensions. So it is significant that Wilson abandons it for a straight chronological presentation in *The Middle Age of Mrs. Eliot*. It is also typical of him that he should have documented his own change when, writing critically of Galsworthy a few

years back, he pronounced, "Experiment in novel-writing no longer has freshness. Narrative, plot and the traditionally socially set characters, which to an earlier generation seemed so many strangling knots, now offer promise of a lost solidity and vigour." Technically, thematically and in the inner life of his man characters, Wilson's central concern is for the recovery of this "lost solidity and vigour." This quest unifies the conscientiously broad social world of his fiction, so that we may apply to him his own perspicacious words about Zola: "beneath the fierce attack on society, the novels have their roots in deep personal aspects of the author's life — aspects which find their answer in social analysis, because his own inner conflicts are directly related to the social conflicts of his own time." This is true of all three of Wilson's novels and especially fruitful in respect to his latest.

*The Middle Age of Mrs. Eliot* contains no technical virtuosities to distract us from Wilson's direct study of Meg Eliot, whose volcanically sudden loss of her husband occurred in her forty-third year. She was rich, childless and satisfied with her social skills, her decent conscience, the substantial success of her husband, her marriage and her cultivated, engaging self. Given her social frame, she is very nearly what she thinks herself to be — a splendid thing. Then, violently deprived of money, social position, and the largely unquestioned (though appreciated) support of her very solid husband, she is existentially reduced to an unchartered "potential" again. The main plot of the novel is her "regrowing" of a self. It is no accident that the final, rehabilitatory section is set in a plant nursery where, against a subdued and knowledgeable evocation of the movement of the seasons, her return to individual "solidity and vigour" is selflessly chronicled by Wilson.

I say this is the main plot, for the novel is enriched by a parallel plot. It is the story of Meg's brother, David, who also loses the great love of his life, his partner in the nursery, his collaborator in books, his hero and friend, Gordon Padget. Gordon dies of cancer, surrounded by the frustrated love of David and the others who have lived under the mild but certain tyranny of his charm and commanding intelligence. Wilson goes to some trouble to disarm conventional moral responses which would deplore David's homosexual love for Gordon and consequently see his loss as incommensurate to Meg's loss of a husband. He establishes David's ascetic temper and explicitly asserts the

non-physical nature of his attachment to Gordon. David's relentless though gentle war on the assertions of the self, his rituals of self-denial, his vigilant suppression of outcroppings of joy, are deeply registered by Wilson. There is much sympathy here, and at times David, who is extremely intelligent in a reluctant way, is allowed to raise his private vision to the status of philosophical generality. When he does, he seems a direct choral commentator on the necessities of our time. "I think that passivity . . . is an entire way of living . . . in ages like the present one where violence and self-expression and complication of motive have become so great that we need a *détente* . . . a simmering down of human personality, of human achievement too, if you like, in order that we can start up again." This moral program rooted in the context of David's self-abnegating, stoical existence is offered, I think, as a direct truth by Wilson, though it is one he is willing to test in the last phase of the novel.

MEG and David suffer their losses early in the book. The body of the story daringly risks prolonged narrative anti-climax for the sake of an untrammeled study of deep changes in character. In the middle and least satisfactory part of the book, Meg Eliot runs through three reactions to her deprivation, each somewhat mechanically personified by her three closest friends. In sequence she affiliates with: a cheerful and shameless dipsomaniac satisfied to drift; a plucky, professional do-gooder; and a dedicated memory-keeper embittered by a loss she refuses (subconsciously) to admit. None of these expedients will do and Meg, after valiantly coping, suffers a major nervous breakdown. It takes all Wilson's considerable verbal tact and novelistic command to hold off bathos in this sequence. He is running so close to the wind which blows lachrymose bestsellers on feminine pluck into the high sea of gratifying sentiment that many an inappropriate tear will be shed at this point. Great will be the resentment that Meg is denied this splendid "victory in defeat" and carried on toward a harder-earned self-understanding.

The imaginatively richest part of the book is its terminal third which brings Meg and her brother together and allows them slowly to establish the mutual love that their childhood experience had largely frustrated and the vast differences of their mature choices (extremes of worldliness and unworldliness) made downright unlikely. Wilson's handling

is subtle as he traces the jerky but persistent increase in their capacity to give to each other a happiness that had seemed quite gone into the past. This mutual enrichment seems believable and good, I think, given the extreme loneliness and the fear of rational dependency which is built into middle-class British society. They need each other and the reader feels a very positive relief as David is liberated from a vestal emotional paralysis and Meg from a kind of manic-depressive cycle of frenetic, unrooted gestures.

The conclusion is harder to accept. Granted that they should part (we note that so warm a brother-sister attachment would inevitably reintroduce strains

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which it had been entered upon to relieve), need the separation be accomplished to the tune of Meg's curtain lecture on the enervating and suspect nature of David's joy in the present — his grateful acceptance of music, landscape, company? "What I don't understand," Meg says, "is how you can confuse the real living peace that was in you for all your unhappiness, all your tight discipline and self-repression with the vegetable ease, the creeping lethargy that's gradually paralyzing you now that you're what you call happy." This sudden avalanche of Puritanism crushes poor David and carries him away from the wretched fate of contentment. I protest. I register this protest in the interest both of Wilson's art and anybody's morality. In the interest of morality, because one should learn better than to distrust repose and momentary surrender. One needn't be forever vigilant against being engulfed by maternal affections or swaddled by confining loyalties to others. Throughout his work, this excessive defensiveness, this reflex terror of things soft, seductive, fat or

easy, has disfigured Wilson's detachment. Meg's fearful routing of a man of David's minute capacities for self-indulgent joy seems to me gratuitous, relating to fierce old Victorian gospels of work rather than to the world of the novel.

Wilson's art has advanced to a point where he no longer requires of himself that devouringly omniscient and total control of his characters that limits his earlier fiction. The greatest novelists have a kind of modesty and restraint that enables them to refrain from reductive judgments of what their characters are though they must judge what they do. Wilson almost masters this crucial distinction in *The Middle Age of Mrs. Eliot*. This substantial and important book seems to me a novel nearly liberated into fullness. Wilson appears to be the most professional of British writers, the most dedicated and yet, the most constrained. In *Mrs. Eliot* we see that he is a deeply personal writer whose *David Copperfield*, *Way of All Flesh* or *Sons and Lovers* could be a very great book.

To a degree this has happened to all of us; liberal or conservative, we have begun to look to the past rather than to the future for our Golden Age. If the predominant color of the 1890s "seems closer to black," as Faulkner says, it certainly was a darkness from within which the horizons were streaked with the bright colors of hope. It was, in many ways, an age of innocence during which Americans began to speak of "power," "strength" and "supremacy," not dreaming that in our day these words would seem as ashes in the mouth.

## LONDON LETTER

Bernard Bergonzi

A MAJOR literary success of the last few months in Britain has been John Betjeman's *Collected Poems* [see *The Nation*, May 16], which has become a bestseller and has even been serialized in the *Daily Express*. This kind of success for poetry is so unusual as to be remarkable, but if one had tried to name a poet who might become suddenly fashionable, it wouldn't have been difficult to think of Betjeman. His poetry is wistful or humorous, and combines idiosyncratic but safe moral attitudes with traditional verse forms. Above all, it is intensely "English" in its subjects and feelings, and ministers to the insularity that prevails nowadays at all levels of English cultural life. Purely as an experiment, I would be interested to know what an American reader might make of Betjeman. Not very much, would be my guess, but he might start to get his bearings when he came upon the following culet:

That topic all-absorbing, as it was,  
Is now and ever shall be, to us —  
CLASS.

Here, I imagine, he would remember his traditional image of England — and I am using "England" advisedly, for much of what I have to say does not apply to Scotland — as a country nationally obsessed with class distinctions, and the social peculiarities that stem from them. This American image of English class-structure, so far as an Englishman can become aware of it

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## Oblique Parallel

**POLITICS, REFORM AND EXPANSION, 1890-1900.** By Harold U. Faulkner. Harper and Bros. 312 pp. \$5.

**Tom Brooks**

THE nineties, a poet has said, "were not really gay," but the image persists. Lillian Russell, "Diamond Jim" Brady, John "Bet-a-Million" Gates, the opulent Mrs. Astor queening it over the Four Hundred are among the wraith-like figures that beckon us back to a gaudy past.

Now Harold U. Faulkner, in *Politics, Reform and Expansion, 1890-1900*, reminds us that the America of that remarkable decade was more than New York City where the rapacious gathered to gamble on the stock exchange, or in Mr. Canfield's salon. In fact, the gaiety apparently reflected a certain hysteria in a restless decade which separated "not only two centuries but two eras in American history."

Historic parallels are most instructive when they are slightly askew, off just enough to encourage speculation. Obviously, a decade that encompasses the waxing and waning of agrarian reform, the "Debs' Rebellion," the Spanish American War, the Panic of 1893, is a

rich period to mine for comparisons. And Faulkner has ably marshaled the facts, not in imaginative interpretation but in solid text-book fashion.

One comparison will do to establish my point. See how easily Eisenhower slips into the blank spaces in the following description of McKinley:

Handsome, engaging, modest, courteous, and sincere — was the ideal man to preside over a nation seeking to forget its troubles. — was everybody's friend at a time when everybody needed a friend. He seemed to have no enemies, and the country was tired of Presidents who made too many enemies.

McKinley "frankly considered himself the agent of businessmen who, he believed, created prosperity," and cheerfully selected a cabinet, as did Eisenhower, reflecting these views. But it is here that the parallel goes instructively awry. It is hard to conceive of Eisenhower's Cabinet believing, as McKinley's did, that their world "represented the pinnacle of human progress." The difference, I think, lies in this: The business ideology of McKinley's day was conservative but it was not, as it is today, nostalgic; it looked forward to progress not backwards in history for its inspiration.

TOM BROOKS is assistant labor editor on *Business Week*.

from American novels, magazines and films is, of course, a caricature, but like many caricatures it is not a bad likeness. Class is still obsessively with us, and in a number of new ways as well as the old ones.

In fact, class ■■■ subject for self-conscious discussion is itself ■ product of the partial dissolution of the older social patterns. The analogy here is with religion: in a wholly religious society, like those of medieval Europe, people might talk at length about God and the saints, but scarcely about religion, since they would hardly be aware of it as a separate subject. Religion as such only becomes interesting when belief has weakened. Similarly, in a society rigidly stratified on feudal lines, one would not be aware of class, which would be one of the unconsciously accepted categories of existence, but only of the different orders of society. Nor, of course, would one worry about class in a classless society. (It is a common English assumption that America is a good deal more "classless" than England: I leave it to American readers to disagree if they wish.) It is ■ long time since English society has been feudal, and it is equally far from being classless, so class does tend to get an inordinate amount of emphasis.

THE complexity of the English class structure has always offered fruitful opportunities for the novelist, as Henry James was rather sadly aware, and this is still true. Hence the fabulous success of John Braine's novel, *Room at the Top*, which is best described as a kind of immensely vulgarized *Le Rouge et le Noir*, set in postwar provincial England. Its odious hero, Joe Lampton, is concerned with class to an almost pathological degree. He combines with straightforward old-fashioned snobbery the sophisticated awareness of the modern advertising copywriter, where sex itself becomes part of the display of consumer goods that proclaim one's social position: "I wanted an Aston-Martin. I wanted a three-guinea linen shirt, I wanted a girl with a Riviera suntan — these were my rights, I felt, a signed and sealed legacy." Yet Joe is a traditional figure, insofar as he rises from obscure working-class origins to "the top" of commercial and social success by a ladder largely of his own making. His main resources are personal charm and unlimited unscrupulousness, and his success is finally assured by the time-honored device of marrying the boss's daughter. Formal education doesn't play any large part in his ascent.

But though social success can still be

obtained in contemporary England by buccaneering of the Joe Lampton kind, one is much more likely to get it by climbing the educational ladder obligingly placed in position by a benevolent state. The Butler Education Act of 1944, though associated with a Conservative minister in Churchill's wartime coalition, was widely considered as embodying many of the ideals of the older generation of Socialist and radical educational reformers. For the first time, "equality of opportunity" became a basic plank in national educational policy. Opportunities for advanced secondary education and, if necessary, university entrance, were to be given to all children who could benefit by them. The reasons, to be sure, were not all idealistic: the planners were well aware that the need for a trained technological and administrative elite in the post-war world meant that the intellectual resources of the lower social strata would have to be heavily drawn on. This educational revolution — and it was a revolution — has blurred but by no means abolished the old social-educational pattern. The "public" schools (some American readers may need to be reminded that they are, in fact, extremely private) have continued to educate the sons of the rich, including the left-wing rich, in their role of "training camps for the ruling class," as Chesterton once called them. But nearly half the undergraduates at Oxford now come from working-class or lower middle-class homes, being supported by scholarships given by the state or local authorities. This may seem unremarkable to Americans, but it has meant considerable adjustment of English attitudes, and a number of interesting tensions have arisen.

The "scholarship boy" has become ■ familiar figure of recent mythology, and there is a graphic account of him in Richard Hoggart's *The Uses of Literacy*. He is the boy from a working-class home who wins a scholarship to Oxford or Cambridge, and has to learn to live in the alien cultural world they represent. Most of them do in fact adjust, perhaps at the risk of suppressing their origins, and go on to become good organization men, lured on by consumer goods, like Braine's Joe Lampton, or the hero of an earlier but comparable novel, William Copper's *The Struggles of Albert Woods*. But inevitably there are failures, and these too have been reflected in recent literature, a little dramatized perhaps, but still recognizable. The scholarship boy who has failed to integrate himself socially has a lot to do with the cult of the angry young man,

now mercifully beginning to fade at the edges.

In general, nearly fifteen years of educational "equality of opportunity" as exemplified in the Butler Act have proved extremely disillusioning to left-wing thinkers. Instead of the diversified but integrated society, based on a genuine recognition of human differences, for which they had hoped, it is becoming increasingly clear that, despite the tensions I have referred to, the traditional class structure is becoming transformed but certainly not abolished. The new elite who have risen by their I.Q.s and examination-passing ability are being gradually assimilated into the older elite who were already there because of the accidents of birth. But if the 1944 Act has opened doorways to those born in the lower social strata who happen to be clever, it has also meant a permanently depressed social and cultural position for those who happen not to be. This state of affairs, and the whole concept of the "educational ladder," has been increasingly attacked on the Left—though still not very much in official Labor Party circles—and most notably by Raymond Williams in his recent confused but suggestive book, *Culture and Society*. There Williams writes, "a stratified society based on merit is as objectionable . . . as a stratified society based on money or on birth." A similar position has been adopted, on a broader front, by the young neo-Marxist writers who run the *Universities and Left Review*, which was started in a modest way a few years ago by a group of graduates at Oxford, and has since had a remarkable success.

But the most sustained and provoc-

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ative treatment of the educational question occurs in a recent short book by the sociologist, Michael Young, *The Rise of the Meritocracy*, a quasi-utopian satire, which supposes that by the year 2033 England has become in every respect "a stratified society based on merit," where I.Q. is the only determining factor of social position. Not only are the brainy children of poor parents selected at an early age to join the elite, but the stupid children of the elite are themselves kicked down the ladder to the place their I.Q. fits them for, whether they like it or not. *The Rise of the Meritocracy* has had rather a poor press, and it is certainly not without its faults.

It tends to fall rather heavily between the two stools of full-scale utopian satire — for it deals with only a few aspects of the society of 2033—and a closely reasoned sociological essay. It is also open to the charge of extrapolating into the future only a few of the observable tendencies in contemporary English education. Nevertheless, the problem it discusses seems to me sufficiently acute to have been worth raising, even in the rather exaggerated form in which Young presents it. Clearly, there are some straws in the wind: it is often remarked that all the most able men at the annual Trades Union Congress are middle-aged, and that the capable and intelligent young workers who might have succeeded them have been skimmed off by the educational machine and are probably now in one of the professions.

YOUNG's own convictions, I imagine, are those that he attributes to the "Populists," a revolutionary group led by women intellectuals, who try to upset the established order of 2033: "The classless society would be one which both possessed and acted upon plural values. Were we to evaluate people, not only according to their intelligence and their education, their occupation and their power, but according to their kindness and their courage, their sympathy and generosity, there could be no classes. . . . The classless society would also be the tolerant society, in which individual differences were actively encouraged as well as passively tolerated, in which full meaning was at last given to the dignity of man." This is a sentiment which would certainly be shared by Williams and Hoggart and the *Universities and Left Review* critics, and one which I find it hard not to sympathize with myself, despite a certain deep-rooted skepticism about the possibilities of human im-

provement. It recalls the splendid utopia described by William Morris in *News from Nowhere*, a work which, it so happens, I read for the first time soon after reading Young's book. Even if it represents an unattainable ideal, one would certainly do better to work towards it rather than against it.

Yet certain questions persist. Why is English society still so class-ridden,

why do these feudal survivals obstinately live on in a technological age? What is there about the English animal that makes him inevitably place himself in relation to his fellows in some kind of hierarchical order that seems largely incomprehensible to outsiders? American readers, I imagine, would like an answer to these questions. I wish I could give them one.

## ART

### Maurice Grosser

Paris

THE Independents, which each spring precedes the *Salon du Printemps* in the Paris season, is now at the *Petit Palais*. The *Musée des Arts Décoratifs* is showing a magnificent display of English eighteenth-century furniture, and the seasonal extravagances of the Left Bank include a showing of luminous art objects made of blocks of ribbed and spotlighted glass, and a show of Negro-style sculpture crocheted out of starched rope by a real African Negro. The most talked-about shows in town, however, are the French pictures, from Géricault to Matisse, borrowed from Swiss collections; the Toulouse-Lautrecs on loan from Albi; and the exposition of photographs and documents assembled by Sylvia Beach, publisher of *Ulysses*, for the *Centre Culturel Americain*, to commemorate "The Nineteen-twenties; American Writers in Paris and their Friends."

From the point of view of painting, the most important of the three is the show from Switzerland. The small Swiss cities have extraordinary collections of the French masters. Baden is celebrated for its Cézannes, Winterthur for its Chardins, Van Goghs and Bonnards,

Soleure for its Rouaults and Renoirs. Somewhere in the background of any fine collection a painter is generally to be found. Mary Cassatt, for instance, was a friend of the Havemeyers, Duchamp of the Arensburgs, Picasso of Gertrude Stein. Thus, it is not surprising to find the traces of a painter here. In 1903, the young Swiss, Charles Montag, had gone to study in Paris and there discovered Impressionism, not yet respectable in Paris, and in Switzerland completely unknown. In his enthusiasm for this new school, he bought as many pictures as he could afford and obliged his Swiss friends to do likewise. He also invited the painters to Switzerland and introduced them in person to their new collectors. Contrary to what one imagines, these pictures were no longer cheap. In 1910 Bonnard, at the age of thirty, was already selling for as high as \$1,600, and \$10,000 had recently been paid for a Cézanne. Montag, however, was well-connected and his friends were rich. The result, as can be seen from the present show, was a series of private collections of French nineteenth- and twentieth-century pictures almost without rival.

Seeing these unfamiliar pictures by

### Brown Mountain

(From the Spanish of Rafael Alberti)

So much sun on the war, suddenly there is so much brilliance  
spread over valleys and hills by the cartload;  
such rabid silence, such fierce gentleness  
coming down on the oaks like a crime from the sky—  
this being ignorant of death: this landscape:  
their joint attempt at a dazzling light—  
the snow that's lost itself, ecstatic, in the distance,  
hours that pass ruffled by no thing;  
all this gnaws at me, chews my foundations;  
clarity's torn from my eyes, they are misted—  
my mind is a cargo of tears, dynamite.  
Solitude echoes and the sun breaks down.

GILBERT SORRENTINO

such well-known painters somewhat revises one's ideas. The Romantic work of Géricault and Delacroix I found I passed by quickly. Corot seems more wonderful than ever, and Monet more important, as does Degas, with a fine red canvas of a woman bathing, and a full-length portrait of Mme. Camus, all in black, at the piano. The Cézanne landscapes, celebrated as they are, seem here less interesting, the colors heavy and clayey. Whereas his portraits are obviously the major pieces of the show — in particular one of the painter himself done in his early forties, in a flat black hat and heavy beard, and highlights on the cheekbone; and another of his sister with a fan, seated in a red upholstered chair. Both Bonnard and Vuillard come off well, as does Marquet with his simplified brushwork and beautiful color, and Utrillo's canvas of the Chartres cathedral demonstrates how wonderful a painter he could sometimes, unexpectedly, be. Most curious of all is the stature and weight the great Cubist work of 1911-1913 has now assumed. Twice in my rounds I tried to get near Picasso's *Violon au Café* and Braque's *Jouer de Violon* — both strict Cubist works in brown and tan — and both times the crowd before them was too thick to penetrate.

THE Lautrec show at the Musée Jacquemart-André — paintings, drawings, lithographs, posters, manuscripts, photographs and other relics loaned by the Museum of Albi and a few private collectors — has perhaps as its most interesting side the portrait it gives of the painter himself. Very few of his large, important paintings are shown. But among the hundred-odd works on view, there is little that is dull and practically nothing one has seen before. It is a very convincing display, both of the painter's mastery of the humane and of the decorative styles, and of his enormous charm as a man. Here are his school books, scribbled over with drawings and faces, letters to his mother in school-boy English. There are photographs of him along with his fellow students in art school, in fancy dress as a Japanese nobleman and as a choir boy, and even of him swimming in the nude. It is all in the best good humor, as if he were cheerfully accepting his deformity, without self-pity, as a preposterous and entertaining joke. His relation to the café-concert singers and the whorehouse personnel who figure so largely in these pictures seems to have been both impersonal and curiously domestic. He saw their character and style, but he painted them without glamour, not

as a client bedazzled, but with the clear understanding and friendly mockery of a fellow professional. The many small and frequently unfinished works here shown, some of them painted on odd bits of cardboard, are even better evidence than the larger and more famous pieces of the easy accuracy of the painter's eye and of his enormous fecundity. He died too soon; thirty-seven is young for a painter. But then, he had no health. With little expectation of life, he was too hurried. To see it all he had to live too fast. Witness the most pathetic of the objects on display here — his hollow walking cane, made to contain two pints of brandy.

THE display at the *Centre Cultural Americain* which documents the American writers living in Paris in the twenties, is quite disturbing to someone like myself who knew that Paris of between the wars — when living there was cheap and books inexpensive to publish, when the little magazines flourished and American painters swarmed at Julien's and Colorossi's and all the well-

known American composers of today were Nadia Boulanger's students. Here in the array of books, photographs and manuscripts are all the people one knew or used to see around the Quarter — Hemingway and Bob McAlmon, Gertrude Stein, poet and hostess, mentor and collector of the talented young, Djuna Barnes, Eugene Jolas, Man Ray, Joyce, Janet Flanner and Ezra Pound. Here is Sandy Calder (unfortunately without the bent-wire circus he used to animate) and Marcel Duchamp with his enigmatic jokes. Here even is his brown leather valise made to contain, in replica, the complete collection of his works — at the same time a portable museum and a traveling salesman's sample case. Here is angel-faced young George Antheil, the then wild boy of music, and Aaron Copland who showed up in Paris principally in summer, and Virgil Thomson who lived there, saying that if he had to starve, he preferred to do it where the food was good. It seems unbelievable that this should have already become history and legend. But the show is here to prove it.

## THEATRE and FILMS

### Robert Hatch

SINCE current domestic politics is unsuited to satire — on the principle that a sportsman does not shoot fish in a barrel — a most likely candidate for a mordant pen is the beat generation. It has the right credentials — it is pervasive, noisy, self-righteous and deluded. It is also sufficiently colorful and active to promise high dramatic efficiency. *The Nervous Set*, now at the Henry Miller, is theatre filling an obvious vacuum.

I might recommend going to it for the purpose of confirming this proposition that the zen hipsters are ripe for caricature. This small musical offers one or two characters, one or two scattered passages, and a line or so of dialogue that flash signals of life and wit, as street scenes sometimes flash drama through the windows of a fast train. But the promise is gone almost before it registers, and the play as a whole is the wasting of an opportunity.

*The Nervous Set*, a Greenwich Village morality, was first put together and performed in St. Louis. Its author, Jay Landesman, once lived in the Village and edited *Neurotica*. Presumably he has happy memories of the place (among other things, he met his wife, who wrote the lyrics for his play, in Washington Square) and one trouble

with the production is that Landesman and his colleagues are moved at least as much by a generalized nostalgia for the tolerant grubbiness of Village life as by the particular grotesqueries of the beatniks. They do tend to overlap, but they are not the same — Joe Gould and Maxwell Bodenheim were not beat, though they might well have become so, if they had lived a little later or a little longer.

A much more serious fault, though, is that the show constantly vacillates be-

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tween satire and homily. The earnest young people of St. Louis are eager to spread the news that there is something amiss with the beat kick, and they lecture very solemnly to that point. The resulting lack of style is embarrassing; it is amateur, humorless and pretentious. It drove many viewers out of the theatre at the intermission and it signals a quick death for the project.

Before it dies, though, I hope it may light a satiric fire in some other theatrical minds. *The Nervous Set* by no means exhausts the subject (it scarcely suggests the subject). We need satire — no theatre prospers without it — and the beat generation is as good a target as we are presently apt to find.

WHY the Phoenix Theatre down on Second Avenue should be putting on a routinely lavish musical comedy is a modest mystery. Money, I suppose, and since I enjoy the general fare at the Phoenix I hope money results. But I wonder.

The kind of audience that goes for big, pseudo-knowing shows like this wants to pay top prices at theatres in the West Forties. People who adventure as far as the Lower East Side are looking for fresh ideas. They won't find any in *Once Upon a Mattress*.

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legend of the princess and the pea and making all sorts of predictable fun at the expense of that innocent tale. They will also find Carol Burnett, still another energetic print from the Beatrice Lillie mold (the image gets fainter as the years go by). The music was written by Mary Rodgers, and I wouldn't mention that she is the daughter of Richard Rodgers except that she here enjoys the assistance of three orchestrators, an entourage which puts her in a special class as a young unknown. The songs and the score sound just great, but I didn't hear anyone whistling as the evening broke up.

The book is also a three-man collaboration, but it is less important than the settings and costumes by William and Jean Eckhart, who were evidently told to spare no expense in producing a medieval atmosphere as pretty as a Barricini candy box. George Abbott put a fast metronome to the show and it does move. It had better move uptown.

SOME months ago I complained of the Indian film *Pather Panchali* that no amount of tender poetry or camera delicacy could overcome the deficiency of a script empty of dramatic energy. I said that the inability of the chief characters to make any stand against trouble induced depression rather than involvement.

Now the sequel (second part of a trilogy) to that picture is on show and its excellence is a confirmation, I think, of my previous judgment. The look and method of *Aparajito* is the same as that of its predecessor, the same central characters continue and their problems are of the same order as before. But now there is a struggle. The little son has grown to young manhood; he proves to be a scholar of potential stature and he determines to free himself from the supine sweetness of religious beggary that his father represents. His task is made the more difficult because the father dies and the mother, degenerating through loneliness, makes a powerful call upon his affection. He could become a priest, all tradition and all instinct call on him to succor his adored mother. But he does not take the sanctioned solution — he goes back to school. I found the picture moving and dramatically important, and look forward to the next segment in this chronicle under Satyajit Ray's gentle, exquisitely perceptive direction.

IN HIS recent work, *The Roof*, Vittorio De Sica returns to the atmosphere of the Italian postwar film renaissance to which he contributed notably with

*Bicycle Thief* and *Umberto D*. The days are dark, the nights are misty and the Romans are indefatigable in their rich rubble—earthy, proud, disputatious and passionate. No doubt, those were great times, but the theme was really limited and it is difficult to recapture it. *The Roof* is a good little picture — the title derives from the fact that if, in a night, you could build a squatters' hut and get a roof on it, the police next morning could not evict you — and it is made to a sure little formula. The young couple who must find a place to live before their child is born are very real and very beguiling; their bold race against time and the law is exciting. However, I found it too easy to confuse their plight and bearing with those of a succession of young lovers that the Italians have shown us, and the outcome of the all-night construction on the railroad embankment was never in doubt. Good style can also become routine.

IN A recent film, here called *Forbidden Fruit*, Fernandel made excellent use of a Simenon story on the old theme of the responsible husband swept off his feet by the excitement of a late-blooming illicit love. Now Jean Gabin and Brigitte Bardot tackle the same subject in *Love Is My Profession* with meagerly sordid results. Their yarn, also from Simenon, is treated by Claude Autant-Lara in a much more sophisticated manner than Verneuil employed for Fernandel's idyl. It is so sophisticated, in fact, that it does not matter very much.

I recognize that Gabin's successful lawyer is supposed to be acting out a role that has long since lost its charming novelty, and that Mlle. Bardot's street girl represents sex at so primitive a level that it can express itself only in clinical pantomime. It is quite accurate, therefore, to assume that their union would produce disaster. But without at least a spasm of joy, you can evoke little tragedy.

#### "I"

Like acorns squirrels pelt upon a roof  
Fall equally all praise and all reproach.  
My spirit stands aloof.  
My trial and error with its clamorous din  
I view with saint chagrin  
But own no kinship in.

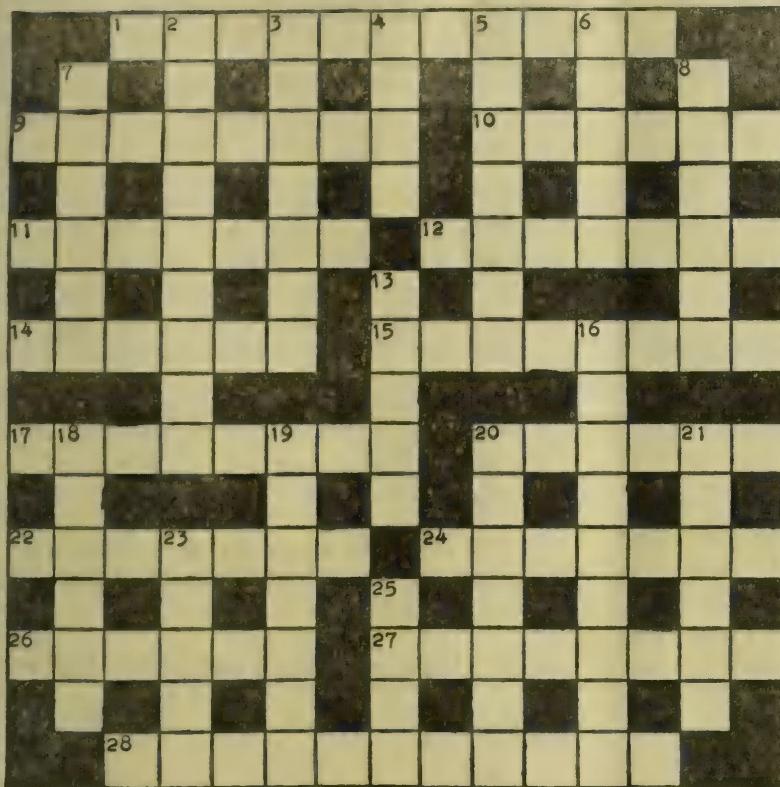
We, in objective cases, covet, lust and lie  
But the subjective "I"  
Which we identify  
Is as a stone cast in a sea of space  
Whence widening circles reach a holy  
place  
Of uncorrupted grace.

JULIA MCGRANE

*The Nation*

# Crossword Puzzle No. 821

By FRANK W. LEWIS



## ACROSS:

- The man's in improper surroundings, but certainly not bursting out! (13)
- The cable ran clustered with more than one across the Atlantic. (8)
- Should such jokers be smooth operators? (6)
- In time, I do a certain amount of needlework and stir up trouble. (7)
- What Macbeth was, follows me in mine, possibly dangerous. (7)
- Honorable indicter of the ambitious. (3-3)
- and 2 down Did an Italian hope to find it the year 'round? (8, 6-3)
- A legion's overthrown by power! (8)
- Through habit, give thorough examination. (6)
- See 4 down
- Odd how the British Fleet enters the picture in balanced formation! (7)
- In which might find the Cathedral of St. Anne? (6)
- Put salt on this first to bring out a more primitive flavor. (8)
- Seed clam? (11)

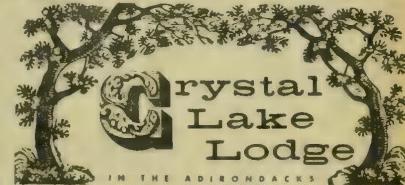
## DOWN:

- See 15 across
- Eleven. (7)
- and 22 across Time for the point of 14 to be felt at the Capitol. (4, 2, 5)

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**WHAT ELSE BUT MADNESS** is it when our hope for security lies in terror?

**WHAT ELSE BUT MADNESS** is it when each of two powerful countries insists that all agreements be to the sole advantage of it alone?

**WHAT ELSE BUT MADNESS** is it when we think that rearming Germany with nuclear weapons is a step toward peace?

The Western position on Berlin and reunification of armed Germany within NATO is not realistic. No Russian leader would permit a re-armed and united Germany to join NATO any more than the West would permit it to join the Warsaw Pact.

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2. Publish this statement in your local newspaper. (Peace in the world depends on what you do in your community.)
3. Join with others who feel as you do in your community. (Discussion and action are democratic rights.)
4. Clip the coupon below and return. (Let us know who you are and where you are.)

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# THE NATION

MAY 30, 1959 . . 25c



## THE LOST APPALACHIANS

### 'POOR, PROUD AND PRIMITIVE'

*Harry W. Ernst and Charles H. Drake*



## The Irresponsible Poisoners

*Robert L. Rudd*

## ID Cards and the N.Y. Police

*Dan Wakefield*



# LETTERS

## The Campus Picture

Dear Sirs: May I congratulate you on the excellence of your May 16 issue, "Campus Report No. 3: Tension Beneath Apathy." Nowhere have I seen an analysis as keen as Edward D. Eddy, Jr.'s, "Paradox in Parenthesis."

MATTHEW A. COHEN  
Room Registrar, Boston University  
*Boston, Mass.*

Dear Sirs: "Campus Report No. 3" has just arrived, and the assumptions in the introduction remain unconvincing. . . . As a member of a more militant generation, I have returned to college to continue my work as an undergraduate. I find the present generation of students more persuasively liberal than my own was. If they are less militant politically . . . they are more at ease in the democratic assumptions of economic and social life. If they are waging no direct battles, they are not making the terrible errors which we committed. Who will say that the widespread pacifism of the thirties did not influence the statesmen who appeased Hitler . . . ?

This college generation does seem to me to have more sense than that usually generated in the heat of crusades. I trust them to act in the future . . . in such a way that my political future, and that of my children, will sustain the gains we have made in our own way.

ESTHER BLOOM  
*New York City*

Dear Sirs: I have just finished reading "Campus Report No. 3" and was most interested. The articles by Dr. Eddy, Robb Burlage, and Dr. Reik were particularly impressive. The National Student Association's elected staff has reacted similarly to the issue; several of the officers are planning to request additional copies for distribution as part of the background papers for the twelfth National Student Congress.

FLORENCE CASEY  
Public Relations Director  
U.S. National Student Association  
*Philadelphia, Pa.*

## The Ringer Isn't Dead

Dear Sirs: Horseshoe pitching is far from being as dead as Robert Coulson would have us believe in his whimsical article, "Little Orphan Baseball" in the May 2 issue. More tournaments are held

today than in Grandpa's day, and official records show the ringer-tossing ability of today's champions far surpasses the best of yesteryear. The National Horseshoe Pitchers Association of America sponsors the tournaments, publishes a monthly magazine and has forty-three state chapters in the United States and Canada.

Mr. Coulson is correct, however, in stating the game is no longer the great participant sport it once was. But, rather than the automobile, I believe the real culprit was the mass movement from the farm to the city. This gave birth to a piece of American snobbery which had contempt for all things rural and termed them "hick." In this age of chrome, conformity and gadgets, featured by the TV spectaculars and the great search for the means of self-destruction, the sports pages of daily newspapers find space only for the great spectator sports, the big-money pastimes and the country-club games.

Nevertheless, horseshoe pitching is still widely played, though only its devotees are aware of the fact. Actually, no finer adult recreation can be found; it provides inexpensive, moderate and healthful exercise that requires very little in equipment and playing area.

ROBERT G. PENCE  
Secretary-Treasurer,  
National Horseshoe Pitchers Assoc.  
*Gary, Ind.*

## Prison Riots

Dear Sirs: The article entitled "Prison Riots: A Struggle for Power," by Professor Gresham M. Sykes, which appeared in your May 2 issue, is in my opinion a factual and sound statement. Its succinctness, as well as its validity, should appeal to the thoughtful reader. What Professor Sykes says has been said many times. Nevertheless, this is a subject which needs to be treated over and over again, particularly in periodicals such as *The Nation*, whose readers—I believe—are a cut or two above the average in their interest in what is good or bad for society as a whole. I have heard the question raised as to the value of this type of article in view of the fact that the conditions described continue to prevail. The fault, perhaps, is that the story of riots is not told often enough, and too frequently in terms of sensationalism. . . .

Many of us believe, unfortunate though it may be, that a great deal of whatever small progress we have so far made in penology has been the result of riots. True enough, the reforms

which occur after these disturbances in time fade away, but almost without exception a residue of improvement remains. . . .

WALTER M. WALLACK  
Warden, Wallkill Prison, N. Y.  
President, American Prison Association

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## EDITORIALS

### How to Lose in 1960

When it comes to compressing a lot of political sense into few words, it will be hard to beat the remark attributed to Senator Pat McNamara (Dem., Michigan): "We're not doing a damn thing around here except throwing away the 1960 election." The voters may not always know what they want Congress to do, but they put a premium on doing something. That inaction and over-caution can present major political hazards was proved by Harry S. Truman in 1948. He won the election, which the political seers thought he had already lost, largely by hammering away at the "do-nothing 80th Congress." Yet the 80th Congress came in with no particular pretensions and went out with an average record of accomplishment. In contrast, the current 86th was swept into office in what was touted as a liberal landslide, and even Lyndon Johnson hailed it in prospect as a "can-do" Congress. A Republican Truman could do something with that remark in 1960.

An election is not fought only during the few months preceding the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November, but in the accumulation of printed and spoken comment over the prior two years, from which the issues and slogans are later distilled. In the news weeklies and daily newspapers, regardless of political orientation, the commentators are almost unanimous in their verdict that this is a somnolent Congress, not much inclined toward radicalism, not much inclined toward anything. Why? Many reasons can be given and some, like the observation that returning prosperity has taken the drive out of the "can-do" spirit, no doubt have some validity. It is also true that the failure of the House to override the Eisenhower veto of the rural-electrification measure shows that "can-do" has practical political limits. But the chief trouble is with the Democratic Congressional leadership and the fact that a substantially static situation such as now exists is precisely to its liking.

Any parliamentary leadership prefers conditions which are safe, easily manageable and susceptible to com-

promise; thus it tends to stay in the middle of the road, where the ruts are deepest. But for the Democrats, this time-honored course holds out more danger than convenience; for, in the absence of a nationally recognized leadership, only the image of the Congressional chiefs can be held up to the voters as the embodiment of the party's virtues. Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson and Speaker Sam Rayburn have accordingly been extolled as peerless leaders of great constructive force; the only trouble is that it is now incumbent on them to deliver. If they fail to do so, there are elements of instability in the general domestic situation, and enough individual hardship and institutional lethargy, to make an overdose of moderation politically perilous. It would be better if they found this out in 1959 than in 1960.

### It's Legal, But Is It Wise?

The law, both state and federal, exempts New York's non-profit hospitals from the obligation to bargain collectively. Standing on the statute, six non-profit hospitals in New York City refused to recognize the Retail Drug Employees Union (Local 1199) which had organized over 3,000 of their non-professional workers — elevator operators, kitchen help, nurses' aides and orderlies — some of whom receive wages as low as \$32 a week [see "Victims of Charity," by Dan Wakefield, *The Nation*, March 14]. The employees struck. As this is written, they have been on strike for two weeks, and the hospitals have maintained their services only with the help of volunteer workers, some of whom must have found it painful to decide between the needs of the patients and those of the strikers. The hospitals, arguing that they were already plagued with deficits, nevertheless promised to raise the workers' wages to \$1 an hour (the federal minimum), to install grievance and arbitration machinery and to improve working conditions. But one thing they vowed they would never do: recognize the union.

So, at this writing, the strike continues, and the union threatens to strike other voluntary hospitals as well;

and, with unusual unanimity and rank-and-file support, organized labor in the city supports the strikers, precisely because recognition of a union which has organized a majority of the employees is involved. The ordinary citizen doesn't see why legal recognition of the union, when it has already been recognized for most practical purposes, is so important to the trustees and administrators. Probably, also, he remembers other employers who prophesied all kinds of disaster if a union invaded the sacred precincts of their business; but, when it did, things went on much as before. It would be well if the trustees, now standing firmly on their rights, got off them and joined the majority of their fellow-citizens who, after all, contribute their mite to the support of the hospitals. (In several states, including Hawaii and California, hospital employees are represented by unions, and the public hospitals in New York City itself are operated under such an arrangement.) The law is the law, but it doesn't say that hospital managers have to be as silly as diplomats.

## GLEE and the Class of '59

The ever-optimistic Secretary of Labor, James P. Mitchell, has delivered his annual inspirational talk to the graduating class: prospects for the 1959 degree recipient are better than a year ago. This forecast, which surely required no great statistical hardihood, is echoed by college placement bureaus in several parts of the country (which, however, limit their comparisons to last year and say little or nothing of 1957). When the picture is more closely scrutinized, the darker spots show up. The brightness, in fact, is largely confined to aircraft-missiles and electronics, the most heavily government-subsidized sections of the economy.

Some undergraduates fail to show a seemly gratitude for the reassurances of their elders and the arrangements which have been made for their entrance into the economic life of the country. A group of these malcontents have inserted a display advertisement in the *Columbia Daily Spectator* on behalf of GLEE (General Lethal Engineering Enterprises), a patriotic corporation which cries aloud for "ENGINEERS, MATHEMATICIANS, SCIENTISTS!!!" It proceeds in a now familiar format:

If you possess superior qualifications, there is room for you in the following fields:

*Operations Research:* How to achieve greater genocidal efficiency per defense dollar.

*Microbiology:* Research toward a clean, radical-specific bubonic plague organism.

*Miniaturization Development:* Micro-napalm bombs for non-redundant use against children. And Many Other Programs.

At GLEE you will find:

*Advancement:* As older men retire to monasteries or lose security clearance, there is always room at the top for

men who have the right ideas or lack the wrong ones.

*Exciting Work:* Be in on the birth of entirely new concepts in mass devitalization . . .

*Congenial Surroundings:* GLEE communities have superior schools where your children will grow up well-informed, cultured and moral. Comfortable housing, conveniently located near churches, psychiatrists, and the FBI.

*Team Spirit:* Be part of an integrated team of well-trained men working together on a broad program that includes the mathematical, physical, engineering, biological, politico-economic, psychological, and demographic aspects of mass intimidation.

A brochure is offered to those willing to take loyalty and other oaths. It looks as if the liberal-arts majors at Columbia are getting out of hand.

## Post Office Morals

*Big Table 1* is a magazine invented to publish the material which was originally scheduled for the winter, 1959, issue of *Chicago Review*, but which the university authorities decreed could not come out under their auspices. It contains fiction by Jack Kerouac and William Burroughs, two men who write a steamy prose about the seamy world they allegedly inhabit. Obviously, *Big Table* is an item to attract the noses of Post Office snoopers. Reading with their noses, these civil servants found in the pages of Messrs. Kerouac and Burroughs the words they expected to find, and they decided that the issue should not be delivered.

Now the musings of Kerouac and Burroughs are as likely to "excite lascivious thoughts or arouse lustful desire" (the legal test for obscenity) as the spectacle of a man rubbing hash in his hair would be likely to excite hunger. Kerouac, one might hazard, is terrified by sex and compensates by scatalogical remarks at the 65 IQ level. Burroughs is terrified by narcotics, an obsession which reduces his sexual content to impersonal mechanics. (His comments on dope are expert, vivid and pitifully horrible.)

But the point here is not one of public morals or literary values. The point is Post Office morals. Having decided on March 18 that it would not deliver *Big Table*, this government agency did not inform the editors that the magazine was impounded. Nothing at all was said until April 17 when, alarmed by complaints from subscribers, the publishers inquired and were told that the issue was still lying in the Chicago Post Office. And to date, no official reason has been given for the seizure. Presumably the explanation will be forthcoming at a Post Office hearing to be held in Washington on June 2 — more than two months after the issue came off the press.

The editors of *Big Table* could beat the censors of the Post Office in a court case — the weight of legal precedent is overwhelmingly on the magazine's side.

But the weight of bureaucratic arrogance is on the Post Office's side, and it is a formidable weapon when used against private citizens of limited resources. That is why the Post Office acts in secret, evades questions, delays the hearings. It counts on winning by exhausting its opponent, and that is the real obscenity in the case.

## Business and Politics

American business, according to William C. Stolk, president of American Can and a director of the First National City Bank of New York, is "too refined"; it must get into politics to preserve itself, the nation and the Constitution from "powerful forces which are seriously undermining our political and economic system." There is no reason whatsoever, he assured the delegates to a meeting of the Chemical Specialties Manufacturers Association in Chicago, why business corporations should not get into politics "down to the ward and precinct level."

At the same time, another spokesman for American business, Arnold H. Maremont, Chairman of the Board of the Allied Paper Corporation, in a speech to the American Management Association in New York, warned industrialists against injecting business into politics. "I think," he said, "that anyone who argues that business must get into politics in order to take a fall out of labor is doing a distinct disservice to himself and his firm. . . . The corporation is a legal entity and was never intended to be a political entity. . . . Under the law, a corporation cannot do indirectly what it is forbidden to do directly. How then, being forbidden to contribute money to political campaigns, can a corporation legally permit its employees, on company time and paid for by company funds, to act as poll-watchers, vote-getters, precinct captains and such? . . . We must influence our destiny through wise political action as the individual human entity, not as a corporation mouthpiece."

Of these sharply conflicting views, the second is, we think, much the saner and wiser. Mr. Stolk is a victim of a familiar fallacy, namely, that a course of action can be chartered on the basis of a group's estimate of a situation without regard to what possible countervailing forces and factors its action may bring into play. The course he advocates is, we believe, calculated to minimize the influence of business in government. For one thing, middle-management personnel would be more likely to rebel against, than to cooperate in, such a program; for another, we would not like to be the candidate who, in an urban industrial district, were to enter the lists billed as the sponsored candidate of General Electric. Before stepping off this brink, American corporation executives had better ponder Mr. Maremont's advice.

## By Any Other Name

The United States National Student Association has urged Congress to revive educational benefits for veterans which were permitted to lapse in 1955. Specifically, the proposal is for a maximum period of not less than four years, with free selection by the individual ex-GI student of his course and college. *The Nation* has never been enthusiastic about the idea of paying "benefits" to those, be they veterans or Republicans or Democrats, who discharge the obligations of citizenship. But there is both logic and equity to the suggestion that Congress enact a new GI educational bill. Educational-benefit payments would represent one defense cost that would not fall under the category of pure waste; in fact some definite social gains might be anticipated.

For one thing, a GI-benefit bill would help to adjust some of the inequities in the selective-service setup; for example, the present draft deferment provisions tend to place the physically fit, single individual at a definite career disadvantage. If society insists on creating obstacles to the education of young citizens, it should compensate them to the extent that compensation is possible.

As educational costs increase, college administrators naturally insist that more funds be made available for scholarships and, at the same time, that tuition rates must be increased. But what happens, in practical effect, is that while tuition rates are raised, little is done about making more scholarships available to those who stand in greatest need of them. Present scholarship programs, it is generally agreed, are of little help to the poor. Only one-tenth of the applicants for scholarships come from families with annual incomes of \$4,000 or less; the average income of the scholarship-holder's family is between \$6,000 and \$7,000 (according to a survey reported in *The New York Times*, April 5). Middle and upper-income families are already sending their children to college; an expanding college population will have to come, in much larger proportions than in the past, from the lower-income groups. If not, many educators fear that the college population will be segregated on the basis of parental income. A new GI-benefit bill would help redress this imbalance and it would also take some of the pressure off existing scholarship funds.

Though not the ideal way to assist talented students who need help, a GI-benefit bill has far more political appeal in Congress than a straightforward federal-aid-to-education measure. And the exhilarating experience with the first GI bill, after World War II, demonstrates that an infusion of more veterans might make for a more stimulating campus atmosphere. Congress, which seldom turns a deaf ear to proposals for upping defense appropriations, should give this proposal the attention it merits.

# PROPAGANDA vs. DIPLOMACY . . by Theodore Sands

DIPLOMACY, which once was a whispered secret, has now become the favored subject of radio, television and newspapers; daily we are bombarded with the moves and proclamations of national leaders. Now, as the season of Summitry approaches, we might with profit make a distinction between diplomacy and propaganda, ask ourselves in the weeks ahead which we are witnessing, and ponder the proper place of both in the conduct of our foreign policy.

The current crisis is not likely to be the last; nor should we anticipate a liquidation of the cold war at the coming Summit meeting. But although the substance of the issues may not be greatly affected by the meetings now in the headlines, the procedures employed deserve close attention. For how we use the techniques of diplomacy and propaganda may weigh as heavily on the scales of peace as the substance of the issues themselves.

Much of what passes today for diplomacy is not diplomacy at all; it is propaganda. Yet unless the practice of proper diplomacy is protected and preserved, the means required to find future solutions of current problems will not be available. The tragedy of the next Summit meeting might be less any failure to agree than the further erosion of the pattern of diplomacy by the winds of propaganda.

Diplomatic discussion has traditionally supplied the materials out of which the cement of agreement and understandings have been made. Discussion implies an exchange of views; it implies listening as well as talking. Propaganda can be clothed in the forms of diplomacy, such as an exchange of notes between Heads of State, but its functions and purposes are very different. In propaganda there is no exchange of views or explanation of the reasons for them. There is no listening, for the

intent is not mutual understanding or agreement, but the presentation of a position.

The Soviet Union has largely discarded the art of discussion for the art of propaganda. It has used diplomacy to talk to peoples over the heads of their leaders and thereby influence world opinion. Thus, Russian-style diplomacy has become more an instrument for extending conflict than for reconciling differences. The United States, on the other hand, has attempted to cling to the traditional practices of diplomacy, but not to its spirit. Rather than accommodation and compromise, it has stressed inflexibility. And when confronted with Soviet propaganda disguised as diplomacy, it has responded with diplomacy disguised as propaganda.

While the initial responsibility for the corruption of this traditional instrument of peace into one of war lies with the Communist world, the United States shares responsibility. For the use of propaganda in the guise of diplomacy is as much the result of American indecision and confusion as it is of Russian guile and ambition.

THE DIFFICULTIES we now find ourselves in may well stem from a lack of understanding of the differences that currently exist between the nature of diplomacy in the Soviet Union and in the United States. In this country, diplomatic procedure has required that discussion and negotiation be carried on among duly accredited representatives of the state. Our diplomacy has been geared to the sober and serious atmosphere of the conference room. At the same time, we have allowed the Soviets to conduct their diplomacy via the marketplace and for purposes other than a compromise of official differences. This situation carries with it a double jeopardy. It inhibits the proper investigation of areas of accommodation, and it leaves the initiative with the Soviets.

The task of diplomacy in this nuclear age is to provide a means of discussion, negotiation and agreement between governments. In the

final analysis, the atom is no respecter of ideology; it recognizes neither the class struggle nor the immutable workings of the dialectic. And unless we are willing to abandon completely a rational frame of reference, we must assume that in the foreseeable future the Soviets will recognize (if they have not already done so) the limits the atom has imposed on their ambitions.

When this stage of mutual fear and respect for the atom is reached, it will be necessary to have available the means by which the required communication, negotiations and agreements can be worked out. That instrument is already at hand. It is the practice of conventional diplomacy.

THUS IT WOULD be the height of folly for the West to abandon the practice of diplomacy merely because, as currently practiced, it seems ineffective in the face of Soviet propaganda tactics. The trouble is not with diplomacy, but with our improper use of it. We are trying to use diplomacy for a task for which it has never been designed: propaganda and psychological warfare. If we wanted to attract a crowd to a carnival side-show, we would certainly not use the language of the lawyer or the university professor. Yet in effect this is what we are currently doing. The result has been that we have been carrying on neither fruitful diplomacy nor successful propaganda, while the Soviets, on the other hand, have captured the initiative in diplomacy and control of the field in propaganda.

It is within our initiative to force a separation of diplomacy from propaganda. The accomplishment of this task is not one of legalism, but of action; it is not a matter of "rules," but of process. There is already a sort of rule of thumb in our State Department to the effect that any Soviet proposal accompanied by publicity is propaganda. On the other hand, a proposal made through regular diplomatic channels and unattended by publicity is worth considering. This is a sensible approach

**THEODORE SANDS**, formerly with the Office of Research and Intelligence of the Department of State, now teaches history at Illinois State Normal University.

and deserves to be applied more fully than it currently is. Our current dilemma is that although we spot much of Soviet "diplomacy" to be propaganda, we feel constrained to counter it with a diplomacy that is neither good diplomacy nor good propaganda. What is required, it would seem, is a clear and definite divorce between the two instruments. Western diplomacy could restrict its activities to sincere attempts at reaching agreements of mutual benefit. It could abandon completely the practice of "open diplomacy" and treat any proposal which is given publicity in the exploratory stage not as diplomacy, but as propaganda. Any violation of the confidential discussions and negotiations prior to agreement could be treated as an official act tantamount to a breaking-off of negotiations.

At the same time, the West could begin to wage propaganda on the same terms as the Soviets. However, before this could be done there would have to be a clarification of what we were trying to do with propaganda. It would seem that there should be two main objectives: (1) to create conditions within the Soviet bloc which disrupt and weaken the functioning of the Communist system; (2) to immunize the non-Communist states to the blandishments of the Soviets and to create an ideological and emotional attachment to the West.

THERE is no reason why the United States could not embark on an all-out propaganda campaign to convince the world that we are a peace-loving nation and that we are constantly working to ease the danger of nuclear war. This cannot be done by explaining the necessity of an adequate inspection system as part of an atom-test ban; it can be done only by a skillful manipulation of the stereotypes and symbols by which the mass of men can most easily be influenced.

What is to prevent the United States from inviting the Soviet bloc to join us in a pact of re-dedication to the principles of the U.N. Charter? Why could we not start a worldwide disarmament movement in which the goal would be a petition of 100 million signatures calling for



the Soviet Union to reopen disarmament talks?

Our official attitude towards this approach is that it is useless and therefore immoral. This judgment is true in the framework of diplomacy, but completely invalid in terms of propaganda. One must keep in mind the difference in objective. In this case, since the objective is to convince others of our peaceful intent, we must take actions that are symbolic of this intent and at a level that will be understood by all. While it may be true that the signature of the Soviet Union on a pact of re-dedication is not going to strengthen the U.N. materially, or even ease the tensions between East and West, it would create the impression that the United States is desirous of peace. At the same time it would in no way prevent us from pursuing more realistic goals through normal diplomatic channels.

WHAT WOULD happen if the United States not only accepted the bid to the Summit, but countered with a meeting of "Peoples for Peace"? What would happen if the United States not only accepted the Soviet bid to outlaw atomic warfare, but countered with invitations to outlaw conventional warfare, forced labor and one-party elections? The current position of the United States is that such agreements would create

a false impression in the free world, that they would indicate that the cold war had been liquidated and there was no further need to maintain our defense. This line of reasoning is open to serious question. It assumes that the West can stay armed and vigilant only under a psychology of crisis. It assumes, too, that the peoples of the NATO alliance would be so naive as to see peace in these empty symbols of agreement.

Moreover, those who fear this kind of "peace propaganda" fail to take into account that the offer of a pact to outlaw war, for instance, might have a greater psychological impact in the Soviet Union than in the United States. After all, the peoples of the Soviet bloc have been conditioned to believe that such a pact would really prevent war. The Soviets might experience great difficulty in justifying the need for the "dictatorship of the party" when the chief reason for its existence, the hostile capitalist threat of the United States, has been nullified by such a pact of peace, widely-touted throughout the world.

HOW WOULD this clear-cut division between diplomacy and propaganda on our part affect Soviet diplomacy-propaganda? It would, by the very nature of our procedure, require that the Soviets adopt the same pattern. Once we treat Soviet "open-diplomacy" as propaganda, countering with pure propaganda of our own, conventional diplomacy would remain the only avenue left open to both sides for serious negotiations.

There are risks in waging propaganda for peace. But there are equally grave hazards in continuing the present policy. It is only by recognizing the dual purpose of Soviet diplomacy-propaganda as it is used today that we can combat its effectiveness and its tendency to accentuate conflict. If we insist on a return to diplomacy as non-public discussion and negotiation, and only that, we will preserve the sole remaining tool of serious agreement and at the same time leave ourselves free to wage propaganda in a more effective and much less dangerous fashion than is now the case.

# 'Poor, Proud and Primitive'.. Harry W. Ernst and Charles H. Drake

*Charleston, West Virginia*

THE TEACHING PRINCIPAL, her face lined with the creases of old age, had been called out of retirement to take charge of the three-room school that no one else wanted. She turned to her pupils and said: "Would you like to sing for these gentlemen?"

With childish embarrassment, they opened their song books. One child suggested they sing "America" and the teacher agreed.

"My country 'tis of thee; sweet land of liberty . . ."

They sang with the detached innocence of childhood. Their voices carried beyond the frame schoolhouse and into the unpainted shacks that blight the bleak hollows of West Virginia's coal-mining country.

In this sweet land of liberty, these are the shaggy, shoeless children of the unwanted—the "hillbilly" coal miners who have been displaced by machines and largely left to rot on surplus government food and the small doles of a half-hearted welfare state.

"Children, how many of your fathers are working?" the teacher asked. Thirteen of the thirty pupils raised their hands. "These are the nicest and most timid children I've ever taught," she murmured. "Yet they're destitute. How can they be so nice?"

The freshly-painted school they attend near this prosperous capital of West Virginia has no hot-lunch program. The teacher buys some bread and peanut butter and brings it to school to make sandwiches for the children who come without lunches.

Suffering isn't a newcomer to these hills and hollows. The school is located on Kellys Creek, where the grandfathers of its pupils fought for the right to be human in the bloody mine wars from 1912 to 1921.

But the suffering may be even worse today. "When times were hard

before, things were cheap," said eighty-seven-year-old W. L. Hudnall, a retired miner, logger and handyman who lives near the school. "Flour was \$3 a barrel during the depression; it's \$16 a barrel today. Without my old-age pension, I don't know what would happen. FDR give us that. Since he's gone, things have been wrecked. Today it's worse than it was under Cleveland."

"Look up any hollow and you'll find hungry, unemployed people," said George R. Cook, Jr., who owns and operates a funeral home at nearby Cedar Grove, a mining town of about 1,500 persons. He waved to a half-dozen men who were cleaning the town's streets. "See those men? We have a municipally-owned water company and they're cleaning the streets to pay off their water bills. We've reached the point of no return. All we have is the coal mines and they're closing or laying off more miners. The situation is even worse than most realize. If you've got a job, you can't realize what people are facing in these hollows. There's going to have to be a change somehow—and soon."

TO THE isolated hollows that twist crazily throughout the Appalachian South, the misery of Kellys Creek is familiar enough. An estimated eight million people live in this impoverished area, which comprises 257 counties hugging the Appalachian mountain range and sprawling over nine states from West Virginia to Alabama. They eke out a marginal subsistence on their small, hilly farms or by chopping down what remains of the area's depleted timber resources. A dwindling number work in the coal mines which have done so much to shape the region's enigmatic character.

"The Southern Appalachian area apparently has been characterized by an interplay between stability and change, isolation and contrast, the primitive and progressive," says Dr. Earl D. C. Brewer, professor of sociology at Emory University's

School of Theology in Atlanta. "Where else can one find such contrasts as Elizabethan folklore and atomic reactors, planting by the moon and scientific agriculture, medieval demonology and modern medicine, beliefs that God sends floods to wipe out the sinful as in Noah's time and TVA, the primitive Protestant emphasis on individualism and the overloaded welfare rolls?"

The tiny mountain communities with the queer names, such as Prosperity and Czar, consist of a few houses scattered around a general store with a gasoline pump in front. Dirt clings to the coal camps and towns like coal dust to the miner's pores. Cramped clusters of company-built shacks, with washing machines on their front porches, lie over every hill of the mining country. Many of the shacks have been boarded up and abandoned.

Narrow, bumpy paved roads dissolve into muddy trails, connecting the Appalachian South's bleak hollows with the world beyond. Sprawled along the Kellys Creek Road in West Virginia are dilapidated shacks, rusting oil and gas wells, crumbling coal tipples. The creek winds its way through rotting piles of garbage and old tires. With spring, the hillsides explode into bright colors, providing an ironic background for the misery of Kellys Creek.

Occasionally the winding roads lead to islands of industrial prosperity, such as Charleston, where the per capita income is among the highest in the nation. In the river valley dominated by this city, the region's natural resources—including coal, natural gas, salt and water—have blended to create one of the nation's largest and most prosperous complexes of chemical plants.

Elsewhere poverty blights the Appalachian South. In 1949, more than 60 per cent of the families and individuals in two-thirds of the mountain counties had cash incomes of less than \$2,000. Full-time farmers had an average net income of less than \$500. Unemployment in

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West Virginia climbed to 15 per cent this year, and 300,000 West Virginians—one-sixth of the state's population—depend partly or wholly on "mollygrub" (as surplus government food is called) to stay alive. Many of the unemployed have now exhausted their "rockin'-chair money," the mountaineer's vivid phrase for unemployment pay.

On a counter in the O. A. Dunbar & Sons General Store on Kellys Creek was a cardboard box with "Food Donation for Molly Workman" printed in crayon on its side. Molly, an elderly woman who lives with her daughter and five children in a three-room shack they rent near the store, was in bed when we visited her. "What we need is food in this house," she said.

On the thin walls of the crowded, squalid room were pictures of Jesus and His disciples, clipped from the religious calendars which are a favorite of the Bible Belt. Wrapped in dirty cloths on a bed in the adjoining room was a small baby. The bones in his forehead protruded unnaturally when he cried, the skin tightening over his long, thin face.

Rev. Ralph Keenan, pastor of Ward Community Church and operator of a small service station at Cedar Grove, leaned on the car window and ran his fingers through his gray hair. "It couldn't be any worse than it is at the present time," he said. "Even with the welfare, people aren't getting enough to eat. If nothing is done, you're going to drive them to stealing."

An upsurge in crime has been reported throughout the coal country. In a recent six-month period, Charleston police revealed that 1,500 parking meters had been robbed. U. S. Treasury agents are working overtime to keep up with one of the region's favorite modes of free enterprise—moonshining and bootlegging. More than 200 inmates at the West Virginia Penitentiary are eligible for parole but can't be released because no jobs are available.

A FRUSTRATING interplay of such forces as obsolete agriculture, depleted timber resources, a high birth rate, rapid mechanization of coal mining, the declining demand for coal, short-sighted and selfish po-

litical-business leadership, and scarcity of industrial jobs have coalesced to create the chronic poverty of the Appalachian South. In this predominantly rural area, with few cities over 50,000, too many children are born for too few jobs. In 1950, about 20 per cent of West Virginia's families had three or more children under eighteen, as compared with 12 per cent of the families in Illinois.

Employment in the coal mines has declined at least 50 per cent since 1950. In West Virginia, the nation's largest producer of bituminous coal, machines and shrinking markets have reduced the number of miners from 125,000 in 1948 to about 47,000 today. Few jobs are available for these displaced miners; there are more factories in Cincinnati, for instance, than in all East Kentucky.

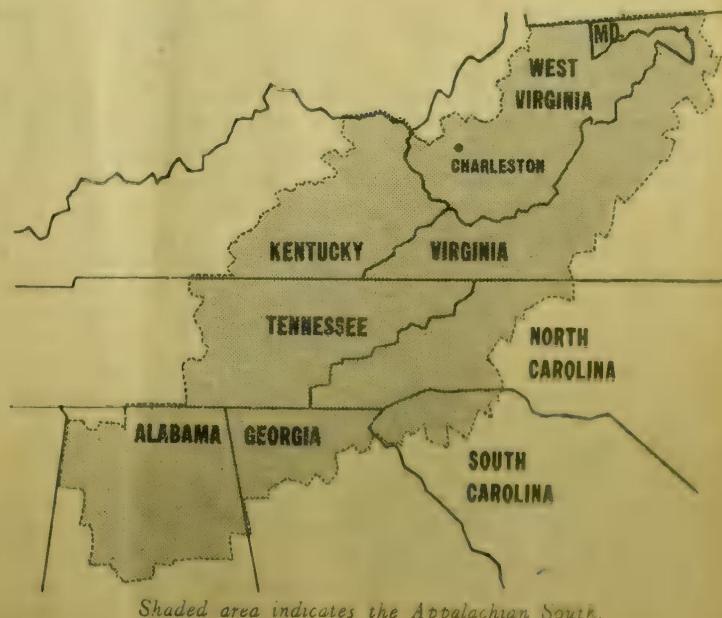
Writing in *Farm Policy Forum*, Dr. William H. Nicholls, professor of economics at Vanderbilt University, traced the historical reasons for the Appalachian South's chronic backwardness:

. . . An early date of settlement followed by a long period of economic and cultural isolation, brought the establishment of a pioneer pattern of small subsistence farming which has been very slow to change. . . . Frequently, such communities also suffered from the political neglect of their transportation and educational needs by their own state govern-

ments, which tended to be dominated by the interests of the larger and wealthier landowners in more favored parts of their respective states.

This analysis snugly fits West Virginia, which has a larger portion of mountain counties than any other Appalachian state. While the state ranks fifteenth among states in basic wealth added to the nation, it is thirty-eighth in per capita income. As a producer of raw materials which, for the most part, profit out-of-state firms, it fails to reap the advantages of school and road funds which ordinarily flow from finished products. And West Virginia never has had a full-fledged severance tax on its abundant natural resources.

Meanwhile, the familiar poverty-breeding pressures of population and unemployment—intensified by the decline of traditional jobs in the mining and timber industries—have pushed an estimated 800,000 mountain people onto the highways in the past decade alone. Most migrated North, but some turned toward growing Southern cities, such as Atlanta, to stake their claims for a better life. In 1950, an estimated 275,000 Kentuckians and 103,000 West Virginians were living in Ohio alone. They've been settling in Cincinnati, just across the state line from Kentucky, for the past thirty years. H. L. Mencken wrote of the horrors of hillbilly migration north-



ward to work in defense plants during World War II.

To these "poor, proud and primitive" people (as they appear to city observers), their mountain homeland, as contrasted with the prosperous America they hear of elsewhere, offers them only a bleak future of grinding poverty. So they head North to knock on the doors of industrial prosperity. Then, when prosperity stumbles in Chicago or Cleveland, many of them periodicaly pack up and head home. They move in with relatives or set up housekeeping in abandoned shacks, tightening their belts to live off rockin'-chair money and mollygrub until another recession ends. But some, with acquired skills and years of seniority providing them a measure of job security, have become solid citizens of Midwestern cities, where their recently arrived cousins are considered alarming social problems.

THIS NOMADIC existence causes heartbreak and headaches for all concerned — the nomads, the industrial centers to which they migrate, and the impoverished communities to which they return during hard times.

When stagnating economies force mountaineers to abandon their mountain homes for urban industrial jobs, they leave behind a way of life radically different from the one the city offers them. Their semi-Southern accents and strange behavior brand them as "hillbillies" in cities always eager to exploit new arrivals. Although white Protestants of old American stock, they face the same prejudice that traditionally has

made life uncomfortable for strangers in new lands.

Dr. Roscoe Griffin, sociologist at Berea College in Kentucky, has sketched a profile of the typical mountaineer. From his writings emerges the portrait of a man who takes life easy, adjusting to its demands rather than striving to master his environment. Fear of failure doesn't disturb him. He prefers "eternal salvation" to earthly rewards, naturally, since few of the latter are available to him in his mountain homeland. A stubborn individualist who respects differences in others, he reacts violently when his own rights are infringed.

There's nothing wrong with hillbillies—a description which mountain people loathe—that a strong dose of equal opportunity wouldn't cure. Applying every yardstick of social well-being, their Appalachian homeland emerges a sordid blemish on the balance sheet of the wealthiest nation in history. You name it —schools, health services, housing, per capita income—and the Appalachian South stacks up as an underdeveloped region which produces citizens incapable of realizing their human potential in the complex twentieth century. Their stunted growth not only saps the vitality of the mid-South, but also weakens the nation. Unprepared migrants become burdens on cities already bulging with social problems. Today's inferiorly educated children of Appalachia are Ohio's citizens of tomorrow.

MANY economists believe migration from the Appalachian South will continue even if the region becomes more industrialized. With mechani-

zation increasingly eliminating coal miners and marginal farmers, enough new jobs won't be created to satisfy the demands of a traditionally high birth rate.

Although some continuing migration may be desirable, what the Appalachian South desperately needs is a domestic Point Four program combining federal, state and local resources. Only with federal help—similar to the economic aid Uncle Sam sends to underdeveloped nations abroad—can the region receive its share of the national wealth.

The eighty-fifth Congress took a step in this direction when it passed a bill designed to help chronically depressed areas finance industrial development. But President Eisenhower vetoed the measure. A repeat performance, with even less support in the supposedly more liberal current Congress, is shaping up. Senator Douglas (D.-Ill.) re-introduced a \$390 million measure to aid depressed areas, but it barely squeezed through the Senate, 49 to 46, almost beaten by that ancient killer of liberal dreams—the familiar coalition of Republican and Southern conservatives. Ironically, the South probably would have profited most from the bill. If the House approves a similar measure, President Eisenhower is expected to veto it again. He recommended aid to depressed areas costing only \$53 million.

DEPRESSED areas such as the Appalachian South also need much more generous federal grants to improve their public schools and highways and to provide better health, library and employment-service facilities. Federally-subsidized research into coal's vast potentialities, such as chemical conversion into synthetic fuels, and Congressional adoption of a sensible national fuels policy to give coal an even break with other fuels, also would ultimately help the coal country.

State and regional development commissions have been organized to woo industries into the region. The most extensive effort is probably under way in Kentucky, where rural sociologists and the State Department of Economic Development have begun a comprehensive program aimed at rebuilding rural com-



munities and attracting private industry. The Kentucky emphasis is on people and their needs rather than factories at any cost.

A \$250,000 study of the Appalachian South now under way may be helpful in developing a program to aid mountain migrants and in determining the direction of a domestic Point Four program. Financed by the Ford Foundation through Berea College, it is the first comprehensive survey aimed at determining the needs of the region's eight million people.

The Council of the Southern Mountains, the only region-wide organization dedicated to improving the quality of life throughout the nine-state area, recently called upon the region's governors to establish an interstate commission to study problems unique to the Appalachian South and to recommend solutions on a regional basis.

The achievements of TVA indicate what could be done if federal resources were used to help develop the entire region. By following TVA's example, a Point Four assault on

the region's poverty could bring a better life to the long-ignored people of Appalachia. Migration could be reduced and in future years mountaineer migrants would cease to become costly social problems for American industrial centers.

The alternatives are clear—either mountaineers will continue to go to industry or industry must come to the mountains. In the long run, bringing suitable industries to the Appalachian South would be much less expensive, both in dollars and human misery.

## Identity Cards and the N. Y. Police . . . by Dan Wakefield

ONE OF THE more revolting institutions of New York City—this city of pious face and demented heart—was recently brought to public view in the state supreme court. The practice in question requires employees of cabarets, including entertainers, waiters, busboys, hat-check girls and anyone else who "comes in contact with the public" in a night club, to be fingerprinted and to carry an identification card. The ID cards are issued in accordance with the high moral judgment of the New York City Police Department, which acts as protector of the moral welfare of those of us who risk our souls by visitation to such spas of Satan as Birdland and The Embers. I, for one, believe that my hopes of eternal salvation stand less chance of doom by exposure to any corner pub than to a precinct police station; but, then, each of us must grapple with such choices in the dark night of his own soul. More important is the issue of the police department's right to bar a citizen from getting a job on the basis of its own judgment of his moral character.

The case of two men who long have been denied the sanction of the cops for permanent "contact with the public" in New York's

cabarets was brought to court by their attorney, Maxwell T. Cohen, who challenged not only the denial of cards to his clients, but the Constitutionality of the whole practice, including the transference of the \$2 ID-card fees (which must be paid every two years, on renewal) into the Police Pension Fund. Maxwell Cohen is the lawyer for many of our outstanding jazz musicians, as well as other entertainers, and the two clients who came forward in this case were J. J. Johnson, who for the past five years has held sway in the polls of critics and public as the country's outstanding trombone player, and Billy Rubenstein, a piano player now on tour with Kai Winding's orchestra. A third plaintiff was bandleader Johnny Richards, who holds an ID card himself, but challenged the right of the police department to restrict him from employing musicians without cards.

The plaintiffs instituted the action for themselves "and others similarly concerned and situated." The majority of the others similarly "concerned and situated," however, are not entertainers, but the waiters and other "service" employees of night clubs. There are 1,600 cabarets in New York City, and roughly 38,000 employees fall under the law requiring them to carry ID cards. Probably only several thousand of that number are entertainers (the total New York City membership of the Amer-

ican Guild of Variety Artists is approximately 4,000). Yet the troubles of the entertainers have been by far the most prominent part of the ID-card wrangles. This has been the case partly because the average waiter who is barred from employment in a cabaret by the card system does not have the resources to bring his complaint to legal contest, and is better off carrying his trays in a restaurant without entertainment than trying to fight his way through the police red tape. The entertainer is the only one who is shut off from a large sector of his already small world of potential employment by denial of an ID card. Many outstanding jazz musicians have been barred from performing in New York City night clubs because of such denial. One of the most famous, Billie Holliday, can sing in Central Park and Carnegie Hall, but not in any of the city's night clubs—and few performers denied the cards are fortunate enough to be asked to appear in Carnegie Hall.

Like Billie Holliday, most of the musicians denied cards are barred because of past narcotics violations. Few musicians have broken into anyone's safe or held up the corner candy store, but jazz musicians especially have been exposed to narcotics, and many have been convicted for possession of drugs—most commonly, marijuana. The young jazz musician is likely to be exposed to mari-

DAN WAKEFIELD, author of the recently published *Island in the City* (Houghton Mifflin) is a frequent contributor.

juana as the fraternity boy is exposed to gin—and, though marijuana is no more addicting than alcohol, one is a crime and the other a custom. Since our society treats the illness of narcotic addiction as a crime (and does not distinguish in law between heroin, which is physiologically addicting, and marijuana, which is not) anyone who has ever been caught with a reefer in his pocket is a criminal, and falls under the police ID-card regulation, which states:

Except in the discretion of the Police Commissioner, no person shall be issued a cabaret and public dance hall employee's identification card or temporary permit who has been convicted of a felony or of any misdemeanor or offense, or is or pretends to be a homosexual or lesbian.

Let us leave aside the question of the Constitutional right of a homosexual to plunk a guitar in a Manhattan bistro, and confine ourselves to the troubles of citizens who in their past have been picked up with "pot." The applicant for an ID card must state not only what convictions he has had, as required by the licensing law, but he must also answer (Question 7 of the application):

7 (a) Were you ever arrested or summoned (except traffic violations)? Yes or No. ....

(b) If answer is yes, state how many times and give facts.

Although according to the regulations the applicant cannot be denied a card on the grounds of arrest alone, arrests which may never have resulted in convictions can be held against him in the final judgment for an ID card. In a recent case, jazz piano player Thelonius Monk, who had lost his card on a narcotics conviction and later had it reissued, was denied it again upon rearrest on a narcotics charge before the case even came to court. The arrest was all that the gendarmes-judges needed.

THE HISTORY of this custom, which allows the police to play Solomon with the scales, dates back to the Prohibition days of 1926, when the New York City Department of Licenses was given jurisdiction over cabarets. Cabaret operators (though not employees) were required to have

a license, and could be refused one if they had a criminal record. The whole idea was to keep the organized crime syndicates from gaining control of the night clubs. This arrangement was slightly altered in the early thirties, when some of our public protectors in the Department of Licenses were found to be selling licenses for newspaper stands to blind veterans for sums up to \$15,000. Jurisdiction over cabaret licensing was then shifted to the police. The licensing of employes did not become a practice until the forties. Now, by the arbitrary complications of the city's murky history, a regulation originally instituted to keep gangsters from operating night clubs keeps musicians with marijuana clouds in their past from playing the trumpet.

These men are often citizens of the caliber of plaintiff J. J. Johnson, a gentleman whose grace and dignity as a human being are equal to his considerable talent as a musician. J. J. Johnson and his wife sat in court in this spring of 1959 because thirteen years ago he had been arrested on a narcotics charge, convicted and given a suspended sentence. This was and is his only arrest. Prior to October, 1956, Johnson made several applications for a permanent ID card, and was denied it without any statement of the reasons. In October, 1956, he renewed his application, stating that he had been continually married since 1947, was the father of two children, owned his own home, and was a member in good standing of national fraternal organizations. The application was again denied, and no reason given.

In the meantime, the New York State Liquor Authority granted Johnson permission to work, telling him he did not have to make any further applications for permission. Johnson then requested a hearing from New York City's deputy police commissioner in charge of the Division of Licenses. The hearing was denied, but on November 7, 1956, Johnson was informed by Deputy Commissioner Robert J. Mangum that he could have a six-months temporary card and at the end of that period would be considered for a permanent card if he would "submit a statement from any New York City

Hospital at the end of this six-month period, indicating that he has been examined thereat and was found to be free of narcotics use. . . ."

Kafka himself could have done no better. In the first place, Johnson has never been a narcotics addict (the single arrest thirteen years ago was evidently enough for the police to make the assumption). In the second place, New York City hospitals do not admit patients for treatment of the illness of drug addiction. Johnson's lawyer so informed Deputy Commissioner Mangum who, undaunted, then suggested that Johnson submit a letter from his own physician. Johnson did. He was again denied a permanent card, and issued another temporary one. On June 12, 1958, he made still another application for a permanent card, attaching to it his doctor's statement that he was not an addict; he was told that he would have to see the new deputy commissioner in charge of licenses, one James J. McElroy. Mr. McElroy informed Johnson that there were now "new policies" in the department, and the doctor's certificate was not acceptable; the applicant would have to present a certificate from a New York City Hospital (which, as had already been pointed out to the police, is an impossibility). A new temporary card was issued to Johnson, which this time restricted him to a designated cabaret for a designated period, and which he would have to renew each time he got another job. So moved the wheels of police justice—backwards.

THE IDEA of justice as interpreted by the police was brought to light time and again during the recent trial. At the very beginning, the lawyer for the police, Murray Rudman, told Judge Jacob Markowitz that in considering ID-card applications, the deputy police commissioner had to judge the "fitness" of the applicant.

"What do you mean by 'fit'?" Judge Markowitz asked.

"One who will not violate the law—and who will carry out the responsibilities of a licensee," Mr. Rudman declared.

"Is the law that loose that no one understands it?" the judge asked.

Mr. Rudman vigorously stated

that the law was not loose at all; that the police had to determine "whether the applicant had a good moral character."

Mr. Rudman, a rather diminutive, pallid man with a light, square-shaped mustache, carried about a book entitled *Dynamics of Behavior* and seemed to be heavily concerned with the question of "morality." Those who might doubt Mr. Rudman's qualifications as a moralist were surely put at ease when he told the judge, "I am not a frequenter of cabarets. I don't know how they operate." The judge informed him that a cabaret was "a restaurant with entertainment." Armed with this knowledge of the seamier side of life, Mr. Rudman pressed on, displaying rather frequently indeed his innocence of the evil world of entertainment. One would not have been surprised to hear him enter a recitation of "Life Upon the Wicked Stage" into the record, but he managed to vent his moral concern in more traditional ways.

When Mrs. Jean Rubenstein, wife of plaintiff Beril (Billy) Rubenstein was on the stand, Mr. Rudman questioned her about her husband's musical tours about the country, and wondered how he received these assignments. Mrs. Rubenstein said that he was booked by M.C.A. (the Music Corporation of America, one of the two largest booking agencies in the country).

"Is that the YMCA?" Mr. Rudman queried.

When Jackie Bright, national secretary of the American Guild of Variety Artists, took the stand, Mr. Rudman was interested in whether that organization had special restrictions for its members who had committed "morals violations."

"What type of morals are you talking about?" Mr. Bright asked.

"Wouldn't you consider certain types of crimes moral in nature?"

Judge Markowitz stemmed the tide of Rudman's moral zeal in that line of questioning, and Jackie Bright, who after all had not been billed as Albert Camus, was allowed to get down to more practical matters. Once on this surer ground, he came up with one of the few rational suggestions heard during the whole proceedings: he proposed that the



Drawing by Palladino

police might screen the night-club customers rather than the night-club entertainers.

Other figures from the risqué world of entertainment appeared to testify, including Steve Allen, one of the few performers unhampered by the ID-card restrictions who has taken an active interest in the problem, and assured the court that he had employed Mr. Johnson on his TV program, as well as other performers with past narcotics violations, without complaint from or evident damage to his public.

Perhaps the most memorable moments of the trial were afforded by the testimony of Deputy Police Commissioner McElroy in relation to Billy Rubenstein who, like Johnson, had been cleared by the State Liquor Authority for permission to work in cabarets. In 1951 and 1954, Mr. Rubenstein had been convicted of misdemeanors for possession of marijuana. Since 1954 he had committed no crime, had married, become a father, and was working steadily—although largely on the road, because of the restriction from working in New York City cabarets. The judge asked Mr. McElroy whether these facts did not provide satisfactory proof of rehabilitation.

Mr. McElroy, a rotund, pleasant fellow, smilingly replied that, considering the short time that had elapsed since the crime, he didn't feel Mr. Rubenstein should yet have a card. Judge Markowitz reiterated Rubenstein's four-year clean record and

qualifications of home and family: "How much more is one to do to get work in New York?" he asked.

"I'd expect another two years," Mr. McElroy smiled.

Mr. McElroy later pointed out that besides Rubenstein's narcotics arrests, he had been charged twice (also before 1955) with driving a car without a license, and this indicated "a disregard for the law."

DESPITE the doubts of our moral guardians, the cops, Judge Markowitz instructed them to give permanent ID cards to Johnson and Rubenstein. The parts of the case which challenged the Constitutionality of the ID-card procedure, however, were dismissed. One of the main grounds was the inability of the plaintiff's lawyer to demonstrate that his plaintiffs actually represented the thousands of others—including the waiters and hat-check girls—who are "similarly concerned and situated." Mr. Cohen says he will bring it to test in court again. In the meantime, the system grinds on. Roughly 300 applicants are officially denied the cards every year, and Cohen estimates that at least another thousand who never ask for a hearing are refused annually. Many just give up, and try other ways of making a living.

But the citizens of our largest and most "liberal" city may rest tonight assured; no one will blow a *Lullaby of Birdland* who doesn't have the moral sanction of the cops.

# THE IRRESPONSIBLE POISONERS.. by Robert L. Rudd

FROM A few inches of soil, a few feet of air and a few hundred feet of the water's depths we take the food and fiber on which our survival depends. This thin, productive skin of the earth's surface, bountiful though it is, has not yielded its bounty without struggle. Traditionally, food production for man's use has been both inefficient and insufficient. Man competes here with a multitudinous complex of living forms, and throughout most of the world, even today, does not fare well in the competition. His crops, his domestic animals and his person are beset by a host of foraging, predaceous, parasitizing and disease-causing organisms. Only in those countries with well-developed agricultural technologies has the balance of competition been tipped in favor of man. In the United States particularly, the application of research and technology to food-raising has been so successful that we can and do produce far more than we actually need.

Relative success in controlling competing organisms is in large part due to chemicals which repel or inhibit a pest species or, through killing, reduce its numbers. The same methods of check and control are used in nature by other species of organisms. And the water and the land that produce our foods and fibers — and our pests — give us those animals for which we fish and hunt for pleasure, and that living complex whose presence we enjoy for its own sake. No living thing is unimportant and every living thing has its antagonist.

Our use of chemicals to control living things is not new. Rodents and predatory mammals have been controlled with poison for centuries; insects have been similarly controlled for at least a century. But within the last fifty years, chemical usage has changed from occasional and limited to persistent and widespread. As dramatic as any development in

an era of startling technological changes has been the discovery and application of pesticides. Within twenty years DDT was discovered, put to use, and followed by a host of other synthetic insecticides. Herbicides, dependent on totally new concepts, have been developed. The most toxic of all pesticides, Compound 1080, was discovered, tested and put to world-wide use a little over fifteen years ago. But keeping pace with the increasing use of chemicals is a rising swell of doubt: do they, in the end, do more harm than good?

MANY indications of biological disturbance resulting from the use of toxic chemicals in agriculture are known to scientists. Public knowledge of these effects is reflected in three controversies which occurred within the last year.

A group of Long Island landowners, offended by unsought spraying of their lands for gypsy-moth control and concerned about wildlife damage, brought suit against the U.S. Department of Agriculture to force cessation of all such operations [see "The Pesticide That Came to Dinner," by David Cort, April 12, 1958]. The decision in what has come to be known as the "DDT trial" favored the government agencies, but the issue plainly was much larger than could be settled in a single court action. In any case, the public airing of the facts resulted in much wider awareness of the hazards, both known and potential, of large-scale chemical control programs. The government agencies involved were made acutely aware of the hitherto largely silent opposition, and have now retrenched to consider modifications of their programs.

The opposition has not been silent in the current program to "eradicate" the imported fire ant in the South. Several features mark this as somewhat different from earlier programs: although the insect species is widespread, there is clear doubt about its economic liability; the program is ambitious (some twenty million acres will be treated); the

dosage (heptachlor at two pounds per acre) is several times that used in normal crop-insect control; in the diversified landscape of the rural South, aerial application makes it difficult to discriminate among the areas requiring treatment; whenever used, the effect of the treatment on free-living wildlife has been dramatically noticeable, often catastrophically so. The opposition has taken the form of debates, suits or threats of suits. No decision is in sight.

Livestock interests on Western rangelands have been bothered for a century by the depredations of coyotes and wolves. Yet currently there is a revival of opposition to the chemical control of predatory mammals in the West. Some features of this opposition do not differ from a violent controversy on the same subject which erupted three decades ago: the emotional attitude toward wildlife in this country; serious challenges of the need for control, particularly on public lands; the use of flesh baits containing highly toxic chemicals. Much was learned from the earlier controversy; regulatory procedures were tightened.

But with the discovery and rapid acceptance of Compound 1080 — the most toxic chemical now used in control programs — the picture has again changed. The chemical is effective — too effective. It is stable on baits, in water, in soil and in animal tissue. It can kill easily its primary targets, coyotes and rodents; because of its stability, however, it can kill secondary targets almost as well. A dog — or coyote — which eats a rodent killed with "1080" is almost certainly going to die. Today the chief concern in the large-scale campaigns against predatory mammals is this highly hazardous "1080." But there are other areas of inquiry. What is the actual extent of secondary poisoning? Are the extensive campaigns against predatory mammals economically justified? No one can answer these questions now. But they are legitimate questions which ultimately must be answered.

These examples of anti-pest campaigns given above are only three

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among many of lesser scope which have aroused controversy. Others are to be expected in the future, and these too will arouse controversy unless imaginative alternatives are developed. The likelihood of a quick reversal of field — the abandonment, that is, of chemical control programs — is small. Overcoming inertia and entrenched ideas will not be simple. The first step in arriving at an over-all solution of the problem is to identify the major weaknesses in the present approach. I list four below:

*The unrepresented.* We look to the products of land and water for our survival. Beyond this, from the same land and waters, we draw our recreational and aesthetic pleasures. Hunter, fisherman, photographer, vacationer, educator, naturalist, conservationist, scientist — all deserve to be considered in the assessment of values derived from our productive lands. There are over forty million fishing and hunting licenses annually sold in this country; millions of vacationers crowd our scenic areas every year. Millions more quietly appreciate our natural bounty. But in the conflict between immediate productive gain and the long-range total appreciation of the products of the land, these interests do not fare well. State and federal agencies charged with the protection of such interests have failed to discharge their function with sufficient vigor. These agencies have had wise and vigorous spokesmen in the past; they are not heard now.

*"Approved and recommended."* This stamp of officialdom given to a control chemical implies that all is well — no hazard exists in use. Only rarely does a grower, a control official or an administrator inquire further when he sees this mark of official sanction. But well he might! With increasing frequency, reliable reports of unexpected disturbances appear.

Ground-feeding birds, particularly robins, have seriously declined in several states where elm trees have been treated with DDT for Dutch elm-disease control. The birds die of poisoned earthworms eaten many months after the trees have been sprayed. Treatment for gnat larvae

in a California lake — with low dosages of DDD — resulted in slow but inexorable accumulations of chemicals in the tissues of edible fishes many times larger than the legally allowed maximum for commercial foodstuffs.

"Resistance" to chemicals — the ability to withstand increasingly larger dosages — has now appeared in some fifty species of pest insects. These insects are important to man — codling moth, malarial mosquitoes, house flies, many species of citrus insects, to name a few. The list is rapidly lengthening. So also is the number of chemicals which induce resistance. Even the use of unstable "nerve" gases — the organophosphates, considered the solution to DDT-induced resistance — is producing resistant species.

Destruction of beneficial insects is the rule with current nonselective insecticides, and insect populations may no longer be held in check by natural enemies. The rise to pest status of spider mites — not subject to DDT — illustrates how elimination of one pest species sometimes merely results in substituting one problem for another.

This accounting could be expanded considerably. The important conclusion to draw is that hazards in the use of chemicals do exist even under the best of approved procedures. Short-sightedness, political expediency, simple apathy and biological ignorance play too big a role in our pest-control programs.

*The channelized thinker.* The progressive narrowing of knowledge begins in our colleges and universities, where specialists are trained. And it is a specialist — not the crop, livestock or timber grower — who recommends this or that chemical for use in control programs. Students in economic entomology, for example, rarely study biology and resource management in the broad sense. Crop production is their only goal and interest. The forestry student is somewhat less restricted in perspective; the public-health official is even less so. Too frequently, curricula have been so narrow and specialized, that it should surprise no one that a graduating applied biologist has little awareness of the many

interests affected by his specialty.

There are hopeful indications of a reversal in our educational policies regarding specialty education. Meanwhile, what is the fate of such a channelized thinker when he goes to work for industry or government? Restricted as he was before, he now becomes even more confined. Perhaps he will henceforth work on only a single commodity. In a distressingly short span of time, his closely circumscribed information and duties become a mental strait jacket. His only values stem from the narrow channel of his specialty. The mistakes of judgment in the controversial fire-ant control program in the South were a logical result of such thinking. So are the poison campaigns directed against predatory mammals in the West.

*The production fetish.* The recreational and aesthetic values stemming from the plants and wildlife of our production areas mean very little to control specialists. The primary value is the production of food and fiber. This emphasis is necessary — up to a point. But we have long ago shown we know how to produce; we have long ago passed the threshold mark of concern for primary values. Overproduction has settled on us like a plague. Many economic and political inhibitory devices have been called into use to prevent complete chaos in crop production. Chemical use to increase production is continually stressed; and few stop to inquire "Why?" or "What do we lose in the process?" Too many of our production specialists cling to an antiquated idea that production increase is desirable and normal. Not only must there be an absolute increase, but there must also be an increase in the rate of increase. And should acreage be limited through a "soil bank" or other device, the remaining acreage must be made to produce more to "compensate" for the loss. Chemical controls play a large role in this temporary compensation.

This is the production fetish. It is a false god to which is sacrificed a host of values important to us all. And on its surface, it is a self-defeating system. Beneath the surface shows plainly a time of reckoning.

# BOOKS and the ARTS

## The Lost Dreams of Howard Fast

Stanley Meisler

FOR MANY years Howard Fast the Communist obscured our view of Howard Fast the writer. Flaunting contempt at Congress, issuing tracts against "bourgeois, decadent" authors, rallying sympathy for the Soviet Union, he stood between us and his books and kept us from a special insight into the intellect of an American Communist. Fast, who has left the party, may have represented, in some ways, the essence of America's own brand of communism. The clues to understanding him as a Communist lie in understanding him as a writer.

Fast's novels had tremendous circulation in the Communist world after World War II and, in fact, enjoyed much popularity here until the press advertised his link with the Communist Party in the late 1940s. His Soviet popularity ended when he left the party in 1957. Although his resignation helped reopen doors to American publishers and movie producers, most of the fiction of his Communist period has remained unread here. We have slipped Fast into our stereotype of the ex-Communist and perfunctorily welcomed him as one more defector who finally has seen the light.

The stereotype of the ex-Communist intellectual was fixed in that notable book, *The God That Failed*, which in 1949 presented the impressions of six men who broke from the party after years of membership or association. Editor Richard Crossman described this pattern for the group: Disgusted with their own societies and seeking an antidote for fascism, they saw communism as a vision of the kingdom of God on earth. "Devotion to pure utopia, and revolt against a polluted society," wrote Arthur Koestler, one of the six, "are . . . the two poles which provide the tension of all militant creeds." When the utopian vision clashed with the reality of the Soviet Union, Koestler and the others left the party.

Fast, in recent attempts at self-analysis, tends to use the characteristics of the Crossman group in describing himself. "My own generation of youth, bitter, robbed of any other hope, accepted

that canonization [of the October Revolution and its aftermath], and many of us dedicated our lives to a struggle that used us up and left us, in our middle age, soulsick and angry with the shattering of the Soviet illusion," he wrote in a recent article in *Midstream*. Yet there are differences. No matter how robbed and bitter Fast's youth became during the depression, he never had the sense of a polluted society that Koestler had when he joined the party in the waning moments of the Weimar Republic. When life seemed most bitter, Fast remained on the periphery of the party. He became a member only after the democracies began to show their greatest strength as battlers against fascism.

Fast even differed from such American Communists as John Gates, the party leader who quit several months after Fast did. Gates, who led an unsuccessful revolt against the rest of the leadership, wanted the party to adapt itself to American traditions. Fast also wanted to base his communism on American traditions but his approach was different. Gates wanted the party to move closer to American life, because he considered that necessary if communism intended to grow in the United States. Fast, on the other hand, viewed communism as the natural development of American democracy and history. This naive, distorted political perception, this confusion of democracy with communism, is a trait of Fast that we can uncover in even the briefest survey of his fiction.

THE vision of a utopian future guided Fast through fiction and communism. He expressed it early and completely. "It would be a people's government for the people," he wrote in *Citizen Tom Paine* (1943), "a government to see that no man starved and no man wanted, to see that hate and misery and crime disappeared through education and enlightenment. . . . There would be an end of war, an end of kings and despots. Christ would come to earth in the simple goodness of all men. . . ."

Fast never has been clear about how to attain this utopia. At first, he assumed that the example of early America would lead the world there, and he

set out to glorify the American Revolution in a series of novels. Misunderstanding much of its character, he viewed the Revolution solely as the beginning of a world struggle for liberty. Later, dissatisfied with the state of political freedom in twentieth-century America, he also grew dissatisfied with his interpretation of her early history. He started to look elsewhere for examples to inspire more struggles for liberty.

Significantly, he never used the Soviet Union as an example. He turned instead to the slaves of Rome and the ancient Jews. But his description of their struggles for freedom did not clear up his vagueness about how to achieve his goal. Through suffering and struggle, he said, freedom can be won, at least for awhile. He never was more concrete than that. Even since his break with communism, Fast has kept his utopian goal and his confusion about how to get there.

FAST's early books about the American Revolution reveal his dream of America: a land of freedom, fighting slavery throughout the world. In essence, his description begins as a simple ode to freedom, with no complications, no questions asked. A Jewish soldier, talking to his comrades at Valley Forge in *Conceived In Liberty* (1939), comes closest to defining Fast's early view of what America could be: ". . . the land for the dream of God in man."

By choice of hero, Fast amplified the universal aspects of the American Revolution in *Citizen Tom Paine* (1943). The emphasis in this book lies almost wholly on the world significance of the colonies' struggle. Mankind, according to Fast, received two things from the Revolution: an example and a promise. The example was the "awkward, stumbling, self-conscious first citizen army the world had ever known." The promise was, as Paine tells the Philadelphia militia, "We are the beginning, and we are making a new world."

When we consider that Fast joined the Communist Party in 1943, the same year *Citizen Tom Paine* was published, the difference between a Communist like Arthur Koestler and one like Fast becomes apparent. Koestler, after rebelling against a polluted society, sought a utopia. Fast reversed the emphasis and sought the utopia first. While his society may have dissatisfied him, he did not view it as polluted and, in fact, found the vision of his utopia in the folklore of the society itself. The Communist

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Party became, for Fast, an American way of achieving an American end.

Not until he joined the party did Fast seriously start to criticize America. His first attempts to describe pollution in American society came with *Freedom Road* (1944) and *The American* (1946).

Although *Freedom Road* ends with a tribute to the unconquerable memory of Gideon Jackson, a former slave who becomes a congressman and then dies at the hand of the Klan, it is Fast's most despairing book. The Klan wipes out all, nothing remains of the democratic achievement of a few white and Negro farmers working and learning together in Reconstruction. The destruction was so great, Fast claimed, that "powerful forces" have kept the history of such successful experiments from the American people. His picture of Reconstruction was as all black as his picture of the Revolution had been all white.

*The American*, a biographical novel about John Peter Altgeld, reveals a more subtle and significant disillusion with American society. Altgeld, the governor of Illinois who pardoned the Haymarket martyrs in 1893, fights corruption and plutocracy in American politics with complete faith in the system that bred these evils. "He was not a Debs, a Parsons," Fast told us. "He was a democratic politician, and, as some said, the best America had ever produced." Altgeld refuses to look outside the system for weapons but uses his political power and own money in the battle, only to lose because his opponents have more of both. Fast, now become certain that they always would have more of both, felt that Altgeld failed because the possibility for decency in American democracy had ended. Altgeld refuses the plea of Eugene V. Debs to look toward socialism and so, in Fast's view, rejects the only true weapon.

This failure signaled the cracking of Fast's first dream. Somehow he had equated a Communist utopia with his vision of America, but now he decided American society, past as well as present, was too polluted to sustain it. The industrialization of the nineteenth century, with the accompanying concentration of power and wealth, had stopped the movement of America toward Fast's utopia. He no longer felt that American democracy and communism had the same goal.

In the years between *The American* and Khrushchev's speech on Stalin in 1956, Fast followed two paths. He wrote a series of novels carping at contemporary life in the United States, and he wrote two novels exploring ancient battles for freedom in Rome and Israel. *Clarkton*

(1947), *Silas Timberman* (1954) and *The Story of Lola Gregg* (1956) read like Communist analogues to the cheap bestseller or the roaring Western. They are characterized mainly by a ludicrous struggle between the bad guys (either strikebreakers or FBI agents) and the good guys (either Communists or fellow travelers) and by a complete lack of understanding of the American judicial system. These novels were weak as political statements because Fast had no clear notion of what his Communist utopia should be or how it should be attained. He did not look toward the Soviet Union as an example nor, any longer, toward the goals of early America, but contented himself with trying to pick faults in the society around him. *The Passion of Sacco and Vanzetti* (1953), a departure from Fast's main paths during this period, expressed his Communist dream most clearly, and it is a very vague expression.

In this novel, perhaps Fast's finest during the boycott years, a professor, who has worked in defense of Sacco and Vanzetti, and a Communist discuss the meaning of the execution. "For you, when Sacco and Vanzetti die," the Communist tells the professor, "there will die with them all hopes and dreams of justice and reason." Fast explained that the professor will weep but the Communist will join the dry-eyed. The dry-eyed "pledged to themselves a long memory and an absolute identification. They made notations in their own hearths and they drew up a balance sheet that extended as far back as the memory of mankind and the first whiplash on the first bent back. These dry-eyed ones said to themselves, 'There is a better way than weeping and a better way than tears.'" This discussion is our only clue to the role of communism in bringing about Fast's fuzzy dream of utopia.

THE novels of ancient history tell us even less about communism, although we can find unsubtle allusions, like, "Slaves of the world, we will cry out, 'Rise up and cast off your chains!' in *Spartacus* (1951). This novel and *My Glorious Brothers* (1948) follow in many ways the thinking of the earlier novels about the American Revolution. Instead of having 1775 open a great battle for world freedom, Fast now assigns this role to the unsuccessful slave revolt against ancient Rome and the Jewish uprising led by the Maccabees against Greek tyrants. These struggles, however, seem to be more important as precursors than as first steps. They change the world little, but give Fast an op-

portunity to pay tribute to what he considered the first outbursts against tyranny.

Although Fast did not leave the party until after Khrushchev's 1956 speech, a reading of the later novels makes it clear that that event was more a catalyst than a cause. The aimless generalizations in the novels of the late 1940s and the early 1950s indicate that communism without any special American character could not hold him. We can assume that Fast, never close to the leadership of the party, represented some attitudes of the emotional, intellectual, non-professional, rank-and-file member. From examination of Fast's work, we can fit together a picture of this kind of American Communist.

Such members saw communism as firmly rooted in American traditions of freedom and, more important, could not believe in communism if convinced that it did not have these roots. For many, doubts about the absence of these roots came early. Fast, for example, had difficulties in the early fifties because his fervor for communism was destroying his fervor for America. And the more communism separated him from American traditions, the more Fast became separated from communism. His later novels, carping about modern America and extolling ancient struggles, gave Fast only a sense of aimlessness. He could not borrow fervor from foreign sources.

It would be hazardous to generalize from Fast about the difference between the American Communist Party and other Communist parties in the world. The strong nationalistic feeling that pervaded the party in the United States is certainly not unique. Moscow has its differences with Poland, Yugoslavia, China and, of course, Hungary, and the French and Italian parties are thoroughly involved in the political life and traditions of their countries. But, insofar as Fast's attitudes are typical, we may note at least this difference: other Communists attempt to improve their nations by applying what they consider an international or even a foreign technique; many American Communists, perhaps we should say many of those who have since left the party, attempted to improve their nation by guiding it up what they considered a natural next step for American democracy. American Communists, deluded into thinking of themselves as super patriots, may have been less conscious of the international aspects of communism than Communists elsewhere. At least, Fast was less so.

Since his break with the party, the 44-year-old Fast has published a book

about his Communist experiences and a novel, *The Naked God*, his confession, is extremely disappointing, failing to explain adequately either his reasons for remaining in the party so long or the inner turmoil that led to his disillusion. Much of the book sounds like the musings of a patient as he wanders over his confused past for an analyst. Perhaps the book came too soon after the event. *Moses, Prince of Egypt* (1958), has some characteristics of his other explorations into ancient struggles for freedom, although, since it treats of the young Moses, there is no struggle, but only the knowledge that it will come.

This novel is perhaps evidence that Fast, the ex-Communist, will continue

to study freedom, again seeing it as no more than an exciting, bitter struggle containing the seeds of some vague, utopian peace. It may also be evidence that Fast is fashioning a new dream in which the Jewish people lead the world, as he once thought America and communism did. His recent articles discussing himself as a Jew and the echoes of *My Glorious Brothers* add to the evidence.

But, whether or not he rushes on a new path to utopia, his older writings must not be ignored. They document a unique political record, a depressing American waste. They describe a man who distorted his vision of America to fit a vision of communism, and then lost both.

under controlled conditions the percentage of successes is that ascribable to chance. After giving an excellent account of scientific method, they concede its practical limitations and psychological disadvantages; selection of a site for a well is only one of many decisions we are forced to make at least partly on an extra-scientific basis — which is not the same as an unscientific basis. They discuss the psychology and neurology of dowsing in relation to talking horses, table tipping, mind reading and episodes like the Bridey Murphy hysteria of 1956. But the particular appeal of the book, to readers who may have no interest in either water supply or spiritism, is the analysis of the compatibility of water witching with the latter-day American ethos. Much is revealed by a single reference (S. A. Stouffer in a 1950 paper on study design) which points out that we live in a "society which rewards quick and confident answers and does not worry about how the answers are arrived at."

## The Heart's Desire

**WATER WITCHING U.S.A.** By Evan Z. Vogt and Ray Hyman. The University of Chicago Press. 248 pp. \$4.95.

**Carl Dreher**

WHERE Pascal believed that "men are so necessarily foolish that not to be a fool is merely a varied freak of folly," our well-nourished weeklies of information and interpretation have discovered, in free America, a general sophistication for which, naturally, they themselves take much of the credit. "The hick has vanished," as one of them puts it. But, even from such expert testimony, an exception may be taken, if the prevalence of water witching is any criterion. In the face of agricultural colleges, mechanization, mail order houses, television and all the other appurtenances of the affluent, classless, enlightened society, hydraulic divination thrives. Mr. Vogt, who is associate professor of anthropology at Harvard, and Mr. Hyman, formerly a psychologist at Johns Hopkins and Harvard and now with General Electric, estimate the number of water dowsers in the United States at 25,000. And in the relatively progressive state of Ohio, 39 per cent of the farmers questioned in 1958 agreed with the statement, "When a farmer wants to drill a well he should first witch for water."

Estimates of its time of origin range back 7,000 years, but water witching as we know it is probably only about 400 years old. In his great work on mining, *De re metallica* (1556), Agricola describes the technique of the

forked twig which is still the most widely used instrument, although rods, wire, bottles, keys suspended from books (usually the Bible), shovels and many other implements are used. Carried in the hands of the diviner as he walks about, the device is supposed to point to the "vein" of water. The deflecting force is generally assumed to be physical, but in the form publicized by the late Kenneth Roberts, in which the diviner works from a map, extrasensory perception must be held to account for the results, if any.

The chief practical reason for the persistence of the practice is that in seeking an underground water supply in many rural areas (and in suburban areas as well) one is staking hundreds or thousands of dollars, with no guarantee of success. As H. E. Thomas of the U.S. Geological Survey says in an excellent essay on scientific methods of locating ground water which is published as an appendix to *Water Witching U.S.A.*, "The scientist can see no farther below the ground than the next person." The farmer or suburbanite who hires a water driller is in many cases simply "wildcatting," and oftener than not he can't afford to lose. In contrast to the scientist, who speaks only of probabilities, the dowser, usually with assurance, says, "Dig here."

Leaning backward to be fair, and with a complete absence of scholastic snobbery, Vogt and Hyman present the evidence for and against dowsing as an efficacious method of locating water. They arrive at the conclusion that it is a form of magical divination. They show that successful case histories, which constitute the bulk of the favorable evidence, are unreliable and that

THE scientist may approach the ideal of disinterested understanding in the areas of knowledge he knows best, and if he is an Einstein or a Hippocrates or a Pascal, he may not be limited in this respect to any particular discipline. For that matter, quite mediocre scientists may excel some of the textbook names in purity of motive. As scientists they know that the truth is only approximate and tentatively realized and that its pursuit is endless. Others than scientists may know this too. But the ordinary untrained man, the creature of his indoctrination and his mores and lacking any such preoccupation, moves in a spiritual field of force which makes him certain of the uncertain and even of the demonstrably false. He has faith. What he believes is the heart's desire rather than the world as it is. Considering the incentives for self-deception, is it not remarkable that 61 per cent of the Ohio farmers don't believe in water witching?

But they may believe in worse things. The heart's desire, whether it is for a 10-gallon-a-minute well or a beautiful girl or eternal life, is exploited and debauched by the very media that tell us people can't be fooled any more. Two of the basic manipulative techniques of modern advertising and publicity involve the specious alleviation of anxiety and its obverse, the generation of anxiety. The dowser, at least, is guilty only of the first and his guilt is mitigated by self-delusion; the authors' survey shows that usually he is acting in good faith and often out of genuine solicitude for his fellow man. Which is more than can

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he said of the media. The rube is obsolescent? They would make rubes of us all.

In their concluding discussion of the gains and costs of water witching, the authors are perhaps too tolerant. They do say that the "practice involves certain fundamental costs in the long run," but they limit their consideration to the mislocation of wells and the detraction from the efforts to obtain more precise geological information. The subject matter has much broader reference if one chooses to follow where it leads. Much more could be said of the high social cost of the will to believe. It is

important, as Bertrand Russell pointed out, that no one should believe anything merely because it happens to be comfortable to believe it. *Water Witching U.S.A.*, dealing with a relatively easy problem, shows how tenuous the influence of science is even where it has full freedom to investigate. What then of retrogressive nationalism, bigotry masquerading as religion, racism, class conflict and all those areas where the manipulative techniques of the bastard sciences are backed by the powers of church and state, and genuine science must tread cautiously and speak softly? We have a long, long way to go.

## The Return of Lady C.

*LADY CHATTERLEY'S LOVER.*  
By D. H. Lawrence. Grove Press.  
368 pp. \$6.

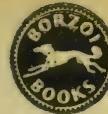
**Horace Gregory**

LET US agree at once that *Lady C.* as Lawrence called it, waiting for proofs in 1928, has become for us one of the most extraordinary of historical novels. In those days Lady C. herself was in her rosy, somewhat buxom thirties, the kind of level-eyed, light-stepping woman one sees today on Princes Street in Edinburgh. It was wise of Lawrence to give her a touch of Scots ancestry, to give her a father named Sir Malcolm Reid, R.A., an artist of the solid, old-fashioned Anglo-Scottish school. Today Lady C. would be approaching her seventies with a sturdy, healthy air; clear blue-eyed as ever in a clean cottage kept, not in England, but on the outskirts of Edinburgh. I also suspect that she has survived her lover and second husband, Mellors, that Protestant and intellectual young man who talked so well. I am certain it is she and not he who invites you in for a chat over a cup of tea.

There will be, of course, no talk of that famous affair that saved her from Clifford Chatterley and the brittle post-World-War-I people he kept around him who talked of sex, sex, sex whenever they got together. Even Mellors talked too much of sex for Lady C. — but he talked, O so much better than the others! But today Lady C. would not be given overmuch to reminiscences. One has *lived* one's life, as they say,

**HORACE GREGORY**, poet, critic, biographer, is the author of D. H. Lawrence: A Critical Study. His most recent books are a new version in English of Ovid's Metamorphoses and Amy Lowell, a biography.

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perceived, and he had already dismissed the alternatives of communism vs./and/or fascism. His dismissal of these alternatives carried him back to a natural (and for him) thoroughly English position (see the famous "England, my England" passage, page 185 of the present reprinting of *Lady Chatterley*). The traditional English position is the preservation of individual rights. In *Lady Chatterley* the rights of speech are defined as the right to use four letter words; and the old saw, "Every Englishman's Home Is His Castle" becomes Connie's and Mellors' right to love each other as they choose. This last is in a utopian cottage, perhaps, but Clifford's castle had ceased to be a home, far less so than Mellors' gamekeeper's hut.

EVEN before World War I the façades of Victorian domestic moralities had begun to crack. Memoirs of the teens of the twentieth century in England, including Diana Cooper's *The Rainbow Comes and Goes* and Sir Osbert Sitwell's *Great Morning*, are views of what became Lady Diana's "dance of death" in the opening years of World War I. Lady Connie was not, of course, a Lady Diana. She was not "in society"; she was no great beauty for the newspaper-reading British public to adore. She came from a semi-artistic set, not from a fashionable "coterie." But she had been to Germany; she had no doubt heard of German nudist camps; her first lover was a *Wandervogel* student. The early Georgian movement in poetry out of which Lawrence grew (he grew beyond it quickly) almost literally embraced a neo-romantic rediscovery of nature. One of the most admired of Georgian poets, Ralph Hodgson, wrote, "Eve, with her basket, was/Deep in the bells and grass/Up to her knees,/Picking a dish of sweet/Berries and plums to eat,/Down in the bells and grass/Under the trees." In historical terms, Hodgson's Eve was second cousin to Lady C. While Lady Diana drank champagne until dawn and smiled for camera men, Hodgson's Eve, as English as she, drew the attention of the serpent. Lady Diana and Lady C. and Eve, however apart they seemed in their respective sets or classes, were of the same *Zeitgeist*.

It is not surprising then that Lawrence's Lady C. allowed Mellors to preach to her of naturalness in their relationship, nor does she suffer the grief, the lonely crying fit of Hodgson's Eve, "Haunting the gate of the/Orchard in vain . . ." She is to be captured by the Adam of her choice, Mellors, who also rescued her from Clifford's "dance of

death," a brittle sterility of the intellectuals who talked about "the bitch-goddess Success" with callow cynicism. Lady Diana's "dance of death" was of an aristocratic Whig society that during a hundred years had shifted its name to Liberal, and she was married by her Mellors of the Foreign Office, Duff Cooper.

BOWDLERIZED versions of *Lady Chatterley* have been available for many years, yet only the unexpurgated edition revived in the present volume deserves the promise of immortality. Why? Because censorship makes the book seem uneasily "suggestive," as intellectually dishonest as Thackeray's glossing over the sexual misadventures of Becky Sharp in his *Vanity Fair*. Thackeray's fear of censorship flawed the greatest of his novels. His Victorian taint had led him to the deepest of moral crimes. Lawrence could never bend to compromise, or good or bad, could never yield to being mediocre.

To this restored edition of *Lady Chatterley* Mark Schorer has added an informative introduction and bibliography. In the form of a letter to the publisher, Archibald MacLeish has written a lawyer-like and eloquent reply to charges of "obscenity" against the book. Readers of "naughty books," those who enjoy *Lolita*, are not fond of *Lady Chatterley*. Lawrence the Puritan, the archetype Protestant, is too much in evidence here. To the naughty-minded, Lawrence almost makes Mellors' rescue of Lady C. a healthy duty, which to them is no way to spend a summer afternoon.

## THEATRE

### Harold Clurman

London

THE Royal Court Theatre — where early in the century Bernard Shaw and Grenville Barker profited theatre art at a loss of \$100,000 — is once again the site of important activities. For here in this geographically off-center playhouse John Osborne, who looked about in anger, has opened the door to the younger generation's sibilant shouts.

The Royal Court enterprise, undertaken to introduce new playwrights whose realism would be rougher than Rattigan's, has become more than a stage society: it is a gathering place for literary rebellion. One hears talk, half respectful, half grudging, of a "Royal Court crowd" or "clique."

The production unit — under the direction of George Devine, Tony Richardson and lately Lindsay Anderson — has not only produced the three Osborne plays (Osborne began as an actor in the company) but Miller's *The Crucible*, Brecht's *Good Woman of Setzuan* and a number of less well-known plays by English authors. Most of them have been box-office failures, though the last, a war play called *The Long and The Short and The Tall* by Willis Hall, has moved to the West End where it is attracting favorable attention.

Theatre in the West End is conservative to a degree that often makes Broadway look *avant garde*. The Royal Court and Joan Littlewood's Theatre Workshop are the first concerted postwar efforts to challenge the West End's dominance of the English stage. If Lorraine Hansberry were English, *A Raisin in the Sun* is the kind of play which would have to be done at the Royal Court.

This theatre is a symptom of a wide movement in the arts — particularly in literature. Novelists, poets, critics who are seeking their way out of the morass of yesteryears' Establishment (1919-1945) in the social, cultural, political world are sympathetically seconding the outcry at the Royal Court. One cannot say that all these folk speak the same language or are bent toward identical goals, but they have many characteristics in common. Most of them are better educated than the stalwarts of our 30s and their riot seems more studied and often more snobbish than that of their earlier American counterparts. Because this English radicalism comes at a different time from ours and arises from different causes (ours was rooted in the shock of the depression; theirs in the altered historical position of their civilization), it may strike an uninitiated American as somewhat retarded and its complaints less intelligible or justified than ours seemed to be. (In their recognition of the nuclear horror the English are in advance of us. My impression is that though Americans all talk about it they are not truly alarmed. So long as we are relatively prosperous we think of annihilation by atom power as so much science fiction.)

The latest manifestation of the Royal Court's temper was an evening devoted to the reading of verse by the young poet Christopher Logue — readings accompanied in the San Francisco manner by the playing of jazz. The poetry was followed by the same author's playlet *The Trial of Cob and Leech*. The event as a whole, called "Jazzetry," was presented to select but representative audiences on two Sunday evenings and

cordially welcomed by such sedate journals as the *Times* and the *Sunday Times*.

Logue has talent, but since I heard his poems against a background of jazz I am in no position to estimate their worth. What was immediately striking in the verse as in the playlet — which was propaganda in burlesque form — was an addiction to four-letter words, presumably an assault on English prudery, and a loud-mouthed left-wing guying of English politics and sacred institutions. The effect was that of a cultivated collegiate razzberry. The salient aspect of all this to me was the fact that whatever the audiences' sober judgment may have been they seemed thoroughly pleased that another stinkbomb was being heaved at the bastions of complacent English respectability.

It is worth recalling that in *Journey's End*, the most popular English war play of the late twenties, the leading characters were officers who consoled themselves by quoting *Alice in Wonderland*; the soldiers in *The Long and The Short and The Tall* are working-class men — none of them above a sergeant's rank — from various parts of Britain and each speaks the salty vernacular of his region. The language, frequently unintelligible to older people raised on public school or B.B.C. English, is the outstanding virtue of the play — the language and the virile acting of the young company. The production as a whole, directed by Lindsay Anderson who was previously identified with documentary films, is impressive for its naked and humane realism.

There is nothing actually controversial in this play (nor for that matter in the more lyrically expressive *A Taste of Honey* of which I have already written) but their presence and success indicate progress. I do not believe that any of this work is as sturdy as *Awake and Sing*, *A Streetcar Named Desire*, or *Death of a Salesman*, but that really doesn't matter. Each community must develop according to its own history and organic needs. There is no doubt, however, that American plays have exercised a certain beneficial influence on English writing for the theatre.

IBSEN has had two comparatively successful showings: one of *Ghosts* — which is an old story — another of *Brand*, rarely performed outside Europe. What struck me about *Ghosts* — in a rather tame production — was that it was a truly revolutionary play, about which the conservative critics were quite right to raise a rumpus. Ibsen was a daring troublemaker in a way that no one since has been or tried to

be. *Ghosts* is by no means the best Ibsen — though its structure is exemplary — but it is not, as some contend, entirely antiquated in its significance.

*Brand* demonstrates Ibsen's genius all over again. The present production is technically amateurish, and the play requires the most comprehensive stage resources, but I was glad to see it even in shreds and patches. In a sense its theme is entirely beside the point in present circumstances: it takes a critical view of all or nothing fanaticism. Contemporary fanatics are masters of compromise, which in some countries — England for example — is almost a state religion.

Two aspects of *Brand* make it fascinating: one is that while Ibsen condemns Brand's unbending Protestantism, he makes us so aware of Brand's moral grandeur that we become almost shamed by a too facile tolerance that is often nothing better than moral indifference. Then again the play is truly poetic in language (the new translation by Michael Meyer is excellent) and in theatrical conception. This drama of the past (written in 1865, first produced in Stockholm in 1885) is, in its aesthetic and intellectual character as well as its foreshadowing of the modern theatre's craft demands, infinitely more original and vital than most of the quasi religious pastiches of our own day.

## RECORDS

### Lester Trimble

CONTEMPORARY RECORDS, a Los Angeles organization, has found an intelligent way to present contemporary music. In their Composers Series, each twelve-inch record is given over to the music of a single composer who, whenever possible, selects the works to be recorded, chooses the artists and supervises recording sessions. This ground plan is superior to other contemporary recording projects in that, instead of presenting the listener with an isolated work from the composer's catalogue, it offers him the chance to gain at least a limited perspective on a probably unfamiliar musical personality.

Three records recently distributed contain the works of Andrew Imbrie, Ernst Toch and Vernon Duke (also known as Vladimir Dukelsky). Of the three composers, Imbrie is by far the youngest. He was born in New York City in 1921, educated at Princeton and at the University of California, Berkeley,

where he is at present a faculty member. His principal teacher was Roger Sessions, and in the two String Quartets recorded on Contemporary Records C-6003, an affinity with Sessions' style of mind is broadly apparent. In both the *Second String Quartet* (1953) and the *Third String Quartet* (1957), Imbrie's compositional approach embodies extreme intellectual control, a constant exercise of imagination in the intricate development and integration of materials, and a command of form in its small and large aspects that is quite remarkable for a composer in his thirties. Of the two works, I find the *Third String Quartet* more compelling. It is surer of its ground than was its predecessor, and richer in mature meanings. It is a little gray and dour, to be sure, and I was at first provoked to considerable resistance. On third or fourth hearing, however, the work begins to reveal many internal values and meanings. I suspect it is built for the long run, since it is capable not only of conquering resistance but of making a positive claim on one's affections. The performers on this disc are the California String Quartet and the Walden String Quartet. Both groups have done their work well.

Ernst Toch is at the other end of the age-scale. He was born in Vienna in 1887 and was the most feted composer in Germany during the twenties. Since 1934 he has made his home in the United States.

Toch has always been a Romantic, but he is a highly personal composer, and there are so many qualities in his music which do not fall exactly within the Romantic framework that I would hesitate to categorize him narrowly. The works on this disc, however, stem from his twenty-second and thirtieth years, when he was wholeheartedly committed to the luxurious manner, and more than

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a little "influenced." Shades of Bruch, Brahms, Schumann, Wagner, and even Borodin pass across the scene. And yet, the *Quartet in D Flat Major, Opus 18* (1909), and the *Serenade (Spitzweg) in G, Opus 25* (1917) have a charm that is not entirely borrowed or dated, and they are beautifully played on this disc by the Westwood String Quartet and the Westwood String Trio (Contemporary Records C-6002).

Vernon Duke (born 1903) has enjoyed a certain renown as a composer with a double career, one-half in the commercial field, and the other in the world of art music. The two versions of his name have been used (though he now seems to have settled permanently on Vernon Duke) to try to keep the careers separate. But it seldom (if ever) happens that a commercial composer attempting serious compositions can prevent qualities of shallowness, slickness, and vagueness of mind, and technical crudity from spilling over from the one field to the other. I have never heard any non-commercial music from Dukelsky's pen that merited serious attention. The *String Quartet in C, Surrealist Suite, Three Caprices for Piano and Variations on an Old Russian Chant for Oboe and Strings* are recorded on Contemporary Records C-6004, with the Roth String Quartet and Chamber Players and the composer himself as performers.

WESTMINSTER has issued a splendid first recording of Hugo Weisgall's opera, *The Tenor* (Wedekind), with Richard Cassilly, Richard Cross, Doris Young, Dorothy Coulter, Chester Ludgin, John Kuhn and the Vienna State Opera Orchestra under Herbert Grossman (OPW-1206). This work is slightly earlier

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(about four years) than the composer's *Six Characters in Search of an Author*, which was performed for the first time at the City Center this season [The Nation, May 16], but possesses the same attributes of forcefulness, technical know-how and seriousness of intent. It is impossible to make a true comparison between one opera that is staged and another that is presented only on a record. Listening to *The Tenor*, I found myself jolted occasionally by a musical vulgarity that hit the ear with particular force because of the work's generally high level of cultivation. Without seeing the opera, it is impossible to know how serious such blemishes may be. In any event, they do not make the recording less than fascinating, nor obscure the opera's other virtues.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, under Charles Munch, has recorded for RCA Victor the *Images for Orchestra (Gigues: Ibéria: Rondes de Printemps)* by Debussy (LM-2282) and the *Symphony No. 4* by Brahms (LM-2297). Both are fine. Munch conducts with a nice lightness of hand, and the Boston Orchestra's distinctive tone and spirit is apposite both to Brahms's summery opus and to the sensuous colorations of the Debussy.

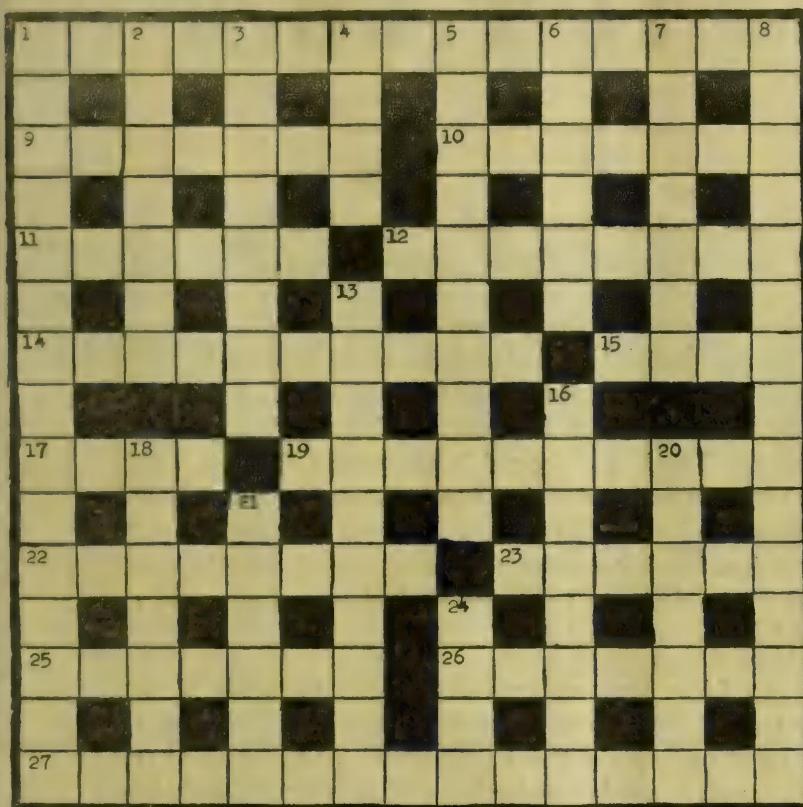
UNDER the Vox label, the Bamberg Symphony, conducted by Rolf Reinhardt, has performed a series of Overtures taken from Handel operas and oratorios. *Overtures to Terpsichore, Rodelinda, Theseo, Ariadne, Ezio, Jephtha, Il Pastor Fido*, are included; the performances are firmly robust and clear (PL 11.300).

The Beethoven *Missa Solemnis* is less satisfactorily recorded on Vox PL 11.430 by Otto Klemperer and the Vienna Symphony Orchestra, with soloists Ilona Steingruber, Else Schuerhoff, Ernst Majkut, Otto Wiener and the Akademiechor. In this performance, the sound of the massed forces is more opaque than one would wish, and the conductor's approach a bit imprecise. According to the jacket, this is the longest long-playing record ever made, running one hour, twelve minutes and thirty seconds.

RCA Camden CAL-486 comprises Volume 2 of *The Art of Sergei Rachmaninoff*, re-recorded examples of some of the virtuoso composer-pianist's performances dating from 1920 through 1942. For anyone interested in Rachmaninoff as an executant musician the disc is a delight. Even with a slight hiss carried over from the old records, a performance such as the one of the Schubert *Impromptu in A-Flat, Op. 90, No. 4*, is unforgettable.

# Crossword Puzzle No. 822

By FRANK W. LEWIS



## ACROSS:

- Is the limitation in United States of America One Dime? (15)
- Article nullified, or just shunned? (7)
- One thing to stand on back can make protein. (7)
- A short measure with what might be in mine is still plenty! (6)
- Some time must have been given in his case. (8)
- To be in a lab is something you can get hold of. (10)
- Norman's Woe, for example. (4)
- Fire, if the end is but an instrument. (4)
- Very French amorous gestures are traditionally forgiven! (10)
- Ale, upset and spilled on one's uniform? (8)
- Most recently slated to be stated. (6)
- This is a sorry bit of verse! (7)
- Borne by the wind. (7)
- Somewhat doubtful observation, if you're unable to count money in the bank! (3, 5, 3, 4)

## DOWN:

- Cyrenes, as recommended for vacations. (6, 2, 7)
- I'd clear a sort of a sort of it! (7)

- You might, if your best suit seems to have holes in it. (8)
- Baking this might sweeten sour. (4)
- Don't look so much without respect! (10)
- Language refinement? (6)
- Does it go out relaxed? Quite the opposite! (7)
- It usually doesn't pay for one to win. (3-12)
- In case the bar depends on uniform habits? (10)
- The proper arrangement of a room can make it very tasteful! (8)
- Certainly not an underwater conversation! (7)
- Knot loosely? (3, 4)
- The clue is likely to hold water, if on the move. (6)
- Possibly 8, in a religious sense. (4)

### SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 821

- ACROSS: 1 Indehiscent; 9 Barnacle; 10 Cut-ups; 11 Agitate; 12 Methane; 14 Brutus; 15 and 2 Fourteen ninety-two; 17 Gasoline; 20 Peruse; 24 Strange; 26 Nantes; 27 Original; 28 Cherrystone. DOWN: 3 Excites; 4 and 22 Ides of March; 5 Cocteau; 6 Notch; 7 and 21 Danger signal; 8 Sponge; 13 and 25 Offertory; 16 Tarnation; 18 Affray; 19 Incisor; 20 Patriot; 23 Aitch.

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# When Is Truth?

*Nothing gives an editor more pleasure than proof that his publication is keeping abreast of the truth—and sometimes even getting a little ahead of it. For example:*

1. Under the title "Spies in Space," Carl Dreher described, in our May 9 issue, a system of "hovering" satellites which the United States planned to put in the sky as relay points for world-wide communications, but which could—and would—also be used for spying. A week after the article was in print, the New York *Herald Tribune* was telling its readers that the Defense Department was actively pushing a "global-communications satellite project" which was "vital to defense." And a few days after that, film footage from a camera recovered from the nose cone of an Atlas missile was shown on a national TV hook-up and prompted a news agency to speak of "spies-in-the-sky."
2. In our May 23 issue, Edgar Snow, writing about "China: the Ghost at the Summit," began his article: "No Chinese delegates will appear at Geneva or a Summit conference, yet the presence of China will be felt. . . . Peking could at any moment, merely by renewing the bombardment of Quemoy, dramatically remind us of awkward truths irreconcilable with [our China] policy." The day the issue appeared on New York City's newsstands, *The New York Times* carried a front-page story: "Red Chinese Guns Bombard Matsu."

*But, of course, the pleasure that a writer's perspicacity yields the editor is unimportant; what is important is the service it renders the reader.*

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## THE CONSUMER IN THE STEEL VISE

*Eugene Havas*



# LETTERS

[For more on the steel strike, see page 510. — Ed.]

## Collusion in Steel?

Dear Sirs: The article, "Minuet in Steel," by B. J. Widick, in the May 9 issue of *The Nation*, represents a new low in labor reporting. The writer, without a single fact to sustain him, alleged that the Steelworkers Union through the years has conspired with the steel industry to raise steel prices. Mr. Widick referred to the 1946 steel price increase as "an action of the steel union and the steel industry." The industry's price increase of \$5.00 a ton in 1946 was a result of tremendous political pressure on the part of the industry. At no time was the industry's insistence on OPA approval of its price demands ever discussed with the union. In 1946, the steel industry's ignoring of the legitimate needs of workers for higher wages and stable prices was not one whit different from the automobile industry's insistence upon raising its prices and using the U.A.W.'s wage increase as the lever. . . .

Discussing more recent developments, Mr. Widick's article carried the astounding assertion that the Steelworkers Union had not criticized the industry's pricing policies in 1956, 1957 and 1958. He neglected to inform your readers of the detailed and documented testimony which the United Steelworkers of America presented to the Kefauver committee in the summer of 1957. Among the conclusions of the union which were given to the committee were these:

Steel price increases in the post-World War II period have been exorbitant in relation to increased costs. . . .

The industry's leader, U.S. Steel Corporation, which initiated the price increase, could have put into effect a price cut of \$6.00 a ton, absorbed the cost of the wage increase, and could still have earned greater net profits after taxes in 1957 than were ever earned in the history of the corporation. (Based on 1st half 1957 profits.)

In 1956, after the industry had forced the union to strike by its "take-it-or-leave-it" attitude and contract proposal, the union published a report entitled, "Facts on Steel: Profits, Productivity, Prices and Wages, 1956." This detailed report included the following:

The entire steel industry has reaped a bonanza from steel price

increases out of all proportion to increased costs. . . .

It is the companies' price policies which have an inflationary effect, not its wage policies. . . .

An objective examination of the record will show that:

1. The pricing policies of the steel industry have received the most informed, critical protests from the United Steelworkers of America.

2. At no time has the Steelworkers Union ever gained wage increases or improved benefits without struggling against the determination of the steel industry to fatten its profits at the expense of its employees and the public. The union's wage increases have been, and are, supportable—without price increases—out of the productivity growth of the industry.

OTIS BRUBAKER, Director  
Research Department

United Steelworkers of America  
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dear Sirs: If the Steelworkers Union had supported the bill recently introduced by Joseph C. O'Mahoney, Democrat of Wyoming, aimed at curbing price increases in administered-price industries by requiring advance notifications and justifications before the Federal Trade Commission, there might be less suspicion of the real policies of the union. Only one union, the United Auto Workers, spoke for the bill in hearings. David J. McDonald, President of the Steelworkers, opposed the bill "mainly on the ground that it would soon involve the government in the process of free collective bargaining." This contention must have caused some smiles on the faces of participants in the hearing, and for good reason. It is a matter of public record that the Steelworkers opposed the idea of higher wages without price increases in the early postwar period. There was an acrimonious private meeting over this issue between Walter Reuther and the late Philip Murray on December 1, 1945, in Pittsburgh, an authoritative account of which was published in *The Wage Earner*, organ of the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists, usually friendly to Mr. Murray.

Mr. Brubaker knows, for example, that in the 1946 steel negotiations a deal was made between the union and the industry with John W. Snyder acting as go-between for the Truman Administration. There was no protest against this government interference; it was quite welcome, and that settlement resulted in the start of the postwar inflation spiral, as my article suggests. And

where were Mr. McDonald's protestations against "government interference in free collective bargaining" in 1956 when the settlement was reached with the intervention of George Humphrey? Mr. McDonald's "social visit" with President Eisenhower fooled no one. It is obvious that he wouldn't mind the right kind of government intervention again. And the working press is once again protesting the secret negotiations taking place.

The current espousal by the Steelworkers Union of the idea of higher wages without price increases does not change the record of the past. The fact remains that the opposition of the union to the O'Mahoney bill leaves the door wide open for a wage increase and price increase as a conclusion of the present negotiations.

B. J. WIDICK

Grosse Pointe, Mich.

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## EDITORIALS

### Obsolescent and Obsolete

Politeness requires that we refer to "senior citizens," never to the old, nor do we dare speak of defense missiles as obsolete; they remain forever "obsolescent." The advantage is not a negligible one — as long as they are only obsolescent, we can continue to manufacture them, thus providing profits and jobs. Only let's not get it into our heads that the present generation of defense missiles, or any plausibly conceivable future one, will protect us against nuclear attack. They can't and they won't. Judging by the sound and the fury of the Nike Hercules-Bomarc controversy, one would think that there was actually a substantive issue, that the survival of the United States depended on which weapon was manufactured and installed. Actually, except to the suppliers and the career officers of the Army and Air Force associated with them, it does not matter in the least which weapon is chosen, or whether both are scrapped out of hand. If the arguments were honestly stated, it would be said for the Nike Hercules that it is obsolete but operational; for the Bomarc, that since it is still far from operational, the full measure of its obsolescence will not become evident for some time.

Neither of these systems is effective against missiles; they were designed for defense against aircraft, which are on the way out as offensive weapons. If the Bomarc, with its present 200-mile range (when it works) had become operational in 1955, as was intended, it might have had some utility. As things have turned out, its targets are no longer being built in significant numbers by the "enemy"; the transition to ICBMs and other long-range attack missiles is well under way. The Nike Hercules is an even worse case. Its claimed range is less than 100 miles and the actual range is of the order of half that figure; in a test against bombers in the Chicago area last fall it was only 6 to 8 per cent effective, and no hits were scored outside of the city limits. In a nuclear war the bombers (if there are still bombers) will use the "stand-off" technique, in which missiles are launched with the bomber flying hundreds

of miles from its target. As for a future anti-missile, which would at least make theoretical sense, it remains in the realm of science fiction, and may remain there forever. Billions have been wasted and the waste will go on until the nations take to heart the injunction of Matthew v. 25: "Agree with thine adversary quickly . . ." This would stop not only the waste, but the waiting for mutual annihilation.

### Meditations on Poplarville

The FBI has just concluded one of its most intensive inquiries. For nearly a month, sixty agents have investigated the Mack Parker lynching in Poplarville, Mississippi. By all accounts, they did a first-rate job; indeed, the Chicago Tribune Press Service, which has easy access to FBI news sources, reports that the case has been solved and that the names of the murderers are known. Nevertheless, the Department of Justice has concluded that it must withdraw from the case, since the investigation did not establish that any federal law had been violated. As to the FBI report itself, Gov. J. P. Coleman has promised—word of honor—to deliver it to the grand jury which will not convene until November; in the meantime it will remain sealed. In the meantime, also, no arrests will be made. Put on notice that their identities are known, the murderers will have ample time to enjoy a pleasant vacation before leaving the state (although really there is no reason why they *should* leave: the relaxed behavior of local and state officials virtually insures their immunity).

These facts demonstrate quite conclusively, as Sena-

### To Nation Subscribers

During July and August, *The Nation* will appear on alternate weeks only. It will be published as follows: July 4, July 18, August 1, August 15 and August 29.

Thereafter the normal weekly printing schedule will be resumed.

tor Javits points out, "the need for a federal anti-lynching law." But such a law would not get to the root of the problem. If Negroes could exercise their Constitutional rights, they would soon be able to protect themselves, and a federal anti-lynching law might not be necessary. But in the absence of a strong civil-rights measure, even the white residents of Pearl River County are powerless to protect themselves lawfully against violence. For if Mack Parker had been tried and convicted, it is a foregone conclusion that his conviction would have been reversed on appeal no matter how guilty he may have been. The voting list of the county does not list any Negroes, although the county has a substantial Negro population, and for this reason no Negro names are drawn for jury duty. Under the rule in the Goldsby case, decided by the Court of Appeals for the Fifth Circuit on January 6, a conviction obtained under these circumstances would be reversed.

In a word, Mississippi's official lawlessness has made it almost impossible for the state to sustain the conviction of Negroes unless and until they are permitted to vote and to serve on juries. If it were not for lynch mobs, the criminally-inclined element in the Negro population could rape, murder and pillage with an implied grant of official immunity. If the "moderate" Southern Senators really want, therefore, to spare the South the ignominy of further lynchings, they should give their support to the civil-rights measure which Senator Paul Douglas has sponsored. Until some such measure is enacted, additional lynchings can be confidently predicted.

## A Case for Euthanasia

The Subversive Activities Control Board has requested \$400,000 to continue its vital activities during fiscal 1959; the dispensing committee has allowed it \$380,000. The board was created by the Subversive Activities Control Act of 1950. It is composed of five members appointed by the President with the advice and consent of the Senate. The chairman, the Hon. Dorothy McCullough Lee of Oregon, gets \$20,500 a year; each member, \$20,000. Then there is a general counsel at \$14,190; two assistant general counsels at \$12,770 apiece; three attorney-advisers, as well as assistants to the board members, secretaries, messengers, clerks, a personnel officer and, of course, an executive secretary (\$13,370). Exclusive of the members, twenty-seven souls have found a haven at 811 Vermont Avenue N.W., where the board conducts its quasi-judicial functions, and of course some of them are also allowed expenses, and all require supplies, equipment, communication services, etc. You can see how the board has used up \$2,619,905 in appropriations since its inception, a sum which will round out to \$3 million with the current dole.

Yet the board is in a piteous state. Where formerly it busily, although slowly, investigated "Communist-action," "Communist-front" and "Communist-infiltrated" organizations, it has been practically paralyzed for fifteen months. Nothing goes on except the salaries. The reason is that the board's cases have a way of collapsing, as did its four-year-old proceeding against the United Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers of America (U.E.) in March. Worse, none of its pending cases can be continued unless the courts find that the Communist Party of the United States is indeed an organization dedicated, by treachery, deceit, infiltration, espionage, sabotage, terrorism, etc., to establish a totalitarian dictatorship in countries throughout the world, including the United States. And everybody knows what the courts are like. The Communist Party case, the keystone of the arch, has twice been remanded to the board, the first time by the Supreme Court, the second time by the Court of Appeals in line with the Supreme Court's decision in *Jencks v. the U.S.* But if the courts should ultimately decide against the board, it still will not be out of business, for federal boards, like old soldiers, never die. They don't blow away, either. And it is illegal to chloroform them. The prospect is, therefore, that SACB will continue to suffer, and the country with it.

## Flash

From Taipei, Formosa, comes word that President Chiang Kai-shek has "left the door open" for a third six-year term. Nationalist China's seventy-two-year-old leader has told the Kuomintang that he will not shirk his responsibilities and that he is, so to speak, available. While it had been generally assumed that he would stand again, this advance assurance — Chiang's term does not expire until May, 1960 — serves a useful purpose. But for this timely and thoughtful warning, some misguided souls, including possibly some native Formosans, might in all innocence have jeopardized their very lives by premature announcements of their own candidacies.

## The Hour of Triumph

Editorial writers are filled with rueful musings when an issue for which they have long contended bids fair to be resolved in accordance with their specifications. Of course they are pleased; there is no satisfaction in the trade comparable to that of witnessing the triumph of an issue that one has sponsored all the way from anathema to official acceptance. At the same time, however, editors are naturally reluctant to let go of a good theme and are human enough to be annoyed by the realization that it is not the premature cultivators of lonely editorial vineyards, but the johnnies-come-

lately, who reap the harvests, win the awards and pose for the pictures.

For ten years, now, *The Nation* has been critical of American policy toward China and, for the same period, has consistently urged recognition of China and its admission to the United Nations. A rough count of editorials and articles in which this general position has been presented yields these results: 14 such items in 1950, 10 in 1951, 6 in 1952, 13 in 1953, 10 in 1954, 14 in 1955, 8 in 1956, 7 in 1957, 4 in 1958; something like a once-a-month average, we are appalled to note, for the period. Now it is becoming clearer by the second that China will be recognized and seated in the United Nations

and that American policy toward China is changing; recent speeches by Adlai Stevenson and Senator Clair Engle of California, and last week's expulsion of Nationalist China from the Olympic movement by a nearly unanimous vote of the members of the International Olympic Committee, are merely the latest signs of a steadily shifting tide. The bandwagon has started to roll and the johnnies-come-lately are jumping aboard. Naturally we are pleased; all the same, we hate to think of the moment, fast approaching, when we shall be compelled to say farewell to the China issue. It will not be easy to discover another as sound and solid as this to provide editorial material throughout the 1960s.

## The Education of Governor Faubus . . . by Jerry Neil

*Little Rock*

ONE OF THE more antic moments leading up to last week's successful recall of three violently segregationist members of the Little Rock School Board came a week earlier, when Governor Orval E. Faubus said of the mounting furor aroused by the board's summary refusal to renew the contracts of forty-four teachers and administrators: "I didn't anticipate this. I don't think anyone could have foreseen all that has happened since that time."

"That time" referred to September 2, 1957, when Mr. Faubus called out the Arkansas National Guard to bar the entry, under a federal court order, of nine Negro students into Central High School. It is part of Orval Faubus' undeniable, though now slightly tarnished, genius that he is capable of delivering such lines with the straightest of faces, if not always with the directest of glances.

Just five days before the May 25 balloting, the Governor was deplored the developments that "now" were rending the city and expressing every hope that he would be permitted to stay above the fray. And just twenty-four hours later, he was announcing his intention to go on TV in support of the segregationist slate the following night (May 22), and addressing his own personal dilemma in somewhat more realistic

terms: "You know I'm involved in it, no matter what happens."

It is probable that the Governor himself would have preferred to avoid involvement in what his poll-takers must have informed him might, for once, be a losing cause. However, his active participation was made more or less inevitable by the same outside segregationist pressures that had dictated his defiance of the federal courts in the first place. As *The Arkansas Gazette* remarked on election morning, Mr. Faubus already had ridden his tiger too far to be able to dismount gracefully.

THE ELECTION results — defeat for all three of the Faubus-indorsed members of the school board — amounted to the Governor's first major setback since the Little Rock controversy erupted. The proportions of that defeat were not overwhelming: the three die-hard segregationists were ousted by margins ranging from 1,480 to 2,861 votes; at the same time, three moderate members who had refused to go along with the teacher purge, were retained in office by margins ranging from 431 to 1,246.

But, all the same, Orval Faubus has lost effective control of Arkansas' capital and largest city. The community leaders who stood up this time to be counted in unterrified numbers are unlikely to slip back into the shadows now that they are

aware that the Faubus armor has its chinks.

The recall story actually goes back to December of last year, when a slate of six last-ditch defenders of the public schools sought the unenviable job of replacing the school board which had just resigned *en masse*, along with Superintendent Virgil T. Blossom. In the atmosphere of the period, one of boycotts and anonymous threats in the night, the gesture involved considerable risk to the new candidates' "fortunes and sacred honor" (in the language of some orotund earlier Americans), if not actually to their lives. Of the six, three young businessmen with more to lose than most — Ted Lamb, thirty-two, Russell H. Matson, thirty-nine, and Everett Tucker, forty-six — managed to gain office in a hard-fought election.

Lamb, a moon-faced, horn-rimmed Yale adman, was perhaps the most ready to do battle with the enemy on its own contentious terms. Lamb had just succeeded in getting his own agency off the ground and winging, though not beyond the risk of being abruptly regrounded. He reasoned, however, that there would be no future in the advertising business in Little Rock if there was none in other, possibly even more vital, areas of community life. Tucker and Matson are less extroverted types, although both had wide experience in meeting the public, Tucker as industrial director of the Chamber of Com-

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merce (he resigned to make the school-board race and now is in private industrial-development work), and Matson in the operating of his own construction company. Both, needless to say, had acute personal knowledge of what the continuing school crisis was doing to the city's industrial prospects.

The Lamb faction's candidacy was aided by growing resentment over the closed high schools, but, even so, two of its members—Lamb and Tucker—were elected only because a split in the White Citizens Council had put rival segregationist tickets into the field in those two races. At the same time, the people voted into office the three extreme segregationists who now have been recalled—school board president Ed I. McKinley, Robert W. Laster and Ben D. Rowland.

IF THE results of the December 6 election were somewhat unexpected, events from that point forward were only too easily predictable. The board was divided 3-to-3 on every major issue, most importantly on the question of what to do when and if Governor Faubus' authority to close the schools should be invalidated by the courts, a development that appears imminent. (Judge John E. Miller of the Western District of Arkansas, one of a three-man federal panel which has this key state law under advisement, has indicated that a decision may come within two weeks.)

The first attempt to break the impasse came during the regular session of the Arkansas Legislature in March, when Governor Faubus sought authority to stack the Little Rock School Board with three extra members. The Little Rock delegation stood firm against Mr. Faubus' pressure, and with the aid of a last-minute filibuster by an outside ally, Senator Sam Levine of Pine Bluff, was able to carry the day. Pine Bluff is one of the state's segregationist strongholds, but Senator Levine explained that he could not stand aloof from the fight to preserve for local school districts the right to order their own affairs without direct interference from the Governor's office.

The deadlock finally began to break open on May 5, when the

Lamb faction, looking toward the possibility that the schools would be ordered re-opened in September, moved the renewal of all teacher contracts in order that a staff might be available. (Staff retirements and resignations for one reason or another, notably including the contested new state law requiring affidavits on teachers' private affiliations, now stand at 185, a figure far above the average; new applications, for some of the same reasons, total only 62, roughly one-third normal.)

The McKinley faction countered with a proposal to dismiss Superintendent Terrell E. Powell, whom McKinley himself had first suggested as Blossom's replacement, along with Central High principal Jess Matthews and forty-two other teachers, some with up to forty years of seniority.

The three moderates walked out rather than become a party to the teacher purge, and the McKinley faction proceeded on its own to inform the forty-four teachers that their contracts would not be renewed. No cause was stated in any instance, and no opportunity for a hearing offered.

The extremists finally had overreached themselves tactically, an error which McKinley was to concede later. Where only the parents of high school age youngsters had been affected, the issue now had been moved into almost every school in the system, cutting across all class and geographical boundaries and, of course, involving far larger numbers of children and parents.

The reaction was quick and spontaneous. A movement to recall McKinley, Laster and Rowland sprang up overnight, taking the name of STOP (for "Stop This Outrageous Purge"). Within three days, almost 10,000 school patrons had signed recall petitions. The segregationist leaders at first appeared genuinely surprised by the size and scope of the reaction. However, the Citizens Council and the so-called "Central High Mothers' League" rallied to obtain more than 7,000 names for the recall of Lamb and the other moderates, setting up their rival campaign organization under the name of CROSS ("Committee to Retain Our Segregated Schools").

The campaign was marked by the emergence of Klan posters on the outskirts of the city, by boldly-stated warnings to childless property-owners that integrated housing would be "next," by fake circulars inviting Negroes to a segregated STOP meeting and, so far, by one mass action for libel. But there also were bits of unconscious low comedy to relieve the atmosphere of racial, religious and class antagonism which CROSS studiously sought to create.

THERE was, for example, the occasion when CROSS, which was basing much of its case on Governor Faubus' old theme of "outside" interference, imported a wandering holy man from California, Wesley A. Swift, for its kick-off rally on May 16. When Swift was exposed by *The Arkansas Gazette* as a former Klansman and bodyguard for Gerald L. K. Smith, CROSS left him to sulk in his hotel room while its own speakers' bureau took over. As it developed, Swift wasn't even needed. It would have been hard for him to top board member Laster's promise that if the high schools should be re-opened on an integrated basis, Little Rock would experience "violence that will make the Civil War look like a boy scout picnic."

It was at this same rally that board president McKinley, a spare, saturnine man, borrowed a bit of the Faubus irony to complain that not one of the forty-four ousted teachers had had the "decency" to come forward on his own initiative to inquire as to the reason for his dismissal.

There was also the occasion of an outdoor rally at the close of the campaign, when a libel summons was served against the CROSS campaign chairman, the Rev. M. L. Moser, Jr., to the accompaniment of a chorus of "Dixie" from the crowd. Not content with McKinley's vaguely stated accusations of disloyalty, CROSS had taken a newspaper advertisement listing "immorality" as one of several reasons for the teacher dismissals. Eugene R. Warren, counsel for the Classroom Teachers Association, promptly filed suit for defamation claims totaling \$3,900,000, naming Mr. Moser, who had signed the advertisement, and McKinley.

Mr. Moser, a glib young man with a tiny go-to-hell mustache that jars oddly in a Fundamentalist pulpit, is "missionary pastor" of Central Baptist Church, an independent affiliate of the Missionary Baptists, a fringe sect with a large following in this part of the country.

No visit to the Central High battle lines at the height of the 1957 troubles was complete without the sight of Mr. Moser haranguing a slack-jawed, glassy-eyed Northern newsman with the story, all too familiar in the South, of how the sons of Ham were condemned in perpetuity to the role of a slightly more productive, and therefore exploitable, Sisyphus. The highlight of Mr. Moser's closing appeal for the CROSS cause on the Sunday before election was a CBS news film taken at the time of Governor Faubus' "Ja" or "Nein" school-closing plebiscite last year, when Mr. Moser declared that he would rather have remained "uneducated and ignorant" than been forced to go to school with Negroes.

HOWEVER, Mr. Moser had not intended to be the principal attraction the night before, when the process servers interrupted. The featured speakers on that occasion were Representative John Bell Williams of Mississippi, another outsider, and Representative Dale Alford of Little Rock, an insider who had just demonstrated anew that he, too, has been able to profit from the Faubus technique. In a speech before the Public Affairs Luncheon Club at Dallas earlier in the week, Dr. Alford, an eye surgeon, said he had information which would justify impeachment of some members of the Supreme Court. Pressed for names and details, he said: "I would prefer to discuss that at a later date." (The "later date" on which Governor Faubus has promised he would reveal evidence to justify his call to the National Guard has failed to materialize in the almost two years that have elapsed.)

The case of Dr. Alford is illustrative of the number of instances in which prominent members of the CROSS cast hold positions of trust that are under one sort of legal cloud or another. The circumstances of Dr.

Alford's paste-in victory over Representative Brooks Hays still are under investigation by a federal grand jury at Little Rock and by a special House committee at Washington.

However, the example of Robert W. Laster is even more interesting. A squarely-built young man of thirty-three, with the face of an aging child actor, Laster seized the office of Traffic Judge in 1957 by uncovering a loophole in the law which permitted him to file at the last moment as the only candidate to replace a man who thought he was serving under an interim appointment good for two more years. Since then, two pinball-machine distributors have charged that Judge Laster acted as a go-between in alleged pay-offs to a reporter for the *Arkansas Democrat*, producing tape recordings in evidence. A committee of the Pulaski County Grand Jury has accepted the tapes as authentic, but found them inadequate to sustain an indictment. However, the County Bar Association currently is studying Judge Laster's ethical fitness as a candidate for re-election. His school-board seat, won by a matter of 111 votes, also is clouded by a continuing court contest charging voting irregularities.

BUT OF ALL the performers, Governor Faubus was the unquestioned star of the CROSS show. In the first of his two TV appearances, Mr. Faubus attacked the leaders of STOP for being at one and the same time both left-wingers, or the tools of left-wingers, and commanders in "charge of the Cadillac brigade." A kinescope of the Governor's performance on this occasion would be worthy of study as a source of still further embarrassment to Democratic leaders for as long as he remains in the party fold and for the clues it offers as to the shape of any third-party movement which he might be called upon to head.

This time Mr. Faubus went well beyond the simple-minded NAACP-baiting that has been enough to sustain him in the past. This time, as was indicated by the references to the "Cadillac brigade" and the stress put on "good, honest, hard-working" white people (as well as, of course, "good, honest, hard-working" Ne-

groes), the Governor made it clearer than ever that he intends to fight his future battles along class lines. It is a thought worthy of mulling by the men who shaped the last two third-party movements in the South.

An even more revealing gesture was Mr. Faubus' going out of his way to mention the religion (Roman Catholic) of "an old friend" who had turned up in the STOP camp. The gentleman in question, Joe C. Hardin, in addition to being a Roman Catholic, is a utilities executive (Arkansas Louisiana Gas Company) and a former president of the Arkansas Farm Bureau Federation, who comes originally from staunchly segregationist Lincoln County. Not even Orval Faubus could get by with calling a Lincoln County planter a "left-wing integrationist." So it was gratuitously let drop that this man who had presumed to take part in the fight to save the public schools was a Catholic.

But the master ironist's finest moment was saved for his final appeal, when he warned of the possible consequences of a re-opening of the high schools after two years of the turmoil he himself had first touched off: "Whenever these developments take place and all the bad has shown up and you are unhappy with the situation and the blame is placed, then I do not wish any of the blame to be placed on me."

Mr. Faubus spoke during what would have been commencement week for the 1,045 members of the Little Rock class of '59, which now is scattered from coast to coast—and beyond to Germany and Hawaii. A quarter of its members—evenly divided between whites and Negroes—have simply dropped from sight, as far as school records anywhere are concerned.

The hopes of the class of '60 and future classes rest now with the federal courts and, more immediately, with the Pulaski County School Board and the character of the men it chooses to fill the three vacancies that now exist on the Little Rock board. Beyond that, the defenders of public education in Little Rock must look to the next regular school election in December, when four of six places on the board will be up for grabs once again.

# The Consumer in the Steel Vise . . by Eugene Havas

IN THE CURRENT sparring between the Steelworkers Union and the industry over a new wage contract, it will be the public that ends up with the bloody nose—just as it has in the past.

Steel is the basic raw material of our industrial civilization. A heavily concentrated industry, well organized by labor and with a quasi-monopolistic grip over less fortunate segments of the national economy, it dictates the pattern for industrial prices and wages throughout the country. In the last ten years, steel wages have doubled and dividends on steel shares have more than doubled. At the same time, new plants worth approximately \$10 billion have been built and charged off to the consumer in the form of higher steel prices.

There is mounting opposition in Congress to this kind of financing, which throws the entire burden on the consumer. It has been argued that, since most consumers are wage earners, stockholders or both, the majority of the people benefit by the huge gains in steel wages and dividends. But this is not so. Steel consumers still outnumber steelworkers plus steel stockholders by a very large margin; and it is time that the consumer be given consideration lest still another wage contract be written that favors a few millions at the expense of the many.

At the outset of the current negotiations, Conrad Cooper, executive vice president of U.S. Steel, told of a 1953 survey showing that the annual total income, from all sources, of the average stockholder in his corporation was less than the average annual wage of a steelworker; i.e., less than \$4,500. He presumed that the same situation exists today, and added that he did not see how the nation's purchasing power would be improved by granting wage increases to 230,000 at the expense of 300,000 stockholders.

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EUGENE HAVAS, a consulting economist, has given expert testimony before the Senate Subcommittee on Antitrust and Monopoly on matters relating to steel prices.

This picture of Alice wandering around in an impoverished Corporate Wonderland is not very persuasive, considering that those U.S. Steel shareholders who have held their stock at least ten years are today earning 18 per cent on their original investment, and that ten-year holders of Bethlehem Steel stock are earning 28 per cent.

THAT THE number of steel users who would benefit by a price reduction is ten to a hundred times larger than the number of steel stockholders and steelworkers who might be hurt by it, seems not to have occurred to either labor or management. Not that hints to this effect have been lacking. President Eisenhower has said that he could not, like Pontius Pilate, wash his hands of the vital interest which 175,000,000 Americans have in a non-inflationary settlement of the steel dispute. And *Life*, in an editorial entitled "Let's Cut the Price of Steel," cited the industry's increased profits and productivity for the first quarter of this year and urged: "This is an extremely appropriate moment for steel prices to come down."

*Life's* plea is all the more significant in that it was based on U.S. Steel's own figures, which disclosed net profits of \$106.5 million, or \$1.86 per share, for the quarter—a 70 per cent jump over the corresponding quarter of last year. The President, in a press conference on May 5, used the same set of figures, according to an AP dispatch from Washington:

President Eisenhower displayed a familiarity with after-tax profits of the U.S. Steel Corporation that would do credit to a stockbroker. In response to a question, he accurately recited Big Steel's first-quarter net profit per share at \$1.86, then he noted the record was \$2.03 in the first quarter of 1957. The President reeled off the numbers to show that steel-industry profits were not all they might be.

Unfortunately, both the President and *Life* were working on a "doctored" report which underestimated profits. Why, for instance, did U.S. Steel charge \$113 million more to

employment costs for the quarter than it did a year ago, even though its number of workers dropped somewhat in the interim? True, \$28 million of the difference, are accounted for by current pension costs (this item did not appear at all for the first quarter of 1958). Allowing \$50 million for increased wages and working hours still leaves \$35 million unaccounted for.

Since the above figures are before taxes, the net gain after taxes would total approximately \$15 million in profits over and above the \$106 million disclosed by the corporation. In other words, according to independent Wall Street analysts, U.S. Steel earned for the first quarter this year not \$106 million, or \$1.86 per share, but somewhere around \$120 million, or above \$2 per share.

These analysts, whose business it is to discover hidden profits for their clients, point to Treasury regulations which permit corporations to deduct, for tax purposes, pension accruals for their employees. At the moment, Secretary of the Treasury Anderson is opposing a bill, already passed by the House and now before the Senate, which would extend pension tax-deduction benefits, at least in limited measure, to self-employed persons like doctors, lawyers, etc. Secretary Anderson argues that such a bill would cost the Treasury about \$365 million in annual revenues. But Senator Neuberger, who supports the bill, points out that under present law the loss to the Treasury from corporate pension deductions ran close to five times as much—nearly \$2 billion—in 1957. The loss is likely to increase over the coming years to well over \$2 billion annually.

As the law now stands, corporations can deduct pension costs not only on the basis of current services, but retroactively. (For instance, if at the time the law was passed, you had been a vice president of U.S. Steel for ten years, the corporation could accrue back pensions in your behalf for that period, and claim deductions accordingly.) Bethlehem Steel, as an example, has used the law to accrue annual pensions of up to \$200,000 a year for retiring execu-

tives, to which the beneficiaries have contributed nothing. It has become routine for minority stockholders to complain of such dissipation of corporation resources, and equally routine for the protests to be ignored.

The fact is that U.S. Steel can charge off, this year, almost \$50 million for back pension accruals plus an additional \$100 million or more for current accruals. This will be explained in the company's 1960 report, due next March. But is this delay altogether fair to the public? Is it not time for the Securities and Exchange Commission to propose appropriate rules for the quarterly disclosure of all the facts? Two days after the President's May 5 press conference, at which he spoke so "knowingly" of U.S. Steel earnings, the *Washington Post* editorially scolded the corporation:

President Eisenhower has inadvertently provided an excellent illustration of the need for the federal government to have some kind of fact-finding machinery to enlighten the public on major price and wage problems in the concentrated industries, like steel.

DAVID McDONALD, head of the Steelworkers Union, says that the industry has charged the consumer \$3 for every \$1 wage increase. Current earning statements support this charge. However, this does not necessarily mean that additional wage increases are called for. Steelworkers' pay scales are already considerably ahead of other industrial workers' and public interest demands that some part of the high profits should be passed on to the consumer.

In three postwar recessions, major steel companies paid handsome dividends without interruption and on a steadily increasing scale. The cyclical nature of the steel industry is a thing of the past, thanks to the great population increase, to \$44 billion in annual defense expenditures and—not least—to our new philosophy that the federal government is responsible for the maintenance of employment. No other industry profited so much from these basic structural changes in our economic life as steel; and (as this writer stated before the Kefauver commit-

tee on March 13), no factor was so responsible for the recession of 1957 as the steel industry's pricing policy. Steel's responsibility in this regard was recognized by the economists of the Federal Reserve Board, who stated in unequivocal terms that monetary authorities cannot cure the pricing excesses of the administered sector of our economy.

Gardiner Means has demonstrated that our general wholesale price level, instead of rising 8 per cent, would have remained stable had it not been for the 36 per cent increase in steel prices in the last five years. Fred Gardner, a foremost authority on productivity, has pointed out that U.S. Steel could reduce prices (or increase wages) by 10 per cent and still maintain profits higher than the average of all other industries.

A cut of 5 per cent in steel prices is feasible without any hardship to the industry if there is no further increase in wages. This would help the President's deflationary budget policy. As long as steel prices are not reduced and steel wages are not frozen, the pressure on other prices and wages to catch up will continue—or else there will be chronic unemployment calling for reinflationary pump-priming, which might also decrease the purchasing power of the dollar.

Senator O'Mahoney's disinflationary price-notification bill is opposed both by the steel union and leaders of the industry. Neither side, apparently, is willing to assume responsibility for the victims of automation; this is left to the taxpayer. Is it a wonder then, that government bonds are steadily declining and common stocks, especially steel stocks, are making new highs? Do we have to become a nation of speculators to beat the game of inflation? On February 5, 1959, Secretary Anderson, testifying before the Joint Committee of Congress, said: "If we ever reach the point where people will believe that to speculate is safe but to save is a gamble, then, indeed, we are in trouble." In the three months since he uttered these words, the government's credit deteriorated a further 10 per cent (as measured by the yield of some of its outstanding obligations), while at the same time the Dow Jones industrial stock

averages were rising by 10 per cent.

For six years now money has been getting tighter and dearer as profits and wages go higher and higher. And there is nothing to suggest that this trend is coming to an end. Steel's power elite seems willing to go to any length to use the nation's economy to its own advantage. And the steel leaders are still not satisfied. Roger Blough, chairman of U.S. Steel, has repeatedly stated that profits are not as high as they should be. When confronted with the earning records of his company, he replied that smaller companies could not operate profitably if Big Steel were to reduce prices.

ALL THIS exploitation occurs under the banner of free enterprise. Any attempt of Congress to regulate commerce is denounced as "contemplating the complete reversal of the basic economic and political concepts upon which this nation was founded." So charged the chairman of U.S. Steel in testimony before the Kefauver committee, prompting Senator O'Mahoney to condemn the testimony as "fifteen pages . . . full of misconceptions."

Sensing the public's hostility to high prices, U.S. Steel tries to conceal its profits behind generalities. Executives point out, for instance, that profits of all American industry were less in 1958 than in 1947. But they carefully refrain from pointing out that the more than doubled profits



St. Louis Post-Dispatch  
"Don't you harm a hair of her head!"

of the steel industry in the last ten years were the cause of profit-shrinking in industries less able to pass on increased costs to the consumer.

Recent decisions of the soft-coal and can-manufacturing industries, which pay the same high wages as steel, to reduce prices illustrate that where real competition exists, prices do go down even if profits must shrink. Since there is no real competition in steel, prices do not go down and their profits are at a record high.

The leaders of organized labor rightly insist that stockholders are not the only ones entitled to the gains of increased productivity. And the AFL-CIO leaders were justified in their criticism of Raymond J. Saulnier, chairman of President Eisenhower's Economic Council, who

in a letter to Senator Kefauver marshaled his statistics so as to make it appear that labor was more to blame for inflation than management's pricing policies.

But labor chiefs are wrong in denouncing inflation warnings as "phony." The inherent dangers in the present situation are very real. And Mr. Saulnier, instead of making a virtue of "trying very hard to stay out of this thing," would do better to urge the leadership of the steel industry to cut prices and freeze dividends along with wages until the government's credit is restored. At a time when the President is engaged in a disinflationary policy, faithfully assisted by the monetary authorities, Mr. Saulnier cannot be insensitive to the pricing excesses and distortions caused by the steel and

automobile industries. In fact, in an earlier letter to Congressman Curtiss on this subject, he seemingly condemned these pricing policies. He should not, therefore, keep himself coolly aloof from wage and price decisions which could determine the failure or success of the President's fiscal policies.

President Eisenhower and his advisers would do well to ponder on what Francis Bacon said three hundred years ago: "Men ought to know that in the theatre of human life, it is only for gods and angels to be spectators." If we are not to become a nation of speculators, distrusting the credit and the good will of the government, the President must act before it is too late, throwing all the power and prestige of his office into the fight for a rollback in steel prices.

## THE COLLEGE PRESIDENT:

# CONSCIENCE of the CAMPUS . . . by W. W. Watt

EVERY YEAR is a presidential year in American higher education. Statisticians have estimated that the average tenure of office for the college or university president in the United States is four years. Whatever significance this may have for the student of government, it is a sobering fact to those who are directly concerned with the improvement, or even the bare survival, of any of the 1,800 institutions that presume to qualify as colleges and universities. Educational historians remind us that the rate of turnover has always been notoriously high, that the bearded prexies of the nineteenth-century campus only look as if they reigned forever. I do not know how rapidly, if at all, the rate has been accelerating during the unsettling years since World War II. But obviously the arks of culture are going to have a hard enough time

surviving the student inundation of the coming decade without continually changing Noahs in mid-flood. The current turnover is alarming enough.

The alarms have resulted recently in a number of excursions into the difficult field of presidential analysis. Ex-president Harold Dodds of Princeton has been given a Carnegie grant for a comprehensive survey of the college presidency. Last year Scribner's published *A Friend in Power*, a novel in which Professor Carlos Baker of Princeton artfully depicts the delicate process of winnowing sturdy presidential timber from saplings that will not survive storm and blight. This year Harper has brought out *The American College President* in which Harold W. Stoke — now in his third college presidency as the head of Queens — gives his experienced views of what it takes.

Dr. Stoke's book gives the reader the stimulating but frustrating experience of sitting vicariously on the edge of an academic chair that has degenerated into a hot seat. Without

lamenting his lot or tooting his own horn, the author manages, with a remarkable mixture of tact and candor, to show that the most competent incumbent can only try to make the best of the hardest of all possible jobs. The ideal college president, one infers, must have the strength of Atlas, the wisdom of Solomon, the patience of J.B., the eyes of Argus, and the touch of Midas — and even with all these attributes, too many of his faculty will see him only as Janus. After weaving his way through the maze of exacting qualifications, the reader might be forgiven for echoing the comment of Dr. Norman Macy, the eminent surgeon on the Board of Trustees of the university "founded" by Carlos Baker: "The only man who could possibly qualify on all those counts died on the Cross nineteen hundred years ago."

It is doubtful if a more convincing picture of the college president's many-ringed circus will appear soon, and it would be presumptuous for anyone looking from the outside in—or from the underside up—to question its general accuracy. Instead, I

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propose to discuss some of the implications of one issue that dominates all others. Dr. Stoke raises it in the first chapter:

If I were to make a general observation about the qualifications of college presidents, it would be this: in recent years the factor of educational distinction has declined while factors of personality, management skills, and successful experience in business and administration have increased in importance. This fact reflects the gradual transformation of the college president from an intellectual leader into ■ manager, skilled in administration, ■ broker in personal and public relations.

The further he goes in the book, the more Dr. Stoke reveals his reluctance to accept this change. When he has put behind him a lively description of the headaches of housekeeping, he comes out strongly for a president with a messianic faith in education and ideas about making it prevail. But I was left with the unpleasant impression that, unless the trend is sharply reversed, such a paragon will become rarer as the mechanized years tick by. For a while there will be a president here and there who can occasionally find a pause for the day's meditation that is known as the scholar's hour. But the day is not far off, I assume, when private visions will be entirely replaced by public relations, when the meditator will yield to the mediator, when — as the jacket blurb promises us — the "Man of Learning" will give way to the "Man of Management."

LEST WE become unduly alarmed, it must be admitted that any two-valued orientation distorts the picture. The goals of Learning and Management are not so far apart today as the traditional stereotypes of Ivory Tower and Market Place still mislead people into assuming. The two worlds have been of immense value to each other. Moreover, the "gradual transformation" discussed by Dr. Stoke has been going on for a long time. Ernest Earnest, in his readable history of the American college (*Academic Procession*, Bobbs-Merrill, 1953), reminds us that even the patriarchal presidents of the nineteenth century were not isolated from

the hard facts of meeting payrolls: "President Arthur Twining Hadley of Yale said that when he called on President Noah Porter (1871-1876) he usually found him reading Kant; when he called on President Timothy Dwight (1886-1899) he found him reading a balance sheet." Earnest traces a growing division, beginning about the turn of the century, between the scholarly ideals of the faculty and the pecuniary preoccupations of the administrators. By 1930 the alarm bell had been sounded loud and often.

BUT WE can't solve our problems with the consolations of history or by giving in, however reluctantly, to what we presume to be inevitable. The time has certainly come when we must assert the predominance of some values over others. One rule should be deeply engraved on the collective conscience of the campus: *Whatever else he is, the man (or woman) chosen to head a college or university should be an educational leader; and whatever his other cares may be, he should continue as long as he remains in office to give top priority to the duties of educational leadership.*

I do not, of course, mean an educationist: the professional student of education who exalts methods above content, talks about life-adjustment to a life he has not studied in depth, and speaks and reads a strange lan-

guage called Pedagese that is unintelligible to the average layman. Nor do I go along with the loose usage referring to every teacher, at least from the thirteenth grade up, as an educator. The campuses are full of specialists, many of them productive scholars, who have neither the inclination nor the capacity to take a wide-angle view of the curriculum. By an educational leader I mean an excellent teacher with enough classroom experience on the undergraduate level to give him a first-hand insight into the problems of the professor; a man, moreover, who has evolved a firm but flexible philosophy of education and can express it articulately to both scholar and layman. Graduate teaching is not essential, but the acceptable candidate should present evidence of a genuine understanding of the work of the research scholar, preferably in the form of solid publication. If he has also had experience in educational administration — as dean, department head, or director of a significant program of studies — so much the better. The goodly company of deans who have been kicked upstairs to become distinguished presidents takes some of the edge off the quip that a dean is a mouse in training to be a rat. But it must not be forgotten that many a dean is an unsuccessful teacher who has blossomed into new dignity through some special talent as a disciplinarian, a clerk, or an errand boy.

THE REASONS for insisting on an educational leader are in such plain sight that they are often, like Poe's purloined letter, completely overlooked. Every reputable institution of higher learning, at least beyond the junior college level, is established for two interrelated purposes: to expound knowledge through teaching and expand it through scholarship and research.

The teachers and scholars on the campus are more directly and consistently concerned with pursuing these aims than any other group. Neither fraternities nor football, nor luxurious dormitories nor palatial union buildings, nor the touching loyalty of alumni, nor the sweet uses of publicity can so enhance the long-term reputation of a college as a live faculty that insists on high



standards and gives full value in classroom, library and laboratory.

To help in building and maintaining such a faculty, the president must thoroughly understand the facts of academic life. For example:

Conscientious teaching is one of the most demanding of all occupations; the kind of thinking that goes into it cannot be obtained merely by putting a slogan on the wall.

Considering the demands of "keeping up with the field," class preparation, paper grading, committee work and student counseling (both scheduled and unscheduled)—the college teacher with a twelve-hour class-contact load may be doing a fair day's (and night's) work; but no time-study man can find a perfect formula for measuring his input and output.

Significant research requires solid blocks of uninterrupted time, the sort that can be supplied only by free summers and occasional leaves; research cannot always promise or achieve "results," and much of it is not "practical"—at least in the fuzzily restricted use of such terms in the market place.

Criticism is not the corrosive griping of the man who will not "play with the team" but the constant self-inspection without which no educational institution can progress.

Academic freedom is not a subversive shibboleth of the American Association of University Professors but an atmosphere without which the honest pursuit of the truth is impossible.

The instructor on the lowest rung of the academic ladder is not the president's employee, but his fellow scholar and teacher; the instructor has a clear right to reason why and to express his reactions to the president's policies and practices openly, not in the safe confines of a company suggestion box.

No workable educational policy can spring fully armed from the head of the institution and be passed down through channels by executive fiat; it must be hammered out in the give-and-take of free discussion.

In short, the qualifications of the ideal president consist not only of aptitudes, but of attitudes. In every first-rate college educator the attitudes are so built-in that he cannot

choose but remain a friend of the faculty if he becomes a friend in power. By this I do not mean a president whose entire energies are devoted to appeasing the teaching staff; I mean a college educator who unmistakably puts teaching and scholarship first in importance.

IN HIS final chapter, Dr. Stoke argues convincingly that the college president must have a philosophy of education and discusses its uses in some detail. Certainly the possession of a sound philosophy will enable the busiest housekeeper to find reasonable solutions to many of the educational dilemmas of the campus. But I am still left with the impression that, beyond this, the modern president can function as an educator only in occasional lulls between the battles of bureaucracy:

All this is particularly galling to a man who has always thought of himself as primarily concerned with education and who thought that by becoming a president he would be even more influential. He can still make noises like an educator—after all, the president can create captive audiences—but for reasons which will be seen to be fundamentally sound, he had better resign himself to a prepared fate.

I cannot believe that any true educational leader, including Dr. Stoke, will resign himself to such a fate. He will continue to preach his gospel—by speaking on carefully selected occasions, by writing of every sort from patient letters for impatient alumni to books as informative as *The American College President* (a superior form of noise-making).

An educational leader who is not a clear and convincing speaker and writer is a contradiction in terms. The busiest president must not be too busy to think his way through to a broad picture of the institution he wants to shape—what the late Chancellor Capen of Buffalo once called "the grand plan"—and he must present it in the clearest possible focus to the members of the "college family." He must also, of course—especially in his special role as middleman between trustees and faculty—reflect as accurately as possible the views of others. But he must never dodge his duty as a crea-

tor by pretending that he is only a reflector.

Nor must he limit himself to leadership within his own college family. Now that, thanks largely to Russian science, education has become a national emergency, the country is crying for educational leadership. This must come from the clear voices of those most able to make themselves heard above the cacophony of all the self-appointed experts who have been sputtering since the first sputnik. An occasional college professor or a retired admiral—an Arthur Bestor or a Hyman Rickover—may still get a wide hearing. But the college president, even the ex-president, is in a better position to make the front pages; he remains, in Dixon Wechter's phrase, "one of the few oracles still held in considerable popular respect by our irreverent civilization." This is one of the strongest arguments against the common proposal that the president should be a business executive and the dean an educator; the newspapers seldom listen to deans, the American public has an awesome interest in the number-one boy.

The president's role as a propagandist must not be confused with the routine brochures and handouts of public relations. It is even further removed from that of a large number of advertising men in industry: their job is often to persuade the consumer that he desperately wants what he obviously doesn't need (a new car every year—lower, wider, shinier and more expensive); his duty is always to persuade the American people that they desperately need what most of them really don't want (and the total cost of a year at the best colleges is still lower than that of a middle-priced car). For the American people in general don't want higher education. They want training, or skills, or "more science" for embryonic rocketeers, or short cuts to literacy, or degrees, or higher paying first jobs, or four happy years as pre-weds, or fraternities and sororities, or the best seats in the alumni cheering section, or the status of the old school tie—but, as Ruskin said back in 1867, there is still "little desire for the thing itself."

Of course, the educational leader should also be an efficient (but not

officious) manager, a skilled diplomatic fencer (but not a fence-sitter), an organizer (but not an "organization man"). He should be a money-getter without succumbing to chronic mendicancy. He should possess all the ethical virtues of the Boy Scout list from trustworthiness to reverence. He should also have a charming wife who is not only above sus-

picion, but skilled in human relations beyond the fondest dreams of Calpurnia. But above all, he must be an educational leader. If he cannot, because of his other responsibilities, something's got to give. The solution of "a Damon-and-Pythias relationship to some trusted provost, dean of faculty, or assistant" is, according to Dr. Stoke, "rare and fortui-

tous." He insists that "the real solution of the problem must wait upon more fundamental institutional evolution." But can we afford to wait that long? Will Dr. Dodds's study point to a quicker way out? The college president cannot, like Pooh-bah, continue to function much longer as Lord High Everything Else. There were no H-bombs in Titipu.

## 'Little America' in Morocco . . . by *Shane and Judith Mage*

### *Casablanca*

THE STUDENTS halted in front of the American Embassy in Rabat. Embassy personnel stood on the balcony, movie cameras grinding. "Out of Morocco, American bases!" they shouted in Arabic. "Evacuation! Evacuation!"

"Why do you want to remain here?" The angry union secretary from Marrakech waved his arm at us. "There you stay, on your bases, each one a state within a state. When are you going to leave?"

The Prime Minister and Minister of Foreign Affairs, Moulay Abdullah Ibrahim spoke to us slowly and seriously: "The Moroccans unanimously demand the withdrawal of foreign forces, and if this becomes a demagogic issue, there could be serious consequences. Your government should realize that it's to her interest to evacuate the bases while it can still be done in a friendly way . . . before there's an explosion."

Moroccans are divided among themselves over many political and social questions, but not on this one. In part, the demand for American evacuation represents an emotional reaction to forty-four years of colonial rule. Although Morocco gained formal independence in 1956, French, Spanish and American military forces are still present here, and vast territories that were legally Moroccan in 1912 remain under foreign control. The United States, of course, unlike France and Spain, is not re-

sented as a former colonial power. But the conditions in which the U.S. bases were established here mark them ineradicably with the stigma of colonialism.

In 1951, these bases were granted by the French government. At the time Morocco was a "protectorate"; that is, it retained its sovereignty, and France as a "protecting" power



had no legal right to alienate a section of Moroccan territory without the agreement of the Moroccan sovereign, Sultan Sidi Mohammed ben Youssef.

However, in granting the bases, the French bypassed the Sultan. This was no oversight: already, in 1951, the conflicts that would lead to the deposition of the Sultan in 1953 had grown acute. The French, determined to hold on to Morocco and to keep the rights of the Sultan a mere fiction, had no intention of allowing the Nationalist monarch to create difficulties by refusing his consent. The American government accepted this procedure. The result was that when the Sultan returned

from exile as King Mohammed V of an independent Morocco, the U.S. bases, as far as he was concerned, were "nonexistent." Juridically, the U.S. Air Force and Navy were trespassers. And, since independence, the legal status of the bases has remained the same: they stay in Morocco by force majeur.

Nevertheless in 1955, before independence, Mohammed V had expressed his willingness to legitimize the bases by signature of a formal lease. At that time it was the American government which, in order to conciliate its French ally, refused to accept Moroccan sovereignty over the bases. Today the United States would be more than willing to sign a lease, but the Moroccans have since changed their minds.

THE bases are one of the key links in the Strategic Air Command chain encircling the Soviet Union. It is from Nouasseur, Benguerir and Sidi Slimane, that the bombers would take off to obliterate Kharkov, Stalingrad, Odessa. An average of twice a week the great jets, whose crews live beside them in huts at the edge of the runway, shoot into the air within five minutes after an "alert" is sounded and head for the heart of the USSR. Not for thirty minutes — 500 miles of flight — do the pilots know whether or not this time is it.

The fact that if one time the bombers do not turn back, New York as well as Stalingrad would be a memory, is small consolation for the people of Morocco. They cannot accept a situation in which

*SHANE and JUDITH MAGE, an American husband-and-wife writing team, are now touring North Africa.*

Morocco is made a Number One target for the H-bombs of either side in a world struggle that they want only to stay out of. Even ruling out the hypothesis of catastrophe, the Moroccans feel that the bases negate the very essence of their foreign policy. "Morocco is in a situation dominated by her social and economic condition," Prime Minister Ibrahim explained to us. "We are faced with a gigantic task of construction. We cannot afford the luxury of binding our future to a conflict that doesn't really interest us. We want America to understand that ours is not a hostile non-dependence, it is a friendly non-dependence. The presence of bases here, however, is incompatible with non-dependence."

#### MOROCCANS refer to the bases as "Little Americas."

Approaching Nouasseur, the largest air base, the first sign of American life is "Jimmy's Gift Shop." Across the road, behind the high fences, acres of small, neat, detached cottages, each with its garden and little lawn. The commissary, stocked with Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Pizza Mix, Louis Sherry jams, Pillsbury flour, frozen meats, Van Camp beans, Spanish oranges, Danish butter, Dutch potatoes and eggs. (A Moroccan complaint: the Americans consume almost no native produce. "At least the French buy their supplies here . . ." But for American families, native meat, milk, lettuce, tomatoes, vegetables, bread, lacking the U.S. Department of Agriculture's seal of approval, are suspect.)

Behind the commissary, the kindergarten, the elementary and high schools, the playground. Down the road, the well-stocked library, hospital and clinic, the APEX with everything from cocktail dresses to safety pins. Nearby, the thrift shop, the shoe-repair and photo shops, the PX annex where a fifth of Johnny Walker costs \$1.75. Down a side street, the snack bar where a hamburger is 15c, a thick malted the same, an ice-cream cone a nickel. Bowling alley, barber shop, post office, movie theatre. Boy scouts and girl scouts, swimming pool and roller rink. Gas station where gas costs 12c a gallon (65c a gallon off the

base). Teen-age square-dance club. Little League baseball.

(At Nouasseur, Moroccan peasants are allowed in to till the rich wheat fields that lie within the gates. And at Port Lyautey, on a small fenced-off rise, there is a white Marabout, Moslem shrine, a reminder that this is not Minnesota or Iowa.)

There is no need ever to leave the base, ever to learn French or Arabic. Yet life on the base is confining, the results often disquieting. The wife of a lieutenant commander at Port Lyautey is certain she does not want to remain in Morocco after her husband's thirty-month tour of duty is up. "All the people here ever do is party party party, drink drink drink. There's nothing else to do."

How about traveling?

"We can't take the little ones with us because there's too much they can catch. They have diseases in the *Medinas* [native quarters] the doctors can't even inoculate against. Some illnesses we come down with they can't even diagnose."

For adolescents in particular the enclosed social life poses a problem. "Do you have many dates?" we asked Larry, a high school junior. "There is no such thing as a date here," he answered disgustedly. "Boys and girls go in groups to parties, dances, movies . . . but none of the boys knows enough French to make his way around town with a girl."

The worst thing, Larry's fifteen-year-old sister added, was the lack of anyone new to meet. "You know everyone too well, you know all their

business. You can't breathe without everyone knowing how much air you take in."

MOST of the direct contact between American military personnel and Moroccans takes place on the worker-boss level. Relations are not always smooth. In 1956, a four-day strike forced the recognition of the *Union Marocain du Travail*, as bargaining agent for the 5,000 Moroccans who work on the bases. Wages are relatively high, but a serious complaint is the lack of promotion opportunities.

However, the gravest source of conflict, according to Bel Hadj, Secretary of the American Bases Union, is the "insupportable racist attitude" of many of the American servicemen. "The worker's dignity is continually flouted by the little chiefs, men without any education but with a superiority complex. A chauffeur is asked by his chief to sweep the chief's home. He refuses and is fired. A man comes in as an electrician and is used as a manual worker. It used to be that after each job description, it was written: ' . . . and in addition he must do all that his chief asks him to do.' Now the text is changed, but the spirit remains."

In addition to the 5,000 Moroccans working directly for the Air Force and Navy, there are some 3,000 indirectly employed, including a large number of maids and gardeners. "If there is one thing the Americans have learned from the French, it is to call their housegirl 'Fatima,' the men 'Mohammed,'" Bel Hadj noted. "Even so, there is a difference. The French used to say, correctly, 'Fat'ma,' but the Americans say 'Fatima.'"

"My Fatima is very awkward," a major's wife complained to us. "She doesn't know how to operate the machines well, she can't read the dials on the washer and drier, so she turns them backward and breaks them and she always puts too much soap in. I won't let her use the washer any more. And I'm always worrying about my good china. But for 600 francs a day. . . ."

When American families do leave the bases to tour around the country,

(Continued on page 523)



# BOOKS and the ARTS

## The Days of 'Broom'

*THE WAY IT WAS.* By Harold Loeb. Criterion Books. 310 pp. \$5.95.

Kenneth Rexroth

LIKE everyone who was alive in Cette Belle Epoch, I too am writing my autobiography; and, believe it or not, I was dictating into the tape recorder about how, in my first year in high school I encountered *Broom*, when what should show up, here on one sunny hillside in Italy where tourists never penetrate and life is still much like the "Europe!" they all went to Europe to find, what should show up for review but Harold Loeb's memoirs of those great five years when everything, but especially Art and Letters, was still all one *Vie en Rose*.

As Shaw said of Marx, when I was a boy I read *Broom* and "it helped me to make the turn and it was the right turn in every way." I quit high school. Within the year I was putting on *Six Characters in Search of an Author* and Roger Vitrac's Dadaist play, *The Painter*, both stolen from *Broom*, at the Dill Pickle Club, living in a garret with a model, and writing "abstractly." I gave up a life carefully laid out by others (it was to culminate in the ownership of the then largest wholesale drug house in Chicago). I have never made as much in a year as I would have made there in a week, in fact I have gone whole years without making anything at all except poems, pictures and a few women. I have never had a moment's regret. Harold Loeb's magazine was not the decisive factor in this decision—I was that—but he sure helped.

Over the years, from John Quinn and Otto Kahn to the present crop, I have met most of the patrons of the arts, or at least of letters, who have become notorious in America: Harold Loeb, Peggy Guggenheim, Caresse Crosby, James Laughlin, a lot of others. Perhaps because none of them has ever done anything for me and I have never asked for anything from them—except Laughlin, who has published me with at least less catastrophic loss than he has suffered from some of his stable—I have found them nicer people on the whole than

most of the artists and writers they have "helped." I think there is an obvious reason for this. In the words of Engels' old chestnut, they have cut themselves loose from the ruling class and gone over, if not to the workers, better, to the class that they felt was doing the most good in the world. Shall we call it a renunciation of caste privileges in favor of a positive social program? If we do, it immediately becomes obvious that most writers spend most of their time trying to acquire caste privileges which they weren't born to and don't deserve, and trying to keep their colleagues from acquiring them in competition. With very few exceptions, they exemplify in their persons the outward physical signs of an inward spiritual condition—a thoroughly negativistic and asocial bunch of attitudes and reactions to their fellowmen.

If they keep their distance, the patrons are feared and admired. It cost Otto Kahn nothing to give two checks of a thousand dollars each to Hart Crane, and they didn't do Hart Crane a bit of good, but probably helped kill him. But woe to the patron who mingles, who wants to be one of the bunch, who actually works at helping the arts. Each of the leading active patrons of the last generation is the center of a whole web of malignant and envious legends. No writer likes anybody around who is constantly emanating generosity and the capacity for disinterested hard work—no writer has these virtues and the smell of them just makes him crazy.

Harold Loeb is no exception. This is mostly the story of five years of hard, bothersome, self-sacrificing work. It doesn't sound like it—he makes it all sound like drinks at Jimmy's and trips to the Riviera with dangerous women out of Michael Arlen. It doesn't take long for anyone who has ever done any editorial work to read between the lines. This man worked hard, day after day, at the most exasperating and exhausting kind of work. (How would you like to put your magazine to bed while the Blackshirts were marching on Rome?) He doesn't remember it that way. It was all exhilaration. And well it might be. *Broom* was incomparably the best of the *avant garde* magazines (it was far from "little" in any sense). It started out ahead of its contemporaries, the harum-scarum *Little Review* and the quite

stuffy *Dial*, and it rapidly matured in taste, in policy, in format. It is easy to say that Loeb had good advisers, Alfred Kreymborg at first and Matthew Josephson and Malcolm Cowley at the end. It is apparent from his modest narrative that he was a quite independent editor with a most obdurate mind of his own. After the first couple of issues, once he had got the ground under his feet, he seldom made a grievous error of taste.

Furthermore, he didn't do this with the Loeb and Guggenheim millions. (His mother was a Guggenheim.) He did it with an extremely small inheritance and some money he had earned. The whole venture cost less than most of the readers of this magazine make in a year or two. For the record, something like this happens to be the case with the other two working publisher-patrons: the Crosbys and James Laughlin were neither of them rich by the standards of their own class, however glittering they may have seemed to Montparnasse and Greenwich Village.

IT IS a great pleasure to read the story of a man who loves his work, and who as he works grows always more knowledgeable and more responsible. Most people will read this book, as they have read MacAlmon's *Being Geniuses Together*, and Peggy Guggenheim's book, and Caresse Crosby's book, and Margaret Anderson's books and Jimmy's *This Must Be the Place*, for the names in the index. But believe me, it was awfully easy to meet Gertrude Stein in 1925. *Broom* finally fails, Loeb comes back to America, another batch of lights go out in Europe. But in the process he not only had a good time and met all the most exciting people, he learned a lot about art and letters and even more about society and responsibility. And he made a contribution, small perhaps, but measurably determinative, to the advance of American civilization. And he had a good time. Who could want more?

Before the close, he has one final story to tell, the tale of the way it really was—the Spanish journey in *The Sun Also Rises*. For a generation every time Loeb has come into a room somebody has whispered, "That's so and so in Hemingway's book." Those chapters set the style of a "Generation" as the Beatniks are trying to set the style of another. To this day I know Hollywood sophisticates, now in *souris cerise* hair, who own a Klee and a pre-Columbian

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mask and talk precisely like Lady Brett. Unkillable, Darling. She talks that way here, too, presumably under her right name. I don't doubt Loeb's version; he has, somehow, the accents of veracity, but the best interpretation of it, where it really belonged, was in a sentimental movie starring Dick Barthelmes, I think perhaps the last he made. It was a foolish story in fiction. How much of it, really, did Hemingway intend as farce? It is just as foolish in fact. It is greatly to Loeb's credit that he so obviously still loves the girl, poor guy. He still has,

too, the greatest fondness for Hemingway. It is even more to his credit that the ill feeling that broke up the party seems really to have been due to Loeb's distaste for bullfights. I believe that all Americans who go to bullfights should be horsewhipped.

Broom was what was important in Harold Loeb's youth and it would have been the better part of an Olympian dignity never to have mentioned that bullfight at all, but since he did, he has done a service by putting it in the only perspective it deserves. It was nasty.

mare was that France should be ruled by AMGOT. To crush any AMGOT plans, de Gaulle was readier than ever to ally himself (provisionally) with the French Communists; if the devil himself had been French, he would have joined forces with the devil, and made him Vice Premier. And he hated Roosevelt because Roosevelt treated France as a minor power, whose contribution to the victory over Nazi Germany was bound to be insignificant.

This whole story is familiar, terribly familiar. De Gaulle tells it well; his snarling at Roosevelt makes entertaining reading, if you're in the mood for it; but I find the story contains many (obviously quite deliberate) gaps. Thus de Gaulle talks in only very general terms about the French Resistance, without dwelling on the radical nature of the home Resistance which was so profoundly different from the "national" and military Resistance that de Gaulle primarily represented. If the President of France has time to write the promised third volume, no doubt he will tell us something about it; but the main theme of this second volume is simply his struggle for "national sovereignty"—against Vichy, against Hitler and against France's own allies.

"romanticism" was in some way to blame for this undeserved build-up of an obscure French two-star general.

Many books have been written—Jacques Soustelle's two-volume work, for instance—to describe the World War II struggle for supremacy between a French-backed de Gaulle and an American-backed Giraud, and to record the overwhelming victory won by the former, despite all American efforts to sabotage him. It was many months before a hitherto hesitant Eisenhower frankly admitted to de Gaulle that the United States had been backing the wrong horse, an admission which made de Gaulle like Ike—up to a point.

In *France 1940-1955* I myself discussed these North African conflicts in some detail; the main conclusion I then arrived at was that the State Department (and, in the first place, Robert Murphy) was ready to make a deal with Vichy, or with Vichyite leaders who, having lost faith in a German victory, were now eager to jump to the Americans. Why? Because Washington seems to have been guided throughout by the rather primitive idea that de Gaulle, for all his patriotism, was really the man of the French Resistance; and, in Metropolitan France, at any rate, the Resistance was largely run by the Communists. The dread of a Communist-dominated de Gaulle was such that the United States tried in August, 1944, as we now know, to help Laval and Herriot "restore" the Third Republic and thus block de Gaulle from starting any sort of New Deal. That the general was a conservative at heart and would not take long to smash the Resistance somehow never occurred to the State Department.

After de Gaulle had finally won the North African battle against Giraud and the Americans, his next battle was for "French sovereignty"; his greatest night-

REVIEWERS in other papers have made much of the fact that this book "explains" the present de Gaulle. What it explains much more clearly, I think, is his whole subsequent policy in 1944 and 1945. To get away from the "insulting" patronage of the United States, de Gaulle attempted his famous policy of "between East and West"; my greatest regret is that the book contains no account of de Gaulle's visit to Stalin at the end of 1944. It does explain the towering rage with which he reacted to the expulsion of France from Syria by the British soon after VE day; worse still, it shows how his passion for French prestige was at the root of the Indo-China war. It was de Gaulle's henchman, Thierry d'Argenlieu, who was principally responsible for rejecting any settlement with Ho Chi-minh in 1946 and in embarking on a disastrous eight-year war, followed by its North African sequel, Fourteen years of colonial wars!

And today? Well, after his years of meditation at Colombey, de Gaulle has become a mellower man. He is a liberal in Black Africa; no doubt he would, at heart, like to be a liberal in Algeria, though as a soldier he finds it hard to go against the Army leaders—except the most openly Fascist amongst them. As before, he is obsessed by French Greatness. His minister, André Malraux, said

## De Gaulle Against the Americans

*UNITY, 1942-44. The War Memoirs of Charles de Gaulle.* Simon & Schuster. 378 pp. \$6.

Alexander Werth

EXCEPT for the *affaire Dufour*, with which the British intelligence service tried to blackmail the Free French, and the *affaire Manier*, with which the Free French successfully counter-blackmailed the British (as a result, both these shady "secret-agent" cases were dropped; de Gaulle tells the story with visible relish), I found, I regret to say, extraordinarily little in this second volume of *War Memoirs* that was new to me. In view of all the excitement engendered by the book's publication in the United States, three years after its publication in France, it may seem boorish to dismiss it as "old hat." Yet what is there in these memoirs that we didn't know before? That de Gaulle was "difficult" both with Churchill and Roosevelt? De Gaulle himself told us all about it in his first volume, where he fully explained why he had to make himself as difficult as possible, if he weren't to be bullied into submission by his overwhelmingly stronger partners. Churchill himself has devoted quite a substantial part of his *Second World War* to showing how hard it was for him to bear the Cross of Lorraine. All the same, Churchill had a sneaking admiration for de Gaulle; temperamentally, the two men had a great deal in common. Roosevelt, on the other hand, thought de Gaulle a major nuisance. He found him personally irritating; he also seems to have felt that Churchill's

ALEXANDER WERTH, European Correspondent of The Nation, is the author of numerous books on France, among them *France 1940-1955* and *Lost Statesman: The Strange Story of Pierre Mendès-France*.

the other day that, thanks to the Sahara oil, France would soon be able to speak to the USSR "almost as an equal"; no doubt he also meant the U.S. De Gaulle wants to be master in his own house; NATO, okay, but only on France's own terms; she must belong to the Nuclear Club; and if the U.S. and Britain won't treat her as an equal, she will force them to do it by ganging up with Adenauer. It is not true that he likes the Germans; insofar as he can like any foreigners at all, he probably likes them less than the British and the Americans; he is merely trying to play a balance-of-power game which, he thinks, will benefit France. I once called de Gaulle a "noble anachronism." When de Gaulle returned to power, several people asked me if I was prepared to eat my impious words. I am not at all sure that I am. For when I hear de Gaulle's generals in Algiers talk now about the French Army being the spearhead in the imminent great battle between East and West, and daydreaming aloud about a "battlefield stretching all the way from Brest to the Urals," I find it anachronistic, though no longer very noble.

## American Grain

*OUT OF OUR PAST.* By Carl N. Degler. Harper & Bros. 484 pp. \$6.

**Jacob Cohen**

CROCE'S DICTUM that all history is present history is often misconstrued to mean that history, by projecting present problems and meanings upon the past, is capriciously subjective. Croce meant something more respectable than that. He would never have denied the historian's responsibility to interpret the past in its own terms, but he wished to show also that it is only through an awareness of his contemporaneity that man is led to examine and interpret history. Carl Degler's *Out of Our Past*, aptly subtitled "The Forces that Shaped Modern America," illustrates the best in Crocean historiography, and is also, in my opinion—let me put it precisely—the finest one-volume interpretation of American history extant.

Degler quite frankly interprets American history from his awareness of the present. Because his is a comprehensive awareness, straddling the manifold economic, social, political and intellectual forms which comprise the Ameri-

**JACOB COHEN** teaches modern social history at Yale. He is completing a book on relativism in recent American thought.

June 6, 1959

can experience, his reading of America's past is also manifold and comprehensive. But never tendentious. Degler is pre-eminently a historian. If he consciously selects his topics from the perspective of the present, he is not in any hurry to leave the past, and is never impatient with it. (As an earlier generation of contemporary-minded historians, for example James Harvey Robinson, often was.) Degler continually pauses to comment upon problems in current dispute and by wielding his critical acumen and presence of mind often resolves them brilliantly. Thus he dates the emergence of American slavery and racism much earlier in the seventeenth century than does the eminent

Oscar Handlin. He restates the problem of radicalism and conservatism during the late eighteenth century with fidelity to the politics of that era and admirable insulation from the current confusion over these terms. And in his rendering of the Progressive Era he combines the best of Richard Hofstadter's celebrated interpretation with a telling critique of that interpretation.

One result of his method, and I think of his temperament, is that Degler strongly emphasizes the continuity and homogeneity of American history. America's revolutions are seen as basically conservative revolutions. Like Louis Hartz and Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., Degler views the history of American

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political thought as variations on a theme of pervasive Lockianism rather than as the conflict of fundamentally antagonistic ideologies. Far back into our past he traces the emerging pattern of America's casteless society; of a populace whose mentality and aspirations, if not their incomes, have been almost unanimously middle class; of a political rhetoric (and often performance) persistently humanitarian, egalitarian, individualistic and legalistic. Degler does not deny the pluralistic aspects of America, and his pages on the continuing contributions of the immigrant to American history are exemplary. America, he insists, is a tossed salad rather than a melting pot. But even tossed salad, he is quick to show, is eaten whole, from the same bowl.

Thus, for all of Degler's attention to nuance and detail, his is an America taken as-a-piece. And a unique piece as well, as he demonstrates by pausing to compare aspects of American history with their foreign counterparts. Although his scope is more modest, Degler is far more successful in rendering the order and uniqueness of American civilization than was Max Lerner in his copious study published last year.

My main criticism is that Degler's sense of continuity has led him to understate the revolutionary aspects of recent American history. To be sure, he recognizes that, beginning in roughly 1930, what he terms the "Third American Revolution" introduced changes-in-kind to the American scene: altering America's traditional adherence to *laissez-faire* economics; substituting "Coun-

tervailing Powers" for individual competition; replacing individuality and boldness with conformity and security. Yet Degler does not indicate how comprehensive this revolution really is. In my opinion, every important aspect of American life has been altered by the Third American Revolution. In the face of these changes it becomes a historical duty of the highest priority to ascertain precisely the degree to which the forces from our past are actually operative in the present. Is American character today a variation on an old theme, or has it changed in some fundamental way? Is the structure of American economic organization today so deeply altered that, for the first time in history, the traditional philosophy and rhetoric of American economic ideals are not only irrelevant but pernicious? Has the condition of American political discussion in the mid-twentieth century reached a point where adherence to old slogans and shibboleths is not only burdensome but historically debilitating? Mr. Degler stops short of raising such questions. Nevertheless, his book will be an indispensable aid in solving them.

yellow, white and a little black. They represent nothing, though landscape, not figures or still life, is suggested. The colors are intense — not "bright," not "primary" — but intensely themselves, as if each color had been freed to be. The few large strokes, parallel to the frame and at V angles, also have this freed quality. So does the simple organization, the strange but simple color, the directions and the identification with speed. And in the same way that the colors are intensely themselves, so is the apparent velocity always exactly believable and appropriate. There is that elementary principle of organization in any art that nothing gets in anything else's way, and everything is at its own limit of possibilities. What does this do to the person who looks at the paintings? This: the picture presented of released possibilities, of ordinary qualities existing at their fullest limits and acting harmoniously together — this picture is exalting. That is perhaps the general image. The paintings also remind one of nature, of autumn, say, but autumn essentially, released from the usual sentimental and adventitious load of personal and irrelevant associations. The names of the paintings are misleading (*Lizbeth's Painting*, *Ruth's Zowie*, *September Morn*). They are partial, they do not tell all, they do not tell what the painting may have come from (which it may be impossible to verbalize) so much as what the painting partly in each case became. The first incorporates a child's hand prints.

Abstraction in these paintings has a different significance from that in other abstractions. Thus there is an abstract element in classical Florentine painting which says that the deepest reality is tactile: what is real is what you can touch. For the Impressionists, light counted most, for the post-Impressionists, geometry. Or the Bauhaus painters said that mathematics is the most real thing. Nor is there in De Kooning's paintings the idea that abstraction is the historically most valid form today: which might be called the sociological basis for abstraction. All these theories put something ahead of the painting, something that the painting refers to, that it leans on, and if this is removed, the painting may often fall.

Once music was not abstract, but representational, representing a secular tale or ballad, or a religious ritual. When the first abstract music was made there was a release of energy, and people expressed something about sounds in terms of some instrument that was not verbal. After this the human significance of music was also released, and in this

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MAURICE GROSSER is at present in North Africa. During his absence we shall publish occasional guest columns. The first of these is by FAIRFIELD PORTER, painter and critic.

way, De Kooning's abstractions, which are in terms of the instrument, release human significances that cannot be expressed verbally. It is as though his painting reached a different level of consciousness than painting that refers to a theory of aesthetics, or that refers to any sort of program: in short any painting that is extensively verbalized. His meaning is not that the paintings have Meaning, like certain vast canvases notable for the difficulty of containing them in any given space. Nor is their meaning that They Have Not Been Done Before. Nor is it the romanticizing of nature, as with the West Coast abstractionists. The vacuum they leave behind them is a vacuum in accomplishment, in significance and in genuineness. No one else whose paintings can be in any way considered to resemble his reaches his level.

## THEATRE

### Robert Hatch

WHEN a show fails, you can usually filter out from the debacle a whole series of contributing errors. But when a show succeeds, the triumph is apt to look so inevitable that you can only wonder why success occurs so seldom. *Gypsy*, for example: this new show at the Broadway Theatre looks as easy as swinging in a hammock. True, it has intelligence, imagination, talent and taste, but are these virtues so rare in America's thriving commercial theatre? A good question, if rhetorical.

Anyhow, *Gypsy* is a soaring delight: funny, moving, brilliant, satiric, beautiful, bitter, perceptive, rowdy—in short, great. It is based on a valid story and put together by experienced theatre people who knew exactly what they wanted to achieve and who made no mistakes at all. This results in a steady progress, a consistent tone and a general relevance that can best be summed up in the generalization, style. It would be boring if I were to list the whole roster of credits, inserting a rapturous phrase after each name. But, for the record, here are the principal heroes of the occasion: *Gypsy* is produced by David Merrick and Leland Hayward, the book is by Arthur Laurents (from the memoirs of Gypsy Rose Lee), the music by Jule Styne, the lyrics by Stephen Sondheim; Jerome Robbins directed, the sets are by Jo Mielziner, the costumes by Raoul Pene du Bois; the three leading performers are Ethel Merman, Sandra Church and Jack Klug-

man. That summary, however, by no means exhausts the talent—if I could, I would list every name in the program, right down to House Physician Benjamin A. Gilbert, who I am prepared to believe is the best all-around medical man practicing between Times Square and Columbus Circle.

What gives *Gypsy* depth and substance is the tension between its surface pleasures and the underlying bitterness of its story. It is, for a wonder, a musical based on an ugly state of affairs. June Havoc and her sister Louise were the child slaves of a mother driven by the fury of frustrated ambition. From babyhood, they toured the third-rate vaudeville houses of the country in a dreadful song and dance act of their mother's concoction. June was the star; Louise, in boy's clothes, was her untalented support; there was a chorus of dejected moppers. This "child act" continued long after its performers had ceased to be children; in fact, the ordeal went on until June eloped with the troupe's male dancer. Mother, her ego courageously surviving this betrayal, rebuilt the act around the faithful Louise. Then one fateful and starving week, they were booked into a burlesque house. They had been hired as a sop to the police, but on their last night one of the theatre's regular artistes failed to return from the saloon and the hangdog Louise was pushed out through the curtains as that new and sensational stripper, Gypsy Rose Lee.

What sort of woman the mother really was I do not know. For the purposes of Ethel Merman she is drawn as a creature of powerful earthy charm; witty, resourceful, courageous, infectiously optimistic—in sum, a monster of unrealized talents. This gives Miss Merman scope to display her thoroughly realized talents. Even so, it must have cost her some anxiety to take on the part. Successful entertainers do not act; they project themselves. Unlike actors, therefore, they will usually refuse hostile parts as damaging to the carefully constructed image. The last exception I can recall was Bing Crosby in the movie of *The Country Girl*; Miss Merman's part is not that cruel, but it falls short of being endearing.

It is also not customary for the star of a big show to work like a stevedore for just short of two hours and then to turn the climax of the evening over to a relatively unknown actress. The last twenty minutes of *Gypsy* belong to Sandra Church. Miss Merman, it is true, has the last song, but what you carry home with you is the memory of Miss Church prowling the stage in that

strange, ritualistic stripper's lope. Every stripper needs a gimmick, the show says in one of its most uproarious scenes. Gypsy Rose Lee's gimmick was refinement, and Miss Church, who suddenly emerges out of misery into heart-pounding loveliness, shows precisely how the gimmick worked. It is beautiful mimicry, and it is beautiful sex.

I should have placed in the honor role above Karen Moore and Jacqueline Mayro, who play Louise and June when they were genuine children. They are the horrible essence of juvenile talent and their performances are one of the feats of Mr. Robbins' almost miraculous direction. I will just add that Jack Klugman, playing Mother Rose's lover and the act's booking agent—an intelligent and sensitive man who sweats with weakness—gives a performance more eloquent than you will often see on the dramatic stage; that Mr. Styne's music is crisp and witty, that Mr. Mielziner and Mr. du Bois have put to-

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gether a set of beautiful stage pictures which are also full of funny and nostalgic comment and that the show boasts the most elegant two-man dancing cow in recent stage history. Then I will stop—I sound to myself like a water spaniel wagging his tail over a piece of steak. Still, how often does the musical theatre serve steak?

## MUSIC

### Lester Trimble

*EPISODES*, a new ballet set to the orchestral works of Anton Webern, is one of the strangest and most interesting creations ever to enter the repertory of the New York City Ballet. The strangeness derives in part from the fact that it is the product of two choreographers, each of whom has a distinct manner of expression. The first major section, a story-telling, modern-dance interpretation of the last minutes in the life of Mary, Queen of Scots, was created by Martha Graham who, surrounded by her own company, dances the leading role. The second half, by George Balanchine, is performed by members of the New York City Ballet. Balanchine has employed his most advanced, abstract style, and it follows that there is no literary content. The subject is pure movement and form, wherein the choreographer mirrors the Webern musical structures, as earlier he created a visual

counterpart for Stravinsky's *Agon*. Another individual element in the new work is a solo appearance by the young modern dancer, Paul Taylor, in a penultimate episode set to Webern's Opus 30 *Variations*. Since Mr. Taylor's style of dancing is neither Graham nor Balanchine (choreography was ascribed to the latter), his solo acts as a bridge between the two styles, as well as an exhibition of his own individuality.

One could reasonably predict chaos from the heterogeneous elements thus drawn together in *Episodes*. After all, was not modern dance created in specific reaction against the "formalism" of ballet? Even though Balanchine has incorporated into his vocabulary many movements and ideas both from modern dance and from the sources behind modern dance, would not his elegant, detailed, classic style clash with, and in a sense neutralize, the angular masses conceived by Martha Graham? The answer is, basically, no. Indeed, at this point in the twentieth century, it begins to look as if a number of different rebellions have succeeded so well that they can now afford to join forces.

Martha Graham's section of the evening was immensely handsome: stark, simple and elemental in both color and movement. Mary appeared first in a black gown with a stiffly angled train. Because of the worried slant it gave her body, this lent an air of agonized introspection to her every movement. A swift on-stage costume change left the gown standing, unsupported, upon a rising stairway, like a specter, while the protagonist, in a pale under-costume, danced her pathetic love for power-hungry Bothwell (Bertram Ross). A final change to red velvet prepared her for the executioner's block. Elizabeth (Sallie Wilson) was costumed in gold. Descending from the high throne where she made her first appearance, she moved slowly down handsome scaffolding stairs, looking like a figure in bas-relief, as she was led by a black-tighted executioner.

The Balanchine portion of the joint ballet began with Webern's Symphony, Opus 21. As if he wanted to nail down the difference between his and Martha Graham's concept of dance, Balanchine displayed his company at first in movements so stripped of emotion, mass, or connotative meaning that they seemed almost an animated anatomy lesson—a dispassionate, clinical examining of the joints and muscles. The dancers were clad in rehearsal tights, thus accenting the break with the opulent scene which preceded it. It was an audacious beginning, but only further viewings of

*Episodes* will tell whether it was also inspired. In this episode, Violette Verdy, Jonathan Watts, Barbara Walczak, Roy Tobias, Diane Consoer, Roland Vazquez, Francia Russell and Richard Rapp carried off immensely difficult assignments with the insouciance that marks Balanchine dancers executing Balanchine choreography.

Balanchine embodied Webern's Five Pieces, Opus 10, in a brilliant *pas de deux* for the extraordinary gifts of Diana Adams and Jacques d'Amboise. Again in this episode choreographic audacity even exceeding that of *Agon* made every phrase startling. Where the eye expected an upward gesture or a punctuation, a downward one, or a subtle, static deflation was forthcoming. Arms wriggled with difficulty through openings too small for them; heads seemed consistently *de trop*. At one important point, with a consciously blank expression, Mr. d'Amboise carried his partner upside down to a corner of the darkening stage, her legs extended upward in a huge V. Together the two looked like a tremendous insect, and as in many other portions of this *pas de deux*, it was difficult to know whether Balanchine had intended to parody Webern's music, whether he had done so unintentionally, or whether one was missing the point. The audience found it all highly amusing.

Paul Taylor's solo episode, which followed shortly thereafter, was a bright, complicated (again, occasionally humorous) spot in the ballet. Mr. Taylor is as lanky and adept at game-playing as Todd Bolender, with the additional mechanical advantage that, when he so desires, he can dispense completely with any angles in his inherent structure. Dressed in short, rough white tights and shirt, with bare feet and blazing blue eyes, he had immense presence, and made good sense out of extremely complicated material.

The final episode was set to Webern's orchestration of the Bach *Ricercata in six voices* from the *Musical Offering*. As if the combination of aesthetic elements was not already sumptuous enough, we were treated now to Baroque music, to which Balanchine set dancing so apposite that one could miss neither the change of pace nor the sense of conclusion. In this section, a group of dancers led by Melissa Hayden and Francisco Moncion was directed into patterns and movements so gentle that they seemed almost like part of an underwater ballet. Here and there, a small, strange contortion reminded the viewer that less serene episodes had occurred earlier, but the major meaning of the section was blue quietness and repose.

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(Continued from Page 516)

they meet Moroccans primarily as guides, as waiters, as over-insistent salesmen. Even with this limited contact, some have changed their original opinions of their hosts. "Before I got here I thought the Arabs were all wild," said Mrs. G. "But they're really very civilized. Some of them are very intelligent. I had no idea!" However, a commander at Port Lyautey expressed a more usual viewpoint: "If we have to leave here I'd like to see them go over the whole base with a bulldozer. But I'm afraid we'll just turn it over to the Moroccans and then they'll be growing mint in the bathtubs. They'd never use them for baths."

HOW LONG will the U.S. bases remain in Morocco? One thing is certain: the value of the bases will end when two technological changes occur: perfection by the United States of an ICBM capable of reaching any point in the Soviet Union from beneath the polar ice-cap; and development by the Soviet Union of ground-to-air missiles accurate enough to knock down any jet bomber.

For U.S. military planners, the problem is to hold on to the bases until that time—five or more years in the future. But how can this be accomplished in the face of the Moroccan government's opposition? In an article in *The New York Times* (February 25, 1959) C. L. Sulzberger suggests that the negotiations now in course might be protracted indefinitely, "until we no longer require bases here—facilities without formal contract." The writer cites the importance to the Moroccan economy of \$40 million a year in direct U.S. aid, plus the dollars contributed by the existence of the bases. He feels that "the sovereign and his wiser statesmen see the problem in its real terms," and "some political leaders [are] personally complacent about the existence of our bases...."

Moroccan political leaders with whom we have spoken firmly reject the notion that their country's policy can be reversed by the pressure of the dollar. "If the United States thinks that that is the price for keeping the bases, we will gladly make them a present of their \$40 million," Abdullah Ibrahim informed us. "We

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- **The basis alleged:** That their reports and opinions on the Korean conflict went contrary to official policy.
- **Where they stand today:** The "sedition" indictment, brought in April, 1956, remains unresolved. So does the new "treason" charge. While years go by, the defendants live under the shadow of grave but inconclusive accusations—harassed, financially ruined, unable to function in our free society.

Americans who love freedom are justly indignant at the abuse of dissenting writers in all countries. Should not that include our own?

## WHAT YOU CAN DO

We believe that this prosecution, handed down from a less sober time, is a burden and embarrassment to our present Government. We believe our responsible Government leaders will recognize its damaging effect on our national prestige. We urge you to write your Senators, your Congressman, and Attorney General William P. Rogers, encouraging the most constructive course—the withdrawal of the Powell-Schuman prosecution.

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only want relations that will strengthen our friendship with the American people, not cause bitterness and hostility. But in any case it is to the United States' interests to go on helping us. They also want to preserve stability in Morocco."

Nor, according to Ibrahim, can the United States count on "personally complacent" political leaders to accept the continued existence of the bases under cover of a promise to evacuate them eventually. "The principle of evacuation is no longer a question," Ibrahim stated. "Last year the American government was informed of this position. We intend to keep negotiations open, but not to allow them to drag on for years. We absolutely will not sign any lease. The only delays in evacuation we will agree to are those technically justified."

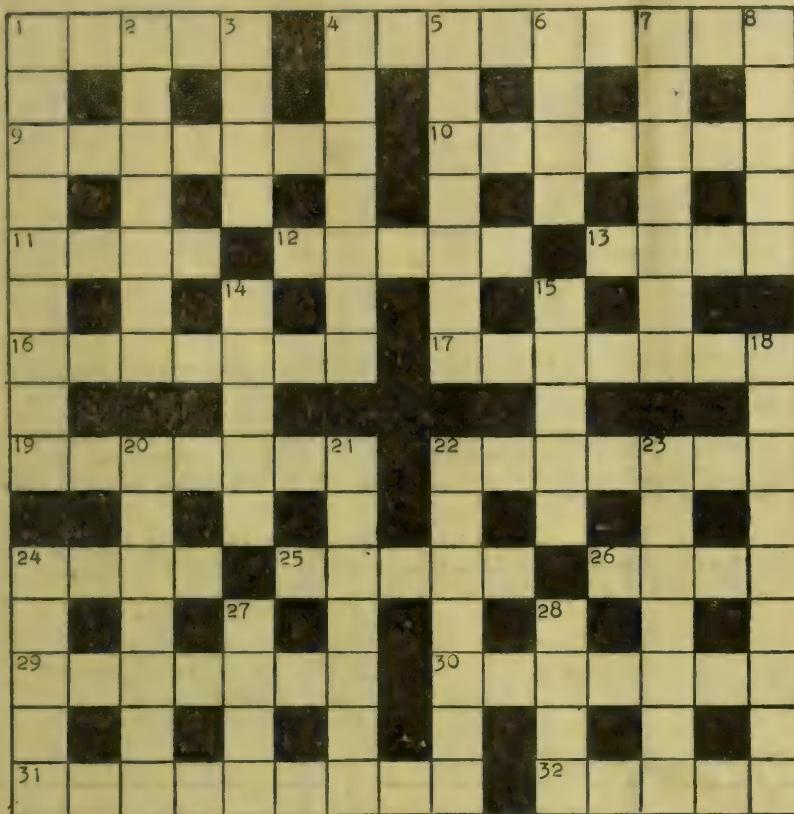
The Prime Minister is unwilling to speculate on what could be done if negotiations fail to dislodge the bases. He insists on his hope that "The United States will realize that its own true interest is to conserve our friendship and get out before the air becomes unbreathable."

TODAY, there exists no imminent threat of violence hanging over U.S.-Moroccan relations. The withdrawal of French and Spanish troops, the recovery of territories still under colonialist rule, unemployment, education, industrial development, land reform—all are more urgent problems. But this situation could change. As Ibrahim noted, no Moroccan government can allow negotiations to drag on indefinitely. A year from now, Morocco might have to resort to a powerful political weapon: a get-out ultimatum to be followed by an appeal to the United Nations against what is juridically a *prima facie* case of aggression. Such an appeal would place the United States in a highly embarrassing position; and if it still refused to evacuate, an outbreak of nationalist violence would be a real danger.

In the interim, any one of several possible occurrences—a flare-up in the Middle East, a spectacular crime by a U.S. soldier, an atomic accident—could convert the slogan "Evacuation of American bases," into an immediate and explosive political issue.

# Crossword Puzzle No. 823

By FRANK W. LEWIS



## ACROSS:

- General accord? (5)
- Just the sort of girlies to make such things as the Ring! (9)
- Wellis associated with a historical one — something like a boundary.
- 10 and 11 How to get gnus with blunderbusses? (11)
- How often we see it in the case of Ponce de Leon! (4)
- When not illegal or fattening? (7)
- 17 and 25 Toll — healthy, too! (5, 2, 1, 4)
- Figures out sounds? (7)
- Concisely, a cheese insect? (7)
- and 12 As a usual thing, a meeting of controlling factors? (9)
- A reasonable facsimile, if the heroine went on to weep! (4)
- Was it stated in 1912? (7)
- Argue against getting in five, but not quite eight. (7)
- 31 and 4 down Twist — Anglo-Saxon, and knowing! (7, 2, 3, 4)
- Continues to be responsible for the shape of Oxford? (5)

## DOWN:

- The best sign of sorrow implies a certain exasperation! (4, 5)
- Black to white, according to the friend of Caesar, J. (7)
- Not a very substantial sort of hint!
- Cyrano dwelt on the various kinds.

- Tryggvesson obviously could make good bread. (4)
- How Edwin is sometimes shortened and recited. (7)
- Standing waiters reputedly do. (5)
- Does only an introspective layer?
- He played at cards with my Campaspe. (5)
- Stars? (9)
- Leaning towards nursing as a profession? (7)
- Graduates up to the Wife's town in one day. (7)
- It might show how much you owe with something charged in large amount. (7)
- Arise, if at the bottom of the garden! (7)
- Brush feed. (5)
- Places to look for spring to be sprung? (4)
- A good thing to live down? Quite the contrary! (4)

## SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 822

ACROSS: 1 Circumscription; 9 Avoided; 10 Gelatin; 11 Galore; 12 Prisoner; 14 Obtainable; 15 Reef; 17 Sack; 19 Trespasses; 22 Epaulets; 23 Hawaii; 25 Elegiac; 26 Aeolian; 27 You never can tell! DOWN: 1 Change of scenery; 2 Rootlet; 3 Underbid; 4 Soda; 5 Regardless; 6 Polish; 7 Intense; 8 Non-professional; 13 Sabretache; 16 Macaroon; 18 Chateau; 20 Sea mile; 21 Sluice; 24 Laic.

## PUBLICATIONS

### THE NINETEEN TWENTIES IN RETROSPECT

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DEAN OF THE COLLEGE

May 20, 1959

Mr. Carey McWilliams, Editor  
The Nation  
333 6th Avenue  
New York 14, New York

Dear Mr. McWilliams:

I have just read your May 16 issue presenting Campus Report #3 and it is extremely interesting reading indeed. We believe it would be of value to have our entire faculty and the members of our Student Government read the entire report. I wonder, therefore, if you could inform me first as to the availability of 50 copies of reprints and second, what the cost would be?

This is one of the best studies of its kind that I have seen and I hope it will be available for our use.

Very truly yours,

*Robert Kirkwood*  
Robert Kirkwood  
Dean of the College

RK:me

Who said today's college campus is dead? Touch students or faculty on a sensitive nerve, and they jump like everyone else. Dean Kirkwood's warm tribute, for which we are grateful, symbolizes the kind of reaction we received not only from "Campus Report No. 3," but from the two preceding reports—"The Careful Young Men" (March 9, 1957) and "The Class of '58 Speaks Up" (May 17, 1958).

Do you want more proof that today's campuses are very much alive? John C. Esty, Jr.'s, article on "Draft-Dodger or Patriot?", which appeared in our issue of January 10, this year, was reprinted or commented upon editorially in twenty-five campus publications, ranging from the Harvard *Crimson* to the *Capaha Arrow* of Southeast Missouri State College.

In case you haven't already guessed, the college world reads *The Nation*.

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# THE NATION

JUNE 13, 1959 . . 25c



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# LETTERS

## The Strauss Affair

Dear Sirs: I am indebted to you for a marked copy of *The Nation* for May 16, 1959, calling my attention to the editorial "In Defense of Mr. Strauss." I find the editorial strangely contradictory. The Admiral "is essentially the representative of big business in the Cabinet," it says at one point, and four sentences later says, "Since he is an indefatigable public servant and has the President's confidence, he must be appointed to something"; et cetera, et cetera.

If he is, in fact, "essentially the representative of big business in the Cabinet," how can he be an "indefatigable public servant"?

JOSEPH C. O'MAHONEY

Senate Office Building  
Washington, D.C.

[Judging by letters we have received, a good many *Nation* readers share Senator O'Mahoney's point of view.—ED.]

## The ID-Card Case

Dear Sirs: In my article "ID Cards and the N.Y. Police," (*The Nation*, May 30) I wrote that "The parts of the case which challenged the constitutionality of the ID-card procedure, however, were dismissed." Actually, these parts were "withdrawn" rather than "dismissed." After the court ruled that plaintiffs Johnson and Rubenstein be given ID cards, their attorney, Maxwell T. Cohen, withdrew the complaints which challenged the constitutionality of the procedure. As stated in my article, however, he will bring these to test in another case in the future.

DAN WAKEFIELD

New York City

## Irritant, Indeed!

Dear Sirs: In your May 8 issue, you carry an article by Richard Schickel entitled "The Parking Irritant." I was gratified that your publication, which I have been reading regularly for many years, is paying attention to the problems of urban environment. But, as an architect and planner, I was less happy to find Mr. Schickel quoting two paragraphs from my writings and ascribing them to Wilfred Owen. The mistake may be excusable, as the quotation is reprinted in Mr. Owen's book, *Cities in the Motor Age* (though I am specifically given credit there). Less excusable is

Mr. Schickel's reference to "Ernest Gruen's plan for the redevelopment of downtown Dallas. . . ." My name is Victor Gruen, and the plan is not for downtown Dallas but for downtown Fort Worth.

VICTOR GRUEN

Beverly Hills, Calif.

## The Paper Villain

Dear Sirs: David Cort's article, "The Embezzler," which appeared in your April 18 issue, is an excellent treatment of a growing phenomenon of our business life. I am particularly pleased that he emphasized the most important aspect of the nation's financial structure which, unfortunately, seems to be completely ignored by most businessmen. I refer to what I call our paper economy.

The time has passed when any businessman, even the smallest, can safely say at the end of the day that he has had a profit or a loss. Our paper economy, i.e., business conducted through a long series of checks, drafts, vouchers and extensive forms of credit, plus the necessary delegation of authority in our expanding business, lend themselves to the hidden machinations of the clever embezzler.

PHILIP P. LAING

Aetna Casualty and Surety Co.

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## Ages of Ossification

Dear Sirs: Dr. Reik's article, "War of the Generations," in your May 16 issue [ "Campus Report No. 3"], is open to very serious criticism on many grounds: reducing complex social phenomena to a psychiatric rationale; failing to recognize the apathy and fear existent on campus so aptly described in the four companion articles. I wish to elaborate on another, and one which I feel is more basic.

For years, social science has uncritically accepted the concept that adolescence is and must be a period of revolt. Freudian and Neo-Freudian psychology has explained this revolt in terms of the inexorable development of bio-psychological energies. Social structure has impact, but adolescent urges are basically seen as the cause of the rebellion. Now I think matters have been stood on their head. That adolescents very often rebel does not mean that they must, nor does it mean that the rebellion is caused by internal energies.

Adolescence (and the college student largely falls within this province) is a burgeoning of mental and physical energies. However, it is these very energies

which allow the adolescent — for the first time — to view and examine the world for himself. When he revolts (and I know many delinquents who have revolted for similar reasons), it is against

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## EDITORIALS

### Patriotism Is Not Enough

It scarcely matters whether the President used the term "munitions lobby" in a discussion with a group of Senators: even high school freshmen know the lobby exists. One of its most patriotic branches is the aircraft-missiles industry. Of course, patriotism is not enough; they want money too, and lots of it. They are getting it in the billions, but as they see it, they aren't keeping enough of it, hence their groans in the press and before Congressional committees. Just now their grievances center on the incentive-type contract and renegotiation. Modern weapons systems are so complex that the government rarely knows what it is ordering, much less what the system and its sub-systems should cost. The ingenious solution is to arrive at an estimate of the cost; any subsequent reduction achieved by the contractor will accrue 80 per cent to the government and 20 per cent to the contractor. This seems fair enough, especially as an overrun will result in a 20 per cent penalty for the contractor. Only it never works out that way. What actually happens was explained to the House Ways and Means Committee by Rep. Martha W. Griffiths (D.-Mich.), who worked for four years during World War II as a negotiator for the Ordnance District in Detroit. "This incentive pay is not incentive pay," Mrs. Griffiths declared. "It is an incentive to increase the cost of the contract in order to get more profit when you reduce the costs."

But then comes ole debil Renegotiation Board and tries to recapture the profits which the contractor has earned by padding his costs in the first place. Rep. Cecil King (D.-Calif.), whose district includes Douglas Aircraft, North American, Lockheed, and others on which the survival of the nation depends, came to the aid of his hard-pressed constituents with amendments to the Renegotiation Act which would exempt certain profits and incentive payments from renegotiation. Mrs. Griffith's objections were of no avail. Rep. Carl Vinson (D.-Ga.), who is even more experienced in the ways of defense contracting, had no better success. He noted that the General Accounting Office had uncovered \$30 million in excessive costs in a study of fourteen Air Force contracts picked at random, resulting in over \$6 million in added incentive profits. "Isn't it frightening to contemplate how much may not be

discovered?" Mr. Vinson asked, but the House passed the bill without a record vote. Mr. Vinson pointed out that the government has invested over \$1 billion in seven giant aircraft companies — the three represented by Mr. King plus Boeing, Martin, Temco and Grumman — and is now appealing to the Senate Finance Committee to reverse the action of the House.

Since the President seems to be aware that there is a munitions lobby and has often expressed his solicitude for the unfortunate taxpayer, it would seem that he might say a few well-chosen words on this subject, even at the risk of further offending the "munitions lobby."

### The Great Conspiracy

*Selected Publications* is a biweekly listing of current government documents and other publications, issued by the Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office. Among many prosaic listings in the May 29, 1959, issue, one item glitters like a diadem in a pile of rubble:

#### 60-L. EFFORTS BY COMMUNIST CONSPIRACY TO DISCREDIT THE FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION AND ITS DIRECTOR.

A series of articles documented by Edward J. Mowery, Pulitzer Prize journalist, from the Newark (N.J.) *Star-Ledger*, February 1-9, 1959, 27 pp. Catalog No. 86-1; S. Doc. 23, 15c.

The Mowery articles were prepared with the cooperation of the FBI and the warm endorsement of J. Edgar Hoover as a more or less "official" reply to Fred J. Cook's evaluation of the bureau which appeared in *The Nation* last fall. It is not every day that a series of newspaper articles is reprinted as a pamphlet at public expense by a government agency, which then lists the pamphlet in the widely read *Selected Publications*, catalogues it as a government document, distributes it and, in the process, jazzes up the title (*Selected Publications*' billing of the series as "Efforts by Communist conspiracy to discredit the FBI and its Director" should be compared with the original billing as given in the *Star-Ledger*: "The intensive campaign now in full swing against the FBI").

Frankly, it had never occurred to us to submit Mr. Cook's article to the Superintendent of Documents for

publication; we are now happy to do so. The moment seems especially auspicious, since Mr. Cook has just received the Page One Award of the Newspaper Guild of New York for the article as "the best magazine feature writing" of 1958. The award is itself a cachet of distinction, but the composition of the jury that made the selection — Edward W. Barrett, Dean of the School of Journalism, Columbia University; Louis Lyons, Curator of the Nieman Foundation at Harvard; and A. J. Liebling of *The New Yorker* — adds to it a special luster.

Incidentally, we are still very much in the dark as to the identity of those with whom we are supposed to have "conspired" to discredit — that is, to question the infallibility of — the Director of the FBI. In the wake of the appearance of Mr. Cook's article in *The Nation*, the New York Post announced that it would soon publish a series of articles on the FBI, and thus seemed a prospective co-conspirator, at least; but the series has not appeared. But perhaps those, including Senator John Butler, Cardinal Cushing of Boston and Mr. Preston Moore of the American Legion, who charged that Mr. Cook's prize-winning article was part of a "conspiracy" will now want to retract. If they don't, we can only conclude that our co-conspirators now include the jurors who chose Mr. Cook for the Page One Award, as well as the Newspaper Guild of New York, in whose name it was made.

## The Unchanging Soviets

Poor Heraclitus! He taught that everything is in a state of flux, but then he never had a chance to study the Soviet Union. That remains immutable, the same yesterday, today, and forever, no matter whether its statesmen snarl or smile, hypocritically attend the funerals of our statesmen or callously stay away, talk peace or nuclear war, or remain silent. Their victims, the people of Russia, are cowed or rebellious. And yet, even while we cling to this forty-year-old image of the enemy, our own emissaries tell us that it is becoming a caricature. W. Averell Harriman, surely no Russia-lover, reports from Moscow that where "formless bundles of shabby black coats" once plodded the streets, now one sees "neatly dressed women in bright clothing, their hair carefully brushed and their faces made up." And men in business suits that might have come from Seventh Avenue. Everybody talks freely, and Harriman can go wherever he likes. He goes, and can't find any labor camps. Khrushchev says they have been abandoned, explaining that while there are still people in prison for crimes such as robbery, nobody wants to use them on construction projects because their labor productivity is low. Harriman visits one of these institutions and finds, in addition to barbed wire and guard towers, schools, a jazz band, athletic fields and a

diet of 3,600 calories a day. The prisoners look tanned and healthy. In some ways, they appear to be better off than our own prisoners. The rights and duties of the inmates are listed on placards, and among the rights are unlimited correspondence with families, to receive visitors, and to employment under the same working conditions and at the same pay as free citizens. Outside of the prisons, Harriman found that the chief problem is alcoholism which, though deplorable, is scarcely a menace to international peace.

But how strange! Instead of church bells ringing, holidays proclaimed in all the fifty states, and citizens embracing one another in the streets at this sign that the enemy is becoming human, Harriman's relatively rosy reports went almost unnoticed. Can it be that we really don't want our enemies to better themselves, either morally or materially? "While the light holds out to burn, the vilest sinner may return," the hymn proclaims. It doesn't exempt Russians.

## The Taint of Madness

Before he was flown to Texas for a period of enforced rest, Governor Earl Long of Louisiana offered the state legislature a terse description of his qualifications to hold office:

I have the experience to be Governor. I know how to play craps. I know how to play poker. I know how to get in and out of the Baptist Church and ride horses. I know the oil and gas business. I know both sides of the street.

That has the ring of truth learned in battle. Governor Long has been declared temporarily deranged, and certain of his other public statements tend to support the diagnosis. But standing by itself, the above description of a successful American politician is as pungent and lucid as it is frank. The taint of madness lies, of course, in the frankness.

## Funny Business in France

Paris

Strange things have been going on in France in the last few weeks. A fortnight ago, *L'Express* published excerpts of a fifteen-page circular sent to thousands of army officers by a self-styled clandestine "Resistance" organization. In this document, de Gaulle is treated as an "old and enfeebled man surrounded by a gang of traitors" who are preparing to "sell out Algeria and stab the French Army in the back." Even official army leaders are saying queer things. According to Marshal Juin, General Massu and General Challe (the latter the Commander-in-Chief in Algeria), the Army of France must now "regiment" the entire nation for a coming "great showdown between East and West." They say: "We are now forging an army which will fight on a front stretching perhaps all the way from Brest to the

Urals. . . . We must have atom bombs as quickly as we can get them."

Nobody takes seriously this threat to conquer Russia. But behind the bluster there is something serious. Thus, Marshal Juin maintains that although de Gaulle won't use the word "integration" in Algeria, he means "integration"; i.e., no home rule of any kind. And thoughtful people refuse to take lightly the reference to "regimenting" France, which obviously means the crushing, by the army, of all opposition and all criticism.

Obviously, there are secret networks functioning in the army, and others outside; are they, under cover of the general political inertia in France, preparing some funny business? Two weeks ago, an Algerian lawyer who had defended the would-be assassins of Soustelle, was murdered on the streets of Paris just as he was about to show up police tortures in the case of thirteen Algerian students arrested here.

De Gaulle has not reacted one way or the other, not even to the provocative explanation of the army's political philosophy. Optimists still hope that he will reach a settlement in Algeria and submit it, despite army protests, to a referendum in France (in which case, 90 per cent of Frenchmen, sick and tired of the Algerian war, would approve it). Pessimists say the Premier won't dare go against the army leaders. The question widely asked here today is whether de Gaulle is really "enfeebled," or is merely marking time and perhaps preparing a bigger surprise than the extremists are bargaining for. Meanwhile, a complicated struggle for power is going on among virulent Fascist influences, which seems to be spreading from Algeria to France. So far, the "liberal monarchy" of de Gaulle looks on in glum quiet.

ALEXANDER WERTH

## The Fervor of the Faithful

There is a disposition on the part of Yankee editors to laugh in print at the public-spirited Southerners who have recently been inveighing against children's books in which small animals are portrayed in color. *The Rabbits' Wedding*, which shows a black bunny marrying a white bunny, has been swept from the public shelves of the Alabama libraries, and in Dade County, Florida, a real-estate operator named David Hawthorne has detected "brainwashing" in the fact that his edition of *The Three Little Pigs* allows only a black pig to survive the wolf's stratagems; the white porker and the spotted — or, as Mr. Hawthorne says, mulatto — ones get eaten.

As we see it, Mr. Hawthorne and his friends in Alabama have taken a perfectly correct and, in fact, the only possible stand. The theory that color is a bar between persons is an article of faith, unsupported by anything but the pure fervor of the faithful. Once you

allow a crack of doubt to enter, once you allow a black rabbit to so much as wag its ears at a white rabbit, you threaten the whole edifice. If a dusky pig is shown as more skillful at eluding the wolf than an albino pig, the inference is plain that in the animal kingdom wit is not a function of color. We are animals, are we not, and in any case it is notorious that fairy-tale animals are only human beings in roguish disguise.

It is unfair to laugh at the segregationists for the inflexibility of their creed. Inflexibility is all they have.

## Yesterday's Hero

In a formal ceremony in the Department of Justice recently, Attorney General William P. Rogers, speaking in the name of the federal government, asked public forgiveness from thousands of American citizens of Japanese descent — 72,000, to be fairly exact — who were compelled to move from their West Coast homes during World War II and were then detained in so-called "relocation centers." Final restitution had been made for what has been accurately characterized as one of the most flagrant denials of Constitutional rights in our history, and a statement of penance was now fitting. "Americans must discipline themselves," said Mr. Rogers, "to resist hysteria and emotional stress in times of alarms and danger in order that American ideals of justice may not yield, but be protected and successfully maintained." The words were well-chosen, the sentiment impeccable. But these same words will have an ironic connotation to the few non-Japanese West Coast residents who had the courage in 1942 to resist, in public statements and public actions, the harsh relocation measure.

Not more than a half-dozen Californians can be included in this honorary, if anonymous category, and not one of them was present when the ceremonies were observed in Mr. Roger's office. Among those who should have been there was Lou Goldblatt, secretary-treasurer of the West Coast International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union. In 1942 neither the labor movement as a whole, nor the C.I.O., nor Mr. Goldblatt's own union took a stand against the mass evacuation. But Mr. Goldblatt did. And Mr. Goldblatt could have been present at the Washington ceremony since the Japanese Government had just denied him a visa to attend an international dockworkers' convention in Tokyo; some Japanese bureaucrat, it seems, discovered that Goldblatt had once been asked to leave Great Britain, where he had gone to observe a London dockworkers' strike. The experience should have an exhilarating effect on Mr. Goldblatt; he now knows, if he did not before, the strange rewards that time metes out to those who take courageous positions on important social issues before the issues have been resolved and before the historians have turned in their verdict.

# MERIT PAY FOR TEACHERS... by W. L. Gragg

IT IS JUST possible that opposition to merit pay for teachers has been made a dogma of American education. If we confine our reading to publications of the National Education Association, the American Federation of Teachers (AFL-CIO), or a number of lesser professional organizations for teachers, we are led to believe that merit pay (a) won't work, (b) serves as a lever for reducing teachers' salaries, (c) leads to apple-polishing and favoritism in teacher-administrator relationships, and (d) lowers teacher morale.

Unfortunately, most of the literature in support of merit pay has been written by people outside the teaching profession. This renders it suspect by teachers, who — like other groups — resent outside pressures and imposed practices. Likewise — and even more unfortunately — most of the talk on both sides is coming from self-appointed experts who profess without benefit of first-hand experience. Teachers who never tried a merit-pay system don't want it, and know it won't work; taxpayers who never tried it think it will cure all the ills of education. Both are wrong, of course.

LET US LOOK at some arguments which support merit pay for teachers by starting with three hypotheses:

*First*, some teachers perform better than others — they are more effective in developing skills, attitudes, knowledge and values among children than other teachers.

*Second*, this difference in quality of teaching is recognized not only by school administrators but also by parents, pupils and citizens — even perhaps by other teachers.

*Third*, since teaching is a profession, reward for professional service should be commensurate with the value of service rendered, or, simply, more pay for better teaching.

Why should we relate salary to service? First, it is a means of assuring higher salaries for more teachers. School boards cannot and

will not pay a poor teacher, or even an average one, what good teachers are worth. They are willing to pay most teachers more money only if they have the assurance that teachers are performing effectively. Put it another way: if we insist on paying the man who does the most inferior job just as much as we pay the man who does the best job, then we must set our sights with respect to salary schedules on what the *least* among the workers is worth. In Ithaca, New York, a teacher with a bachelor's degree may count on top earnings of \$6,000 a year by doing a passable job. But he can count on \$7,400 if his service is of a quality that rises above the pedestrian. If Ithaca had not agreed to follow a merit program, the top salary for its teachers today would have been \$6,000 instead of \$7,400.

In Scarsdale, New York, a merit-pay plan permits a teacher with four years of training to go to \$9,000. Comparable salaries are obtained in Barrington and Glencoe, Illinois; in Grosse Pointe, Michigan; Ladue, Missouri; and West Hartford, Connecticut, all of which follow variations of the incentive-pay idea.

One may say, "Yes, but some of these districts are wealthy. They can afford to pay high salaries." And I would reply, "If they can afford to pay high salaries to all, why would they bother to place any ceilings on the schedule?" The reason is clear. No district is so wealthy that it is willing to squander its tax resources by paying an unreasonable salary to any employee. By the same token, no district is so poor that it has the right to hold back its able teachers, or drive them off to better-paying school systems. I am happy that teachers can move to better opportunities, but I feel sorry for Johnny who is stuck with a school which thinks it can't afford to recognize superior teaching.

DOES merit rating insure good schools or does it lead to deterioration? That is a fair question. Glencoe, Grosse Pointe and West Hartford public schools are recognized as among the best in the country. On

the other hand, I know of no inferior school system that employs merit rating. Granted that merit rating alone is not a guarantee of good education and that there are many factors which go into the making of good schools, I still submit that there is a clear and positive relationship between educational quality and teachers' salaries based on merit.

CLOSELY related to the argument that merit pay means better pay for more teachers is the argument that salary tied to service wins public acceptance. This is self-evident. One of the reasons educators have been so wary of merit plans in the past is that the public not only accepts the idea, it sometimes tries to cram it down the teachers' throats. I will not defend such tactics, but I refuse to throw the baby out with the bath water and condemn the merit principle. I merely state the point as evidence of public willingness, sometimes overzealousness, to adopt a salary program which recognizes and rewards quality.

Opponents of merit-pay plans are justified in condemning imposition of schedules which do not have the acceptance of teachers. They are not justified, however, in condemning either the principle involved or the public *en masse* just because the public believes teacher-pay ought to be based on sound economic principles. I hardly need ask the question: does it matter what the public wants? The American public school belongs to the people. We educators are the first to say so; it is our theme song. A public sympathetic to a teacher-pay plan which recognizes quality is a public sympathetic to other expenditures for good schools —more textbooks, better laboratory equipment, pupil personnel services, and reasonable teacher work-loads. I can illustrate this merely by pointing back to the same schools I named above—Glencoe, Grosse Pointe, West Hartford—for evidence of school districts with low pupil-teacher ratio, classes for gifted as well as retarded children, well-developed guidance programs and other elements of a superior school system. These good

schools are the product of an informed, interested, public—the people who pay the bill.

A third argument for merit pay—one which may come as a surprise to most opponents—is that it is more democratic and more equitable than an automatic schedule. In our desire to be fair to all teachers, we are easily misled into the conclusion that a single salary schedule, equal pay for equal service in terms of years in the job, is a fair schedule. We must certainly admit that such a plan is simple to administer. It is also one which provides security for the mediocre and the lazy teacher. Not only is this system morally wrong as an expenditure of public funds; even more damaging is its effect on teachers who have the potential and the ambition for real growth. Much has been said about the morale effect on teachers of pay plans which permit some to gain higher incomes than others. This, of course, is the cry of the mediocre teacher. Is it not conceivable that the good teacher sometimes feels resentment when he sees a colleague getting the same pay for doing half the job?

NOT everything about an automatic salary schedule is bad. One of its saving graces is the tendency for teachers to grow as they continue in service. In most cases, a second-year teacher performs better than a beginner, and a third-year teacher performs still better. And this process should continue for eight or ten years, as shown in studies of teaching competence related to experience. But teachers are just like other people (and somewhat like the pupils they teach): not all of them grow at the same rate, nor do all of them ultimately settle on the same plateau. It is only through a realistic appraisal of this fundamental fact that we can provide an equitable solution to the problem. And the solution lies in a salary schedule which embraces the principle of equal reward for equal service. In fairness to teachers and taxpayers, we must take the next step in the evolution of teachers' salaries by recognizing merit. We must be forthright in recognizing differences among teachers

just as teachers recognize differences among pupils, litigants recognize differences among lawyers, and people with toothaches among dentists.

There is an even more important argument for merit rating—the question of incentive. Incentive is a most interesting word. Webster tells us it is synonymous with "motive," "stimulus" or "spur." Merit rating when tied to salary becomes an incentive to professional improvement, a stimulus for greater service, a spur to excellence.

AUTOMATIC salary schedules were a vast improvement over the chaos of the individual bargaining practices which prevailed fifty years ago. But its limitations have been recognized for a number of years, and pioneers have moved into a third stage. That the majority of school districts still cling to automatic schedules is not surprising. Paul Mort's theory of educational lag, which points out that it takes at least a half-century for a new educational idea to gain wide acceptance, provides sufficient explanation.

It is precisely the need to consider the incentive element which makes merit-pay plans the logical third stage of development. It is unfair to teachers to say that tenure and single-salary schedules grew out of anything other than an effort to overcome obstacles to higher status and greater reward, both as a means of providing a fair income for those already in the profession and as a means of attracting more young people into teaching. But the value of automatic scheduling stops right there. It fails to provide the teacher any incentive to grow. It fails utterly to place a premium on quality so that mediocrity can be recognized for what it is: an abomination both to our children and to the teaching profession.

Some people will argue: "You say merit pay is an incentive for improvement, but can you prove it?" Others will argue: "Aren't you just trying to favor a few and hold costs down by declaring the vast majority of the staff to be inferior?" Others, quite to the point, will ask, "Don't you discourage teachers who fail to receive merit increments and make

them bitter and even less effective?" If it were not possible to give positive answers to these questions, I not only wouldn't be willing to argue for merit pay; I wouldn't even be willing to stay in a school district which has been administering a merit program for over ten years.

In the first place, there is no reason to set up an incentive plan which rewards only the top few or the top 10 per cent. It can and should be a program wherein the rewards are attainable by all. And in the second place, I have yet to know of an instance where the failure of any teacher in our system to receive an earned pay increment has resulted in bitterness or discouragement. During the decade of its operation, the Ithaca plan has not accounted for a single case of teacher turnover.

WHAT happens is quite the opposite. After an initial period of disappointment, injured vanity, and sometimes coolness toward the department head, the principal and the superintendent, the unhappy victim begins to take stock of himself. Now, of course, I can only conjecture what goes on in his mind, but the outward manifestations are plain enough. He usually signs up for a refresher course at some college (often this is his first return to a campus in twenty years). Next, he begins to talk over his teaching problems with fellow teachers and supervisors. He sometimes arrives earlier in the morning and even stays at his desk after school, instead of vying with the pupils to see who can be first through the door at the bell. He pays particular attention to the items on the evaluation report in which his rating is lowest. If it is in the area of pupil self-discipline, he finds out how he can get the class to work *with* him instead of *for* him. If it is in the area of staff activities, he begins to help the other members of the curriculum committee of which he has been, up to this time, only a nominal member. With it all, and through it all, he begins to find that the supervisors and administrators are there to help him, and he begins to want and use that help. In several instances, his transformation in a year or two—even after a

number of years of lethargic performance—has been amazing.

The merit system provides incentive for the teachers' supervisors as well. Evaluation provides not only the opportunity, but the absolute necessity, for each person responsible for teacher growth to do his job and do it well. It becomes a point of concern for each principal that all his teachers earn merit increases. The principal knows that he must help the teacher, and the annual evaluative conference between them turns out to be a meaningful and valuable experience. With formal evaluation, supervision becomes a vital force in improving education.

The case for merit pay is not open and shut. Not every attempt

to use it has succeeded. At best, it has limitations and disadvantages. And above all, it takes infinite patience on the part of the school board and community on the one hand, the teaching staff and administration on the other, to give it a fair trial.

School districts contemplating a change in teacher-pay scales would do well to heed some advice: (1) Develop a scale locally, in terms of local needs and resources; don't adopt a plan just because it works in Ithaca or San Diego; (2) involve classroom teachers in studying the problems, establishing evaluative criteria and framing administrative structure; don't leave the whole thing to the school superintendent

and the local manufacturers' association; (3) synchronize the adoption of a merit-pay plan with a general raise in teachers' salaries; if you want to try merit, you should plan to add at least \$1,000 to your present top classroom teacher salary.

The fact that merit-pay programs are still relatively uncommon is overshadowed by the fact that a large number of communities are taking a good look at their possibilities. The professional teacher organizations are pressing for salaries in excess of \$10,000. Taxpayers are tightening the grip on their purses. Discrimination in the payment of salaries is an inevitable outgrowth of these two forces. The results should be interesting.

## SHOULD THE POLICE UNIONIZE?.. Edmund P. Murray

THE GRUFF advances of Jimmy Hoffa have planted the kiss of death on the fond aspirations for trade-union organization among thousands of policemen throughout the nation. A Gallup poll taken in the wake of Hoffa's ill-advised attempt at organizing "New York's Finest" into the Teamsters Union showed 55 per cent opposed to police unionization, 27 per cent for and 18 per cent undecided. The results are hardly surprising in view of the fears conjured up by the prospect of a police union presided over by Hoffa, and the public's general ignorance of the purposes and practices of AFL-CIO police unions in numerous communities throughout the country.

After Hoffa tried to capitalize on the labor-management strife in New York's Police Department, Commissioner Stephen P. Kennedy had no trouble making the point that police shouldn't be unionized because labor leaders are corrupt. Very quickly, however, Kennedy found himself confronted with strong evidence that

his own police were already somewhat tainted — and without Hoffa's aid. Within a two-month period, a patrolman was arrested for holding up a cab driver; three inspectors were demoted for shaking down bookmakers; a patrolman was indicted in the rape-murder of a sixty-year-old woman; two others were charged with extortion; a Kings County grand jury summoned twenty-six members of the police morals squad in an investigation of police graft; three patrolmen were accused of trying to burglarize a Fifth Avenue store, and a retired sergeant, arrested for drunken driving, was unwilling to explain his possession of nearly \$20,000 in cash, \$16,000 in bank book listings and 200 pieces of paper that looked suspiciously like policy slips.

Kennedy has diverted public attention from the causes of corruption in his department by raising the union scare and calling for still more discipline. At the same time, he has used the corruption scare to strengthen his hand in his battle against what he views as a threat to his departmental authority.

Under the administrative setup in most police departments, New York's included, top officials enjoy

a virtual immunity with respect to their "labor" policies; i.e., the manner in which they handle personnel problems. And this immunity will continue as long as employees are denied collective representation and the right to appeal grievances. The Patrolmen's Benevolent Association and the Superior Officers Council in New York have urged the adoption of a grievance procedure patterned on labor-management practice in industry and on plans adopted for city employees, including police, in other communities. The very suggestion of such a move, which falls far short of full unionization and is even farther from unionization under Hoffa, has undermined discipline to such an extent, Kennedy insists, that corruption was the inevitable result — a curious instance of blaming the disease on the proffered medicine.

Hoffa's attempt to organize the New York police played right into the Commissioner's hands. Nothing could have been more shrewdly designed to convince the average citizen of the perils of unionizing the police. Yet, ironically, this development came hard on the heels of a period of rapid expansion in police-union organization. An estimated 10,000

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policemen in sixty-five cities and towns are now represented by unions, according to a current AFL-CIO estimate. Some of these, however, have not yet been recognized. Last year, a bulletin of the International Association of Police Chiefs listed fully operative and recognized unions in thirty-three communities [see table on next page]. In addition, Police Benevolent Associations and similar groups in other cities have fulfilled some, at least, of the functions of a union.

The New York policeman need go no further than Connecticut to see how successfully a *bona fide* police union can be organized when the need for union representation is strongly felt.

Bridgeport Police Local 1159, an affiliate of the American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees, AFL-CIO, has furnished the spark plug for organizing drives in several nearby towns, including Milford and Danbury. These have been strictly grass-roots movements carried out with little or no help from the international union. They were accomplished despite the opposition of chiefs of police, who are no less adamant in their hostility to unionization than Commissioner Kennedy.

NOT ONLY have these Connecticut policemen proved they can achieve union recognition, but they have also proved that opponents of police unionization are wrong when they allege that unions will interfere with the impartial enforcement of the law and, in any case, will not do the average policeman any good. Kennedy has taken this position and the International Association of Chiefs of Police recently published a pamphlet that reached the same conclusions.

Bridgeport and New Haven have had strong police locals in operation for several years. Both locals are headed by sergeants and count among their loyal supporters nearly all the younger captains.

While neither local need be ashamed of its militancy in trade-union matters, neither has ever shown any hesitancy about cracking down on violations of the law by union officials or members. New



Haven provided a conspicuous example of this last year. The New Haven Labor Council, with which the police local is affiliated, was conducting weekly bingo games at its Labor Temple. Bingo is illegal in Connecticut. Some months ago, the police vice squad raided the bingo game and arrested four of the top officers of the Labor Council, all of whom are substantial citizens involved in many civic affairs. The raid was planned well in advance. Nothing would have been easier than a tip-off to the officers of the Labor Council from one of the members of the raiding party. Yet, though every member of the vice squad is also a member of the police union, the raid was carried out with a perfection that proved embarrassing to scores of city officials who were friendly with the arrested men.

Members of the Bridgeport police local have also proved themselves capable of enforcing the law in cases involving their brethren in other unions. Police quelled picket-line disturbances during two bitter industrial strikes in 1955, in both cases receiving expressions of thanks from the plant managements. There have been no significant picket-line battles in Bridgeport since.

Although the chiefs of police in both Bridgeport and New Haven

would be much happier if the unions did not exist (they might also be happier if civil service did not exist), neither has ever maintained that union allegiance has interfered with the fair and full enforcement of the law. Furthermore, the nature of the complaints that have been made against police unions casts some doubt on the charge that they are of no benefit to their members.

Police departments are notorious for working their members overtime without pay, or even compensatory time off, in emergencies. Another time-honored department practice is the disciplining of police officers who fall down on the job, or who simply get in the chief's hair, by bouncing them out of attractive jobs. Other officers, who win the chief's favor by meritorious or merely meretricious methods, are boosted into the vacated spots. Police-union vigilance and civil-service standards have put an end to demotion without a fair hearing and promotion without fair competition.

Police officials, harried by public indignation over police corruption, often resort to the "shakeup" as a means of satisfying public demands for action. Often this involves the transfer of policemen who are guiltless of any wrong, with disastrous effects on morale. The shakeup does

nothing to get at the root of the problem. If the transferred police are suspected of having taken bribes from gamblers, as was the case in the recent shakeup of the Harlem division of the New York police force, the still unprosecuted gamblers will be waiting to bribe the new men in the precinct. And the new men, knowing that in any fresh scandal the innocent will suffer with the guilty, have little incentive to resist temptation. Too often the shakeup is used to cover up an inability, or an unwillingness, to bring due process of law to bear on police corruption. By insisting on due process, police unions tend to restrict the use of the shakeup.

THE constitution of the American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees prohibits strikes by police locals. But the strike is a much overrated weapon in the layman's concept of the labor movement arsenal. Persuasion and the appeal to public opinion or arbitration are the primary weapons of all responsible unions. While arbitration is generally denied to police unions, locals such as those in Bridgeport and New Haven have worked wonders with persuasion and appeals to public opinion.

New Haven city employees, for example, now enjoy a grievance procedure comparable to that followed in strongly unionized industries. The police local, working in close harmony with unions of other municipal workers, deserves much of the credit.

The Bridgeport local, again working with other municipal employees' unions, recently spearheaded a petition drive to demonstrate public support for a wage study which called for impressive salary hikes for city employees. The brief but concentrated drive netted close to 18,000 signatures, equaling the total gathered in a petition campaign for a new high school which had been carried on with the aid of virtually every civic, service and labor organization in the city. The net result was a wage improvement for all municipal workers — without a strike.

Bridgeport's Firefighters Local 834, AFL-CIO, has also proved itself as an effective union. The fire-

### Police Unions

*Following is a list of police unions which, according to an August, 1958, bulletin of the International Association of Chiefs of Police, have won recognition by an appropriate city authority:*

TOWN	YEAR ORG.	MEMBERS
San Jose, Cal.	1954	All Ranks
Santa Clara, Cal.	1954	Up to Chief
Denver, Col.	1941	All Ranks
Pueblo, Col.	1952	Up to Capt.
Bridgeport, Conn.	1950	All Ranks
Easthaven, Conn.	1955	Up to Lieut.
Hamden, Conn.	1955	Patrolmen
Hartford, Conn.	1941	All Ranks
Meriden, Conn.	1956	Up to Capt.
Milford, Conn.	1955	Up to Lieut.
Naugatuck, Conn.	1954	Up to Capt.
New Britain, Conn.	1949	Up to Chief
New Haven, Conn.	1945	All Ranks
Alton, Ill.	1953	All Ranks
Aurora, Ill.	1952	All Ranks
Belleville, Ill.	1954	All Ranks
Bloomington, Ill.	1953	All Ranks
E. St. Louis, Ill.	1953	Up to Chief
Elgin, Ill.	1954	All Ranks
Joliet, Ill.	1943	All Ranks
Flint, Mich.	1941	Up to Insp.
Lansing, Mich.	1955	Patrolmen
Muskegon, Mich.	1955	Patrolmen
Muskegon Hts., Mich.	1956	Up to Sgt.
Duluth, Minn.	1950	Up to Exec.
Hopkins, Minn.	1951	All Ranks
St. Paul, Minn.	1948	All Ranks
Omaha, Neb.	1944	All Ranks
Portland, Ore.	1947	All Ranks
Huron, S.D.	1936	All Ranks
Chattanooga, Tenn.	1945	Up to Sgt.
Tacoma, Wash.	1945	Up to Capt.
La Crosse, Wis.	1946	Up to Chief

men wanted their work-week reduced from fifty-six to forty-two hours. A petition campaign enabled them to get a referendum on the ballot in the 1957 municipal election. Both major candidates for mayor that year — the Socialist incumbent and his successful Democratic challenger — opposed the forty-two-hour week. After months of strenuous electioneering carried on by the firefighters' local, the referendum passed by an overwhelming majority.

Evasions of civil-service standards are common in many cities, but not in Bridgeport — thanks chiefly to unionized policemen who enforce civil-service law as vigorously as they do criminal laws. Alleged violations have been fought all the way to the State Supreme Court in some

of the most prolonged and complex legal tangles in recent Connecticut history. Even though it has lost some battles, the police local has won the war to preserve a strong civil-service law which brought an end to a long era of municipal corruption and inefficiency in Bridgeport. And issues that have been lost on one battlefield have often been won on another.

All of the successful police and firemen's unions with which I am familiar were established by the men themselves, with little aid from that favorite villain of all employers, the outside organizer. It's doubtful that Hoffa, even were his reputation unsullied and his jurisdiction unquestionable, could have organized the New York police into a successful union. Only the New York police themselves can do that. Their chances of doing so have been hampered by Hoffa's disastrous offer to do the job for them. But the growth of police unionism suffered another setback, at least in the opinion of the leaders of most of the existing police locals, even before Hoffa appeared on the scene.

The American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees (AFSCME) is neither a very big nor a very wealthy union. Its dues are low. It does not benefit from union-shop provisions. Consequently, it cannot afford a large staff. The police locals in the AFSCME want to break away and form their own international union. They are convinced that an international with a specific identity as a police union would be far more attractive to potential members, and could serve policemen better, than the amorphous AFSCME. They point to the Fire-fighters Union, which has been a separate international for nearly half a century, as justification for their demand. But last year AFL-CIO President George Meany ruled that the police could not have a separate union unless the AFSCME was willing to let them go. The AFSCME voted down such a proposal at its last convention.

THAT THE march of policemen into the house of labor has been slowed may be more of a public loss

than is at first apparent. Strong police unions, by demonstrating their ability to win better wages and working conditions, have not only bolstered police morale but have also made it possible for police departments to attract higher-caliber applicants. Even though the public has to foot the bill for a better-paid police force, it derives the benefits of a better-staffed police force.

Police unions can materially improve the conditions which make the policeman a ripe target for corruption. And, when police on a unionized force do get into trouble, as happened in Bridgeport three years ago when two officers were accused of accepting money from a shoplifter, the union does not interfere with the administration of just punishment. The union does, however, maintain a certain vigilance in such cases to guard against secret and unfair punishment.

Many who agree that policemen should have the right to appeal grievances and some form of employee representation, nevertheless balk at the idea of a union. They argue that existing line organizations, such as New York's Patrolmen's Benevolent Association, can do the job. The experience of police in most cities, however, has been that such organizations are poorly suited to assume union functions. An effective collective-bargaining organization must have both a democratic base and a leadership with executive power to act in behalf of the rank-and-file. Police benevolent groups seldom have either — and often are dominated by high-ranking personnel who have special interests.

Because they put police officers in contact with the main stream of organized labor, police unions sometimes have another subtle but important effect. I have mentioned

the finality with which Bridgeport police subdued picket-line disturbances. This was accomplished without undue violence or indiscriminate arrests. It is difficult to say to what extent this restraint was attributable to any sympathy the unionized police may have felt toward the pickets. But exposure to, and identification with, the liberal social viewpoint of the labor movement have not been without influence in the development of more humane attitudes, more concern for civil liberties, and the comparative absence of racial bigotry among members of the Bridgeport police force. The contrast in this regard, between men who are active in the union and those who are not members, tends to be particularly striking.

Police unionism may never become our first line of defense against the evils of a police state. But it might help.

## CHAOS IN THE CARIBBEAN

### OUR ZIG-ZAG POLICY . . . *by Betty Kirk*

EVENTS OF LAST New Year's Day in Cuba have crystallized questions concerning U.S. policy in the vulnerable Caribbean area.

The Caribbean zone is vulnerable because the United States, which for over a century has controlled and directed its destinies, today operates there without a policy. Although a first team of diplomats occupy strategic posts, thanks largely to the efforts of Senator Wayne Morse and his subcommittee investigating inter-American affairs, they go unarmed with either political or economic weapons.

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Current U.S. defense of the area is limited, therefore, to the military and to the good will of the Organization of American States (the former is dependent on the latter, since the inter-American agreements provide that military action can be taken only if invoked by the OAS). Yet any military action by us would be playing into the hands of the anti-U.S. groups in Latin America.

Unless a clear-cut policy is adopted, there is danger that the United States may walk into one or both of two traps that have been prepared. The first is to provoke our military intervention. This is the purpose of the filibustering expeditions of the kind which invaded Panama and Honduras recently, and which last week invaded Nicaragua.

That invasions like these, launched on a small scale upon highly militarized territories, cannot succeed is obvious. But they do fulfill in great measure the mission for which they are designed — to launch a prop-

aganda offensive that would resound throughout the hemisphere. The only ingredients lacking to date are a skirmish with U.S. forces and a dead "martyr" who could be dramatized as a victim of "Yanqui Imperialism."

The second trap consists of the use of these expeditionary forces to distract attention from other areas where internal subversion is being sowed. Typical of such sensitive spots are Argentina and Venezuela, where the governments are under pressure from ruthless opponents.

The existence of these traps puts our Latin American representatives, and in particular the U.S. Caribbean Command, in the uncomfortable position of teetering on the tight rope of non-intervention while waiting for Washington to make up its mind. Recognizing that such a situation could not come about unless mistakes had been made, Senator Hubert Humphrey recently declared that "The first prerequisite of a re-

sponsible and effective policy toward Latin America is a willingness to face the facts, however unpleasant they may be."

If such an agonizing reappraisal is to be made, the first fact to be faced is that the Caribbean witch's brew is largely of Washington's own concoction. This is one situation that was not created by the Communists, though they are exploiting it to the hilt. Its genesis is found in the contradictory policies followed since the end of World War II and in the confusion resulting from them. There have been three such policies in less than a decade and a half, and it is rumored that a fourth is on the way.

THE QUESTION about which the statesmen seem unable to make up their minds is the simple definition of "Who's A Hero?" There have been so many in Latin America in recent years, and the confusion has been compounded by the conversion of heroes into villains overnight. Thus the zig-zag line of U.S. policy in the Caribbean during the postwar period can be followed by determining, at any given moment, who is the "good guy" and who is the "bad."

At the end of the war, Washington was lined up side by side with the strong men of the area, many of whom had been in power for years. Yet there was a New Deal operating to the North, and a group of Caribbean reformers were determined that they wanted one, too. That they could and did act effectively also indicates that they had Washington's friendly nod, as they moved to swing their countries from the extreme Right to the middle-of-the-road.

The leaders of this reform movement were Romulo Betancourt and Romulo Gallegos in Venezuela, Jorge Eliécer Gaitan and Alberto Lleras Camargo in Colombia, Juan José Arévalo and Jacobo Arbenz in Guatemala, and José Figuérés in Costa Rica. All were friendly to the United States, all were anti-Communist, all were against dictatorship. They sought to make it possible for democracy to grow among their countrymen, but to achieve this, changes had to be made.

The first task that each had to perform was to depose entrenched

reactionaries. In succession, General Jorge Ubico was overthrown in Guatemala, General Isaias Medina in Venezuela, and Rafael Calderon's Communist-Conservative coalition in Costa Rica. The plan failed in Colombia when Jorge Eliécer Gaitan, the popular hero, was assassinated during the ninth Conference of American States in 1948. It was at this conference that the Organization of American States was born amid bloody rioting in which a Cuban named Fidel Castro took an active, and anti-American, part.

Although they had principles in common, the New Men of the Caribbean world followed no orthodoxy. President Arévalo in Guatemala sought land division and education for his poverty-stricken and illiterate Indians. Betancourt advocated profit-sharing of oil income and intensified farming in Venezuela. Figuérés in Costa Rica disbanded the army and concentrated on economic reforms and expanding education. And all worked to build a vigorous and multiple labor front which would serve as a balance wheel to the military machines that had controlled their countries for so long.

IF THESE men and their parties had remained in office long enough to correct the evils of a feudal past, the story of today's Caribbean world would be a happier one. But they were "good guys" for only a brief time, for with the outbreak of the Korean War and the launching of the anti-Communist crusade, U.S. policy suddenly took a sharp zag to the Right.

The first victim of the reversal was Venezuela's President Romulo Gallegos, successor to Betancourt. Twelve days after signature of a new oil contract requiring U.S. companies to yield half their profits, his government was overthrown (although the same 50-50 terms soon became standard in Middle East countries). The usual military junta took over and installed Colonel Marcos Perez Jiménez, who became both General and President and reigned for ten years.

The next head to fall was that of President Jacobo Arbenz of Guatemala, who was purged for alleged communism when he received a ship-

ment of arms from behind the Iron Curtain. (He had tried in vain to buy arms from the Pentagon, which would supply them only to his hostile neighbors.) This *putsch*, in which the United States actively and openly participated, was hailed by official U.S. spokesmen as a "glorious victory." Following the routine in such affairs, a *junta* took over, chose Colonel Carlos Castillo Armas as the new hero, and made him President.

Still another of the "Little Colonels" had emerged triumphantly in Colombia where, during the continuing conflict between the Conservative and Liberal parties, the military seized control and installed Colonel Gustavo Rojas Pinilla as dictator and President.

THE ONLY member of the original coterie of Caribbean New Dealers to survive the wholesale purge was President José Figuérés of Costa Rica. Yet six months after the Guatemalan "victory," even he was threatened with removal when the heavily armed police state of General Anastasio Somoza, copying in detail the tactics employed in the Guatemalan affair, launched an invasion from Nicaragua. That Figuérés and his democratic regime were saved was due to quick action by the Organization of American States, which flew munitions and soldiers to his defenseless republic, while an OAS commission acted to force Somoza to withdraw.

The rescue of Figuérés remained an exception, however; the Caribbean world was once again firmly in the hands of the dictators. Batista had returned to Cuba in 1952; Somoza reigned supreme in Nicaragua, yielding in seniority among dictators only to General Rafael Trujillo of the Dominican Republic. And as a reward for "keeping peace" in the hemisphere, the dictators were showered by Washington with medals and guns galore, with loans and subsidies, with *abrazos* and official praise. Enjoying such accolades, the Little Caesars were heros indeed, until suddenly the political climate changed.

The new zig began with the purge of Rojas Pinilla in Colombia in 1957 was followed by Washington's extraordinary desertion in 1958 of

Venezuela's Perez Jiménez, and continued with the overthrow of Batista as 1959 dawned. And as each dictator in turn was tossed out, an avalanche of atrocity stories was unleashed, exposing the evils of the formerly admirable regime, the brutalities of the formerly favored secret police. So the fair-haired boys became black villains overnight—to their own complete astonishment, no doubt.

The last decisive move to be taken officially by Washington occurred in the spring of 1957, but it is not yet possible to determine if it was a zig to the Left or a zag to the Right. It occurred in Cuba, when the newly arrived United States Ambassador Earl E. T. Smith, after witnessing a demonstration of police brutality in Santiago de Cuba, issued a statement deplored it. At a press conference, when the Secretary of State was asked about Smith's criticisms of the Batista regime, he defended the Ambassador's action.

State Department attitudes toward Cuba were further clarified when in March, 1958, shipment of military supplies to Batista was cancelled. This was a signal, understood

by all, that the dictator was on his way out and Castro was in, although it took some months to consummate the transfer. Had any doubts on the question survived, they were removed by the immediate recognition of Dr. Castro and his movement, and by the later welcome accorded him in the United States. No other Latin American leader, since the late Porfirio Diaz of Mexico, has received a like quantity and quality of publicity.

WHETHER the 26th of July Movement is a revolution to the Left or a counter-revolution to the Right remains a subject of lively discussion that has yet to be resolved. It is for this reason that Washington's latter commitment to a crusade cannot yet be identified as a zig or a zag. But that Dr. Castro was and is *persona grata* to the policy-makers who helped to put him in is clear.

Existing confusion about general U.S. policy in the area may, however, be clarified soon by what happens in Venezuela, when the issues are defined. In December, 1958, Romulo Betancourt again became President, and subsequently his government

suffered a squeeze. The country's economy depends on its income from oil. During the ten-year dictatorship of Perez Jiménez, exports boomed. No export problem was encountered by the provisional government of Admiral Wolfgang Larrazábal, which succeeded the Jiménez regime. But within a short time of Betancourt's inauguration, the United States, Venezuela's biggest customer, imposed import controls on foreign crude. Simultaneously, foreign capital began to flee the country at the rate of \$30 million a month (*Time*, Jan. 5, 1959). A similar flight of capital occurred in Mexico after the oil expropriation in 1938.

Having inherited a treasury emptied by the dictator's extravagance and loot, coping with widespread unemployment and confronted by the aggressive opposition of Right and Left, President Betancourt is in a tight spot. He is the first of the middle-road reformers to return to power in the Caribbean area. He was chosen in free elections by his own people. He is able, honest, anti-Communist and pro-democratic. But, in Washington's eyes, is he a "good guy" or "bad"?

## **STRONTIUM-90 IN ST. LOUIS**

### **50,000 BABY TEETH . . . by William K. Wyant, Jr.**

*St. Louis*

ORDINARILY, a group that called itself the Greater St. Louis Citizens Committee for Nuclear Information would not be expected to last for any great period of time. Mortality among earnest and well-meaning organizations has been as great here as elsewhere, and the waters of the Mississippi have rolled over many such. Yet the committee now is striding vigorously into its second year. It has turned out to be an unusually happy union of scientific knowledge and civic leadership. Lay members are not afraid of Ph.D.s

and M.D.s, the good doctors are neither fearful nor contemptuous of the laymen, and both doctors and laymen are unafraid of the United States Government.

At the outset, CNI — as the committee is called locally — decided it would not be an "action" group — that is to say, it would take no position for or against testing of nuclear weapons, even though the sentiment of the organizing spirits was clearly and outspokenly against. The view prevailed that what really was needed was information. It was felt that too many people — the politicians, the military and the oracles speaking *ex cathedra* from the Atomic Energy Commission — were taking decisive attitudes on the basis

of indecisive information, or none.

This stand, useful in itself, also served the practical purpose of broadening the base of support, with the consequence that the CNI leadership now reflects a wide spectrum of opinion.

But while persisting in its "non-action" policy, the committee during its first year waged such a valiant fight on the information front that strontium-90 is now a household word in St. Louis. On the average of every other day, a member of the speakers' stable makes a talk on the subject. The CNI's monthly bulletin's circulation has jumped from 500 to 2,500. And the committee's drive to collect 50,000 baby teeth, to be analyzed for strontium-90, got

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headlines throughout the world press.

A few months ago, CNI's first anniversary meeting took place at the Union Avenue Christian Church, where the organization had been founded. Present was a cross-section of the medical and scientific elite of the city, along with lawyers, ministers and other civic leaders. Morale was high. There was evident a fine rapport, an atmosphere of comradeship and understanding, between scientists and laymen. One reason for this was that much had been accomplished with little.

Dr. Alfred S. Schwartz, assistant professor of clinical pediatrics at Washington University School of Medicine, the committee's vice president and treasurer, reported \$5,077 had been spent during the year, leaving a balance of \$469. Membership was more than 500. Tribute was paid to the women volunteer workers, many of them the wives of physicians and scientists.

SPECIFICALLY, what had the committee done in its first year? There was a good deal besides the fact that it now had an office on the second floor of an old, converted red-brick house on West Pine Boulevard, with a number in the telephone book, a constantly ringing telephone, and a dedicated staff secretary to answer phone and mail — Mrs. Edward C. Roberts, who started as a part-time paid worker and now is a full-time volunteer.

1. A Speakers' Bureau, consisting of seventeen men and three women, has been organized to offer scientists as speakers to organizations in the St. Louis area. The speakers are all either M.D.s or Ph.D.s, capable of dealing with technical aspects of the fallout controversy. Since last October, some seventy church, parent, fraternal and business groups have heard addresses. Three organizers of the committee — Barry Commoner, professor of botany at Washington University, Dr. Walter C. Bauer, instructor in surgical pathology at the university's School of Medicine, and John M. Fowler, Washington University physicist — have made the knife-and-fork circuit a way of life. Fowler estimated they spend about a third of their time at it.

2. *Nuclear Information*, CNI's monthly publication, was started last fall to report new scientific facts in lay language. The March issue was entitled "Strontium-90 and Common Foods." It served to point out that the public had heard much about radioactivity in milk, but little about radioactivity in other foods. An article told of the three-year survey of wheat samples from Minnesota and the Dakotas.

3. CNI has sponsored two series of five seminars each on radiation for the scientific and medical community, and three public meetings at which qualified people discussed the consequences of radiation and fallout.

4. At the request of the St. Louis Dairy Council, CNI scientists last January issued a statement discussing the potential hazard from strontium-90 in milk (the local milk supply has been showing the highest strontium-90 concentration of 10 cities surveyed monthly by the United States Public Health Service — and nobody knows why). The statement said, in effect, that the harm that might result to children from milk containing radioactive substances could not yet be assayed with certainty. It emphasized that milk, as an essential food, must not be eliminated from the diet, and called for research on ways to lower its strontium-90 content.

5. The Baby Tooth Survey was started last December as a ten-year scientific project. Directed by Dr. Louise Reiss, an internist, the campaign has the cooperation of the School of Dentistry at both Washington and St. Louis universities. It has also served as an excellent device for calling attention to the more dreadful implications of nuclear fallout.

THERE WAS deep concern in St. Louis about nuclear-weapons testing for several years before CNI was organized. One of Washington University's most widely known scientists, former Chancellor Arthur H. Compton, Nobel Prize-winner and key figure in developing the A-bomb in World War II, has maintained a friendly attitude toward government atomic policies. But younger men in

the physics department, headed by Edward U. Condon, former U. S. Bureau of Standards chief, were openly hostile. In the spring of 1957, Linus C. Pauling of the California Institute of Technology, also a Nobel Prize-winner, attacked atom-bomb testing in an eloquent address before Washington University's faculty and student body, warning of the price that might have to be paid by generations yet unborn. Later, in Condon's office, Pauling drew up a petition that called for immediate action to halt testing by international agreement.

Condon, Commoner and three other faculty members were among the twenty-seven signers of this petition; by the time Pauling presented it to the U.N. Secretary-General in January, 1958, more than 9,000 scientists from forty-three nations had subscribed. The scientific community at St. Louis University, a Catholic institution, had a share in the effort.

The formation of CNI followed several years of public needling of the AFC by Fowler, Commoner, Dr. Bauer, T. Alexander Pond of Washington University's physics department, and others. Some were horrified at the attacks made on Adlai Stevenson when he tried to debate the fallout question in the 1956 Presidential campaign.

St. Louis women, an enlightened and militant breed, got into the conflict early. A pioneer group calling itself "Eves Against Atoms," headed by Mrs. Thomas B. Sherman, wife of a *Post-Dispatch* editor, took a stand against testing. However, the CNI traces its origin directly to a meeting which took place in March of last year at the apartment of Mrs. George Gellhorn, a tireless and effective worker for civic causes in city, state and nation for sixty years. Now eighty, a widow since 1936 and the mother of writer Martha Gellhorn, Mrs. Gellhorn is a woman possessed of beauty, charm and sharp political savvy. Her assistance in any campaign to get something done in St. Louis is the rough equivalent of six Marine battalions.

From the start, CNI has had strong moral and religious overtones, sharpened by a kind of cheerful "let's

look at the facts" iconoclasm. Like Mrs. Gellhorn, the Commoners—Barry and his wife, Gloria, committee vice president—are members of the St. Louis Ethical Society. So is Alexander S. Langsdorf, dean emeritus of Washington University's School of Engineering and CNI president. Fowler and Dr. Bauer are Quakers. At the initial meeting in the Gellhorn apartment, in addition to Commoner and Fowler, was the Rev. Ralph C. Abele, then head of the Metropolitan Church Federation. They decided to form a permanent body.

The next step was a meeting of about thirty people which took place several weeks later at the home of Mrs. Ernest W. Stix, another civic leader. Attending were university people, members of social-action groups, priests, ministers, housewives. The sequel was the founders' meeting, April 21, 1958.

WHILE NOT all the CNI prime movers took a position against testing, the major figures did; and it is quite apparent that the group as a whole is motivated by deep misgivings as to the biological and moral implications of the weapons race. Nevertheless, the decision was to take no official stand and to concentrate instead on information.

Scientists with CNI have served as a Greek chorus to amplify, comment on, question, explain and criticize the thunderous pronunciamientos of the protagonists in Washington. Each new goblet of official information is analyzed and put into context. Research papers are seized on, dissected and translated into lay language. The press is kept alerted to its duty. Any inaccuracies, omissions or glossings-over in official statements are promptly challenged.

The Baby Tooth Survey has given the organization an objective that

should hold it together for some time. The idea was suggested last summer by Dr. Schwartz, who cited an article in the British scientific publication *Nature* written by Dr. Herman M. Kalckar, a biochemist at Johns Hopkins University. CNI became the first group anywhere, apparently, to initiate a large collection of "milk" teeth to be analyzed for radioactivity.

It was characteristic of the committee that it planned the project carefully. Before any announcement was made, its scope and purpose had the approval of the deans of both the local schools of dentistry; and Dr. John T. Bird, assistant dean of Washington University's school, had agreed to head a group of dentists to examine and classify the teeth. Dr. E. S. Khalifah, editor of the *Journal* of the Missouri State Dental Association, gave his enthusiastic support. With the help of Martin Quigley, a public-relations adviser who is on the CNI board, the announcement, when it came, was deliberately designed to soft-pedal the "human interest" angle of the story and to stress sober scientific objectives. It said in part:

The importance of an immediate collection of deciduous, or baby, teeth lies in the fact that teeth now being shed by children represent an irreplaceable source of scientific information about the absorption of strontium-90 in the human body. Beginning about ten years ago, strontium-90 from nuclear-test fallout began to reach the earth and to contaminate human food.

Deciduous teeth now being shed were formed from the minerals present in food eaten by mothers and infants during the period 1948 to 1953 — the first few years of the fallout era — and therefore represent invaluable baseline information with which analysis of later teeth and

bones can be compared. Unless a collection of deciduous teeth is started immediately, scientists will lose the chance to learn how much strontium-90 human beings absorbed during the first years of the atomic age.

Strontium-90 present in food accumulates in bones and teeth; milk is the main food source of strontium-90. In sufficient amounts the radiation from strontium-90 may cause harmful effects, including bone tumors and other forms of cancer. . . .

The reaction to the announcement was instantaneous and world-wide: There were letters from New York, Hawaii, Calcutta, California, Spain. Some mail from afar included teeth, although the committee wants specimens only from the St. Louis area.

Dr. Louise Reiss and her assistants have had extraordinary success in getting local schools — public, private and parochial — to help in the teeth collecting. Some 250,000 forms have been distributed to reach all lower-grade students. The Council of Catholic Women, the public libraries, the dental societies and city dental clinics have been of great assistance. At present, baby teeth are reaching the little office on West Pine Boulevard at the rate of about fifty a day. The stockpile is still short of 10,000, although the estimated annual "fallout" of baby teeth in the St. Louis area is half-a-million. When enough have been accumulated, they will be classified, ground up and analyzed at the Washington University School of Dentistry. Mothers who request an individual report on their children's teeth are doomed to disappointment.

Summing up the first year, the CNI, adopting a "conservative" approach, has set a pattern already being followed by other communities. What official bodies will not do for them, citizens are seeking to do for themselves.



"Only a drop of sr-90—plenty of time to reach agreement!"



"Only a little shower of sr-90—there's still time to agree!"



"No reason to get excited, there's plenty of time!"



Cummings in the Daily Express (London)

"Agreed!"

# BOOKS and the ARTS

## The Prosecuting Historian

*WE THE PEOPLE: The Economic Origins of the Constitution.* By Forrest McDonald. University of Chicago Press. 436 pp. \$7.

*Jackson Turner Main*

NEARLY half a century ago, Charles A. Beard proposed the thesis that the Constitution was written by large property holders, especially by the business and creditor interests, and that its ratification was secured by them over the opposition of farmers and debtors. The facts which he presented in proof, though far from decisive—"fragmentary," as he himself wrote—were impressive, and the work of succeeding scholars has transformed Beard's tentative suggestion into accepted fact.

It was not to be expected that this interpretation should go unchallenged. Beard made quite a few mistakes, and historians have steadily corrected peripheral errors. Other critics argued that although economic factors were influential they were not paramount. Above all, Beard's thesis aroused hostility because it asserted that the Constitution was not divine, but the product of man, not to be venerated but examined critically. Indeed, people tend to attack or defend Beard according to their basic prejudices. Accordingly it might have been predicted that the conservative reaction of the 1950s would produce attacks on Beard. Such has been the case, and the present volume is the most considerable of such attacks.

Forrest McDonald's book is based upon much research, some of it in little-used primary materials. The research was by no means exhaustive; it was, in fact, exceedingly uneven, for the author's primary purpose was not to produce a new interpretation but only to test (i.e., refute) Beard's. Therefore he went deep into those aspects of his subject which promised the desired result, but failed to investigate those which did not. This procedure had its inevitable result. McDonald accumulated a mass of notes which impresses the reader, and which evidently convinced the author that he had demol-

ished his predecessors to such an extent that he was able to propose an alternative to the Beardian hypothesis. Oddly enough, he does not object to the view that economic forces were responsible for the Constitution, but aside from this he completely reverses Beard. He asserts that the men who wrote the Constitution represented most of the country's geographical areas and reflected most of the major political opinions; moreover, that among them were not only large property holders but men from all ranks, including debtors—in short, that the Federal Convention was a truly representative body. Further, he insists that the division over ratification did not follow lines of class, nor did it oppose merchant to farmer, creditor to debtor, unless, indeed, the Antifederalists actually had more property and were of higher status than those who supported the Constitution.

TWO methodological errors are responsible for these mistaken ideas: the limitations of research already described, and a desire to refute Beard so compelling that McDonald misinterprets his evidence. He tries to prove that the delegates to the Federal Convention represented most geographical areas by dividing the coastal regions into a large number of subdivisions; thus, since most of the members came from the Eastern Seaboard, he makes it appear that only a few sections were missing. The fact that almost no one came from the vast agricultural interior is further disguised by counting as present several men who were chosen but who refused to attend, among them Patrick Henry of Virginia and Willie Jones of North Carolina. Similarly, in order to prove that most political groups were present, he divides the country into "factions," either carefully or unconsciously defined so as to prejudice the conclusion. In Massachusetts, for example, he does not have a single faction which represented the views of the farmers. By such methods he conceals the true situation: that the Convention was, as Beard had stated, an assemblage representing, with a few exceptions, only the coastal business interests and the large commercial farmers, both sharing conservative political views.

McDonald tries in various ways to

lower the financial status of the delegates. Their wealth is disparaged; whenever a man ultimately failed in business, this fact is emphasized; if a man borrowed money, this is considered a sign of poverty or impending bankruptcy. Now it is a fact almost too obvious for comment, yet one which seems to have escaped McDonald and his reviewers, that the wealthier the individual, the more he can borrow. The difference between the rich man and the poor can almost be measured by the size of his debt, just as the largest corporations have the heaviest liabilities. What matters, of course, is not one's liabilities but one's assets. In the 1780s men borrowed, if they could, to acquire land, purchase slaves, import goods, or dispatch ships. If they could not borrow enough, they remained poor. In hard times, such as occurred during the mid 80s, the wealthy might sell some of their property to maintain their position; that they could do this is a mark not of poverty but of their wealth. Yet McDonald continually cites the contracting of debts and the occasional loss of property to prove that the delegates were "in desperate circumstances." Such was the unhappy lot of Edmund Randolph, with 7,463 acres and 101 slaves; of George Washington, who owned in Virginia 12,175 acres and 390 slaves, and of Robert Morris, probably the richest merchant in the country. In the same way, the author reduces to insignificance the delegates' share in the public debt, which was, according to Beard and most other students, including contemporary observers, an important factor in forming the new government.

THE argument that in the country as a whole those for and against ratification were of similar status and wealth is equally erroneous. McDonald's sketches of the political situation in the various states are incomplete, since certain aspects only are described. No real attempt is made to analyze the composition of the two sides, except through the members of the state ratifying conventions—an error which Beard also made, and which does not permit a complete description. Federalist members of these conventions are downgraded, their true wealth often concealed, while that of many Antifederalists is exaggerated. For example, in his anxiety to show that the proportion of merchants on either side was

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about the same, McDonald fails to identify no less than seven Federalist merchants in Massachusetts alone; in Pennsylvania he correctly names the seven Antifederalists who owned mills, but reports only six out of twelve Federalist millers. Seldom is data given on the comparative properties of the protagonists, and the reader is never informed of the fact that in almost all of the states which witnessed a conflict over ratification, the great majority of the large property holders were Federalists. In short, the research is faulty and the interpretation unsound, and Beard's contention that the great majority of large property holders, merchants, creditors and the like supported the Constitution, is still the correct view.

These fatal flaws are particularly un-

fortunate because McDonald really has done a great deal of work, and picks his way through some very tricky subjects with great skill. The historian who is well versed in the literature of the period may use his book with profit, for much of it is valid; and the fact that the central thesis is untenable, and many of the secondary interpretations incorrect, need not vitiate those sections which do contribute, if they can be distinguished. For the historian who lacks such special knowledge, and for the non-professional reader, the book is better left unread. This is unfortunate, for we badly need a more accurate account of the origins of the Constitution than that which Beard furnishes; but it is better to tolerate errors in detail than to suffer new delusions.

went back and forth between the two magazines. (This is not in Thurber's book.)

So far so good. But in the heart of this ripening apple was Harold Ross who is defined, but not depicted, in Thurber's book as a lovable, crotchety, beneficial force in American culture. Ross did indeed have the dream of a magazine, but he was utterly incompetent to produce it. He had to bring in other people whom he immediately feared, suspected and hated, i.e., according to Thurber, "loved." Thurber's book documents the terrible truth that Ross had no valid relationship with any creation excepting only *The New Yorker*; if you were the lifeblood of this creation, he "loved" you. It is not disinterested for an editor to be nice to Thurber. Ross did not care about the money in the enterprise; he cared only about the perfection of this insane impersonation of the sophisticated New Yorker, as a Norman in the year 900 might have wanted to look like a Gaul.

Ross, in his own person, stubbornly remained the most uncompromising lout, hick, clod and boor I think I have ever met, and Thurber, an honest man, completely documents this.

But in fact he was a successful editor. Why? He was a Philistine; he instinctively despised everything *The New Yorker* had to stand for; but somehow he was convinced that, no matter how he felt, it was the greatest thing in the world. As a barbarian from outside the gates, he resolved to bring perfection to this thing he did not understand, even though he would not know perfection when he saw it. Suspicious and baleful, he scrutinized the

## The 'New Yorker' Hick

*THE YEARS WITH ROSS.* By James Thurber. Little, Brown & Co. 310 pp. \$5.

**David Cort**

IT IS incredible and outrageous, but nonetheless a fact, that the generation of American culture between the world wars was strongly affected by the character, manners and will of one Harold Ross, late editor of *The New Yorker* magazine, the nominal wheelhorse of American sophistication. He is now the hero of a book by James Thurber.

Ross in the early 1920s, that period when the machine age was expected to overwhelm the individual, seized on the discovery by *Time's* Briton Hadden that "writers are a dime a dozen." Ross, an *Auslander*, conceived of a magazine for the "sophisticated" New Yorker, a creature he saw somewhat as a grub sees a butterfly. In New York, the writers and artists were super-abundant, the audience was not quite ready, the magazine was inevitable.

At first both audience and contributors were largely confined to Greenwich Village. The future was black. Then an article about debutantes by Clarence Mackay's daughter, now Mrs. Irving Berlin, put it on the front page of *The New York Times*. The first financial success of *The New Yorker* was arrived at, simply, by taking over the old *Vanity Fair* crowd—Dorothy Parker for books, Robert Benchley for plays and Alexander Woollcott for "Shouts and Murmurs." In that period, people

of a kind could not safely go out to dinner without having read that week's Parker, Benchley and Woollcott; not the cartoon jokes yet; not "Talk of the Town." *The New Yorker*, a weekly, became a stronger habit than *Vanity Fair*, a monthly.

The depression benefited *New Yorker* advertising, as a depression always will a closely read magazine as against superficially read magazines. *The New Yorker* and *Time* in those years pulled together the American elite, with some pretension to brains, and naturally knifed each other at every opportunity. Part of *The New Yorker's* character was defined by the need to be the opposite of *Time*. Yet the same people

## Anti-Poem

The valves of silence clap  
as jets crash through  
and stop the mind

Fright dries our blood and ink.  
The wingèd horse drowns in the rage  
of metal over Helicon

Heroes in laced and padded mail—  
orbital fledgelings—try their wings  
for a long drop from the nest

Scorners of the prostrate map—  
what can they make of my metric feet  
my strophes at the chthonic barrier?

Huge projections of fiction's magic lantern—  
lucky for them they've had no time to read.  
Icarus, Lucifer, and the Tower of Tongues

lay no guilt upon their memories.  
No god has told them not to do  
what they do not doubt they can

DAVID CORT former Time-Life editor and author of *The Big Picture* and *The Calm Man*, is a frequent contributor.

June 13, 1959

DILYS LAING

copy and the art, looking for who would betray him. Probably the manic scrutiny stimulated some of the people involved; it may have paralyzed and disgusted others. Who can say? But Ross was not sure of himself. If his opponent kept his composure, Ross would back down, because to him the whole thing was a mystery, as the whole world of ideas and intuitions must be to a convinced Philistine.

Ross was not peculiar in himself. He was only shocking as the editor of *The New Yorker*. He was a standard American type: the mother's boy who takes it out as a profane talker, a loud-mouth, a sulker, a bluffer, a practical-joker, a fake tough guy, a Legionnaire at a convention, a lousy poker-player, a goddamner of women schoolteachers (his mother was one), a paranoid, an inveterate outsider, a human being who knows he cannot handle his own emotions and decides to have none.

MR. THURBER, a brave as well as a gifted man, evidently kept his composure and even, together with E. B. White, injected into the magazine an anti-neurotic creation of his own. But Ross had to try to turn these proved men into formulae or fixtures, owned by him.

*The New Yorker's* problem was that no magazine can live on sophistication alone. Like refinement, which the daily press peddles, sophistication as an end in itself is vulgar. One solution lay in repeated formulae: "Talk of the Town," the departments, "Infatuation With Sound of Own Words," "Neatest Trick of the Week," "Social Notes from All Over" and such tips to the reader on how to feel superior. The fiction had to stylize itself, first getting more and more elliptical and factual, as in the work of O'Hara, Wenning, *et al.*, and later interminably long and often amateurish. In non-fiction, too, it became the policy that there are very few good subjects, and when one comes along, wring it of the last drop.

Thurber points out that the "Where Are They Now?" formula was lifted, without a nod, from Elmer Davis. In 1931, Ross printed a page of poems called "U.S.A. Blues" by me (I am not a poet). I sent in a follow-up set, but these were rejected as too serious, or something. To my understandable amazement, a similar page of poems called "Red, White and Blues" by another writer presently appeared. Most magazines stick at doing this sort of thing, but never Ross. Perhaps he was envious of the legal mass-piracy of *Time's* system. His burglaries were al-

truistic, not for money but for the magazine. He was stealing, like any burglar, for his very life, or as a mother would steal for her starving children. Ross was indeed a she-wolf in a perpetual famine year.

There can be two points of view about this; but neither can allow that Ross was a respectable, lovable human being.

The first point of view would be that a really first-class editor must be a she-wolf. Perhaps he must also be a Philistine, who is ashamed of Philistinism and lusts for the creative world from outside the store window. Perhaps like a great surgeon or priest, he must be somewhat hard-hearted. Perhaps like a great general or football coach, he must be somewhat corny. Perhaps like a great chairman of the board, he must have the one-track mind of a mother and home-maker. All traits of the she-wolf, if I may be allowed the Philistinism.

I think this point of view is possible but not certified. Actually I think that the first requisite of a great editor is magnanimity, and the second that he have the luck to have good writers and artists, and the third that he have an audience. Ross had the last two.

The second possible point of view is that Ross canalized and loused up the talent that offered itself and was just another of the numerous American editors who have brought us into our present Sargasso Sea, in a dead calm. For this he deserves no unique blame; but he was also offensive about it, and a discredit and embarrassment to any company he was in.

TO SAY that Ross was a great editor seems to me like saying that Rome became great only after it was overrun by the barbarians who hated, feared ("loved") Rome. Spare me this kind of ("love"). I put Ross at this end of Rome's history rather than as the suckler of Romulus and Remus.

I think most literate people would be fascinated by this book. They will meet many delightful people, including the author, and I believe their judgment of Ross will be, at the end, substantially what mine has always been. Oddly, such is the seduction of Thurber's craft, my eyes watered at the end, at the death of Ross. I don't know how Thurber did it to me; perhaps it was because some good men and women felt something for Ross that they interpreted as ("love").

## Let's Scare the Russians

*GERMANY AND THE EAST-WEST CRISIS: The Decisive Challenge to American Policy.* By William S. Schlamm. David McKay Co. 237 pp. \$3.95.

**R. C. RAACK**

LET IT be noted at the outset that Mr. Schlamm's proposed solution to the German impasse and the East-West conflict as a whole will scarcely appeal to those who see the prospect of nuclear war (even if we do get them before they get us) as abhorrent. He is speaking, rather, to the self-styled "realists" who believe that the "moderate risk" of nuclear war must be calculated in order to save the whole Western system of values.

Mr. Schlamm's concern for the present intellectual *malaise* in Germany leads him into a wide-ranging and often provocative dissection of Western culture from Nietzsche to Kenneth Tynan.

*R. C. RAACK teaches history at M.I.T. He has lived in Berlin, has traveled inside East Germany and is a student of German history and Eastern and Central European affairs.*

Most of the time, however, he describes a decadence so far advanced that one wonders why he believes Western values to be worth saving. Moreover, his gratuitous cultural and moral *obiter dicta*, while sometimes entertaining ("Sex is the inarticulate's substitute for conversation"), are just as often unfunny (pacifism — "surely an infantile disease of the intellect") and are, in any case, distracting.

The reader who survives the long course on the decline of the West will finally come upon Mr. Schlamm's announced thesis. There can be, he says, no reconciliation between "evil" communism and the West. The Communists' goal is exactly what they have been saying it is since 1848: a communized world. At present the most important point of conflict is divided Germany. Spiritually sick though the West Germans are as the result of the complete collapse of their traditions since 1933, drunk though they may be on the nihilistic slop-over of contemporary Western culture, Germany is nevertheless worth "several Indias with several Yugoslavias and several Polands thrown in." The Soviets are now attempting to consolidate the

Eastern European empire they have usurped since 1945 by levering us into a recognition of the satellite (East) German Democratic Republic. Once this is accomplished, all Germany will be forced into the Soviet orbit and the balance of world power tipped eastward.

The consolidation by the Russians of their conquests is just what the West must take the offensive to prevent. If we expect the Russians to go home peacefully after their revolutionary spirit is undermined by technological progress, we are waiting in vain. Mr. Schlamm remarks perceptively that the individual Communist is possessed by the dream of reforming the human race. In his fearful earnestness to force man to be rational, the Communist is concerned with neither material comfort nor individual self-determination. Communism, Mr. Schlamm states, "is the culminating *hubris* of Promethean man who reaches out for the world and means to remake creation. It is scientism gone political."

SO FAR nothing wholly implausible or, for that matter, revolutionary. But wait. Mr. Schlamm is certain that the Russians above all do not want nuclear war, since it would obliterate the expanding materialist paradise which furnishes the rationale for their existence. The West can, therefore, undertake a "rollback" in Eastern Germany because the Russians would retreat and live to fight another day if nuclear annihilation were the only alternative. The United States should ally itself with the spiritually sick but materially surfeited West Germans and recognize the Bonn government as the authority over all the territories possessed by Germany on the eve of Hitler's assumption of power. Together we should bombard the East Germans with propaganda about liberation, fill that unhappy land with Western agitators and infiltrators and then demand that Ivan go home.

Mr. Schlamm is not very clear about just why the Russians will heed our advice. But if they don't, then they get the bomb, and no bones about it. After all, Mr. Schlamm points out, our present defense posture leaves us with nothing else to fight them. Evil is evil and must be extirpated whatever the cost, be it fifty million dead as in the Second World War, be it twice or even many times as many as might occur in a future war. Given Mr. Schlamm's assumption that communism is the absolute evil, that this evil must inevitably destroy all good if we do not first destroy it, then almost any policy against communism is justified since no other

evil, including the annihilation of mankind, or a good portion of it, can be as bad. But in view of the risks to be run with this policy, why limit the stakes to East Germany? Why not frighten them out of the rest of Eastern Europe as well? And then, while they build socialism in one country, we can continue our moral and cultural degeneration in peace.

In striking contrast to Mr. Schlamm's solution to the German crisis, to his free-swinging attacks on America's "leftist press" and on Social Democrats wherever they may be, to his suspicious fallout arithmetic and to his unique calculus of human suffering (which

must be read to be believed), there is real understanding in his definition of communism as scientism run wild and in his characterization of Russian purposes in the present Berlin crisis and in Eastern Europe as a whole. And he adds a sound indictment of the follies of the Nuremberg war-crimes trials and of the lingering myth of German racial guilt for Nazi atrocities. But in spite of his mordant wit and his occasional insights, his grand schemes are inconsistent even in terms of the imaginary conditions he grants himself. A realistic analysis of diplomatic possibilities, not just an appetite for extreme measures, is the prerequisite for *Realpolitik*.

## LETTER from PALERMO

William Weaver

SURELY no one has ever loved Palermo at first sight. Though it has a beautiful situation, the city is dingy and poor, the restaurants are few and the food not especially good. There are fine monuments but they are closed at capricious hours, and the weather — all five times I have been there — is appalling. And yet, Palermo fascinates on closer inspection. It was once a great capital; and one can see remnants of its elegance behind the tacky shops and the hovels, like the traces of charm in the face of an aged beauty.

Much has been written about other Italian cities, but Palermo has been neglected — until this winter when, with dazzling unexpectedness, a superb novel by a writer nobody had heard of took the Italian reading public by storm and became an authentic literary triumph (which is extremely rare in this country, where nothing is so suspect as success). And once you have read this book, Palermo acquires a new interest, a different dimension. It's like visiting the Faubourg St. Germain after reading Proust: even the most ordinary façade can become charged with meaning.

This singular Italian bestseller is called *Il Gattopardo*, and its author's name is Giuseppe Tomasi di Lampedusa. The story of the author is as absorbing as the story of the book: a prince, descendant of one of the island's oldest families, Giuseppe Tomasi di Lampedusa wrote this first and only novel in 1956-57, when he was approaching sixty; in July, 1957, after the book had been rejected by a publisher, he died. Five months later, the manuscript, almost by chance, came into the hands of the writer, Giorgio Bassani, an editor of the

enterprising firm of Feltrinelli (publisher of *Doctor Zhivago*), who accepted it at once. Since its appearance last fall, it has gone through fourteen printings and has sold more than 40,000 copies — a figure that only a handful of novels have reached in Italy since the war.

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As soon as you begin reading the book, you understand its success: it is a rarity, the work of a man who was a born writer, but not — thank God — a *littérateur*. Ignoring contemporary fashions, the author simply set out to write a novel; and since the novelists he liked were Tolstoy, Flaubert, Stendhal, he told his story as one of them might have, with natural grace and insight — plus a twentieth-century detachment, a touch of nostalgia and a tone almost of resignation, as if he knew that the novel would be his farewell.

THE gattopardo itself is a handsome, leopard-like beast which, rampant, appears on the Lampedusa coat of arms, as it does on that of the Salina family, whose head, Prince Fabrizio, is the central character of *Il Gattopardo*. Fabrizio is identified, in a certain sense, with this rare animal: noble and proud and headed for extinction. The story begins in 1860, when the Prince is already a mature man, and it ends in 1910, a generation or more after his death. In the course of those years — and in a little more than 300 pages — Italy changes: Garibaldi invades Sicily, the Bourbon monarchy disappears, the country is united in a new capital, with a new governing class, a new bourgeoisie, a new bureaucracy. The ancient Sicilian aristocracy decays; Fabrizio is the last of his kind, and the finest.

But the book is not a mere romantic tapestry of a gracious life that is past. And though it evokes with poetic magic the world of great villas, with exotic gardens and French cooks and allegorical ceilings, it is most of all a study of character, of the play of one personality on another. Fabrizio is seen in his relationship with his adored nephew, the irresistible Tancredi, with his wife, with his humane Jesuit chaplain (who in a chapter of his own makes a memorable visit to his humble native village), with his daughters, whose batty spinster old age occasions the delicately satirical closing chapter of the novel.

From the Palermo of Don Fabrizio and *Il Gattopardo* to the Palermo of today is a huge, incredible step. And yet, traces of the past remain: the lugubrious catacombs of the Cappuccini (where Don Fabrizio's family was buried), with mummified cadavers hanging in dusty rows; an occasional palazzo, half-hidden behind neon signs or political posters; the stylish stucchi of the eighteenth-century Palermitan Giacomo Serpotta, who included *Hospitalitas* among his stylish statues of the virtues, lining the Oratorio di San Lorenzo. For the rest, what time did not de-

stroy, the bombings of World War II obliterated.

You cannot read the book, though, without wanting to know the city and without wanting to know more about the author. So, conquering a deep-seated timidity about looking people up, I wrote a note to the author's widow and was promptly invited for a drink the next day.

After the war, during which their original home was razed by bombs, Prince Giuseppe and his wife moved into a family *palazzo* in Via Butera, a narrow, dark, winding street near the sea. A porter led me to the stairs, turned on the lights, and rang a loud bell; then a manservant showed me into a warm and comfortable library, where the Principessa — a striking, erect lady, all in black — was waiting to receive me.

This library, one of two the Prince had collected, is devoted to works of history; literature — my hostess explained — was on the floor below. We talked about books, and she told me how the Prince in his last years, after a life spent largely in traveling and reading, had done a little teaching, privately, for young friends, discussing with them the works of his favorite authors, the books that he and the Principessa had read and reread together in this library. These discussions gave birth to some written observations on these authors (Stendhal, Mérimée, Flaubert), which will appear shortly in the Italian review *Paragone*, entitled — not essays — but modestly "lezioni." These lessons, and four short stories, form the Prince's literary remains.

The Principessa — who is by birth a Latvian Baroness — is Vice President of the Italian Psychoanalytical Association and a scholar in her own right: we talked briefly about a trip she made through war-seared Europe from Palermo to Riga in 1943, an amazing odyssey. But she is reluctant to talk of herself; she showed me clippings of the *Gattopardo's* reviews, articles on her husband, photographs in the newspaper (with her own picture always neatly snipped out: the glory belongs to her husband). And as I left, I was invited back. *Hospitalitas*.

Palermo was dark when I came out of the palazzo, a light drizzle was falling, doors were shut and many windows were dark — and yet, I couldn't help imagining that behind some of those forbidding façades, there were people perhaps reading Stendhal, people cultivating a love for fine writing. And this love — along with his own few, fine works — is also an important part of the Prince's legacy.

## FILMS

### Robert Hatch

THE FLAWS in *The World, the Flesh and the Devil* are so assertive that it is tempting to add them up and call the sum a review. First, the title: M.G.M., evidently lacking confidence in the drawing power of its atomic fantasy, has tagged it with a name evoking a Lollobrigida portboiler. Second, plausibility: if the population of New York City and, we are given to understand, the entire Western Hemisphere has been reduced to two men and a woman, where are the bodies? The fallout disaster here envisioned may be intended as an eleventh-hour warning, but the puzzling, if gratifying, absence of corpses lets the story develop a Robinson Crusoe picnic mood that is almost jolly. Finally, resolution: having decided that one of the three survivors is to be a Negro and that race tension is to be the last problem of the human species, the producers are under some obligation to cope with the issue. The closing shot of Harry Belafonte, Inger Stevens and Mel Ferrer walking arm in arm down Wall Street toward a new day of brotherhood suggests a *ménage à trois* solution that can scarcely be what M.G.M. had in mind. But what, if anything, did it have in mind?

And yet — don't miss this picture. In the first place, the technical virtuosity is mesmeric. By working in the early morning hours and by enlisting the cooperation of the New York traffic police, the picture can roam, it seems entirely at random, through an absolutely empty New York. Belafonte, the first on the scene, arrives by outboard motor from New Jersey (the George Washington Bridge and the Lincoln Tunnel are blocked by abandoned cars), walks up through the financial district yelling, "Is anybody there?" and hearing his voice echo away to silence in the surrounding canyons. He gets a handcart, piles into it some pilfered canned goods and plods up Broadway, firing a pistol, shouting, stopping in the middle of the avenue to light a fire and cook a hobo meal. The illusion is perfect — nothing moves except old newspapers blowing in the street (I understand that someone saw gulls, but I missed them). And the effect, I need hardly add, is considerably more creepy than the exploits of all those improbable monsters which have been haunting the movie houses recently.

Then, when Belafonte finally makes

contact with Miss Stevens (she has been spying on him in fearful secret for days), the tension that rises between them is both credible and moving. The race problem is raised, not by the white girl, but by the black man. He cannot accept equality by elimination, and though he believes that the girl loves him without reservation, he believes also that she would not have allowed herself to love him in the old live world. He is unreasonable, he knows that he is, but he suffers from a conditioning not subject to reason. And then, when his reverse prejudice is about to give way to circumstance and love, he picks up voices on the short wave. Somewhere in the world men are alive—very probably they are white men.

After Mel Ferrer chugs into town in a small motor sailer from South America, the picture disintegrates. M.G.M. finds it lacks the nerve to bless the Belafonte-Stevens union, and Ferrer has been cast in a role of such priggish superiority that the audience would riot if the girl fell to him. So after an inconclusive duel—fought through the empty city and not avoiding a bit of obvious irony in front of the U.N. building—the trio shakes hands all around and the picture gives up.

We should be fiercely indignant with a movie that imagines the end of the world in such antisepic, romantic and irresolute terms, but it is no good pretending that the day dream of falling heir to a deserted New York (deserted, that is, except for one pretty girl) lacks a kind of low but powerful appeal. The

film is full of incidental ingenuity and the steps taken by Belafonte, cast as a skilled mechanic and electrician, to make the dead city cozy, are resourceful to the point of wit. I have rarely so enjoyed a picture so deplorable.

A PILING UP of critical adjectives, and the fact that the picture was made by Helmut Kautner, the director previously of *The Devil's General*, led me to *Sky Without Stars*. I was led astray.

The movie falls into the category of propaganda love story, the message being that the East-West barrier in Germany is a dreadful thing because it works great hardship on young lovers. A girl living in East Germany is the mother of a child who has been adopted by his grandparents in West Germany. She cannot cross the border permanently because her own grandparents are feeble and need her care. So she slips over and kidnaps the child, in the process involving a West border guard who falls instantly in love with her. From then on the lovers are constantly skipping back and forth across the allegedly impassable line. The guards on both sides—as it seemed to me—show considerable forbearance, but the young pair persist in calling attention to their illegal movements (going so far in the end as to kill a friendly Russian soldier) and they are finally shot down. Since they are shown to be a pleasant couple, though so chuckleheaded that they could scarcely be trusted to cross the street, this conclusion is as melancholy as it is arbitrary. Even if I could agree that the convenience of lovers is a

powerful argument for unifying Germany, I would question whether *Sky Without Stars* proves the present situation a serious obstacle to romance. The picture rides its thesis straight into the teeth of plausibility, which is the way with propaganda disguised as art.

I would not leave the impression that Herr Kautner is an unregenerate or unreflective German nationalist. His picture contains a good many touches—for example, the smug and greasy prosperity of the West German grandparents, or the propensity of Germans to serve democracy or communism (authority, in a word) with equal diligence—that show him concerned for the morale of his people. At the same time, his film is suffused with obsessive self-pity, as well as with the suggestion that, in simple justice, a people so good and so industrious ought to be allowed to win a war once in a while. *Sky Without Stars* will make some viewers wish once again that the German memory were longer.

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Bread

As florid berries to the oak, should I pin sequins to this Rockland County bouquet of bare twigs?—as roses to pineboughs?—While a primrose-yellow apple, flushed with success, levitates quietly in the top right-hand corner of a small canvas, giving pleasure by its happiness? But these are thin pleasures, to content the contented. For hunger: the bare stretching thorny branches that may never speak though they conceal or half-reveal sharp small syllables of bud; and the ragged laughter—showing gaps between its teeth—of the anonymous weeds, towsle-heads, yellow-brown like the draggled undersides of dromedary and llama basking proud and complete in airy wedges of April sun—something of endurance, to endure ripeness if it come, or suffer a slow spring with lifted head—a good crust of brown bread for the hungry.

DENISE LEVERTOV

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## LETTERS

(Continued from inside cover)

hypocrisy and deceit manifest in the culture and the bearers of the culture — college institutions included. This is not to make a mockery of the fact that some revolt because of problems emanating from earlier periods in life. Even here a sound psychiatry must see a patient in relation to the institutions which mediate the social structure.

The difference in approach is vital. When we see adolescence as a very vital period of questioning and testing preparatory to adult life, then we must say: What is our responsibility as educators and parents in guiding youth? Must he — or is it rather, we too — who must change so that his image of us and our society is not a mockery of our own shortcomings?

SHELDON ZULKOWITZ  
Membership Director YMHA  
New York City

Dear Sirs: I would deserve the "very serious criticism" of which your correspondent writes if I thought that the older generation and social institutions could readily change or be changed. Of course, exactly the reverse is true. Unfortunately, the aging process is universally attended not only by growth and experience, but also by the tendency to ossify. No one, including myself, welcomes the latter. But we are foolhardy indeed and open to trouble when we insist that adolescents prematurely ossify, too. William James commented that he knew of cases of old-fogeyism that began at twenty-five.

I must often point out to students who are complaining of their elders that psychiatrists are not generally very optimistic about the capacity for change in those at middle age or beyond, however desirable such change may be.

LOUIS E. REIK, M.D.  
Princeton, N.J.

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(See The Nation, May 30, 1959)

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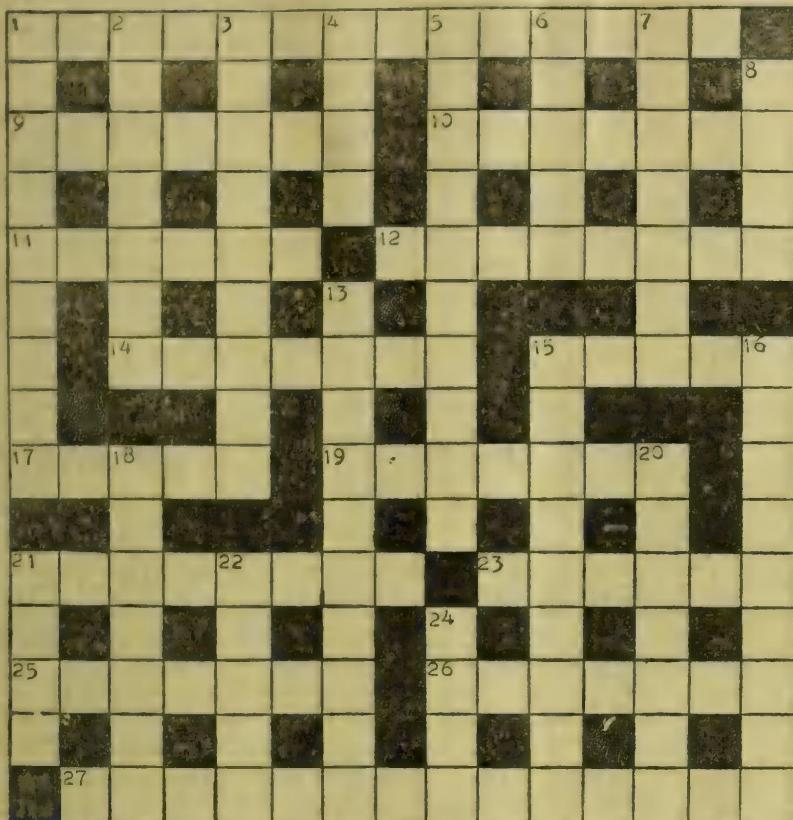
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# Crossword Puzzle No. 824

By FRANK W. LEWIS



## ACROSS:

- 1 and 8 down The outside coat of wood rises mistakenly, as one might in error. (4, 2, 3, 5, 4)  
 9 Go such a long way from here to find them! (7)  
 10 Soft wood should be sounder! (7)  
 11 Almost a peer in one state. (6)  
 12 A rousing bit of music? (8)  
 14 See 15 down  
 15 Only a fool would take time for 12 in India. (5)  
 17 More like shooting, by comparison. (5)  
 19 How a thing might be changed in today's follower? (7)  
 21 If one prizes anything, this might help! (8)  
 23 If he uses kimonos, you might be surprised to find him in it! (6)  
 25 Some find it fun, but can a stamen make it without people? (7)  
 26 A means of transportation I have found rather unflattering. (7)  
 27 Learn them, and an old timer will prove the right sort! (11, 3)

## DOWN:

- 1 and 21 down Proverbially good, but you can't chalk it up to experience. (9, 4)  
 2 Does this argument come up every season? (7)  
 3 Pluto's her stuff, it seems! (9)  
 4 Pitchers should be able to do it in their sleep. (4)

- 5 Delivering a speech — not locally! (10)  
 6 Routine, without getting in the way. (5)  
 7 Little nips. (7)  
 8 See 1 across  
 13 Copper one gets to evaluate in some degree. (10)  
 15 and 14 across Starts out bearing something that ends up in the drink! (9, 7)  
 16 The ring moves eccentrically, as a crooked ruler might. (9)  
 18 Getting even this is supposed to be sweet. (7)  
 20 The hydrogen isotope of mass number 3. (7)  
 21 See 1 down  
 22 If you bow and scrape, this should help. (5)  
 24 To say goodbye isn't everything! (4)

## SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 823

ACROSS: 1 Grant; 4 Trilogies; 9 Outline; 10 and 11 Scatterguns; 13 Once; 16 Immoral; 17 and 25 Sound as a bell; 19 Fathoms; 22 Briefly; 24 and 12 Generally; 26 Mimi; 29 Arizona; 30 Inveigh; 31 and 4 down English on the ball; 32 Lasts. DOWN: 1 Good grief; 2 Antonym; 3 Thin; 5 Insults; 6 Olaf; 7 Intoned; 8 Serve; 14 Brood; 15 Cupid; 18 Skylights; 20 Tending; 21 Sabbath; 22 Billion; 23 Fairies; 24 Graze; 27 Loci; 28 Evil.

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JUN 5 1959

# THE NATION

JUNE 20, 1959 . . 25c

*Renegotiation:*



## HOTTEST BRICK IN CONGRESS

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*Geoffrey Barraclough*

*Critics in Binders:*

## A NARROW VIEW of the PRESS

*T. S. Matthews*

# LETTERS

## Wrong Focus?

Dear Sirs: Having been one of the first persons to read Anne Braden's book *The Wall Between*, I was quite surprised to see what Mr. Harry Golden had to say about it in his review which appeared in *The Nation* of May 16. Mr. Golden did not really review the book itself, but engaged in a discussion of the merits of the Louisville case.

I think that Anne Braden's book is one of the best that has come out of the South in the last generation. It seems to me that a work of this importance is worthy of being reviewed on its own merits rather than on the merits of the Louisville case.

HUBERT T. DELANY

New York City

## Mr. Cort's Broadside

Dear Sirs: Re David Cort's article, "Arms and the Man," which appeared in your issue of May 23, I am happy to inform you that it has always been Game Commission policy to oppose the licensing of hunting-firearms, and we will continue to do so in the future.

M. J. GOLDEN  
Executive Director

Pennsylvania Game Commission  
Harrisburg, Pa.

Dear Sirs: At the risk of supplying another instance of Samuel Butler's dictum that no country is entirely without honor save among its own prophets, I'd like to question David Cort's observation that Vermont is "a very law-abiding state." Our merchants have become desperate about the shoplifting problem; our suicide rate is the highest in the land (guns are the normal instrument), and in a thousand and one other ways our 350,000 people are producing enough local talent to keep our eight or ten daily newspapers readable. Not many months ago we even had a lynching, about which our citizenry seems very tolerant, in the best Southern tradition; the two men ultimately indicted, on a first-degree murder charge, have unprecedentedly and inexplicably been released on bail.

HERBERT LEADER  
Andover, Vt.

## Persuasive or Persuaded?

Dear Sirs: Thank you for your editorial of May 30, entitled "GLEE and the Class of '59," which called attention to the advertisement in the Columbia Uni-

versity *Spectator* in behalf of General Lethal Engineering Enterprises.

Esther Bloom's letter, appearing in your letters column of the same issue expresses the belief that today's students are "more persuasively liberal" than were those of her own generation (presumably that of the thirties). My own experience has been that today's students are persuaded rather than persuasive, and lethargic rather than liberal. Their lethargy is exemplified by their failure to search for alternatives to the tragic "drift" toward war which characterizes our society. What is more, they have been persuaded that such a search is unnecessary. Mrs. Bloom applauds the current generation of undergraduates for not "making the terrible errors" which her generation committed. It is essential to remember that the surest way to avoid mistakes is to avoid action. I believe that there is a fallacy in Mrs. Bloom's statement that today's students are "more at ease in the democratic assumptions of economic and social life." It may be true that this generation accepts democracy as axiomatic, but it does so too easily. Politics is not a logic-tight system. To label a political concept an assumption is to purge it of life and make of it an empty god, to be worshipfully ignored. Democracy must be continually re-invigorated by discussion.

DAVID DUBNAU  
Columbia University

New York City

## The Ultimate Freedom

Dear Sirs: Allan C. Brownfeld of the Committee for Nuclear Weapons Development makes a telling point when he says in his letter (*The Nation*, May 9) that we are testing weapons to maintain what is truly important—our freedom and our dignity.

No doubt about it, we are never so free nor so dignified as when we are dead!

MARJORIE G. KELLY  
Chicago, Ill.

## Re-districting in Texas

Dear Sirs: I found Henry M. Christman's piece on Congressional reapportionment ("How Much Will Your Vote Count?", issue of April 18) of particular interest. We have been making a special study of this problem recently.

At one point, Mr. Christman writes: "The three most populous counties in Texas are Harris County (Houston and suburbs), Dallas County (Dallas and suburbs) and Bexar County (San Antonio and suburbs). Each county comprises a Congressional district." This is

in error in one respect. Harris County had one Congressman prior to the 86th (current) Congress; re-districting to provide two Congressmen was passed in the regular session of the Texas Legislature in 1957. This eliminated the at-large seat previously held by Martin Dies. The new district formally came into being when the Congressman elected in November, 1958, took his oath of office when Congress convened in January, this year.

MASON WALSH  
Managing Editor  
*Dallas Times Herald*  
Dallas, Tex.

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## EDITORIALS

### Let's See What There Is to See

In a burst of asperity, the President recently referred semi-privately to the "munitions lobby." The phrase leaked out and he was questioned about it at a recent press conference. The news media were careful, however, not to throw oil on the small flame thus ignited, and Congressional leaders displayed the expected incredulity and amazement. Senate Democratic Leader Lyndon B. Johnson protested "They have not tried to lobby me." Senator Symington, who is in effect the floor leader of the aircraft lobby, agreed with Senator Johnson that there was no need for an inquiry. Maj. Gen. M. E. Bradley, Acting Deputy Chief of Staff for Air Force Materiel, who happened to be before a Senate Appropriations subcommittee at the time, avowed that "the Air Force endeavors to pick out the best weapons systems for the country and the best contractor to do the job"; he himself had never been subjected to "any undue or improper" pressure, he said.

Some of these reassurances will be skeptically received even by the waiters in Washington cocktail lounges, and doubts have been expressed by Representative Clarence Cannon, chairman of the House Appropriations Committee, and Representative F. Edward Hébert, who has been a gadfly of the munitions lobbies longer than General Eisenhower has been President. And Representative Carl Vinson, chairman of the House Armed Services Committee, has instructed Mr. Hébert to start hearings, on or about July 1, into the hiring of retired military leaders by contractors in the defense industry.

Representative Vinson has been enraged by the attempt to scuttle the renegotiation process [see Carl Dreher's article on page 547 of this issue] and he is not one to nurse his resentment in silence. The scheduled investigation is all to the good, but while Mr. Hébert and his staff are asking questions about the hundreds of retired officers now working the other side of the

street, they might go a little farther afield and get into the larger aspects of the subject. The employment of a retired general may be innocent enough; he may actually render valuable technical services and keep his skirts perfectly clean, as the phrase goes. On the other hand, a contractor may be a crook without military aid. But there are considerations even more important than corruption and malfeasance. The truth is that the services and the great munitions interests, in tacit alliance, are foisting on the United States a form of military socialism reminiscent of the Hitler-Schacht-Goering panacea for the depressed German economy of the thirties. If Mr. Hébert ever gets started on that, he will really be doing the country a service.

### The Supreme Court Sounds Retreat

Largely due to the defection of two Justices, the Supreme Court has significantly weakened the restrictions which its earlier decisions in the *Watkins* and *Sweezy* cases had placed on Congressional and state inquiries involving the First Amendment. The effect of the *Watkins* and *Sweezy* decisions was unmistakable; both Congressional committees and state authorities were warned not to trespass on First Amendment preserves. Now, in the *Barenblatt* and *Uphaus* decisions, the court has taken back about half of what it said in the earlier, and parallel, decisions.

It is possible, of course, to distinguish *Watkins* from *Barenblatt* and *Sweezy* from *Uphaus*; conjuring up minor factual differences to rationalize conflicting conclusions is part of the judicial art. But informed laymen will be more impressed by the difference in emphasis and effect between the two sets of decisions than by any minor factual differences.

If there is no substantive difference, then how is the "swing" in the Court's position to be accounted for? For one thing, a new member, Justice Potter Stewart, has joined the Court. For another, Justices Frankfurter

and Harlan have deserted Black, Douglas, Warren and Brennan, with whom they had sided in the *Watkins* and *Sweezy* cases. Still more important, a full year, in which several significant developments occurred, has elapsed between the two sets of decisions. During this period, Congressional criticism of the Court's decisions in the earlier cases has not abated. Even more significantly, perhaps, the Conference of State Chief Justices, by a vote of 36 to 8, adopted a long and sharply-worded resolution in criticism of the Court (see: "Judicial Steamroller," *The Nation*, September 6, 1958), and the American Bar Association approved the ill-considered report of a special committee which was even more critical (see: "Kill the Umpire!" *The Nation*, March 7, 1959).

While the Supreme Court has sounded retreat it has not, by any means, taken a final view of the issues presented by these cases. Both *Barenblatt* and *Uphaus* were decided by a sharply divided Court (5 to 4); cogent dissenting opinions were filed in both cases; and still other "First Amendment" cases, in which witnesses relied specifically on the *Watkins* decision in refusing to answer questions, are en route to the Court. Not only is the issue still very much alive, but we suspect that it will not be finally disposed of until Congressional committees and state bodies are compelled to respect the freedoms which the First Amendment safeguards.

## Fallout in the Bread Basket

Listen to the AEC, and you will come away convinced that the dangers of nuclear fallout are greatly exaggerated and will not become serious for another thirty or fifty years (unless, of course, the Great Powers begin using their stockpiles for combat instead of testing). But no matter how often the reassurances are reiterated, the public uneasiness is not allayed. On the contrary, it is increasing. The basic reason for the rising dismay is that scientists who are not on the commission's pay roll and who have no ax to grind (except to protect their children and other people's children from ionizing radiation) are constantly finding and measuring "hot spots" which the AEC has overlooked.

Many of these areas of intense fallout are in the interior states which produce much of the nation's crops. For almost two years, now, Professor E. W. Pfeiffer of the University of North Dakota has been measuring radiation intensities in his area, and he found that on July 16, 1957, after the "Diablo" shot of the preceding day in Nevada, there was as much fallout in Fargo, N.D., as in the preceding two years in New York City. Mr. Pfeiffer published his findings in the Autumn, 1958, issue of the *North Dakota Quarterly* and sent copies around to the AFC and several Congressmen. The commission remained imperturbable, but as a result of an accumulation of such findings, several Mid-

western Congressmen have become increasingly vocal. On June 8, Representative Steven V. Carter (D., Iowa) introduced a bill to give the Surgeon General of the United States veto power over the peacetime testing of nuclear weapons and the disposal of radioactive wastes. According to Edward Gamarekian of the *Washington Post and Times Herald*, Representative Carter was sharply critical of government scientists who remain calm while the roentgens accumulate. Representative Leonard G. Wolf, also of Iowa, described the accumulation as "a terrifying problem which is becoming worse"; fallout in the Midwest, he pointed out, is bound to affect the entire nation. Representative David S. King of Utah called the situation "shocking." Representative Robert W. Levering of Ohio said "the world may well regret that our leaders didn't go along with Adlai Stevenson when he proposed an end to atomic testing." When the professors, the farmers and the Congressmen get together on something, it is not apt to be ignored very long.

## The Jet Era

The time to get excited about air safety is not after a crash, but before. The House Appropriations Committee has set the stage for a series of airline accidents which could eclipse the tragedies of the mid-fifties. It did this with the best of intentions, but that will be little consolation to the future victims. The Federal Aviation Agency, which was originally established to meet the public demand for safety in air travel, asked for \$587 million to cover its operations and new installations in fiscal 1960. The House committee cut the request by \$76 million. "It was a severe blow to us and one we hope we will not have to endure," Elwood R. Quesada told the Senate Independent Offices Appropriations Subcommittee last week. The reduction would necessitate "mothballing" air navigation and traffic-control equipment which has been delivered or will be delivered in 1959, but which can't be installed and operated unless funds are made available. Among the devices involved are 17 long-range radars, 19 terminal radars, 28 air-traffic control towers, 44 approach-light systems, 24 instrument-landing systems, and other vital air-navigation facilities. General Quesada, an airman not given to displays of emotion, pleaded earnestly for a restoration of the cuts.

The June 8 issue of *Aviation Week*, editorializing on jet-era problems generally, quotes from a recent speech by Maj. Gen. Joseph D. Caldara, Air Force director of flight-safety research. Flying jets is quite different from flying piston-engine aircraft, General Caldara emphasizes, and far more critical. "Fuel consumption by a jet engine increases astronomically as latitude decreases. . . . After a long over-water or transcontinental flight, jet aircraft cannot descend to make a couple of passes

at a field and then climb back to altitude and proceed to an alternate. . . . There is no time to waste at the end of the ride — because there is no fuel." Congressional appropriations committees should ponder what Quesada and Caldara have said. At best our existing air navigation and traffic-control system is inadequate. When these considerations are added to others set forth by Karl M. Ruppenthal on page 556 of this issue, it becomes clear that budget-scrimping in this field falls little short of criminal negligence.

## Forty Thousand to Go

In *The Nation* of December 7, 1957, in a "Program for Peace," C. Wright Mills set forth fourteen points which practical men would probably consider visionary, since none was calculated to further such clear, hardheaded aims as the expeditious manufacture of still more hydrogen bombs and the annihilation of all the Russians (and all the Americans). Nevertheless, eighteen months later, events are catching up with Mr. Mills in some of the points he raised. In calling for the recognition of Red China, he has received some support from the Olympic Games governing body and Senator Engle of California; and, in another phase of his program, from President Eisenhower. It may be that the President, moving in a rather circumscribed circle, has never heard of Mr. Mills, yet their minds are moving in the same channel. "The U.S. Government," Mr. Mills argued in his *Nation* article, "should . . . strive for an exchange next year with the Soviet bloc of as many university students as facilities permit. Fifty thousand, within three years, is a suitable goal." Now it is announced that, under prodding from President

Eisenhower himself, the United States is trying to work out a scheme for opening our universities to 10,000 Soviet students, and vice versa. This is a considerable enlargement of the present figures, which are seventeen Russians in five American universities and twenty-two Americans in two Russian universities. "It is not known precisely who sold President Eisenhower on this mammoth expansion of the student exchange scheme," writes Marguerite Higgins in the New York *Herald Tribune*. We don't know precisely either, but, on the record, Mr. Mills could put in a claim. The President has only 40,000 students to go, and he'll be where Mr. Mills was eighteen months ago.

## Listen to Poppa

A British gentleman in his sixties, interviewed by John G. Norris, a staff reporter of the *Washington Post and Times Herald*, took it on himself to warn the United States that it is wasting billions trying to adapt radar to defense against ballistic missiles. "The heavy expenditures you are devoting to SAGE (air-defense control system), the ballistic-missile early-warning system in the north and the Nike-Zeus anti-missile missile," said the visitor, "is a rather forlorn effort to jack up radar to levels it won't reach." He also decried the notion of an offensive nuclear deterrent and arrived at the subversive conclusion that the only answer to the problem of survival is a "political settlement" with the Soviet Union. The gentleman was taking part in the National Rocket Club's Missile Industry Conference and there he was introduced by Rear Admiral David R. Hull as "the father of radar." His name is (Sir) Robert Watson-Watt.

## RENEGOTIATION:

# HOTTEST BRICK IN CONGRESS . . . by Carl Dreher

A YEAR AGO the aircraft and missile industry, through its official sodality, the Aircraft Association of America, announced plans to "offer an amendment to the Renegotiation Act of 1951 to promote efficiency and cost reduction in production of aerial weapons by permitting contractors to retain earnings contemplated by the terms of its government contracts." These unexceptionable objectives covered a collection

of long-standing grievances, especially on the part of the old-line aircraft manufacturers, the gist of which was that they were underpaid and renegotiation was the cause of it.

To make sure that this primal wrong would be redressed, the industry itself drafted the amendment, or rather a series of amendments, designed to curb the renegotiators. Not being a member of Congress, the industry could not introduce the effectuating legislation, but a member of the House Committee on Ways and Means, Representative

Cecil R. King (D., California) was pleased to perform this service for his Los Angeles constituents, among whom were numbered Douglas Aircraft, North American Aviation and Lockheed. Mr. King's bill, H.R. 5123, has been under consideration by the present Congress, together with H.R. 7086, sponsored by the Administration, which does not go nearly as far in meeting the industry's demands.

Although the lawyers and lobbyists of the aircraft industry are the equals of any that roam the Congressional halls, the outlook is un-

CARL DREHER is a frequent contributor.

certain, for even the Administration bill is opposed by the redoubtable Representative Carl Vinson (D., Georgia), who has referred to it as "an Act for the financial aid of some of the wealthiest defense contractors in the Nation." In reference to Mr. King's H.R. 5123, Mr. Vinson, addressing himself to the sponsor directly, said, "Nothing would be happier to the industry and produce greater enjoyment and more hilarious acclaim than to see Congress pass what is known as the King bill. It would be a new day of profit for these people to whom the Government has poured over a half-billion dollars in taxpayers' money in their business. It will be a happy day for them, Mr. King. You can be proud that it will be a happy day, if that is what you want." Mr. King replied, "I, too, am opposed to excessive profits. . . ."

**RENEGOTIATION** is carried on in an auditorial jungle sprinkled with deadfalls and booby traps, but the basic facts and issues are simple. While everyone agrees in principle that unconscionable profits are wrong, when it comes to the profits on a particular government job, the man who did the job tends to feel an attachment, stronger even than the love of woman, for whatever is left over after he has met his costs. In general, the more that's left over, the more passionate his embrace.



The first statute designed to cope with this propensity was the Vinson-Trammel Act of 1934, which set a 10 per cent limit on shipbuilding profits and, five years later, 12 per cent on aircraft profits. The first Renegotiation Act, in somewhat the present form, was passed in 1942 and recovered over \$10 billion, before taxes, during the World War II years. The present Renegotiation Act was passed at the outbreak of the Korean War. It provided for a Renegotiation Board, the operations of which do not appear to be as procrustean as the airframe industry has depicted them.

The board does not review the contracts of firms which do less than \$1 million of defense business a year. Of the approximately 4,500 cases a year which come under the act, 70 per cent are quickly screened out. Thirty per cent are examined, and of these, 83 per cent are cleared. The board calls for refunds in only about 5 per cent of the original number of cases and over 90 per cent of these are settled by agreement, with varying degrees of complaisance or reluctance on the part of the contractor. Sizable sums are thus recouped: in the four-year period 1955-1958, refund determinations totaled \$562 million; in the period 1951-1958, over \$1.5 billion. Even in these days when the colossal has become routine, such sums may be accounted worth saving. It can hardly be doubted that the board has saved the government additional hundreds of millions by its mere existence, in the same way that the consciences of income-tax payers are sensitized by the knowledge that machinery exists for auditing a certain percentage of returns.

Formal refund orders are issued by the Renegotiation Board in only about 0.3 per cent of the cases reviewed—one in 300. A manufacturer dissatisfied with such a levy—and able and willing to bear the costs of litigation—may appeal to the sixteen-judge Tax Court of the United States, the main function of which is trying income-tax cases. Only one renegotiation case in a thousand gets that far. Probably not by happenstance, the bulk of the refunds ordered by the Renegotiation Board and presently before the Tax Court

have come from the aircraft industry. The cases pending are as follows:

	(\$ millions)
Boeing	26.8
North American	17.7
Douglas	8.7
Grumman	6.7
Temco	4.8
Lockheed	4.2
Martin	3.2
	<hr/>
All others	72.1
	<hr/>
Total	9.6
	<hr/>
	81.7

These big cases date back to 1952-1954. Boeing now has orders for jet transports amounting to over \$800 million, with a government backlog roughly twice as great; but in 1952, Boeing's sales of \$733 million were 99.6 per cent to the government. In 1953, the figures were \$913 million and 99.8 per cent; in 1954, \$1.02 billion and 99.8 per cent. The other companies were likewise selling around 99 per cent to the government, except Douglas with 82.6 per cent in 1954 and 88 per cent in 1953, and Lockheed with 94 per cent in 1953.

**OUTSIDE OF THE** government, the pickings were lean, and in most cases there was simply nothing to pick. Moreover, production was, and still is, predominantly in government-owned plants, with government-owned tools and government-furnished capital. As Robert Dechert, General Counsel of the Department of Defense, puts it:

The Government buys the land, builds the plants, and lets them [the manufacturers] use them. . . . The Government buys the tools and puts them in the plant and lets them use them. . . . Thirdly, because they cannot get enough capital from their stockholders or enough capital even by bank loans to finance the material that goes into this, we make progress payments and take title to the thing to the extent that it progresses. In other words, we furnish the capital they operate on. In some instances we actually buy the raw material. . . .

When the procurement now in litigation was taking place, the companies also contributed some capital, which never approached the amount the government put in. In some cases it was a substantial frac-

tion of the government's investment; in others it was a very small proportion. The adjoining box indicates profits before taxes earned by the major aircraft companies, according to figures furnished by Mr. Vinson to the Committee on Ways and Means.

Even the least of these returns may appear gratifying, but they do not necessarily present a true picture. In the case of Boeing, Mr. Vinson states that the company's figure of \$42 million profit for 1952 was reported by the FBI auditors as actually \$57 million. If the latter figure is correct, Boeing's return on invested capital was 161 per cent instead of 120 per cent. The Renegotiation Board asked Boeing to refund \$9.8 million.

**THE COMPANIES** cannot hope to make a plausible showing of hardship on a capital-investment basis. The percentages belie them. Their only hope lies in profits figured on sales. The sales were and are huge. With denominators of nine or even ten digits, things can be made to look relatively pitiable, especially if taxes are first deducted from income. Thus, according to one industry compilation, profit on sales, after taxes, is only 1 to 3 per cent. The effects of renegotiation in 1952-1954 varied, but probably a reduction from about 3 per cent to approximately 2 per cent, after taxes, would be representative.

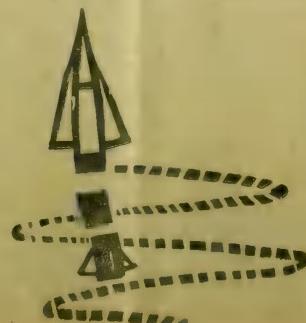
When such figures come out of the computer, the airframe magnates beat their breasts and howl. Their own salaries are scarcely such as to wring tears from the eyes of the bystanders, but it is probably true, as they claim, that profits on sales after taxes in the airframe industry are only about half those in manufacturing industry generally. It is, however, no less true that profits no larger than those of the airframe industry occur in many solid, well-managed businesses which are not financed and provisioned by the government. Last year, for instance, the stock of the Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company, the world's largest food chain, soared from \$241 a share to a high of over \$500, and after a 10-to-1 split a portion was sold to the public. Looking the stockholders in

### Profits in Aircraft

		Profit before taxes (\\$ millions)	Per cent profit on capital
'52	Boeing	42	120.6
'53	"	54	152.3
'54		66	110.4
'53	Douglas	45	148.2
'54	"	42	133.9
'53	Grumman	24	240.1
'53	Lockheed	54	238.7
'53	Martin	15	79.9
'54	"	21	80.7
'53	N. Amer.	40	612.0
'54	" "	52	802.0

the eye at the annual meeting, the president revealed that net income was \$50,666,686 on a volume of \$4,769,249,488: 1.05 per cent. In 1958, also, the net profit of the Radio Corporation of America, a well-diversified manufacturing and service company whose sales to the government accounted for only 26 per cent of total volume, showed a net of \$30,942,000, after taxes, on a sales volume of \$1,176,094,000: 2.63 per cent.

**WHATEVER** their faults, A&P and RCA scrounge for most of their business. The government doesn't hand it to them on a platter; even in the case of RCA, three-quarters of the volume is non-governmental. No doubt the airframe companies would rather operate with their own capital and regain the independence traditionally associated with the private-enterprise system, when it raises and risks private capital. But in their actual situation, this is like a garbage collector wishing he could work in a perfume factory. The peculiarities of the vocation they have chosen — and they are not slave laborers, after all — precludes it.



Functionally, they are an arm of the government. Government and business have been merged for the production of modern weapon systems. The pretense of competitive, risk-taking business has been maintained on their behalf, but everyone knows it is a fiction. Their claim for profits on the scale of those prevailing in some sectors of civilian industry thus lacks foundation. All they are entitled to, actually, is a management fee.

**MR. VINSON** wants the present Renegotiation Act to be extended for another four years without change. The Renegotiation Board is reconciled to the passage of H.R. 7086, which makes considerable modifications in the act, such as allowing appellants who at present must accept the decision of the Tax Court, to continue on to the Circuit Court of Appeals. According to Thomas Coggeshall, chairman of the Board, H.R. 5123, the King bill, "would emasculate the [renegotiation] process beyond all further usefulness." Mr. King replied, "As far as I know, every entity in the airframe industry and a considerable number of other industries have read my bill and are in accord with its provisions."

The most important difference between H.R. 7086 and H.R. 5123 is that the latter would exempt from renegotiation all agreed profits, plus 10 per cent of such profits. At this point it must be understood that the bulk of procurement profits are negotiated, not determined by competitive bidding or market mechanisms. In 1958, according to Department of Defense figures, out of \$21,827 million in procurement contracts, \$18,712 million, or over 85 per cent, was negotiated between the department and a selected supplier. The amount of the profit is usually still indeterminate when the contract is signed. These contracts are largely of the "incentive" type, which means that the contractor may keep 20 per cent of any cost reduction which he may bring about by improvements in efficiency or technique. This is added to the base profit the negotiators have agreed on. The government gets the other 80 per cent. If there is a "runover" — if costs should exceed the estimate —

the percentages are reversed: the contractor bears 80 per cent of the excess, the government 20 per cent.

There would seem to be no harm in keeping profits so obtained "inviolate," for surely efficiency is what we are after and the efficient supplier should be rewarded. Unfortunately, the proclivities of some of the contractors, and the room for maneuver which this sort of situation affords, may bring about a result utterly at variance with the incentive theory. Modern weapons systems are so complex that even the engineers versed in their design and production often wonder, and with good reason, how they can be made to work at all. The costs are even more doubtful, and can only be guessed at in advance. But we need not guess as to the outcome: expert testimony is available. Representative Martha W. Griffiths (D., Michigan) put in four years as a negotiator for the Detroit Ordnance District in World War II and has been a close student of the latter-day munitions industry. Here is what Mrs. Griffiths has to say about the incentive-type contract:

I submit, Mr. Chairman, that the incentive type contracting is not rewarding men for the savings they will make. It is rewarding them for boosting the contract bid price. . . . I submit there is not a negotiator in the entire Defense Department who is competent to tell you with any degree of accuracy whether or not a bid is a correct bid. . . . I submit to you, Mr. Chairman, that if the Department of Defense were competent to negotiate a bid with any soundness whatsoever, the contractors would not be here asking for this incentive type of contract. I tell you again that the incentive is an incentive to inflate the bid price and not an incentive to save. In my judgment, Mr. Chairman, if this bill [Mr. King's] as it is now written becomes a law, you can anticipate that the defense bill will not be \$41 billion in 1961 but it will be \$47 billion or \$48 billion. . . .

Such inflation is, of course, perfectly legitimate. Where is the dividing line between honest doubts and calculated padding of a bid? Beyond this twilight zone there is another in which the conduct of a contractor may be regarded as perhaps a trifle

unethical and the conduct of the contracting service as perhaps a trifle obtuse, but there is still nothing actionable. The General Accounting Office constantly uncovers such instances; one can scarcely pick up a metropolitan newspaper without finding, on a back page, a small item concerning some bit of procurement finagling which involved a few million dollars. In one case made public recently by Representative F. Edward Hébert (D., Louisiana), the Lockheed Aircraft Corporation was accused of having submitted airplane cost figures to the Air Force that the company knew were \$4,110,600 too high. An additional profit of \$1,251,007, over and above the 8 per cent guaranteed in the contract, would have accrued to the company. According to the General Accounting Office, the overcharge was "known to the contractor during negotiations, and the contractor did not reveal it, while the Air Force apparently did not question the figures." Lockheed merely submitted estimates which were in excess of the amounts they knew subcontractors would charge them. Courtlandt S. Gross, president of Lockheed, said that a company re-audit "supports the accuracy of the government report."

WHATEVER success the aircraft-missiles magnates may have in the present attack on the renegotiation setup, their longer-term prospects are not too good. The Department of Defense may not be overly solicitous for the taxpayer who, like his alter ego the consumer, sometimes seems helpless in proportion to his numbers, yet he remains something of a menace at election time, and the prosperity which keeps him quiet is only precariously sustained by government spending for armaments. If Congress should seriously unleash the armament manufacturers, the Department of Defense would have to find some other means of checking them. The cost of the new weapons is so great, even when they are efficiently developed and produced, and the demands of the services so insatiable, that even at present price levels the department is chronically strapped. If what Mrs. Griffiths predicts should come to pass, the Ad-

ministration would be forced to put the bite on the taxpayer for still more money out of the pay envelope (politically dangerous and contrary to General Eisenhower's inclinations) or cut down on its weaponeering (unthinkable!). Thus the prospects for the anti-renegotiators having their way are far from rosy. But, of course, they'll try.

IT MAY seem the magnates are convinced that they can simultaneously enjoy the advantages of freedom and captivity, that these disparate sets of blessings, far from being opposed, are complementary. They would like to be supplied with business as a lion in the zoo is supplied with horse meat, but when it comes to profits, they would like to be free. Of course they are not alone in these contradictions; they only reveal them more innocently. They also reveal the real disadvantages of a single-customer business directly and preponderantly dependent on government for sustenance. Actually what they are asking is that, the renegotiation process being practically done away with, they should be allowed profits so large that eventually they could become normal borrowers and self-financiers like, say, General Motors. The taxpayers should set them up in business and write off the funds so allocated. Any-one would be glad to go into business on these terms.

Probably they are not really so naive — although a mixture of hard-boiled sapience and naïveté is by no means uncommon in the ranks of big business. Probably they are simply acting on the time-tested principle that when pressure is systematically applied, even if you don't get all you asked for, you always end up with something. If so, they may not be wrong. But it may be in their best interest if their more far-reaching aims are not realized. They are not so young that some of them may not remember the Nye Committee and the "merchants of death" furor of the thirties. If such forces were set in motion again, they might be like the megaton bombs of today, compared with the TNT firecrackers of a quarter-century ago. The profits of 1952 would not seem important then.

# Geneva: Pre-Nuclear Diplomacy . . by Geoffrey Barraclough

AMID THE sterile maneuvering of the foreign ministers at Geneva, no one with any sense of reality can fail to ask himself whether this is all diplomacy can achieve and how far it measures up to the perils of the nuclear age. It is not only that diplomacy is helpless in face of the present impasse; far worse, it is so wedded to traditional attitudes that it has become one of the major obstacles to progress. What may have served in a balanced world of medium powers, with fairly clear conventions of international conduct and limited risks, is utterly inadequate today when a handful of bungling, over-anxious or pig-headed diplomats may land us all in a nuclear holocaust.

What should be done, if we are to have even a ten-to-one chance of escaping World War III, we have been told a hundred times over; how to insure that it shall be done is a far more difficult question. In fairness it must be said that the situation is not quite so straightforward as it is sometimes depicted, and to oversimplify it is self-defeating. Utopian idealism simply produces the crushing retorts of crackpot realism.

We all know that we are bound together, Communists and non-Communists alike, in an "inter-dependence of doom"; but no one supposes that the voice of sweet reason alone is going to sway Mr. Gromyko, any more than it is going to sway Mr. Herter. In the first place, they and all their brood in all countries are educated in the old tradition of the diplomatic market place. They think in terms of bargains and compensations and of getting the better of the other man, although it is obvious that in the present world neither East nor West is going to get the better of the other. They think in terms of power, although the one clear factor in the current military scene is that power, however mas-

sive, cannot be used because of the overhanging threat of mutual destruction.

Today the prerequisites of power politics, which are the lifeblood of traditional diplomacy, are undergoing change; and yet the obsolescent old persists among the inchoate new. The sovereign national state of pre-war textbooks is in eclipse; we are all satellites today, at any rate in Europe. And yet in Asia and Africa new nationalisms pullulate, even more virulent than those which poi-

There is no doubt at all that these ambiguities and contradictions are stultifying. Are we simply to conclude, with Mr. Pearson, that there are no "easy and quick solutions" and that the most insistent problems "admit of no solution at all"? In that case, it should not surprise us to find that statesmen, more anxious (not unnaturally) to prevent the worst than to secure the best, dig us "deeper and deeper into our trenches, waiting for the inevitable but hoping to prevent it by piling up nuclear weapon on nuclear weapon." Here, indeed, is the origin of that "frozen" posture which Mr. Pearson deplores but produces nothing to supersede.

Even for his many warm admirers, Mr. Pearson's rather chastened little book will prove disappointing; and such remedies as he proposes — a return to secret diplomacy, the strengthening of NATO on a political level, a build-up of conventional forces, with an international police force as "a far-distant dream" — are puny and inadequate by comparison with our imperative needs, even if (as is open to dispute) they are either practicable or desirable. After the expectations raised by his title, it comes as a shock to find, at the end, that Mr. Pearson thinks that what the nuclear age requires is not a revolution in diplomacy but a return to the methods (not conspicuous for success) of Bethmann-Hollweg and Sir Edward Grey.

soned international relations a generation ago. Moreover, under the umbrella of the hydrogen bomb, there is plenty of room for the play of national policies. Precisely because we dare not let it go off, we can ignore it; while the unsteady balance of terror between the Soviet Union and the United States means that little powers can put their fingers to their nose to big powers, and the tail (particularly if it is a German tail) can wag the dog.

Nuclear power, in other words, should have transformed international relations and dealt a deathblow to traditional diplomacy. But it has not done so yet. National interest, in its old narrow sense, remains the basis of policy, cutting across and debilitating even such alliances as NATO, although the only national interest, properly considered, which has any validity today is to remain alive. "In today's nuclear world," in Mr. Lester Pearson's words, "national interests cannot any longer be separated from humanity itself" (*Diplomacy in the Nuclear Age*, Harvard University Press). And yet, as every schoolboy knows, they are

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MR. PEARSON has of course some pertinent things to say by the way; but the fundamental weakness of his book is that it gives us the desultory reflections of a somewhat weary liberal without the deep analysis which is the source of new insights. Such analysis is provided in abundance by John H. Herz in his *International Politics in the Atomic Age* (Columbia University Press). My advice to readers who may find the going slow at first is to persevere; they will be caught and held by his cogent argumentation long before the end. This is a more rewarding book than many which have made greater éclat. Mr. Herz is not a man

of flashing intuitions and his rather repetitive argument is not brilliant in style or tone; but he worries away at his problems — which are our problems — like a dog with a bone, patiently analyzing until in the end we get down to rock bottom. In particular, he meticulously sorts out, against a background of historical change, the new factors in the world situation which so many writers on current affairs jumble together.

His methodical approach is illuminating and convincing because it does not shirk the ambiguities. Unlike too many political scientists today, Mr. Herz never forgets how little we actually know and how much so confidently asserted (e.g. about the effects of nuclear weapons on policy) is pure surmise. Unlike Mr. Pearson, who believes that only the totalitarian states "see in diplomacy . . . an instrument of national policy," he treats East and West, the Soviet Union and the United States, exactly on a par, realizing that both are caught up in, and reacting to, a new international situation greater than themselves. The results of his analysis may be presented as follows:

1. We must start from the concrete situation, and seek concrete solutions to concrete problems. Much the same is implied also by Mr. Pearson when he calls for "realistic negotiation in order to find agreement in each case on a basis of mutual self-interest." Wider agreements will have no chance of being negotiated except "under conditions of a *détente* created by precedent settlement of . . . specific issues."

2. This means getting "away from ideological obsessions." It involves the sacrifice, at the present stage, of legitimate aspirations, such as German reunification or "liberation of the satellites." This does not, of course, imply *de jure* recognition of the status quo, or "approval in any legal or moral sense." Nor does it mean "giving away anything we have, or can reasonably expect to have without paying the price of all-out war." But it does involve renouncing "the universality of one's ideology," or what Mr. Pearson calls "a sanctimonious morality that arrogates all virtue unto itself." There are, as he says, plenty of issues which "can safely and honorably be dealt

with on the basis of political expediency."

3. There will be no progress unless both sides recognize a "delimitation of spheres" on the basis of "what each side now holds." The fact that the Communist and Western blocs have coexisted for over a decade is itself an indication that "some kind of a rough balance does exist." Policy should be directed neither to giving that balance up nor to changing it substantially.

4. What is necessary is a "line which divides two spheres and whose crossing implies crossing the line from peace to war." No agreement on the legal or moral situation is possible; what in Korea, for example, constituted "foreign attack" in Western eyes was "hostilities within one country" or "civil war" for the East. Whether a campaign against Formosa from the mainland of China involves attacking foreign soil or "liberating" part of China is a nice juridical question, but practically irrelevant. What is necessary is to define the Thirty-eighth Parallel or the zonal boundaries in Germany or the Formosa channel as provisional lines whose violation constitutes "aggression." The vague term "aggression" should be clearly defined in this sense.

5. The above is all the more important because the attempt to distinguish between limited and all-out nuclear warfare, or between tactical and strategic weapons, is illusory. None of the various suggestions of "graduated deterrence" offers a sufficient guarantee.

6. On the other hand, the solution of technical problems (e.g., suspension of tests, atomic-blast inspection) is important politically. Hampered though it is by political factors, if it can be achieved, it will in itself facilitate the solution of political problems by "creating an atmosphere of lessened tension." The same applies to disengagement. "Since incidents or conflicts are liable to arise in spots where the blocs touch each other geographically," the establishment of bigger areas between them cannot help to eliminate risks.

Mr. Herz does not pretend that these points, or others which he raises, provide a blueprint for a brave new world. They are only the

bare bones of what he calls "a holding operation"—an operation conducted in the belief that "prolonged coexistence and successful accommodation," if they can be achieved, will create the basic conditions for further negotiation. Even so, they open up a negotiable way forward. Mr. Herz is convincing precisely because, with a minimum of rhetoric, he takes his stand on the immediately practicable. Mr. Pearson is surely right in his insistence that the demand for a quick over-all solution is illusory. The vicious circle of suspicion, counter-suspicion and mutual recrimination prohibits any notion of cutting through Gordian knots.

BUT IT is also a demonstrable fact (and not mere wishful thinking) that there are common interests at play which, over a longer term, may prove as strong as cold-war antagonisms. There is, first of all, the economic aspect—the stark fact that war preparation on the present scale is too costly even for such colossi as the United States or the Soviet Union. There is the possibility, at least, that "the present super-powers might yet want to co-operate" to prevent nuclear weapons becoming the toys of a Nasser or a Castro. There is the fact that people everywhere are increasingly interested in today's immense potentialities for well-being and therefore increasingly impatient of ideologies and ideological posturing. And there is, finally, the question of population, which already (in Mr. Herz's words) "constitutes the other big threat to the world, no less deadly than that of the atom bomb," and which, within twenty-five years, is likely to be the real challenge both to the West and to the Communist world.

Our business today is to create time for these factors to work. Compared with the professed goals of Western and Eastern diplomacy, which are totally incapable of attainment, it is neither a Utopian nor an impossible task. Moreover, it opens a hope for the future where traditional diplomacy is limited to stopping up holes in the past. For a dozen years we have had on all sides the voice of national and sectional interest; today we need someone to speak for man.

# A NARROW VIEW of the PRESS... by T. S. Matthews

AMERICANS are great pretenders. We like to pretend that things are very serious when they aren't, and that they aren't very important when they are. Some of us like to pretend that the press in the United States consists of *The New York Times* and Edward R. Murrow. But those of us who cling to this pretense are in a tiny minority: the vast majority of Americans never read the *Times* nor listen to Mr. Murrow.

Our "respectable" press exists all right, though all of it put together is only a splinter compared to the enormous pulp log of popular newspapers, radio and TV programs from which most Americans get most of their information and a lot of their entertainment. And the American press as a whole is sensitive rather than self-conscious. It is sensitive to criticism, and generally considers itself the best judge of its own triumphs and shortcomings. In a discussion of the press, its spokesmen often adopt a tone ranging from the uneasily defensive to the pompous.

The latest attempt to take a good long look at the U.S. press was recently made by the Nieman Foundation at Harvard, under a grant from the Fund for the Republic. With Louis Lyons, a veteran journalist and the Curator of the Nieman Fellowships, as moderator, a series of fifteen television programs was produced, in which a number of distinguished journalists—and some equally distinguished laymen—answered questions and spoke their minds.

These were some of the journalists: James Reston (head of *The New York Times'* Washington bureau), Theodore White (old China hand), Eric Sevareid and Edward R. Murrow (CBS), Martin Agronsky (NBC), Palmer Hoyt (publisher of the *Denver Post*), Barry Bingham (publisher of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*), Walter Millis (former editorial writer on the *New York*

*Herald Tribune*). Notable among the laymen were Adlai Stevenson, Elmo Roper (polls), James P. Warburg, J. Kenneth Galbraith (Harvard economist).

The programs were carried by forty U.S. television stations under the general title, "The Press and the People," and each program covered a different subject: "The News from China," "Washington and the Press," "The Economic Facts of Life," "The Photo Journalist," "The Television News Commentator," "Labor and the Press," "The Public and the Publisher," etc. I didn't see any of the programs, but I have read the (edited) transcripts.

THEY MADE interesting reading. In spite of the fact that television is a notoriously mealy-mouthed forum, some of these experts voiced telling criticisms—they were never exactly confessions—of the performance of journalism in their own fields. Even slapdash censure often reaches the target, and if criticism is really searching, it should hit some bull's-eyes. Though no score was kept on these fire-at-will colloquies, there were some palpable hits:

1. *The press doesn't give all the news, and often fails to cover large and important areas.* "We have key-hole information on China," said Mr. White. In this particular case, the State Department might be held largely accountable; on the other hand, "only a half-dozen of our greatest newspapers maintain and organize a corps of foreign correspondents of their own. In most newspapers the continuing story of world-wide developments seems to filter through to us only fitfully" (Mr. Lyons speaking).

2. *The press often fails to make sense out of the news it does give.* The consensus of press reports on fallout is that it is "controversial." Mr. Sevareid, citing Archibald MacLeish's dictum that understanding without feeling is not understanding, and that facts are nothing by themselves, showed some skepticism about *The New York Times* itself: "Is even the great *New York Times* really a great medium in that sense? I some-

times wonder." And Mr. Hoyt said straight out: "By the very nature of the news from Washington, the newspaper that prints all of the news is put in the extraordinary position of printing contradictory stories."

3. *When the press does try to interpret the news, few of its readers pay attention.* Said Mr. White: "The really important interpretive stuff does not pull circulation; or at least most of the editors feel that it doesn't." Mr. Reston complained that "there is more good information, solid information, about the great events of our time available to the public than the public takes advantage of." Asked if he meant that the public isn't reading that kind of news, he said "Yes." Earl Ubell, science editor of the *New York Herald Tribune*, stated that readers "don't even understand the things they read in the newspapers about technical things."

4. *Objectivity in journalism is a myth.* Witnesses: Mr. Dan Weiner, news photographer, who gave away the open secret that even photographs can be used "out of context" to fake a point; and Mr. Murrow, who said: "I have never known—and I don't think you have—a completely objective reporter. There isn't any such thing."

5. *"The public" is not singular but plural.* Mr. Roper: "We talk glibly about the public, but actually the public is a lot of publics, and they want different things in a newspaper."

THESE were some of the main points that came out in the discussion. None of these points was seriously challenged; none of them, I think, could be. Since the occasion was public and polite, and the men who took part were not members of a committee required to produce a signed report, perhaps the consensus was more apparent than real. Nevertheless, there was an apparent consensus.

Perhaps it could be stated, without too much exaggeration, like this: the press is not doing a perfect job, by any means, and in some fields its performance is rather spotty

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(government meddling and public indifference are partly responsible); but if the rest of the press would follow the lead of the best of us, and the damn public would only learn to prefer solid information to dubious entertainment, there wouldn't be much wrong with the American press—which in any case is the best in the world and a vital necessity in the life of the country.

Behind this general agreement there seemed to be the unspoken assumptions that the press in general sees eye to eye on what is important news and what is not, and that the "good" press does a fairly conscientious job of trying to tell the important news, while the "bad" press, for various unscrupulous reasons, neglects its duty.

One speaker mentioned the recent newspaper strike in New York as self-evident proof that the press is as necessary as daily bread. But Mr. Roper, though he holds the orthodox view that "news is the main reason for buying a newspaper," did inject a dangerously suggestive comment: "When we asked people what they missed the most, other than the news, women said they missed the advertising. Men said they missed the financial and sports pages." A pity he couldn't have found out whether they really missed the "news," and how much!

By the rules of the game, the moderator had to be content to raise specific questions rather than get general answers, and summed up his findings ("The job the press does is enormously uneven") in the broadest and most generous terms. Not being a moderator, I would sum up this investigation by saying that it produced a good deal of rather low-grade ore. Some of the experts gave straightforward and useful evidence, but some were orotund and silly, and the whole undertaking was based on two assumptions, one of which seems to me false and the other dubious.

Each program was introduced by a Voice (in what accents I can only imagine, but I suppose solemn, like Westbrook Van Voorhis in the old *March of Time*): "Today and every day the American people must make decisions on which their whole survival may depend. To make sound decisions the people must be in-

formed. For this they depend on the nation's free press. . . ."

The first statement just isn't true: the American people don't make decisions every day. Some would say they go through the motions once every four years, others might put the frequency at once or twice in a generation. At any rate, whether or not they "must," the American people don't make a decision "every day." And as for how they make their decisions—do they indeed base them on the information they get from the press? That seems to me extremely doubtful, not to say fishy. In the bad old days of F.D.R., where



did the American people get the "information" that persuaded them how to act and vote—from his fireside chats or from the newspapers?

THE PEOPLE engaged in this inquiry were serious characters, seriously concerned in discovering the weaknesses of the U.S. press; we can take it that they all meant what they said. Nobody would deny that such soul-searching is useful, as far as it goes; the question is, how far did this go? The real villains of the piece were never even approached.

In short, the indictment brought by Mr. Lyons' furrow-browed panel is no indictment, but a whitewash. It might be translated into a bill of particulars against the bureaucrats, the press bosses and the hopelessly light-minded public who won't give serious journalists enough scope, money or attention to let them do their stuff as they really want to do it.

Clifton Daniel of *The New York Times*, who was "distressed" to see how oblivious the average metropolitan daily is to the example of the *Times*, put the whole case for the

respectable press—and also gave the show away: "I don't know that a recipe for cookies has the same value to a housewife as a good article describing the Berlin situation for her and interesting her in it [italics mine]. Cookies are nice, but they aren't vital to our survival." Perhaps the *Times* should learn more about housewives.

A sufficient answer to Mr. Daniel was made some years ago by a hard-boiled feature editor on a hard-boiled British tabloid: "What was the use of worrying readers about obscure revolutions in Bolivia if they could not sleep at night through indigestion? Was a pregnant woman, whose husband could not possibly afford her fourth child, interested in a Parliamentary debate on foreign affairs which would obviously result in nothing at all? . . . Did newspapers really care what their customers read, or didn't they know how to find out?"

YES, WE are great little pretenders; we have to be, just to remember all the things we're supposed to take seriously. The press, as those who direct and operate it know—let alone the stockholders—is an industry. Nine-tenths of it is a commercial enterprise, with the accent strongly on commercial success. Would we speak of any other industry as if only a tenth of it mattered? On the contrary: what affects General Motors and U.S. Steel, as we know, affects the whole country.

And yet we shut our eyes to the fact that nine-tenths of the U.S. press is the submerged part of the iceberg that really counts. The distinguished gentlemen on Mr. Lyons' panel, aided and abetted by many of us, deplore this overwhelmingly major segment of the U.S. press (including most of radio and TV) as cheap, shoddy, ignorant and provincial, and in any serious discussion manage to ignore it, as if it didn't exist.

From the point of view of the immense majority of the U.S. press, Mr. Lyons' "greatest newspapers" and earnest broadcasters are just a bunch of nice Nellies. The boys who are read and listened to by the country at large know who Nellie really is, and they know that she isn't nice. But cookies are.

# Buy American and Pay More . . by George H. Hall

TO THE DISMAY of both management and labor in this country's heavy electrical-equipment industry, European concerns are making serious inroads in the American market. The situation raises certain questions: (1) is the electrical industry, relying on a semi-monopoly position, pricing itself out of the market? (2) or is it the high price of U. S. labor that is doing the damage?

Labor and management in the electrical-equipment industry have contradictory answers, of course. But they agree on one thing: demands that Congress and the Office of Civil and Defense Mobilization (OCDM) intervene to assure that, for the sake of national security, contracts stay at home instead of flying off to Europe at the drop of a bid.

These demands have sharpened as the result of certain recent developments:

1. TVA's award to C. A. Parsons Co., Ltd., of Newcastle, England, of a contract for a 500,000-kilowatt generator over the competing bids of two U. S. firms, Westinghouse and General Electric. TVA said that the bids, after adjustment for "efficiency and escalation," came out as follows: Parsons, \$13,140,700; Westinghouse, \$19,453,725; G. E., \$19,673,780.

2. The award by the Los Angeles Water and Power Commission of a contract to build a 200,000-kilowatt generator to Brown-Boveri of Switzerland. Brown-Boveri's bid was \$9,260,000; G. E., the lowest domestic bidder, asked \$14,757,930.

3. The award, also to Brown-Boveri, of contracts for two 22,000-kilowatt generators by the Medina Electric Cooperative of Hondo, Texas. The cooperative has not released details of the bidding, but the Swiss firm underbid at least one of four rejected domestic bids by 12 per cent.

4. The fact that the English Electric Company underbid the lowest American bidder, Baldwin-Lima-Hamilton, by 19 per cent on a con-

tract for two turbines for the Greer's Ferry Dam in Arkansas. In this instance, however, Baldwin got the contract because the OCDM decided that, in the interest of national security, an American firm ought to do the work.

5. TVA's invitation, last April, to three American and three foreign concerns for bids on sixteen turbo-generators with a total capacity of 6,100,000 kilowatts — an offering of unprecedented size. The bids are now in preparation.

ALL OF THESE developments, and especially the huge TVA project, have prompted a series of charges and countercharges from both U.S. industry and labor, each accusing the other of responsibility for letting fat contracts get out of the country.

James B. Carey, president of the Electrical Workers (AFL-CIO), wrote G.E. and Westinghouse, two of the bidders on the TVA turbo-generators, urging that bids be submitted on a "practical and realistic" basis. Conceding that labor costs are higher here than elsewhere, Carey emphasized offsetting advantage to U.S. producers: the fact that foreign firms must pay import duties, as well as greater freight and insurance costs; and that, with respect to TVA bids, there is an automatic 20 per cent differential credited to American manufacturers.

Mark W. Cresap, Jr., president of Westinghouse, took strong issue with Carey:

These so-called "offsetting" advantages fall far short of making up for the fact that United States average wages are more than two and a half times the average wage in British industry. . . . Westinghouse has no chance whatever of quoting prices as low as those which can be quoted by the British and other foreign firms.

Manufacturers don't disclose cost data; unofficially, however, they have sought to convey the impression that labor accounts for 55 per cent of costs in the heavy electrical-equipment industry. Knowledgeable outsiders insist that estimate is at least 20 per cent too high. Albert J. Fitzgerald, president of the United

Electrical Workers (Ind.), analyzing costs with relation to the generator contract that went to the British Parsons firm, insists that Parsons' labor costs were only \$91,000 less than those of G.E. and Westinghouse, the two losing bidders who asked \$6,000,000 more for the job than did the British firm.

TVA itself, in defense of the Parsons contract, supports Fitzgerald's general position, although not his specific figures. Said a TVA spokesman:

Westinghouse says British labor receives only 37 per cent of the hourly rate paid to electrical workers here. G.E. has suggested that the ratio is 40 per cent. Westinghouse has told TVA that 1,080,000 man-hours of work in its shops would have been involved in building the turbo-generator. . . . The Bureau of Labor Statistics reports the average hourly wage rate in the electrical manufacturing industry for October, 1958, was \$2.28.

The foregoing figures suggest that differences in labor costs would be in the neighborhood of \$1,500,000, and this does not allow for any greater manufacturing efficiency in the larger U.S. plants of G.E. and Westinghouse. This computed difference is less than half the price advantage provided for domestic manufacturers. In fact, it appears that the import duty is adequate to protect U.S. turbo-generator manufacturers against differences in labor costs.

On the other hand, TVA added an argument that neither Fitzgerald, nor any spokesman for electrical unions, would be likely to accept—i.e., that whatever its immediate effect, the Parsons contract helped labor by increasing Britain's supply of dollars for other U.S. purchases; and further, that the savings of more than \$6,000,000 on the contract will ultimately decrease the price of electricity in the TVA area, thus enhancing the market for Westinghouse, G.E. and other electrical appliances.

The "national security" argument, which the electrical-equipment industry is using to buttress its demands that Washington do something to thwart bids from going

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abroad, is based on the thesis that unless domestic manufacturers can be kept busy, they will not be able to maintain the kind of facilities that may be needed by the country should an emergency arise. This argument, which has been used in other fields, invariably rouses the ire of our allies; Sir Harold Caccia, the British Ambassador, protested strongly when Baldwin won a contract against a British firm which had underbid it.

THE Electrical Workers (AFL-CIO), through their secretary-treasurer, Al Hartnett, has urged that any inquiry into the electrical-equipment industry cover the problem of employment as well as that of national security. He wrote the OCDM:

While we are determined to protect our membership against unfair competition based on any substandard conditions of work abroad, we are also interested to be sure that the broad ground of "national security" is not an attempt to cover up excess-

sive profits or a grab for monopolistic power. . . .

Labor's case against the pricing policies of the industry would seem to be buttressed by two objective factors. The first is that, according to government statistics, the prices of steam-turbine generators have increased 50 per cent in the last three years, while wage rates have increased only 15 per cent. The second is the remarkable frequency with which competing American firms, bidding for the same job, come up with identical bids. The following examples are taken from TVA files:

1. On April 1, 1958, G.E., Allis-Chalmers and Westinghouse offered to deliver oil circuit-breakers to Knoxville, Tenn., for the identical price of \$32,375.

2. On March 2, 1959, seven firms offered to deliver to Chattanooga, Tenn., a supply of insulators for the identical price of \$10,200.

3. In February, 1959, G.E., Westinghouse and the Ohio Brass Com-

pany offered Chattanooga insulators for the identical price of \$7,495.38.

4. On March 31, 1959, seven companies offered to deliver distribution transformers to Jackson, Tennessee, for the identical price of \$1,970 (including freight charges from different cities).

These bidding practices will come under the scrutiny of the Senate Antitrust and Monopoly Subcommittee, which will hold hearings this summer on pricing difficulties that have beset TVA. The hearings will be followed with extraordinary interest not only by the specialized electrical-equipment industry, but by all steel consumers. After all steel, as well as labor, is a component part of a generator. And it does not detract from the crisis faced by the electrical-equipment manufacturers that, at the very moment steel management and the Steelworkers are negotiating toward what looks to be another rise in U.S. steel prices, the British steel industry has announced a 2 per cent cut.

## THE PILOT FLIES IT SAFE . . . *by Karl M. Ruppenthal*

NOT MANY YEARS ago, the pilots on one of the nation's major airlines were complaining persistently about the condition of their aircraft, contending that maintenance was shoddy and inspection procedures lax. One morning a captain, about to board his aircraft, decided to make a close inspection. When he thumped the fabric on the elevators to see if it was taut, his thumb poked through.\* He refused to fly the aircraft because it was unsafe. The company fired him for damaging the plane.

The captain filed a grievance. The company refused him a hearing, and pressures increased. The matter was not settled until after a bitter strike. The pilots on that line retained the prerogative of refusing to fly any

aircraft which they believe to be unsafe.

Since the earliest days of airline flying, there have been conflicts between pilots and their employers regarding air safety. The first transport planes had but one radio; if a wire shorted or a tube got tired, it went dead. On clear days, this mattered little, for the flight simply proceeded to an airport unannounced. But if the pilot was on instruments, he was immediately in trouble. When the Air Line Pilots Association demanded that two radios be made standard equipment on all transports, many airlines resisted, objecting not only to the cost of the extra radio but to the payload that would be displaced. The ALPA won. Today's planes carry dozens of specialized radios which make possible modern navigation.

By law, the airline captain is charged with the safe operation of every flight. Once off the ground,

he has virtually the same authority as does a sea captain. The Civil Air Regulations clothe him with emergency authority which would allow him to jettison cargo, land at a SAC air base, or subdue a drunken passenger. About the only requisite is that an emergency must actually exist. After he lands, he must file a written report.

But on the ground the story may be different. The advance plans for a flight may be based on a forecast of good terminal weather. Every seat on a popular flight from New York to Los Angeles may be sold. Such a flight may require 5,800 gallons of gasoline for non-stop operation. But what happens when the captain arrives at the airport

\*Although modern transport planes are made of metal, many still have fabric-covered control surfaces which reduce their weight and enable pilots to operate them without the help of any mechanical or hydraulic device.

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and discovers that the forecast did not pan out and that terminal weather is borderline? A conservative flight plan, calling for sufficient fuel to hold at Los Angeles for an hour or so and then to proceed to an alternate airport, may require 6,300 gallons of gas. But if he requests this additional weight in fuel, confirmed passengers may be removed. If they are, the company may be charged with violating the CAB's oversale regulations. If he accepts the lower fuel release, he may have to land at an enroute airport for fuel. And this course of action is something less than popular on a flight which is billed as non-stop! The solution? Some airlines are conservative. They confirm reservations for only those passengers who may be carried with the heavier gas load. But others toss the ball to the clerks at the airport.

SQUEEZED by the pilot's demand for adequate fuel and the passengers' insistence on riding the plane on which they are confirmed, the agent may resort to faulty addition. The pilot will get his fuel (he will not take off without it!), and the passengers will all be loaded. But their weights will be mis-added. This means, simply, that the flight may take off with a couple of thousand pounds overweight, and the plane may groan a little as it approaches the end of the runway. Such an overweight condition is not critical on the DC-7s and Constellations at most airports today, but on the jets the story may be different. At many airports short runways already limit take-off gross weights of the jets. There isn't much margin for mis-addition.

Sometimes the airlines do not provide their planes with all the available safety devices. Not long ago, one of the major airlines bought a fleet of planes without steerable nose wheels or reversible propellers. Steerable nose wheels make it possible for a pilot to maneuver a plane in a tight spot on the ground; reversible propellers help to stop a plane after landing. Both may come in handy on an icy runway.

When the ALPA demanded these devices, the company refused. A ridiculous request, said the com-

pany's executive vice president—an unjustifiable expense. But within months he had to eat crow. One of the planes landed on an icy runway at a busy terminal. Its brakes were ineffective, and it skidded out of control. It came to rest on a busy city street. Fortunately traffic was light, and nobody was injured. The price of that accident would have outfitted the entire fleet with the safety devices. But it took a second accident at another airport to make the vice president change his mind.

Sometimes safety makes strange bedfellows. The ALPA safety committee on one airline was aghast at maintenance conditions. They protested to the chief pilot. Carefully they detailed their grievances: turnaround time was too short for proper maintenance; some stations didn't have enough mechanics; some faulty items were being written off without actual correction of the defects. Angrily, the chief pilot told them that they had no grounds for their complaints. He said that the company was as much interested in safety as they, and that all these matters had been carefully worked out. As the pilots prepared to leave, he asked their chairman to remain. When the rest had gone and he felt he could speak in confidence, he changed his tune.

"For God's sake don't give up now," he said. "You're absolutely right. I've been trying to get more money for maintenance for months but old money-bags won't listen. I need your help. If you raise enough hell, we'll get the money. It might take a strike threat to jar them loose. You guys have the power."

Another chief pilot was not so subtle. His line had launched a campaign to sell itself as the fastest airline in America. For months it advertised schedules that the planes could not possibly make. When the passengers began to discover that the planes were always late, the company put the heat on the pilots to make better time. Subtly they were encouraged to cut corners. They seldom filed flight plans. Frequently they flew off airways. And they pushed their engines for all they were worth. When their engines began to fail at an alarming rate, they

"forgot" to file engine failure reports with the CAB. Finally the situation got so bad that one chief pilot could stand it no longer. He made photostatic copies of the company's engine-failure reports and sent them to the ALPA. The association acted. In a matter of days the CAB issued an order asking the line to show cause why it should not stop its illegal practices.

THE BATTLE over safety seldom makes the headlines. Not long ago, the pilots on one line were concerned about the training given their co-pilots. Men were being assigned to four-engine aircraft with little more than "three bounces" to qualify them. Some had never even landed the aircraft. When the ALPA demanded that the co-pilots be given more training, the company insisted that it could not afford the expense. Since the basic contract was about to expire, the pilots proposed a section which would require a program of "adequate training, satisfactory to the Air Line Pilots Association." This the company could not allow. If such a section appeared in the contract, it would be tacit admission that the company's training had not been adequate. If it refused, however, and the matter went to arbitration, the slipshod training practices might make the press. So the company agreed—to the training, that is, not to the contract provision. While nothing about it appears in the printed agreement today, the co-pilots are getting the training they need.

All this is not to say that the airline companies are not interested in safety. They are. But the point of view is not always the same. Some pilots believe that the board of directors sits in its walnut-paneled room and coldly calculates the cost of safety equipment as against the probable cost of an accident. Probably nothing so cold-blooded ever happens. But the pilots on the nation's airlines are a lot closer to the scene than the non-flying executives. It is the business of the company's management to avoid extravagance and to make a profit. The pilots hope management succeeds. For themselves, safety considerations come first.

# BOOKS and the ARTS

## Fragment of a Serpent's Eye

*THE KING'S PEACE.* By C. V. Wedgwood. The Macmillan Co. 510 pp. \$7.50.

*THE KING'S WAR.* By C. V. Wedgwood. The Macmillan Co. 703 pp. \$7.50.

**George Dangerfield**

FEW HISTORIANS have explained their position more frankly than Miss Wedgwood has done in her preface to *The King's Peace*, the first of two published volumes (there are more to come) on the Great English Rebellion of 1640 to 1660. "I have not attempted in this book," she says, "to examine underlying causes, but rather to give full importance and value to the admitted motives and illusions of the men of the seventeenth century. I have sought to restore the immediacy of experience."

Immediacy of experience, I suggest, cannot be restored in the way that it is possible to restore a church, a statue or a painting, or to amend a dubious reading in a folio. Even the most scrupulous scholarship — and Miss Wedgwood's is beyond reproach — cannot restore what simply does not exist. In her description of one of the most crucial incidents in English constitutional history — Charles I's invasion of the House of Commons in search of the "five members" — she has assembled the most significant details, down to the coarse royal troops standing outside the open door, "some of whom were already cocking their pistols and playfully pretending to mark down their men." For a moment one has the *frisson* of sharing an actual experience with some parliamentary gentlemen who have been dead these three hundred years: but it is a passing, a momentary thrill. One cannot restore Laocoön with nothing more to go on than the fragment of a serpent's eye.

Miss Wedgwood is a fine descriptive writer, but she is also a historian, a subject of the empire of fact; and the great scene ends, as it began, in "an awful silence." The sensations of the King and the members can be revealed only in fiction, which is possibly the

*GEORGE DANGERFIELD* is the author of *The Era of Good Feelings* (winner of a Pulitzer prize in 1953), *Victoria's Heir*, *The Strange Death of Liberal England* and other books.

highest truth of all, but is not historical truth, some part of which Miss Wedgwood is determined to explore.

One must suppose, therefore, that by immediacy of experience, she means "the motives and explanations which satisfied contemporaries," which are not really immediate. In other words, she confines herself as far as possible to contemporary evidence, the evidence of men who were unable in the nature of things to synthesize their experience. Obviously this evidence cannot be used at all without a wide knowledge of "underlying causes," and Miss Wedgwood's bibliography shows that she has read all the significant secondary material. But she then dismisses the underlying causes and gives us "a straightforward and chronological narrative," designed "to show the unfolding of certain characters and the emergence of others and to comment on them, as far as possible, from evidence relating to the years described." Anyone could guess from this, even if she had not honestly written it down, what her bias is. But she has written it down. "The behaviour of men as individuals is more interesting to me than their behaviour as groups or classes. History can be written with this bias as well as another; it is neither more nor less misleading. The essential is to recognize that it answers only one set of questions in only one way."

I believe that history written with this bias is more rather than less misleading; that it tends to be biographical, in the sense that it isolates and fragments experience; that it does not answer even one set of questions. It is more rather than less misleading, because it only appears to lead. Miss Wedgwood is not willing to exercise her historical imagination in terms of generalization: she is not really a leader, she is a guide. She will take you through the maze, she will describe with felicity and precision all the interesting objects you encounter along the way, she will bring you to the center: but you will never know how you got there, or why the maze existed in the first place, or what shape it has. I do not mean that hers is bad history; I mean that it is limited history.

It has its advantages. Surely nobody has told the story of the Great Rebellion so well as she has told it in these volumes, with such a respect for fact,

with such vividness, with such an ability to manage the events in three kingdoms so that they march forward in an orderly manner. If she has limited herself to historical narrative — in other words, to the events of political history and nothing more — it is the best of its kind; scrupulous, dramatic, never silly.

WHEN you dramatize political history, or attempt to restore the immediacy of individual experience, you are showing a bias toward romance. The subject of these two volumes is the King's struggle with Parliament from 1637 to 1642 (*The King's Peace*) which led to the First Civil War from 1642 to 1646 (*The King's War*). The beginning is as arbitrary as the end: the author has spared the reader those preliminary explanations which alone would have made him understand why the King was facing such a desperate struggle; and although the second volume ought logically to end with the Second Civil War and the execution of the King, she has saved that monarch's head for the next volume. In this way, the story appears rather rebellious than revolutionary, a struggle between Cavaliers and Roundheads, a stern but romantic tale.

A mature historian with a romantic bias will experience some difficulty in resisting the magnetism of the Royalist cause. The opening chapters of Miss Wedgwood's first volume contain a marvelous evocation of the England of Van Dyck: how can she avoid displaying a certain tenderness toward the King whose court was, after all, the epitome of that enchanting England? Scrupulous as always, she points out the innumerable shortcomings of Charles I: his failures in administration, in common sense, in common decency. She does not even make the most of his aesthetic gifts, and nobody could say that in her second volume she is disposed to emphasize the King's emerging role of "Charles the Martyr." How then does she display her bias? In the first volume, it is in her glorification of the Earl of Strafford who, however brave and disinterested he may have been, was an enemy to English liberties. If Strafford was a glorious figure, then there was something contemptible about the parliamentarians who slew him with a bill of attainder. The King, who signed the bill which sent his greatest supporter to the block, is duly admonished in her pages: but the King's cause and Strafford's cannot be separated; praise one

and, by implication, you praise the other. In her second volume, again, she is interpreting the Civil War "rather as the defeat of the King than as the victory of Parliament." Although the Civil War, as she narrates it, becomes as savage, bloody and morose as civil wars commonly are, yet there hangs about it the glamour of the lost cause — the defeat of the King, not the victory of Parliament.

It is true that as soon as Strafford is out of the way she does her utmost to make the best of both sides: yet this treatment leads to very serious difficulties. The Great Rebellion was, there is no doubt of it, a revolution; and about the nature and origins of this revolution there has been a great deal of controversy. What can a reader who, like myself, claims no expert knowledge of this period, find in Miss Wedgwood's pages which will assist him in his bewilderment? "I have learnt much from the broad vision of Professor R. H. Tawney," she says in the first of her Bibliographical Notes, "from the writings of Mr. Hugh Trevor-Roper and Mr. Christopher Hill, if sometimes by the stimulus of disagreement." But that is all she says. To amplify this, one must state — at a grave risk of over-simplification — that Tawney interprets the Great Rebellion as an alliance between the gentry and the bourgeoisie against a quasi-feudal monarchy, while Trevor-Roper holds that it was a revolt of the radical gentry against the capitalists and the King. Was Calvinism, as Christopher Hill asserts, directly related to capitalism? Or was it (this is Trevor-Roper's position) the religion, not of the business community, but of decayed, impoverished, "backwoods" gentlemen, in Gelderland, in Scotland, in the Shires? Clearly, if such questions can be asked, the differences in historical interpretation are acute; and when a new work comes out, bearing upon its front all the signs of authority, we naturally hope that it will throw some light upon this very dark situation.

SOMETHING we will, of course, extract from the work of Miss Wedgwood. She has read all the literature on the economic-religious question, and some of what she has read has rubbed off on her pages. Faintly, delusively luminous, it glows in many hints and allusions which, somehow or other, only cancel one another. The anti-Spanish Providence Company, the core of resistance to Charles I, was a freebooting enterprise. ("The Earl of Warwick and his friends," she writes with her usual felicity, "were sincerely trying to create

three nests of pirates with the behaviour and morals of a Calvinist theological seminary.") No sober capitalist would have had anything to do with it. The East India Company, on the whole a most serious business venture, was also opposed to the King: it was not opposed to his pro-Spanish policy, but detested his religion. Again, she makes it clear — or seems to make it clear — that Charles's handling of monopolies and patents was too capricious and dishonest to satisfy any sensible capitalist, unless he was a hanger-on at court; yet, on the crucial question of the friendship or otherwise of the City of London towards the King, she appears to take the view that a majority of the City merchants was Royalist. My point is that she never commits herself, never makes a judgment, but comes to rest in the position that "political divisions in the House of Commons did not follow any clearly defined lines of class, property or social interest." To one in search of enlightenment, this position is not even, historically, a neutral one: historically it is neuter. We are left with a masterful

political and military narrative, in which we flounder helplessly in search of the "underlying causes" which set it in motion.

There is one ray of hope, a bright one. The next volume will presumably deal with the struggle between the Army and the Parliament, the Independents and the Presbyterians, which followed the execution of Charles I. In the concluding pages of *The King's War*, Miss Wedgwood seems to promise that in this next volume she will explore the revolution which failed — the social revolution of Lilburne, Walwyn and Overton, of Winstanley and the Diggers — and that her theme will be "the struggle between authority . . . and the people." If she does this, if she writes a thematic history, will she not have created a revolution in her own methods as violent, in its way, as that which dethroned and decapitated Charles I? We must wait and see. Since she is a splendid writer and a scrupulous historian — that is the least that can be said of her — I, for one, shall await the next volume with a good deal of eagerness.

## The Robert Frost Controversy

M. L. Rosenthal

I DON'T know just what Lionel Trilling said at Robert Frost's eighty-fifth birthday party; I gather he pointed out, with heart-stirring allusions to Sophocles and the whole tradition of tragic poetry, the obvious fact that Frost has dark depths which make him something more than a rural Longfellow. Whatever he said, it shivered J. Donald Adams' frail, sagging timbers someting awful. With the irritation of any man startled out of a deep sleep, Adams wrote a furious column in *The New York Times*. Those New York intellectuals, he cried, don't know the real, rural America; they should read more Emerson and less Lawrence; they're "lost in the Freudian woods." Other Furies flew into the *Times* letter-column to say it was high time those Trilling-types were shot in their tracks. But in all this glorious firing of popguns, I love best Mr. Adams' fit of abysmal indignation:

Professor Trilling confessed that he thinks of Frost as a "terrifying" poet, and that "the universe he conceives is a terrifying universe." Holy mackerel! Frost simply sees the universe as it is and accepts it . . .

I can't decide whether I prefer the "Holy mackerel!" or the "simply" — or

the bland assumption that Frost is an indigenous poet who rose into prominence as naturally and easily as your Aunt Sally learnt how to bake those blueberry pies for which our boys fought and died. Frost had to move to England when he was thirty-seven, and assimilate himself to the Georgian movement there, before he could get any recognition at all. As Pound put it more than twenty years ago, speaking of the inability of the J. Donald Adamses to recognize the real thing right under their noses, "Even Frost the prize autochthonous specimen made his début in London, and was forced into the local New England bucolic recognition from Kensington, W. 8. The *pièces justificatives* are the back files of *Poetry* and the *Egoist* from October 1912 onward. The *Little Review*, 1917-19, as monthly, with the later quarterly issues." And two decades before this, reviewing *North of Boston* (published by David Nutt in England in 1914), Pound asked: "Why, IF there are serious people in America, desiring literature of America, literature accepting present conditions, rendering American life with sober fidelity — why, in heaven's name, is this book of New England Eclogues given under a foreign imprint?"

All of which goes to show, "simply,"

that it took the foreigners, the expatriates, and the new critics they sparked into action to push this spokesman for one kind of American experience into indifferent American faces. Once he broke through the barrier, however, the publicists (with the aid of Frost's own public personality) turned him into the sagacious and humorous country-poet Mr. Adams loves. This role is one variant of that grand archetype the Good Grey Poet into which they have relegated Whitman and Sandburg; one would never guess the brute realities Frost so often deals with. Frost himself, as it happens, does not encourage people to think about them, and perhaps has half-forgotten his own horror at some of his realizations. It is easier for the general reader, and for the poet as a popular figure, to think of his work as a kind of rich radiation outwards from a basic foundation of nature-poetry and local-colorism. Certainly the wonderful specificity of his impressions of persons and places and experiences is inseparable from the fabric of almost any Frost-poem.

These flowery waters and these  
watery flowers  
From snow that melted only yesterday.  
—“Spring Pools”

I'm going out to clean the pasture  
spring;  
I'll only stop to rake the leaves away  
(And wait to watch the water clear,  
I may) . . . —“The Pasture”  
Out in the ploughed ground in the  
cold a digger,  
Among unearthened potatoes standing  
still,  
Was counting winter dinners, one a  
hill. . . . —“The Investment”

This is the deceptive staple of Frost's reputation, this lyrical and realistic re-possession of the rural and the “natural.” For most of his readers it has the charm of the completely exotic; literate America is not, for the most part, to be found in “the country,” and moreover the world of modern poetry has been dominated by a metropolitan consciousness. Frost gives us welcome release from that consciousness, puts us in touch with something “purer,” something idyllic, which yet is miraculously real. The “digger” and his wife in “The Invest-

ment” are even miserably poor, though not defeated by their poverty. But beyond the surface appeal of all this, there lurks the further implication of the “terrifying” which Trilling feels and every other perceptive reader must feel. At his most intense Frost is as close to the panicky edge of sensibility as Eliot. The kind of mind at work in his poetry is neither that of a plain New England farmer nor that of a Romantic rediscoverer of the land. It is what Yeats called “the modern mind in search of its own meanings.” The spirit is comparable to that of the English Georgians among whom Frost first became certain of his true bearings. Only, his work is richer than theirs in every way; it includes the nostalgic, it “proves” the pastoral pleasures, it savors the contemplative calm ancient poets praised, but it also seeks to encompass the dreadful and the neurasthenia-breeding aspects of man's existence as the modern consciousness feels them.

NOTHING quite brings out Frost's “morbidity” so painfully as his poems centering on the characters of women. The wife's hysteria in “Home-Burial” is a characteristic outlet for this poet's shocked sense of the helpless cruelty of things. Set against the husband's accursed matter-of-factness (not that he lacks feeling either), it provides the decisive energy of the poem. The woman's voice carries the pain of a primal wound:

If you had any feelings, you that dug  
With your own hand — how could  
you! — his little grave;  
I saw you from that very window  
there,  
Making the gravel leap and leap in  
air.  
Leap up, like that, like that, and  
land so lightly  
And roll back down the mound be-  
side the hole. . . .

Frost's men, with some exceptions, play the game more according to the rules. They take pride in their workmanship, as does the poor home-burier, and thereby can hold life's destructive terrors at bay. Perhaps something of this sort is implied (in addition to a plea of guilt at remaining aloof from struggles involving “the common good”) in the confessional stanza of “Two Tramps in Mud-Time”:

Good blocks of wood it was I  
split. . . .

The blows that a life of self-control  
Spares to strike for the common good  
That day, giving a loose to my soul,  
I spent on the unimportant wood.

The women, however, are likely to be

overborne by an ultimate emptiness or grossness or fear. In the speaker's own *persona* or that of some other male figure, we find almost always some saving humor or sense of valued mystery or deliberate understatement. Not so in female-dominated poems like “The Hill Wife,” “A Servant to Servants” and “The Subverted Flower.” This last poem gives the character of a young girl a surprising turn; she is subtly pictured as both innocent and mean and narrow, and the interest of this characterization is such that we are almost diverted from the glimpse of sexual squalor she has shared with her shame-faced would-be lover. The abyss yawns in this poem, whose mixture of disgust and naked terror is like the death-horror of the first stanza of “Design.” Both poems portray the perversion of vital force implicit in the very structure of existence. In “Design” the effect of *morbidezza* comes from the awful, silent whiteness, the grotesque acrobatics of the little circus-act Frost says he has come upon.

I found a dimpled spider, fat and  
white,  
On a white heal-all, holding up a  
moth  
Like a white piece of rigid satin  
cloth —  
Assorted characters of death and  
blight  
Mixed ready to begin a morning  
right  
Like the ingredients of a witches'  
broth —  
A snow-drop spider, a flower like  
froth,  
And dead wings carried like a paper  
kite.

The sextet of this sonnet lapses into a tiresomely “profound” questioning reminiscent of Hardy and Robinson, its point being to find in this uniquely dreadful configuration some “purpose”—

What but design of darkness to  
appall? —  
If design govern in a thing so small.  
What oft was thought and oft so well  
expressed — and that brings us to  
another subject. Frost has his weaknesses (sententiousness and a certain formal timidity), and I think the poetic community is on the whole aware of them. At his frequent best he dams them off or washes them out entirely. Who thinks of them in the midst of the bizarre, soul-chilling characterizations of “The Pauper Witch of Grafton” and “The Witch of Coös,” or in the face of a dazzling line like

Ten million silver lizards out of snow!  
But they are there, and he has a

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right to them, as it were. No man — especially a man whose true virtues are as compelling as Frost's — was ever made an inch taller by false praise. The real poet is engaged, to echo Yeats again, in a quarrel with himself. It is never a case of his being either a great, sunny genius of The Folk or nothing. Frost is much more than his weaknesses, but without them I do not think his strengths would be what they are. Something there is in him that does not love a pure, simple, extroverted affirmation, and the special character of his work rises from his resisting the temptation to betray his own nature. That struggle is very American — also very European, human, Emersonian, Freudian, or what have you — and he wages it even in his lesser moments, as in the couplet ending "Design" or in the (to my mind) overrated "The Gift Outright," which Mr. Adams praises because of what he doubtless imagines its unqualified nativism of feeling. It is a powerful native voice Frost brings to us, idiosyncratic and stubborn — no doubt of that. But it has not yet really been listened to after all, despite all the copies of *Collected Poems* printed and sold in the last three decades.

*Methaphysical Lyrics & Poems of the Seventeenth Century* (Galaxy, \$1.75), nearly four decades after their publication and in Sir Herbert's ninety-third year, have been supplemented, not supplanted. The conflicts of the world, the flesh and the spirit are brilliantly clarified even in his less weighty chapters, such as "Love Poetry." The selection of poetry in the anthology and the brilliant introduction on the metaphysicals are basic and standard.

*Life in a Noble Household 1641-1700*

by Gladys Scott Thomson (Ann Arbor, \$1.95) recreates the daily life, the piety, the Whig sympathies and the business acumen of the fifth Earl of Bedford. He succeeded to the earldom on the day Charles I threw away Strafford and lived through the most critical developments of English political doctrine. Yet his little library was drably conventional, his thoughts settled on the obvious. He bought all of Baxter but no Milton, a two-shilling life of William of Orange but no Locke on Civil Government.

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#### Literature

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*The Last of the Provincials* by Maxwell Geismar (Hill and Wang, \$2.45), a standard study of the American novel, 1915-1925, analyzes Mencken, Lewis, Cather, Anderson and Fitzgerald as representative of the decade in which urban industrialism largely crowded out rural ways of life.

*The Solitary Singer: A Critical Biography of Walt Whitman* by Gay Wilson Allen (Evergreen, \$2.95), massive, authoritative, a vital narrative and analysis. The best now available.

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*The World of William Faulkner* by Ward L. Miner (Evergreen, \$1.45) laboriously and ardently shows some parallels between Faulkner's Yoknapatawpha and Jefferson and their real counterparts.

#### Art

*Leonardo da Vinci* by Sir Kenneth Clark (Penguin, \$1.50), a standard study of Leonardo's art and thought, appreciably revised for this well-made, heavily illustrated edition.

*Art* by Clive Bell (Capricorn, \$1.15), formative, sometimes salty pronouncement of the post-Impressionist doctrine of significant form.

*Art as Experience* by John Dewey (Capricorn, \$1.35), probably the best development of the pragmatists' view of aesthetics generally, of all the arts as "enhancements of the processes of everyday life." Omits illustrations.

*Lascaux: Paintings and Engravings* by Annette Laming (Penguin, \$1.25), one of a series on the Old Stone Age, is soberer, more thorough and scholarly than Kuhn's popular *On the Track of Prehistoric Man*. Profuse line and half-tone illustrations.

*Vasari's Lives of the Artists*, abridged and edited by Betty Burroughs (Simon and Schuster, \$1.95; cloth, \$5), forty-seven lives condensed from Mrs. Foster's translation in the fullest abridgment in paper covers; supplementary notes and sixty excellent black-and-white halftones.

#### Politics and Law

*The Spirit of Liberty*, Papers and Addresses of Learned Hand, Irving Dillard, editor, (Vintage, \$1.25). A rigorous and beautiful clarity of logic and style illuminates the judge's appreciation of law and breadth of wisdom. Vintage edition adds three selections.

*Economics and the Art of Controversy* by John Kenneth Galbraith (Vintage, 95c). Like the Beards, Max Lerner and to some extent Drucker, Galbraith skillfully argues that topics of economic controversy today have slight substance but much noise.

*The Russian Revolution* (Anchor, \$1.45), selected without distortion and edited by F. W. Dupee from *The History of the Russian Revolution* by Leon Trotsky; summarizes Volume II, "The Attempted Counter-Revolution," but reprints most of I, "The Overthrow of Tzarism" and III "The Triumph of the Soviets." Convenient lists of events, persons, places and political groups and terms.

#### Peculiar Institution

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Lowell Dumond in *Antislavery Origins of the Civil War in the United States* (Ann Arbor, \$1.65) shows how from the 1830s moderation and compromise became impossible as slavery pre-empted attention and all liberties suffered erosion, especially freedom of discussion. (Omits bibliographies promised in the Contents.) *The Road to Reunion 1865-1900* by Paul H. Buck (Vintage, \$1.25) traces the remarkable development of a national point of view on many subjects, including the national acceptance of Jim Crow. *The Myth of the Negro Past* by Melville J. Herskovits (Beacon, \$2.25) in 1941 was the first published among the seminal studies clustering around Gunnar Myrdal's *An American Dilemma*, central statement of the now dominant view. (New Introduction and bibliography review scholarship, 1941-1958.)

#### Miscellaneous

*Japanese Theatre* by Faubion Bowers, foreword by Joshua Logan (Drama-books, \$2.25) is fullest on Kabuki plays and includes three in translation but also provides for non-specialists a comprehensive and satisfying survey.

*The Voyage of Argo* (Penguin, 95c), an easy, zestful new prose translation of Apollonius' *Argonautica* by E. V. Rieu with a pointed, sensitive introduction.

*Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres* (Anchor, \$1.25) and *The Degradation of the Democratic Dogma* (Capricorn, \$1.25) by Henry Adams reflect and expound Adams' effort to unite history and the physical theories of energy and evolution. The latter, first privately addressed to American teachers of history, has a valetudinarian air, but the study of thirteenth-century unity is still warm with the spirit and life of the time.

*Mathematics for the General Reader* by E. C. Titchmarsh (Anchor, 95c), like Whitehead's older *Introduction*, is excellent for non-specialists concerned with the philosophy and development of several branches of mathematics.

Fiction: *Sister Carrie* by Theodore Dreiser (Riverside, 95c), introduction by Claude Simpson. *On the Road* by Jack Kerouac (Compass, \$1.25). *The Subterraneans* by Jack Kerouac (Avon, 35c), introductory note by Henry Miller. *Against Nature* by J.-K. Huysmans (Penguin, 95c), a new translation of *A Rebours* by Robert Baldick; good introduction. *The Young Caesar* by Rex Warner (Mentor, 50c), an imaginative scholar's historical novel written in the first person. *The Masters* by C. P. Snow (Anchor, \$1.25), the power struggle in a Cambridge college.

# THEATRE

Harold Clurman

Paris

IN ADDITION TO the repertory of the two national dramatic theatres and the two national opera houses, a new Marcel Marceau program and several girlie revues, some forty plays now are running in this strangely becalmed city. Few of them can be recommended.

Of the plays I saw, the most carefully produced is *La Descente d'Orphée*: Tennessee Williams' *Orpheus Descending*. Raymond Rouleau directed it and Lydia de Nobili, a talented Franco-Italian designer, provided the setting. The star is Arletty, a great favorite here, and the dancer, Jean Babilée, is the young man with the guitar.

The play is intelligently and intelligibly done. I add the second adverb because in London what with the Italian leading lady (Isa Miranda) and the thick Southern accents the other actors found it necessary to assume. I could follow little of the Royal Court production. And I was familiar with the text, having directed it in New York.

The French production, though it had atmosphere and a few eerie effects, was acted with far less passion and poetry than was the Broadway original. Though colorful, the French interpretation was essentially naturalistic. This makes one wonder whether, contrary to common opinion (including, to some extent, my own), the supposedly "method"-dominated — and therefore presumably "realism"-dominated — American stage is not more emotionally charged and theatrically heightened than the French and sometimes the English are supposed to be.

A very successful play at present is Félicien Marceau's *La Bonne Soupe* (slang for "big money") which most of the French spectators and many of the American take quite seriously. I could see in it nothing but a series of blackout sketches — burlesque fashion — about the business of love. If the play has any point, it is to show that love or rather love-making is commonly nothing but a mixture of habitual low-pressure sensuality, stupidity, hypocrisy and venality. It contains some leering humor and a boldness of speech almost routine by now on the French stage (and screen).

Superior to this is Anouilh's *L'Hurluberlu* (roughly translated: "The Scatter-brain"), which is the playwright's apology for his wicked humor and acrid idealism. The general who is the curmudgeon or the harebrain of the title is still another mask for Anouilh. Why is he so full of hate, the character is asked. It is not hate, he answers, but pain.

There is less hate or pain in this play than a wryly sentimental farcicality that produces several quite funny passages in which Anouilh manages both to kid himself and to reassert his cantankerous anarchism. He will hold out: contemporary society may be following "progress" to its true destiny, but he finds very little to admire in it. Its leveling democracy possesses for him neither virtue nor dignity. He will oppose it to the point of making himself absurd.

One cannot say of this latest Anouilh success that it is a good play. But there is no denying its cleverness. Its leading part is well acted by Paul Meurisse (the villain of that sadistic thriller *Diabolique*) and several others in smaller parts. The production — like many others in the Paris theatre today — is rather sloppily directed. Plans are announced for bringing *L'Hurluberlu* to New York next winter, with Rex Har-

rison in the title role. The transplantation will not be easy: the play's climate and frame of reference are largely local, and a translation for our stage will have to go beyond the problems of language.

Albert Camus has made Dostoevski's *The Possessed* into a three-and-a-half-hour play. It is so long since I have read the novel that I cannot speak confidently of the play's fidelity to its origin. What struck me most is that Camus again emphasizes certain pre-occupations he expressed earlier in *The Rebel*. Central to this diffuse work is Verkhovensky, whose prototype was the Russian nihilist Nechaev (active between 1860 and 1882). Believing in no God, his motto was "all is permissible." No act was too low or violent if it advanced his ends. His ostensible goal is the fall of czarism, but Camus shows that this does not preclude contempt for the people the revolution is designed to set free.

What interests Camus in this is the relation of Verkhovensky's personality and philosophy to that of the Stalinist Bolsheviks. It is what interests the Parisian audience as well, plus a fascination — greatly enhanced since the war — with every form of evil, but especially reasoned evil.

It is just here, however, that the play's weakness is most apparent. For the rational and intellectual exposition that Camus brings to bear robs the matter of its Dostoevskian spirit, the atmos-

## With Love and No Desire

Look at the man, aglistening with rain,  
straight from the womb of showers in July.  
I gaze at him with love and no desire  
to touch the skin caressed by vesper rains;  
with love and no desire or design  
to touch, to hold, much less to make it mine.

I met him on a stormy afternoon—  
'twas either yesterday or yesteryear,—  
quite unobtrusively beneath a tree's  
green sheltered tent, along a winding road.

We waited there to pass the time of storm—  
as though you could!—  
when he, look at this man!—  
stepped swiftly from a raincloud toward me  
to lend a hand of love and no desire.

ERIKA RENON

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sphere of nightmare anguish that alone gives human significance and credibility to the horror of the events. French lucidity converts into cold and somewhat silly melodrama what Russian "mysticism" renders real and universally pertinent.

The result — further enforced by Camus' inability to direct actors with more than superficial effect — is a play which, for all its ambitious intentions, must be judged an artistic failure.

IONESCO has four plays on the boards at this moment. Two are revivals of one-act plays already seen in New York and two are new plays. I saw one of these — a much too long work called *Tueur sans gages* (Killer Without Reward). Like all of Ionesco, it is theatrically intriguing in a certain terrifying (or merely bizarre) comedy vein — partly symbolic, hysterically volatile, and quite clear if you do not expect everything you see in the theatre to be literal and explicit.

The killer is, once again, the senselessness of contemporary life — the inexorable, impenetrable incomprehensibility of Everything! The play begins with the entrance of a simple young man into a part of the city he never knew existed. It is the ultra modern creation of an official architect — more functionary than artist — whose work is the last word in efficiency, splendor and luminous luxury, the ideal in short of twentieth-century planning. What spoils this urban paradise is the presence of a mysterious murderer whose regular and motiveless killings terrify the populace but leave the authorities in a state of indifference.

Quixotically indignant, the young man sets out to track the criminal down. He goes through a series of grotesquely sinister adventures amid the clamor and hurly-burly of a town where would-be dictators (under the sign of the goose) are opposed only by lone idealists whose faith is chiefly in thinkers and artists, and where the police ignore the detection of crime and devote themselves to an insulting regulation of the traffic.

Finally, the isolated young man encounters the killer, who is found to be an insignificant moron rather than a brutal criminal. The young man seeks a motive for the murders: he expostulates, pleads, reasons, forgives, threatens. The monster merely grins and grunts idiotically, and his innocent adversary at last becomes impotent to act. He falls to his knees at the mercy of the murderer's knife. The final speech is perhaps half an hour long — the most extended address I have ever heard in

the theatre — an ironically written cry of despair.

AT THE OPPOSITE pole is Barrault's production of Offenbach's *La Vie Parisienne* at the very same Palais Royal theatre where it was originally presented under Napoleon III (when Paris first attained its reputation for gaiety). It is a sprightly operetta about tourism in which no one (in Barrault's company at any rate) can sing or dance but in which everyone nevertheless does so with light heart and infectious spirit.

Such a carefree mood — foolish or charming as you choose to view it — suits the not-so-gay Paris of today where the citizens dwell in a mood which may reflect apathy or a grim consciousness that either immolation or some sort of deliverance may not be far off.

## MEETING

### POLITICAL INFLUENCE AND GOVERNMENT

Speaker: Prof. Bernard Schwartz  
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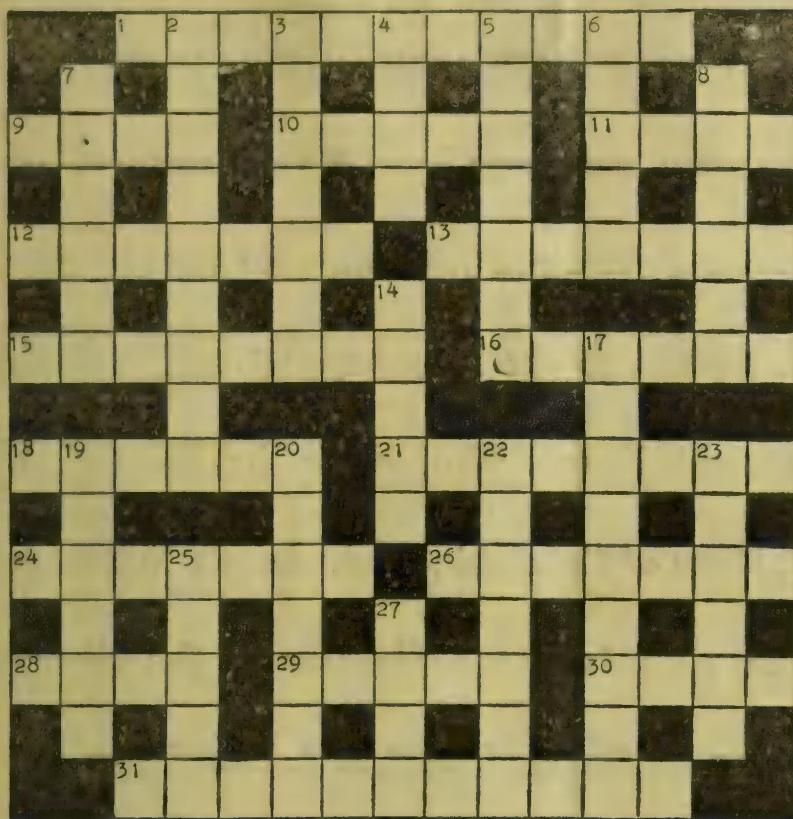
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# Crossword Puzzle No. 825

By FRANK W. LEWIS



## ACROSS:

- Oleo's sometimes found on the plate. (5, 6)
- 9 and 7 Shouldn't be a complete winner off the board. (4, 6)
- 10 The false impression of a slip in the factory? (5)
- 11 See 23 down
- 12 Sign, as he does, to give ground. (7)
- 13 Bespatter, while intrinsically separated (7)
- 15 House types are low types. (8)
- 16 The stern type would never be associated with a comforter. (6)
- 18 Should such a potential criminal crack under pressure? (3, 3)
- 21 5 down might suggest exhibiting them for the fair. (8)
- 24 Hooking a sucker, perhaps, and giving him a lift. (7)
- 26 Was Hilton's range of perception lost? (7)
- 28 A sort of jockey to find, if it goes over. (4)
- 29 What one does to hue and cry. (5)
- 30 Happiness is counted with one of these in play. (4)
- 31 and 5 Experts at rapid anagramming? (5-6, 7)

## DOWN:

- A bad case, but of a clue that's obscure. (9)
- Hugo said this happiness of life is the conviction that we are loved. (7)
- 4 Not necessarily a dirty politician

who suggested compromise. (4)

- 5 See 31 across
- 6 To glut and defile. (5)
- 7 See 9 across
- 8 Such a drama is suited primarily for reading rather than production. (6)
- 14 Proving a certain amount of dirt in the water is allowed. (5)
- 17 Drawing forth a Yale quotation? (9)
- 19 Are such figures soluble chemically? (6)
- 20 Rosa is such a name. (7)
- 22 Get up to make a bow with nothing inside? It might be fatal! (7)
- 23 and 11 across The law of the land? (6, 4)
- 25 Sometimes put on by women in a terrific hurry! (5)
- 27 This white is also Chinese. (4)

## SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. ■■■

ACROSS: 1 and 8 down Bark up the wrong tree; 9 Gauchos; 10 Plumber; 11 Nearly; 12 Reveille; 15 Assam; 17 Surer; 19 Tonight; 21 Leverage; 23 Eskimo; 25 Canasta; 26 Abusive; 27 Neanderthal man. DOWN: 1 and 21 down Beginner's luck; 2 Rhubarb; 3 Upholster; 4 Toss; 5 Expressing; 6 Route; 7 Nibbles; 13 Centigrade; 15 and 14 across Angostura bitters; 16 Misgovern; 18 Revenge; 20 Tritium; 22 Rosin; 24 Part.

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**Ronald W. May**

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# LETTERS

## What Is Militancy?

Dear Sirs: Having just finished reading Anne Braden's *The Wall Between*, and being convinced that it is the most searching and vital book on the problem of Negro-white relations in the South, I feel compelled to utter a protest against Harry Golden's review in your May 16 issue. Referring to Frank Brown's *Trumbull Park* as well as to Mrs. Braden's book, Mr. Golden writes:

Neither is forthright. Neither explores nor exploits the genuine motive of the American Negro. Mr. Brown and Mrs. Braden state too matter of factly that the Negro who moves into a white area is simply looking for a better place to live.... We know this is a substantial motive, but we also know that it is not the whole motive.... He wants a sort of acceptance.... The chief value these two books could have offered us is the articulation of this drive, but Mrs. Braden and Mr. Brown shy from it. They are not militant. And instead of being forthright they are apologetic.

I suggest that Mr. Golden read the books he is paid to review. Mrs. Braden is quite clear about Andrew Wade's larger motive; she speaks of it herself, quotes Andrew Wade on the subject, and makes it the principal theme of her book, as implied in the title. Furthermore, Mr. Golden's remarks on militancy sound strange, after he has declared that he thinks the Bradens were ill-advised to arrange the sale of the house by subterfuge. Such an attitude misses the whole point of the book....

JIGGS GARDNER

Chestertown, Md.

Dear Sirs: What I meant by militancy—the militancy which has impressed me—are the rehearsals I saw on several occasions. I saw Negroes practicing what they would do and say when they took an unoccupied seat on a bus. A minister kept coaching them that all they were to say was: "I paid my dime."

When I speak of "militancy" I speak also of the militancy shown the Southern school boards when a board assigns six different Negro children to six different schools. The school boards have learned by now that the six lonely Negro children will show up at the six different schools. This bespeaks a deeply militant stand by Negro parents. This militancy is the reason the Negro keeps

winning and the Governor Faubus keeps growing more and more bewildered.

I would also like to make it very plain that I always read the books I am paid to review. But a book is not a pamphlet and I judge a book, regardless of its sympathies, on whether or not it is literature. I believe I showed no disrespect to either Mrs. Braden or Mr. Brown. I hold their courage in deep respect. I respect even more their willingness to say what they believe, even though I am not in agreement; but I do not think they have written literature. And I am paid for this opinion even more than I am paid for reading the books.

HARRY GOLDEN

Charlotte, N.C.

## Motes and Beams

Dear Sirs: I agree with Theodore Sands ["Propaganda vs. Diplomacy," May 30] that propaganda and diplomacy should be kept apart.... I was surprised, however, to see so liberal a thinker endorse the cold war. According to Mr. Sands, one of our main objectives should be "to create conditions within the Soviet bloc which disrupt and weaken the Communist system": in other words, sowing tares, while virtuously indignant if the Soviets try to disrupt and weaken our system. A realistic view? We are paying an enormous price for such "realism."

The way out was pointed by Christ: "to overcome evil with good." To help the Communist world get rid of its outrageous beams, hoping that in return it will help us remove our infinitesimal mores. Not to be sworn antagonists. To be more than fellow travelers (today, in scientific research and in the management of large collective enterprises, Americans and Russians are fellow travelers, in paths undreamt of by their respective ancestors; materialistic, collectivistic and classless, the United States and the USSR are far closer to each other than they are to France).

Mr. Sands considers "one-party elections" as an evil to be outlawed. Let us outlaw them in this country as well as in Russia. Our so-called parties are not parties at all; they are factions, machines and lobbies. There are two real parties in the United States: the Communist and the anti-Communist. The Communist is *de facto* outlawed. In this again, the United States and the USSR resemble each other far more than they resemble France or Italy. No country is truly liberal unless it is "pluralistic," unless it admits the peaceful competition of rival ideologies. Material attempts to

"disrupt and weaken" (as advised by Professor Sands) should be punishable by law. But a law-abiding citizen should have full freedom of thought, expression and association, full equality of rights and opportunities....

ALBERT GUERARD

Stanford, Calif.

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## EDITORIALS

### The Brick Is Still Hot

Late developments in the renegotiation controversy ("The Hottest Brick in Congress," *The Nation*, June 20) involve accusations by the General Accounting Office (GAO) against McDonnell Aircraft Corp., Boeing Airplane Co., General Precision Laboratories, Cessna Aircraft Co. and Rheem Manufacturing Co., in addition to the Lockheed Aircraft Corp. case reported in the article. In most of these cases exaggerated subcontracting costs boosted the price to the prime contractor's advantage. According to the GAO, McDonnell, negotiating a target price of \$102 million for the Air Force's F-101A aircraft, used subcontract costs which McDonnell knew were higher by \$5.2 million than those it would have to pay. The GAO also accused Boeing of padding a \$72 million Air Force B-52 contract by \$5 million in the same way. The best reply Boeing could make was that it had used "out of date" list prices furnished by subcontractors. Robert Dechert, general counsel for the Department of Defense, who testified in April that ". . . My background is that of private business and private law practice," now says the department is "very worried" because "business concerns deemed to be wholly legitimate have withheld information" from government negotiators and "we cannot rely on the integrity and fair dealing of business concerns."

Anticipating the House Armed Services Subcommittee hearings scheduled to begin soon after July 1 under the chairmanship of Rep. F. Edward Hébert (D., La.), Senator Paul Douglas (D., Ill.) obtained figures from the Department of Defense on retired military personnel of the grade of colonel or Navy captain, or higher, now working for defense contractors. One hundred companies holding 74 per cent of all defense contracts were interrogated; 88 replied. These employ 721 retired officers. Lockheed leads with 60 (including 21 admirals), followed by General Dynamics with 54 and Westinghouse Air Brake with 42. The leaders in volume of defense business were also tabulated. Boeing was first in 1958 with \$1,894,500,000 (and 30 retired officers), General Dynamics was runner-up with \$1,542,300,000, General Electric came in third with \$952,400,000 (and 35 retired officers). While no direct relationship can

be shown, retired generals and admirals seem to have the faculties of well-trained bird dogs who, in the memorable phrase of Charlie Wilson, do not sit on their fannies when defense business is in the wind.

### A Bad Case of Vetophobia

Majority Leader Lyndon B. Johnson occupies a suite in the Senate wing of the Capitol so baronial in scale that it stuns even the hard-boiled Washington correspondents. One of them describes its gold-leafed magnificence as a "cross between a Victorian manor hall and the Sistine Chapel." The traditional décor is mated with ultra-modern microphones, dictating machines, loud speakers and other aids to statesmanship. But the results are hardly commensurate with all this pomp and panoply, for the Senator seems to live in such fear of the Presidential veto that he has practically ceased to function as an active political force.

The instant case of morbid veto-dodging is the federal airport bill. The Senate started off with a four-year, \$465 million airport grant program. The House passed a four-year, \$297 million measure. Senator Mike Monroney, the floor manager for the ill-fated bill, warned the Senators that "We have a loaded veto aimed at our heads." Lyndon Johnson cried, "In a government that is divided, you can do something or you can do nothing." The something which the Democratic majority voted for, practically as a unit, was a two-year extension of the present law, authorizing airport aid at the rate of \$63 million a year. This was \$2 million under President Eisenhower's own recommendation for fiscal 1960; thus it had the supreme virtue of being veto-proof.

Later, however, there were complaints. One of the

### To Nation Subscribers

During July and August, *The Nation* will appear on alternate weeks only. It will be published as follows: July 4, July 18, August 1, August 15 and August 29.

Thereafter the normal weekly printing schedule will be resumed.

complainants was Senator John A. Carroll (D., Colo.). When Monroney maintained that half a loaf was better than none, Carroll suggested that hardly a quarter-loaf had been provided. The field is one in which budget-balancing at the expense of progress and welfare involves political hazards. The Denver airport, for instance, badly needs longer runways for jets. A single aborted take-off, or an airliner overshooting the runway in landing, might cause the voters to forget the work sheets which Lyndon Johnson sends around to the Democratic Senators and which they in turn furnish to their constituents to show that this isn't a "won't do" Congress, as the Republicans allege.

Few Senators care to revolt openly against Lyndon Johnson; equally few Representatives have the hardihood to lock horns with Sam Rayburn. But 1960 is not far off, and a few more vetoes, strategically invited, might aid the Democrats rather than damage their prospects. The veto puts the responsibility where it belongs; Congressional passivity gratuitously shares the blame for a program which fails to meet the needs of the country. A majority which behaves like a minority deserves defeat, and is likely to get what it deserves.

## A Good Citizen

Hjalmer Andersson, who came to this country as a Swedish farm boy, took the oath of allegiance without scruple or reservation when he became a citizen in 1929. Indeed, he says, he took it with considerable enthusiasm; one of the reasons he came to this country was that here, he was convinced, he could not only protest things he did not like but also stand up for the things he did like. Long known as a militant anti-Communist, he has served as a janitor at Evanston High School near Chicago, since he became a citizen thirty years ago. Today his savings are down to \$300, but he could collect \$7,557 if he would only sign an oath that he is not a Communist — the oath which the so-called Broyles Act requires in Illinois of all public-school and state employees. But since 1957 Andersson has refused to take the oath. "I would sign it in a minute," he says, "if I could find one person who would tell me what man — or what ideology — demands that the American people sign their loyalty away to him, or it. All I know is that the oath is against communism. So am I, but I want to know what it stands for beside that." He has somehow come to feel that this is not quite the same country to which he pledged allegiance in 1929. "There has been," he says, "something getting into its core and rotting it. Nearly all Americans today will do anything for the almighty dollar. The American people have become afraid and are driven by their fear into turning their backs on what they once believed."

So he refuses to take the oath, although the Internal Revenue Service now insists that he pay income taxes

on the back earnings which he steadily refuses to collect. Citizenship Day (September 17) has now, of course, replaced I Am an American Day and Constitution Day in the calendar of days usually observed as legal or public holidays. We don't know whether Evanston, Illinois, plans to make any awards or to single out any local residents for special recognition on the occasion of this year's observance; if it does, Mr. Anderson is an obvious nominee.

## Advances in Photography

Members of Congress, newscasters, editorial writers and others are understandably indignant over the attack on the U.S. Navy reconnaissance plane over the Sea of Japan. The indignation seems to be directed about equally toward the Pentagon and the Reds. About the latter little can be done, except to shoot up any reconnaissance planes of theirs which venture within fighter range of our bases, and perhaps to provide fighter escort for our reconnaissance missions, since it is impossible to combine first-class reconnaissance capability and first-class fighter capability in the same aircraft. Aside from the indignation and mortification, some pertinent technical questions arise. It is reported that our Navy plane was stripped of some of its guns to make room for "highly secret reconnaissance equipment." It is also reported that the airplane was on the usual innocent "routine training mission." It is highly unlikely that the Pentagon will answer the next question, i.e., what was the airplane photographing? Was it the sea? Or could it have been some Red installations on land? If the latter, the Reds still had no right to attack the aircraft over international waters, but the range of photography having increased so that even satellites high in orbit can take pictures of the earth, it would seem that existing codes are in process of revision by shooting. One more point may be raised. The Navy may have had good reasons for sending its plane on what turned out to be a perilous errand; it may also have had good reason for depriving it of some of the already inadequate protection which its normal armament afforded. But amid tons of the most advanced radar and photographic equipment, couldn't the Navy provide an intercom system which, when the commander tried to talk to a gunner and the gunner simultaneously tried to talk to the commander, would by some electronic magic give the commander precedence?

## The Ghost of the Sudetan

The ideological and political differences between the Communist China regime and the Nationalist regime in Formosa are well known; not so well known, however, is the fact that on certain issues the two see eye to eye. Currently, for example, both regimes, as a matter of policy, are discouraging the 12,000,000 overseas Chinese

from any longer thinking of themselves as expatriates. A few weeks ago Peking's Ambassador to Cambodia invited twenty-nine leading Chinese of that country to meet with him at the Embassy. There, it is reported, he talked to them like a benevolent uncle; the duty of Chinese living in Cambodia, he said, was to adapt themselves to the laws and customs of the country in which they lived. According to Delia and Ferdinand Kuhn, reporting in the *Washington Post*, the Chinese missions are behaving impeccably in the three countries where Peking has embassies: Burma, Cambodia and Indonesia. Similarly Chiang Kai-shek, in the Southeast Asian lands where the Nationalists have embassies — Thailand, Viet-Nam and the Philippines — has ceased to champion the cause of the resident Chinese minorities. Both regimes, in fact, are now giving the overseas Chinese much the same advice: be good citizens of the country in which you reside, don't antagonize your host coun-

try by luring capital to mainland China or Formosa, and, wherever possible, switch from shopkeeping to industrial production which creates employment and helps to develop your host country.

Both Peking and Taipei, in other words, have decided not to encourage any Sudeten-like irredentism in Southeast Asia and for much the same reason: nowadays relations with the host country are far more important than the remote possibility of conquest by subversion. What, then, happens to the argument — long one of the main props of American policy toward China — that American recognition of China would "convince the overseas Chinese that communism in China has come to stay"? Comment the Kuhs: "They are already pretty well convinced that communism in China will outlast their lifetime. We heard no optimistic predictions from the overseas Chinese that the days of Mao's regime were numbered."

## Organized Crime and Disorganized Cops

Ronald W. May

ROBERT KENNEDY, chief counsel of the Senate rackets committee, wanted to end his investigation last week with a spectacular line-up of a hundred plug-ugly teamsters who would be asked to tell their stories before the television cameras. The idea was to put the heat on the Department of Justice by saying: "Look, here they are. We've got their names, addresses and records and all we ask is that you start legal action."

No such theatrical bow-out occurred, but the committee staff's resentment against Justice and against its investigative arm, the Federal Bureau of Investigation, is real and still exists. In a recent article in a popular magazine, Mr. Kennedy observed heatedly that after two and a half years of committee investigations costing \$1.5 million of taxpayers' money, only three men out of hundreds exposed as "con men" at best, and master criminals at worst, have been convicted by the department, and one of these was a committee informant whom Kennedy asked be dealt with leniently.

RONALD W. MAY is Washington correspondent of the *Madison (Wisconsin) Capital Times*.

The article drew blood. When a reporter visited Malcolm Wilkey, the new U.S. Assistant Attorney General in charge of Justice's criminal division, he was eager to answer the charge. He pulled out a fourteen-page booklet and slapped it on the desk. The booklet was titled, *Federal Prosecutions of Racketeers—What has been done demonstrates what can be done*. "Here's the record," Mr. Wilkey said. "Now follow me as I go through and show you how many of these men indicted for extortion, income-tax evasion and other racketeering offenses were teamsters."

Of the 134 persons listed, thirty-one were identified as members of the Teamsters Union. "I personally took this book to Senator John McClellan" [the Arkansas Democrat who heads the committee], he added. "A lot of the cases that arose from the hearings just don't stand up under examination." When reminded that Mr. Kennedy had referred in his article to indictments of teamsters growing out of the committee's investigation, he replied testily, "Well, these are teamsters."

Mr. Kennedy took this reply with a laugh. He studied the indictments of which the Assistant Attorney

General had boasted, and snorted: "These are old cases. Nearly all of these began before the committee started. My statement still stands."

Last September the antagonism between the committee staff and the Department of Justice flared up in a short-lived exchange of public charges, beginning with Mr. Kennedy's statement that the department had failed to prosecute at least twenty witnesses for suspected perjury. Assistant Attorney General Malcolm Anderson (Mr. Wilkey's predecessor) cracked back that "There is nothing in law-enforcement work more destructive and mischievous than the public spectacle of persons in such work . . . criticizing persons . . . who are working just as conscientiously." He said eight of the fourteen cases referred by the committee had been closed because "evidence failed to substantiate the allegations" and the other six cases were under study or were being prepared for grand jury presentation.

"Most of them were never tried," Mr. Kennedy says today. "None of the persons involved was convicted."

ALL LAW-ENFORCEMENT experts agree that big crime is getting bigger. But there the agreement ends,

for a growing number of authorities say that federal agents must be "unleashed" for the fight, and to this the Justice Department strenuously objects. And objecting most strenuously of all is J. Edgar Hoover, chief of the FBI and a veteran exponent of the idea that crime-fighting is a local concern.

BUT FOR THE first time in years, the FBI director was overruled by his superiors in the spring of 1958. Mr. Anderson had worked out a plan for organizing within the department a Special Group On Organized Crime composed of eighteen hand-picked federal attorneys. He selected Milton Wessel to run the elite crime-fighting corps, supposedly with the complete cooperation of the FBI.

A secret list of the hundred biggest criminals was dispatched to the eighty-six U.S. Attorneys' offices in the nation. Creation of a master crime file was announced. Continual "scrutiny" of underworld barons was promised. Newspapers, magazines and radio and television broadcasts told the exciting story, and great things were predicted.

But Attorney General William Rogers and FBI chief Hoover were not so sure. The new setup trod on a lot of important toes and reached for reins of power jealously held by others. The heralded unit dropped out of the news. Last February newsmen learned that Mr. Wessel was in trouble. He had apparently grown impatient with trying to overcome the inertia with which he was surrounded and sent out a flurry of subpoenas to some of the men on the secret list. Word spread that since the FBI had not provided the information he requested, he had decided to get it himself.

That gesture marked the beginning of the end for Mr. Wessel and his elite lieutenants. In March, a brief release announced that Mr. Anderson had resigned and was being replaced as head of Justice's criminal division by an unknown, Malcolm Wilkey. The soft-spoken, rather diffident Wilkey had years of experience as a Justice lawyer in Texas and Washington, but not in the criminal field.

As expected, Mr. Wilkey disbanded the special group and dispersed

them back to U.S. Attorneys' offices in the larger cities. This time there were no releases nor press conferences to announce the move.

Mr. Wilkey says the experts were "phased into" normal procedures and will continue to fight crime without upsetting routines. He asked each U.S. Attorney to pick an aide as a crime specialist and he sent a packet of papers to help. These included loose-leaf notebook pages carrying sample indictments, suggestions for trial procedures and even a stimulating quiz on how to spot offenses. Each Attorney was asked to contribute the names of leading hoodlums in his area to go into a national "big criminal" list to be held by the Justice Department.

UP ON Capitol Hill, Mr. Kennedy was watching these moves with something akin to amusement. He was not impressed and said so: "The department still hasn't learned what it is dealing with. They're over there shuffling papers and handing out press releases. They have to do more investigating. They should use the FBI to find out who these racketeers are, whom they meet, where they go, what businesses they're in, how they operate. But that's not being done.

"A central federal intelligence bureau for organized crime is badly needed. Justice won't do that. And it won't keep these fellows under

surveillance. They do it for suspected spies, but they won't do it for gangsters and racketeers.

"The proof is the Apalachin convention. Sixty top gangsters were there, but no local, state or federal officer knew about it. It was discovered only by chance because a state policeman — Sergeant Edgar Croswell — happened to be interested.

"Anthony Pinelli moved from Miami to Gary, Indiana, and operated big for three years before anyone found out.

"Justice says organized crime is a local affair. But local authorities can't do it alone. And there's the fact that organized crime has corrupted some local police forces and even mayors.

"The FBI has to be ordered into this job.

"Justice says that the FBI is doing all it should by checking fingerprints sent in by local police when a racketeer moves into their city. But do they think a gangster will send a note announcing his arrival in town?

"We need a central bureau. Government lawyers sitting around a table looking at old files won't bring results."

Kenneth O'Donnell, assistant counsel of the committee, put it even more strongly:

"The few Justice cases that have been brought against big criminals have been based on evidence produced by narcotics agents and other government investigators, who use surveillance and infiltration.

"The Justice Department and the FBI weren't greatly interested in this field of organized crime until our committee investigation began exposing it. The FBI has never been aggressive on big crime. It went after Communists and stayed there.

"Our committee is the only group with a complete set of files on the big gangsters. New York and Los Angeles and other cities have files on their hoods, but a man fifty miles out won't be included.

"Hoover works by the book. His men have too much paperwork. As it is now, the FBI chief is afraid to step on the toes of local officials—afraid he will lose some popularity and get involved in local politics.



J. Edgar Hoover

But local authorities can't handle nation-wide syndicates.

"If the FBI really went to work on the hoods, the local police would get busy, too. You can bet on that."

Mr. Wilkey is very hesitant when answering such taunts. As a new man in a hot spot, he can say only that the FBI will continue to act solely on specific complaints in the field of organized crime. He told a recent interviewer: "We don't have the manpower to do what these critics suggest." Then, as though suddenly realizing that this left a hole in his argument, he switched to higher grounds: "You cannot put a U.S. citizen under surveillance. That is not the way a free government operates." But later, he added: "What would we get out of watching some racketeer's house, anyway? We're not interested in learning who his son is going out with."

One obvious answer was suggested but provoked no reaction. The answer is that the FBI does put American citizens under surveillance, and citizens who can only remotely be under suspicion. These are persons whom the FBI on its own initiative suspects of disloyalty, subversion or dangerous thinking; and, of course, the thousands of U.S. government-job holders, defense-plant job holders and applicants to such jobs. Mr. Hoover testified one day last year that on that day he had "only" ninety telephones tapped, and one day this year he said the number was reduced to seventy-four.

With the number of real Communists in the 2,000-7,000 range, and with their popular support nonexistent, this concentration on loyalty-security work accompanied by a distaste for fighting a criminal underworld which Mr. Hoover himself says costs the nation \$22 billion a year, is puzzling. One of those who finds it so is another Hoover—former President Herbert Hoover, who suggested in a recent newspaper article that the government take a census of criminals, adding: "The story from this census might bring realization to the American people that freedom in the United States is in more jeopardy from crime than from all the Communist conspirators. It might show that we have a duty to get tough."

J. Edgar Hoover's reluctance to step up his efforts in the war against the barons of organized crime was emphasized at a recent conference of U.S. Attorneys. The FBI chief pledged his assistance to authorities in "exposing and destroying the hoodlum barons of the American underworld" as long as such assistance did not infringe "in any manner" on state and local agencies. "State and local law-enforcement agencies traditionally have been the nation's front-line troops in the fight against crime," he said. He criticized the "very noble objective" of certain "well intentioned persons" who want to step up the war against crime with "national commissions, national clearing houses, special prosecuting teams to cover the national scene."

Thus, he made plain that he had opposed the Special Group in Justice.

After the group's dissolution, he announced in a printed release that "the bonds of cooperative effort which exist within our profession are entirely adequate to meet the present-day hoodlum threat." The release, on March 30, said that the FBI would begin conferences throughout the country with local and state law-enforcement officers "to further enhance the free exchange of information concerning crime and racketeering" within the existing framework. A total of 162 such conferences were held to form "a solid front of attack on organized crime."

HOOVER opposes a greater role for himself in organized crime-fighting not only because "crime and racketeering are local problems," but also because he does not want to set up a "National Police Force" on hated old-world patterns. Critics, however, point out that Hoover's career-long preoccupation with subversion, radicalism and political crimes is following the lead of tyrannies much more than any stepped-up drive against gangsters would do.

Mr. Hoover is touchy on the subject of the FBI record against criminal bosses and when stories appear referring to this painful subject he is wont to announce that behind all criticism of the FBI are Communists. He then points out that he is strictly limited in the fields into

which he can enter, and that he heads a fact-finding organization that is not permitted to enter the policy area. Nevertheless, he has not hesitated to praise the late Senator Joseph McCarthy; and, on the other hand to denounce "pseudo-liberals" seeking to thaw the cold war, Supreme Court decisions protecting civil rights, juvenile-court judges, American parents and those who refuse to believe that the Communist Party in America at its weakest is more dangerous than ever.

IT CANNOT be said that FBI-man Hoover, Mr. Wilkey or hardly anyone else denies the bigness of crime. Says Mr. Wilkey in describing "the syndicate" which coordinates legitimate and illicit operations that run into hundreds of millions of dollars annually: "Bigness in crime is growing just as it is in business and unions. The big boys are squeezing out the little ones and establishing monopolies." And the FBI's own figures show that crime is increasing at the rate of 8 per cent annually—faster than population growth or the growth of any large industry.

It seems logical to conclude that the Special Group in Justice and the recent round-up of Apalachin delegates were acts intended to answer a public demand for crackdowns on criminal overlords and to grab the play away—if only temporarily—from the Senate committee and from local and state policemen. The Apalachin hoods were shadowed and then taken in simultaneous raids by narcotics men from Treasury, after the full meaning of the convention was put on the record by local and state authorities.

Persistent questioning of Justice lawyers leaves little doubt that they still do not know why the sixty guests of the late Joe Barbara, Sr., were meeting at his house on November 14, 1957. This lack of knowledge seriously weakens the conspiracy case which Justice lawyers devised in their conference rooms in Washington. (Mr. Wessel has been asked to prosecute it.)

"We have the most complete files in existence on the syndicate," says Mr. O'Donnell. "But we don't have much. Nobody does. That's why there is ■ syndicate."

## BOX SCORE ON GENEVA . . by Frederick Kuh

Geneva, June 18

THE BALANCE sheet of the six-week foreign ministers' conference definitely shows the four Western powers in the red. They have been suffering from the disadvantages inherent in meeting the Russians on all such occasions. The divergences among them sap some of their negotiating strength; moreover, owing to popular pressure, they must trim their position and make concessions—or face public accusation of being inflexible. They have been further encumbered because West Berlin, isolated deep in Communist territory, is extremely vulnerable.

The pattern of the discussions here was peculiar. They began, as did the 1955 Summit conference, by roaming over the immense fields of the problems of Germany, European security, disarmament and Berlin. Midway, however, the talks tapered into discussions confined solely to Berlin. Whether the results will prove satisfactory for the West must be judged by what happens hereafter.

The prospects for a Summit are obscure. Summity is a passion which seems to afflict the British every four years, but it seems to be working itself out. Furthermore, the Western Allies seem to have staked too heavily on their belief that Khrushchev is aching for a Summit. The Soviet Premier has been visiting Soviet satellite lands recently; since the Hungarian revolt of 1956, the Kremlin has greatly consolidated relationships with its satraps. This may lessen Khrushchev's sense of urgency for a Summit.

Khrushchev can get tickets to a Summit in two ways. He can buy one for a nickel's worth of concessions sufficient to permit President Eisenhower to proclaim that enough progress has been made to justify a heads-of-government meeting. Or he can create another crisis.

The Western governments' attitude is simple. Adenauer opposes a Summit because he thinks any advance toward a European settlement will be at Germany's expense. De Gaulle is lukewarm. We are all familiar with Eisenhower's dictum that there must be enough headway to

ward solutions to warrant scaling the Alps. Britain still wants a Summit, irrespective of the outcome of the foreign ministers' deliberations. It would suit Prime Minister Macmillan if the Summit still lay ahead while the British elections were held in October; thereby he might win many votes by urging his countrymen not to shoot the pianist in the middle of a concert.

SEEN FROM the Western viewpoint, what are the principal debit and credit entries in the talks so far? First, the Western reverses:

(1) On the opening day, the Russians won the most significant success of the whole six weeks when the Allies agreed to seat the East Germans on an equal footing with the West Germans (during the Geneva conference in 1955, the East German observers sat forlorn in cafes a mile away from the scene of the talks).

(2) The Allies failed to induce the Russians to reaffirm in writing Western rights in West Berlin.

(3) Abortive negotiations like these in Geneva—which leave German unification suspended in outer space—have the psychological effect of casting doubt on the durability of West Germany's membership in the Allied military system. The West insists that a unified Germany must be free to choose its alignment. Russia demands that a unified Germany must stay out of both power blocs. However inconclusive, any major debate on this issue accustoms more and more people to the idea of a neutral, unified Germany. Giving mass publicity to this notion is a distinct minus for the West.

The conference produced some gains as well as losses for the Allies:

(1) The Soviets crawled in from the limb on which they had scrambled recklessly last November, when they slapped a six-month ultimatum on the Allies for quitting West Berlin. Two months later, Mikoyan turned up in the United States telling everybody that the Soviets were joshing about the ultimatum. Then Mr. Khrushchev said that the time limit could be prolonged a few weeks or a couple of months. And a fortnight ago, here at Geneva, Gromyko extended the limit to a year. Thus Russia habituated its East German puppet to waiting awhile until another

fattened roast pigeon dropped on its plate.

(2) East Germany's success in winning a seat here was partly offset by the result: the whole world now saw the German Democratic Republic's crude role as Moscow's pawn. Foreign Minister Lothar Bölkow dared not blow his nose until he saw Gromyko whip out a handkerchief.

(3) Despite difficulties natural among free nations, the Allies achieved unity at the conference table, and Gromyko was unable to profit from their divergences. This is not to underestimate the real differences which existed. There is the serious Franco-American rift resulting from de Gaulle's refusal to let the United States store nuclear explosives on French soil. There is the continuing distrust of the West Germans and the French of Britain's readiness to compromise with the Kremlin. There are Adenauer's antics vis-à-vis his chancellorship.

The Allied foreign ministers here think that Adenauer's performance may have had something to do with Gromyko's presentation on June 9 of a new ultimatum (which a day later he denied as deserving of that ugly label). Up to then, an agreement on Berlin seemed within grasp. What led to Gromyko's relapse into these peremptory methods? One interpretation is that Adenauer's decision to cling to the German chancellorship meant the survival in this key office of the man Russia hates most among Western diplomats.

IN DRAWING up the balance of the conference, one item ought to be mentioned which accrues to the benefit of both sides. It is that the major Western powers and the Soviet Union engaged in prolonged, serious conversation for the first time in four years. Ordinary people everywhere are likely to consider this a universal plus.

This conference is likely to end with a net success for the Soviets. But the real measure of its outcome can be taken only when we know what the Soviets will do next. If they defer the threatened peace treaty with the East Germans and the transfer to them of control over the approaches to West Berlin, the Allies will have done better in Geneva than the balance sheet indicates.

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## Brannan to Benson to Brannan . . . by Reo M. Christenson

ALTHOUGH Ezra Taft Benson's political foes haven't been able to reverse the drift of his policies for five long years, the American farmer may be ready to do the job himself. A recent bulletin from the crop-reporting service indicates that the farmer, operating under conditions approaching those recommended by the Secretary, is girding himself to produce the most handsome surpluses yet. With the government's hoard already exceeding \$9 billion, another record crop should just about set the stage for the derailing of Benson's program. It may also bring about the resurrection of the much abused but perennially intriguing Brannan Plan.

Brannan's program, badly mauled by its enemies and then kicked to death in 1949, has been twitching in its grave ever since. According to the politically sagacious columnist Joseph Alsop, a modified form is "almost certain to become the Democratic farm plank in 1960." Certain or not, a system of free market prices combined with direct payments to maintain a minimum income for family farmers stands an excellent chance of getting the kind of serious Congressional attention it has never really had.

Our mountainous pile of surplus commodities is only one factor paving the way for a radical shift in national farm policy. Another is the breath-taking and somewhat absurd \$7 billion agricultural budget, which includes more than \$1 billion annually just for managing the government-held surpluses. This budget is causing more head-shaking than almost any farm phenomenon since Henry Wallace's massacre of the poor little pigs in 1933.

Still another factor is the steep rise in our feed-grain supplies, which

threatens a major decline in hog and — later — other livestock prices. Here is one of several developments which lead even the Department of Agriculture to predict a drop in farm income this year. Finally, the Democrats, well pleased with 1958 election returns in rural areas, are out to tighten their grip on the votes Benson has so obligingly tossed their way. Under these circumstances, it would be remarkable if the farm program were to escape the Congressional scalpel much longer.

BEYOND the budget statistics and the policies is a growing awareness that Benson's analysis of the farm problem is both superficial and faulty. The Secretary has declared repeatedly that our price-support system is primarily responsible for surpluses. He insists it has artificially stimulated excess output, distorted the production pattern and kept land in cultivation that ought to be retired. Above all, he has preached with evangelical zeal that government controls and subsidies rob farmers of that independence and self-reliance which have been the glory of American agriculture. Get the government out of the farm sector — well, almost out — and the self-correcting forces of a free economy will

bring blessed relief from the iniquities of the paternalistic state.

All this is hailed by practically all businessmen as the kind of turkey-talk which may be politically inexpedient, but which represents sane, sound, 100 per cent Americanism. But thoughtful students of agriculture are increasingly of the opinion that Benson has been ignoring or minimizing vital facts.

They argue that the primary blame for farm surpluses rests not on the system of price supports, but rather on science. Recent advances in technology have been more spectacular in agriculture than in almost any other phase of American industry. Improved machinery, insecticides, fertilizers, seeds, chemical weed-killers, the use of antibiotics in livestock feed, the spread of artificial insemination and other improved breeding practices—these and other technical developments primarily account for the amazing productivity of American agriculture. Technology explains why crop production in 1958, although it involved the fewest acres in forty years, exceeded previous records by about 11 per cent. Technology also principally accounts for the fact that annual farm output is increasing considerably faster than increases in demand.

As for the comfortable assumption that lower price supports will help persuade the backward, marginal farmer to seek greener pastures in the city, leaving the more efficient farmers to prosper despite lower price levels, reputable studies show that it is the presence of off-the-farm job opportunities, rather than low farm prices, which accelerates the exodus from the farm. For that matter, it is argued plausibly that whenever less efficient farmers decide to leave the soil, their land is usually purchased by the more efficient, whose enlarged holdings and superior practices enable them to increase production. With the nation's agriculture already turning out 5 to 8 per cent more farm commodities than the market can absorb at reasonable price levels,



Christian Science Monitor

"When a Feller Needs  
a (Congressional) Friend."

**REO M. CHRISTENSON**, author of *The Brannan Plan: Farm Politics and Policy*, to be published this fall by the University of Michigan Press, teaches Government at Miami University, Ohio.

this looks like something less than a sensible solution.

Benson's theory, it is conceded, might work if it were carried to its logical conclusion. Dr. Walter W. Wilcox of the Legislative Reference Service, Library of Congress, and one of the nation's foremost students of agriculture, has calculated that a completely free market would slash net farm income by from 25 to 40 per cent. This in turn might cut farm production by (1) touching off a wave of bankruptcies and farm foreclosures, and (2) putting most remaining farmers in such straitened economic circumstances that they could not obtain the credit they need, or buy new machinery, or otherwise take advantage of the latest technological advances.

No doubt there is a point at which agriculture becomes so financially depressed that output will fall. But is this really the way to solve the problem? Unhappily, a 25 to 40 per cent income cut would leave the average family-farmer sagging against the ropes, with only the biggest, most highly mechanized farmer able to carry on at reasonable income levels.

If farm income were already at satisfactory levels, a decline of 25 to 40 per cent might be looked upon with somewhat greater equanimity. But returns to farm labor and management in 1957 approximated only 69 cents an hour, compared to \$2.07 an hour for workers in manufacturing concerns. And the average income of the 2.2 million most productive American farmers in 1956 was about \$1,500 less than that of the average non-farm family. For the other 2.6 million farms, incomes from all sources fall far below urban levels (about 1.5 million net less than \$1,500 a year). Under these conditions, a major reduction in farm income can be regarded only as a major disaster.

CONGRESS has other alternatives, of course, than a refurbished Brannan Plan. Some economists insist that overproduction will be with us until Congress musters the courage to take some sixty to seventy million acres of land permanently out of production. Land retirement on this scale would admittedly be a costly

operation, but spending billions to solve the surplus problem might be preferable to spending billions not solving it, proponents declare. Even Secretary Benson is reportedly preparing to recommend further enlargement of the land-retirement program. This could be done by expanding the "conservation reserve" residue of the "soil bank," which has already retired about twenty-three million acres of relatively poor and unproductive land.

BUT SUCH a plan, applied on a sufficiently grand scale to eliminate surpluses, would create some serious problems of its own. As long as land retirement affects only the poorest land, it makes only a minor dent in the surplus stockpile. But when it begins to embrace more productive land, two things happen: (1) costs rise steeply and (2) small-town merchants in areas heavily affected by the program experience a local depression because purchases of machinery, feed, seeds, fertilizers, etc. fall off sharply. Solving the surplus problem by depressing the income of thousands of small businessmen is not an attractive solution, as Congress concluded when it killed the acreage-reserve program in 1958, largely because this unexpected side-effect emerged in so many Southern states.

A further complication lies in public resentment of programs which enable farmers to place their entire farms in a soil bank while they slip off to Florida and live off their federal rent checks. This goes against the grain of farmers and city folks alike and constitutes a formidable barrier to important extensions of the program. An alternative might be a federal *purchase* program, but this would involve a staggering initial investment.

Congress might also revive, in some form or other, the 1958 proposal of the National Conference of Commodity Organizations for dealing with the disturbing increase in feed-grain supplies. The NCCO suggested that farmers be paid from surplus grain stocks for retiring a substantial percentage of their acreage from feed-grain production. This would slacken current feed grains output and reduce government holdings

without obliging farmers who feed their grain on the farm to cut back livestock production. This program (which actually originated among career men in the Department of Agriculture) has considerable merit, and there is a good chance it will be given a trial one of these days.

IT IS probable, however, that none of these programs will satisfy Congress or the Democratic Presidential candidate in 1960. Indications are that Senate Democrats (led by Senators Hubert Humphrey and Herman Talmadge) will eventually rally behind a modified Brannan Plan which will guarantee farmers producing major commodities 90 or 100 per cent of parity-income protection on that portion of their output which is used for domestic consumption. To prevent large producers from gorging at public expense, a fairly low ceiling on total payments to any individual would be established.

For example, under the plan wheat producers would sell their wheat in the open market for whatever it would bring. But if only 70 per cent of the total national production is consumed domestically, the individual producer would get a federal check for the difference between the market price and a price equaling 90 or 100 per cent of parity on only 70 per cent of his wheat up to a maximum payment of \$12,500 per farmer (this ceiling is some 50 per cent below the figure suggested by Brannan in 1949). Since farmers net from 35 to 40 per cent of their gross, the plan would provide income protection up to \$4,000 to \$5,000 per farmer, while leaving the big producer to shift for himself in a free market to whatever extent his annual sales exceeded \$12,500.

The ceiling is an eminently sensible device. One of the glaring defects of the farm program to date has been its tendency to lavish federal aid on those who need it least, while providing precious little help for those who need it most. And while it is true that American farm income is generally inadequate, scores of thousands of farmers have been and are doing very well indeed. Some of them rake in scandalous sums from the federal government. Helping reasonably efficient family-farmers to ob-

tain incomes comparable to those of manufacturing workers can be defended; using factory wage earners' taxes to put many farmers on easy street cannot.

Of crucial importance, also, is the fact that a low ceiling would keep total farm-program costs at levels the taxpayer could afford to pay.

THE PURPOSES of the Democratic plan are fairly obvious. It would eliminate most of the present system of agricultural-production controls. It would halt most government purchases of surplus farm commodities. It would protect the family farm while preventing the biggest and wealthiest farmers from plundering the public treasury. It would put a stop to the nonsensical practice of using tax money to raise the price of food (which the price-support system does). It would reduce inflationary pressures. It would encourage a major shift toward livestock farming, thereby diminishing the huge stockpile of feed grains and cutting the price of meat to the housewife without breaking the livestock farmer in the process.

And, of special interest to Messrs. Humphrey and Talmadge, it might go a long way toward cementing the

Democratic Party's hold on the affections of the family farmer.

Would such a plan have a chance in Congress, considering the rude reception the Brannan Plan received in 1949? At the time it was proposed, the plan ignited the most intense hostility of the Farm Bureau, the Republican Party and virtually every conservative newspaper, magazine and organization in the country. CIO Political Action Committee support for it was effectively used by labor's enemies to prove the plan's sinister character. Every epithet in the arsenal of political abuse was hurled at Brannan (although it might be noted that Brannan often gave even better than he got). Southern Democrats finally broke ranks under the massive propaganda bombardment and joined the GOP in plumping for 90 per cent of parity-price supports as an alternative to a trial run for the plan.

Things are different today. For one thing, Brannan invited legitimate criticism by calling for farm-income protection tied to the inflated farm-income levels of World War II. This cost him the support of many responsible groups which found the plan attractive in other respects. Moreover, the Farm Bureau has less

influence with Congress than it had in 1949, and it has lost a valuable ally in the National Grange. The ranks of the GOP have been heavily depleted in recent years and further thinning may lie ahead in 1960.

Finally, Southern legislators are much less likely to defect from a Brannan-type plan these days. For several years the South has been ready to accept a free-market, direct-payment plan for cotton, and only Benson's adamant opposition has prevented it from becoming enacted into law. Not only will Senator Talmadge (who has already introduced a Brannan-type bill) help hold the South in line, but Lyndon Johnson is known to be sympathetic to a farm program of this general character. Johnson presumably realizes that it can be helpful in preventing a party split in 1960, and he is anxious to latch on to any policy which can provide a bond between the southern and northern wings of the party.

No one can predict just what will happen in 1960, but something big is almost sure to shape up on the farm front. Whatever its anatomy, it can hardly fail to improve upon the crippled critter Benson rides today.

## NEW WONDER of the NILE . . . by Desmond Stewart

*Aswan, Egypt*

ASWAN AND LUXOR were the resorts of the rich. Even today the Cataract Hotel or the Winter Palace have a grandiosity, an overstuffed comfort, that recall long-staying, lordly-tipping visitors. The valley and the red, decisive hills, the polished black stumps of granite that puncture the Nile—these retain their beauty. The climate is still rainless and sunbright all winter. But the tourists who have packed the hotel rooms this season put in an average of twenty-nine hours in Aswan and carry German passports. (A *Herr Doktor* with a limp lectures his forty

victims as they eat their post-Cromer supper. "So, *Morgen Fruh mussen wir . . .*" I, too, have to listen.) The last airplane to use the old Aswan airport carried the corpse of the Aga Khan; his sandstone mausoleum on the west bank, just above his smaller villa, imitates a Fatimid mosque in Cairo.

Nor are the targets of tourism the same as in the past, when a leisurely *felucca* to Philae, or a stroll among the exotic flowers and trees on Kitchener Island, was the prelude to the Edwardian tea. Elephantine Island and the granite quarries with the unfinished obelisk are visited, but they have been dwarfed by newer sights. The visitor is now taken to see, around this small Nile township at the gateway to Africa, industrial

projects that will transform the Aga Khan's retreat into the Birmingham of the Arab East within ten years: despite the remoteness from Cairo, despite the summer heat (by ten in the morning the steel wall of a gasometer becomes untouchable).

With a certain pique, the West has ignored the increasing industrialization of Egypt, though occasional critics have complained that the steel now being produced at Helwan (from ores mined here at Aswan) is either not needed, or is too expensive to present an economic competition with imported steel. But to the visitor the development of Aswan is pyramid-obvious, and its usefulness to the national economy evident. The most impressive project that I have seen anywhere in the Near East is

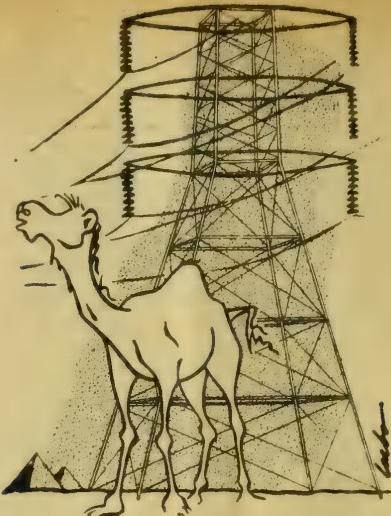
DESMOND STEWART, British journalist, is the author of the recently published *Turmoil in Beirut*.

the new fertilizer factory, rapidly being built on the site of the old airport.

Benefiting at least in this from its late start (there were attempts at industrialization in the nineteenth century, given no helping hand by foreign capital), Egyptian industry has been able to avoid the ugliness and ill-planning of Victorian Europe. What was a bare desert twenty months ago is now a visible nexus of strangely beautiful and gigantic buildings. Nubians in turbans and hitched-up *gallabyas* swarm over wooden scaffoldings in the hot sun. A colony for all the workers involved in the \$67 million project was started from the beginning, with air-conditioned three-room flats which will be let for \$5.60 a month to workers whose wage will be around \$98 a month. Already trees are growing and swimming pools are being dug; a basin of water underlies the terrain, fed from the Nile. The plant will go into production in spring, 1960, and will produce from the start enough nitrate fertilizer to meet the needs of all Upper Egypt and some of the Delta as well; it will save at least \$28 million a year of foreign currency; its cheaper price will also mean that the farmer will buy the right quantity for an optimum yield on his land.

When an extension has been added, Egypt will be able to export to the adjoining Sudan as well. What makes this scheme so impressive is that (unlike Helwan, where coke must be imported from abroad), all the ingredients of the fertilizer are to hand, since the chemicals derive from water, air and calcium, and the electric power to fuse them will be generated from the old Aswan Dam.

The electrification of this dam (whose building was one of the soldier achievements of the "veiled protectorate") has been discussed in Egypt since the twenties. But, as one Egyptian said to me, "Nothing, literally nothing, was done in Egypt for the last thirty years of the monarchy." At first it was thought to put tunnels in the masonry of the dam; but this was discovered to be dangerous to the fabric, and instead a new side dam has been built, with four huge tunnels driven almost ■



kilometer through the granite. This autumn, the new powerhouse will begin producing within 15 per cent as much electricity as the total now produced in all Egypt. It gives an idea of the magnitude of the fertilizer factory that it alone will absorb 70 per cent of this power; the rest will largely go to the building of the new High Dam, a few miles south.

THE ENTHUSIASTIC, or angry, words spoken about the High Dam have given it a mythic quality, which makes it strange to be driven to its site, neatly marked in whitewash. I visited it on a morning of high cloud, rare in these parts. There was something Gothic for a moment about the Nile, which here shakes off its snakeskin of fertility and flows through somber cliffs of high, bare granite. A tiny *felucca* far below caught the northern breezes on its sail and moved south against the stream. It was like a more barren Loch Ness, about five hundred yards wide. The engineer whose jeep brought me said: "This will not be a dam in the usual sense; rather, an artificial mountain is going to block the Nile, five kilometers long at its crest, twelve hundred meters thick. The Nile will simply stop here. There will be no tunnels through the dam itself. From here north, what we need will flow through tunnels drilled into the banks. Before, we could not store a yearly supply in the Aswan Dam; now we can store for years

ahead, so that even if there are successive years of drought we shall have enough. No water need flow into the sea."

Already the approach roads have been made, and on the high, barren uplands of the desert surveyors are laying out a new town. The new airport, one of the largest in the Middle East, received its first plane the day I was there. Work on the High Dam itself will start after the summer floods, in October. The first stage, which is to build two coffer dams, and to drill the seven outlet tunnels in the east bank, will be completed in four years; the water-storage benefits of the dam will then begin to be available, and work has already started on the reclamation of two million acres for which the necessary water will be ready. (At present, about six million acres are cultivated throughout Egypt.) The second stage is the drilling of four tunnels on the west bank to drive the turbines of two gigantic powerhouses, which will supply enough cheap power to electrify the whole Nile Valley as far as Cairo. The engineer in charge, Ahmed Said, who built the Gebel Awlia Dam in Sudan, told me: "With the Western powers helping us, we could start the second stage simultaneously with the first. Thus the Eastern bloc could have the east bank, the Western bloc the west bank, with five hundred metres of Nile water between, to keep the peace."

THIS creative project, which will benefit the Sudan as much as Egypt, which will add an average of \$28 per head to the national income of the country, has been attacked by the unthinking as some modern equivalent of the megalomania of Rameses the Second. The sudden (and surely unpolitic, if political) decision not to finance it was the indirect cause of the tragedy of Suez, in which sums far greater than those involved in the High Dam were squandered in making enemies and losing influence. The United States, which played the major role in this decision, but which regained popularity for its stand against the Suez war, has not shown any recent sympathy for either the High Dam

or the other schemes that depend on it. Yet the High Dam project was planned carefully, and was endorsed in November, 1954, by the Board of International Consultants. The engineers whose delicately perfect blueprints I saw in Ahmed Said's office belong to a British firm of renown.

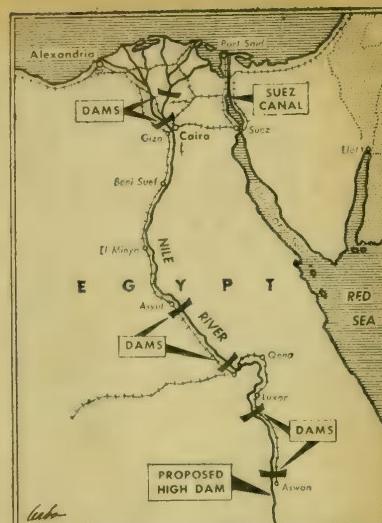
Anyone with a sense of Western interests in the Middle East must regret that among the cosmopolitan pioneers who are transforming Aswan there are many Germans, Swedes, Italians, even Frenchmen, but few British or Americans. For there are three compelling reasons why the whole West should participate, and on a large scale, in this achievement.

First, the High Dam is the most spectacular engineering enterprise (sputniks apart) being undertaken on the planet. It is an enterprise of life and death to a country whose influence in the Afro-Asian world is almost as great as that of India herself. The public interest in this dam will become greater as it takes shape and as its benefits become tangible. For the West to be associated in this scheme would be worth many orbiting satellites, or British Royal visits.

Second, the High Dam is a symbol of industrial progress for all underdeveloped countries. Only industrial progress, it is believed, can solve the major African and Asian problem: poverty. The only question in the popular mind: which system, East or West, can best provide factories, dams and electric power? The

High Dam is being built by a country which has as definitely repudiated communism as it has opposed imperialism. Thus it is a supreme opportunity for the West to show that it is not true, as some nationalists and all Communists allege, that it will bestow *baksheesh*, but will never provide the means by which these backward countries can become self-reliant and economically independent. (The charge of Fidel Castro, that American capitalism will never provide Latin America with factories, is echoed against British capitalism throughout Asia and Africa.) Western participation in a scheme which will certainly lead to the greater industrialization of Egypt would show that the Western countries do not seek to keep underdeveloped countries as producers of nothing but raw materials which can be processed in Manchester and Pittsburgh. The effect of such a demonstration would be as profound as the evacuation of India, or the Marshall Plan.

Third, the High Dam will produce the power that its sponsors predict; it will increase the national income of Egypt; it will put more money into the pockets of ordinary Egyptians, and more power plugs into their homes. This increased prosperity will mean a far greater market for imported goods. Whether the Western share of this market will be that of the lion or the mouse must depend to a great extent on the good will felt for the West inside Egypt.



The good will is already there; the Nile-Hilton Hotel is full of American tourists; American films are more popular than those from Russia; there are still a thousand bonds of friendship between individuals from the West and individuals in Egypt; the good will gained for America at the time of Suez has not been entirely dissipated; the recognition that a majority of the British opposed their own government remains. Excellent opportunities therefore exist for the consolidation of a new relationship based on mutual respect and mutual advantage.

And on a more emotional level, it would be a pity if the only Anglo-Saxons at Aswan were the ghosts of whist players in the millionaires' hotel.

## THE TAX THAT DOESN'T TAX . . . by John C. Bowen

IT IS WIDELY believed by Americans that confiscatory inheritance taxes have seriously curtailed the practice of transferring fortunes from generation to generation, and that the estates of the wealthy are being broken up.

The truth is that the yields from current federal estate and gift taxes are trifling. Recent studies by Ray-

mond W. Goldsmith indicate that the total of privately-owned wealth in the United States in 1953 amounted to about \$1,000 billion. If we assume that this sum devolves once each thirty-three-year generation to the succeeding generation, then about \$30 billion is being transferred annually by gift or by inheritance. But the federal yield from estate and gift taxes in 1953 was \$891 million. Thus transfer taxes — as inheritance and gift taxes are called — collected

by the federal government equaled 2.9 per cent of the tax base, i.e., the total property transferred in a year.

Applying a similar method to each year since the origin of the law in 1916, we find that the federal transfer taxes have never exceeded 3.5 per cent of the tax base. During periods when the conservatives were strongest in Congress, the federal yield virtually disappeared. At other times, such as the thirties, when some concessions to popular discontent

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were judged necessary, the yields reached their trifling maximum. But from the inauguration of the present federal transfer taxes in 1916 to the present day, the main body of privately-owned wealth has been transferred from generation to generation within the framework of the family, with minimal tax impact.

The state transfer taxes have been even more impotent. If we estimate the transfer-tax base by the procedure outlined above, the total yield of all state transfer taxes (estate, inheritance, gifts, etc.) has never exceeded about 1.5 per cent of the property transferred. Currently the states are taxing at a rate of about 0.8 per cent.

The combined yields of all state and federal transfer taxes have never risen above 5 per cent of the transfer-tax base, and currently are less than 4 per cent.

ON PAPER, inheritance and gift tax rates seem to be high; in practice, the tax laws permit widespread avoidance. The method by which this is achieved is hidden in laws which are obscure and incredibly complex. The transfer-tax law is a monument to Vilfredo Pareto, who argued that whether a nation's leaders are selected by democratic process or by violence and fraud, it is inevitably ruled by an elite which gives promises to the many and privileges to the few.

The most important method of excusing the well-to-do from transfer taxes has been by the granting of large exemptions. An unmarried working man must pay income tax on income exceeding \$600, but under present federal estate-tax law, a man's estate is entitled to an exemption of \$60,000. Moreover, if the decedent was married, he is entitled (in effect) to leave one-half to his wife tax-free, and on her passing she is entitled to her own \$60,000 exemption. Thus, through the loophole provided by exemptions alone, a family fortune of \$120,000 may pass from one generation to another without payment of any tax.

It is a widespread misconception — even among people who should know better — that a large share of the national privately-owned wealth

is held by "millionaires." But a study of the distribution of the present \$1,000 billion or so in privately-owned wealth reveals that about 72 per cent is held in family estates of \$120,000 or less. Thus the \$60,000 federal estate-tax exemption alone excludes nearly three-fourths of the wealth eligible for taxation.

The estate-tax exemption is only the beginning, however. Each person is also entitled to a \$30,000 exemption for gifts made during his or her lifetime. Again, if the wealth-holder is married, the exemption is in effect doubled to \$60,000. Also, under the gift-tax provision, the wealth-holder is entitled to give away an additional \$3,000 annually to each of any number of donees. If he is married, he has again a double annual exclusion of \$6,000 per year.

Thus a married man with three children, with only a little forethought, could transfer tax-free to his children by bequest and gift \$450,000 as follows:

Husband's estate exemption ....	\$ 60,000
Wife's estate exemption .....	60,000
Husband's gift exemption .....	30,000
Wife's gift exemption .....	30,000
Husband's annual exclusion for 15 years to each of 3 donees .....	135,000
Wife's annual exclusion for 15 years to each of 3 donees .....	135,000
	—
	\$450,000

It may be estimated that family estates of \$450,000 or less comprise 87 per cent of all privately-owned wealth in the United States.

The solicitude of the lawmakers for the welfare of the well-to-do has not been confined to generous exemptions. The rate schedule for the estate tax, which prominently displays a 77 per cent rate on taxable estate in excess of \$10,000,000, takes only 3 per cent of the first \$5,000 of net estate *after exemption*. Not until the net estate after exemption exceeds \$50,000 is a marginal rate as high as 25 per cent applied. Since, by the use of estate-splitting between husband and wife and the judicious distribution of gifts, an estate may in effect be divided into four estates (two subject to estate tax, two to gift tax), here is another \$200,000 subject to only modest taxation.

For those so wealthy that exemp-

tions and a weak rate schedule in the initial brackets are not adequate, the law provides a variety of loopholes, well known to tax attorneys. Estates may be left in trust to grandchildren (or sometimes even more remote descendants) with income for life to one's children. By this device, one or more inter-generation transfer taxes may be skipped completely. Unlimited amounts may be left to charity tax-free, although the beneficiary institution may or may not be one which a majority of voters are interested in supporting. Sometimes these charitable gifts and bequests are but the flimsiest subterfuges for retaining family control of fortunes.

There are, of course, other loopholes in the law, such as those allowing for the creation of trusts and foundations. But the importance of these "dodges" is not nearly commensurate with the publicity given them. The writer estimates that 77.5 per cent of the tax base, so far as transfer taxes are concerned, is excluded through exemptions alone, so there isn't too much wealth left that requires the use of trusts and foundations as tax-avoidance devices. Reliable estimates would indicate that 2.3 per cent of the base escapes taxation through the trust device, and perhaps 2.3 per cent through the use of foundations (an indication in itself that the charities of the well-to-do are greatly exaggerated).

As a result of these provisions, not only is the main bulk of wealth, which is held in small or moderate-sized estates, tax-free, but even the largest estates often pay only nominal taxes. Congress has thoughtfully provided freedom from public scrutiny for estate-tax returns, but one instance where some investigation was possible revealed the transfer of a \$1 billion fortune from founder to grandchildren upon total payment of taxes (both state and federal) amounting to only about \$50 million — approximately one year's income from the estate.

ALTHOUGH Congress has repeatedly refused to tax transfers effectively, there is no reason why they cannot be so taxed. The British Government, for example, taxes

wealth transfers very efficiently, collecting 19 per cent of the estimated British transfer-tax base. This is five times as much as our government collects.

In our own case, it seems almost certain that, by taxing the lower wealth brackets more severely and tightening up the law, one-third to one-half of total transfers could be collected by the government without impairment of the economy.

A thorough overhaul of our federal and state transfer-tax laws could increase yields from the present \$1.3 billion to as much as \$6 to \$10 billion. With this increased revenue, the inequalities and incentive-robbing features of the present general tax system could be corrected, the numerous regressive excise taxes abolished, or expansion of education and health services financed.

HAS THE COUNTRY'S wealth really been in the process of redistribution, as is so often alleged? If so, it has not been through taxation of transfers. In the first place, total annual transfers amount to 2 per cent, or at the most 3 per cent, of privately-owned wealth. Even if the entire amount of transfers were taxed away, the tax on wealth as a whole would be less than the income from it. In the second place, the actual yield from transfer taxes has been nominal. The present yield of \$1.3 billion equals slightly more than one-tenth of 1 per cent of existing privately-owned wealth.

The evidence on changes in the distribution of wealth is sparse. Perhaps the most reliable evidence was assembled by Charles Stewart in 1939.\* Concluded Stewart: "Comparing the property pyramid in the United States in 1922 and 1936, one can observe no marked tendency toward increasing or decreasing equality."

The most recent information indicates that one-half of all privately-owned wealth in the United States is held by about 7 per cent of the families, and the bottom 50 per cent of the families own only 5 per cent (see table in the next column).

### Distribution of Private Wealth in U.S., 1953

Wealth Bracket (\$ thousands)	Pct. of Total U.S. Families in Bracket	Pct. of Total Private Wealth Owned by Bracket
0—9	57	5.2
9—25	24	20.2
25—49	11	19.9
49—105	5	20.3
105—326	2	19.8
326—1,500	0.3	9.5
Over 1,500	0.02	4.8

Although one hears little of the matter, the possession of wealth is determined to a large degree by inheritance. In 1929, after completing an extensive study, Josiah Wedgwood\*\* estimated that about three-fifths of British private property was inherited from the preceding generation. The present writer has recently attempted some rough estimates of the equivalent statistics in the United States. It appears that in 1948 about 52 per cent of privately-owned wealth had been inherited from the preceding generation. Since most saving is done by upper-bracket income recipients and since a large share of upper-bracket incomes are from property, it is certain that much of the property accumulated by the present generation is also deeply indebted to inheritance.

Such a situation makes a mockery of our pretensions to equality. No more powerful argument can be adduced in favor of transfer taxation than the importance of diminishing the amount of wealth which is transferred by inheritance.

In addition to filling this vital function, transfer taxes have many advantages over other taxes as a means of raising revenue. Economists (except perhaps the most conservative) have pointed out repeatedly that no one can pay taxes with less sacrifice than he who is deceased. The taxes are relatively easy and inexpensive to collect. Unlike most taxes, they have little if any discouraging effect on production (by depriving heirs in the prime of life of unearned income, they may even encourage

it). To whatever degree they may succeed in redistributing wealth, they fortify democracy and equality. No tax has ever been devised which pounces with surer hand on wealth and income for which no service has been rendered.

The legislative history of the transfer taxes is not calculated to increase one's faith in the strength of democratic tendencies in American life. While many a Congressman has spoken eloquently in favor of such taxes, when the votes were counted a majority has never been willing to dig deeply into the transfer-tax base.

IT WOULD be reassuring to be able to say that Congressional policy is due to ignorance or oversight. Nothing could be further from the truth. For decades, the few liberal Congressmen in our national legislature have called the deficiencies of the transfer-tax laws to the attention of Congress. Many, many times the Treasury experts (prior to the present Republican Administration) have pointed out weaknesses of the present law to Congressional committees. But even in times of crucial wars, when Congress was almost literally taxing the bread off the tables of the poor, when vast deficits were being accumulated and inflation was raging — even in these dire straits Congress silently but obstinately refused to tax effectively the billions of inherited wealth.

Since World War II, the feeble federal transfer taxes have been enfeebled even more. In 1948, a conservative Congress dealt the law its mightiest blow since the days of Andy Mellon by extending the privileges of community property to estates in every state. In 1950, the conservatives seriously weakened the law with respect to transfers in contemplation of death. In 1954, life insurance was virtually eliminated from the tax base.

As someone remarked in the twenties after a telling raid on the estate tax by Congressional conservatives, the people had received what they voted for. But one might well wonder if very many understood what they were doing when they voted for it.

\*Studies in Income and Wealth, Vol. III (New York: National Bureau of Economic Research).

\*\*The Economics of Inheritance, (Penguin Books, Ltd.).

# BOOKS and the ARTS

## The Importance of Saying What Is False

*THE LOGIC OF SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY.* By Karl P. Popper. Basic Books. 480 pp. \$7.50.

Norwood Russell Hanson

A STATEMENT which is compatible with every possible state of affairs is utterly lacking in factual content. "Everything that happens, happens through Providence" is such a statement. No possible happening could count as evidence against this claim, so it is factually vacuous. It is non-informative because it excludes nothing. Its invulnerability is purchased at the price of emptiness.

This is one of the insights which Karl Popper built into his important book of 1934, *Logik der Forschung*, just translated into English under the title *The Logic of Scientific Discovery*. Strictly speaking, this title does not convey the force of the original German — literally "The Logic of Research" — and in general, it is to be doubted whether Popper even believes in such a thing as a "Logic of Discovery."

Professor Popper has for a generation been pronouncing upon the importance of his early work. *The Logic of Scientific Discovery* now shows to what extent this claim is justified. So much of what Popper had to fight for in the middle thirties has seeped into the philosophical consciousness of the present day, that it is difficult for a contemporary reader fully to feel the power and originality of his work. Popper has himself supervised the translation, which is in itself remarkable for its scrupulous fidelity and painstaking care — qualities which, as another reviewer has observed, are usually reserved for the works of others, not one's own. This fastidiousness, however, has important conceptual consequences. For Professor Popper's decision to render *Logik der Forschung* into English virtually unaltered (save for new footnotes and appendices which presage a new work yet to come) will now allow us all to assess by direct acquaintance the considerable virtues of a work

whose reputation in the English-speaking world has been based (to an extent unforgivable in these graceful days of multi-lingual scholarship) largely on rumor, hearsay and some over-enthusiastic proselytizing. And make no mistake; the book is important. Let us try cursorily to place Popper's insight within the development of twentieth-century philosophy of science.

The battle of ideas into which Lord Russell rode early in the century was being fought over the nature of *truth*. It was Russell's oft-stated ideal to find criteria which would rigorously distinguish true factual claims from those which were false. He longed to draft the outline of an inventory of *all* statements of fact. Having developed, with Whitehead, a first approximation to a logically perfect language, that of *Principia Mathematica*, Russell sought to harness such a language to the demands of natural science. In all this Russell had been inspired by Ludwig Wittgenstein — who did not himself, however, have Russell's problems. Or rather, Russell's version of Wittgenstein's insights were not such as the latter could recognize as his own. Because Wittgenstein's concern with the problem of *truth* was but tangential to his major concern, *meaning*. He didn't care a jot for the truth-tabulating exercises Russell seemed anxious to undertake in the *Lectures on Logical Atomism*. Wittgenstein wished to know in what the meaning of any proposition, *true or false*, consisted. He was concerned to distinguish the significant from the non-significant, within the class of quasi-factual assertions. Russell and Wittgenstein were studied energetically by those remarkable young men who called themselves "The Vienna Circle."

But, in a sense perhaps exaggerated by Popper, Russell's problems about truth and Wittgenstein's problems about meaning seemed to become conflated in Vienna. That is, the ability to specify what sorts of things would have to happen in order for us to say of a proposition that it was true came to be one of the *desiderata* within the entire cluster of perplexities concerning meaning. In other words, the discovery that an utterance had meaning (at least according to Popper's criticism of the Circle) was just the discovery of what kinds of observations could show it to qualify as

*true*. And since all members of the Vienna Circle possessed a working familiarity with the natural sciences, this "verificationist" approach soon came to dominate their discussions of scientific utterances, scientific laws, principles and theories, and the senses in which they could be said to have meaning — and could be said to be true. Such a genesis for analyses of scientific meaning and truth prepared the way for Popper's work — although it must be remarked here that Schlick and Carnap clearly distinguished questions of *truth* from those of *meaning*. "Verifiable" for them always meant "testable" or "verifiable-or-falsifiable." Nonetheless, the fact that Popper did not think that they did so is genetically important.

CONSIDER any law of nature, e.g., the law of terrestrial gravitational attraction: *every unsupported body in terrestrial space will move toward the center of the earth*. We are naturally inclined to say of this law both that it has meaning, and that it is true. But why? The law seems to range over an infinite class of possible events. So no finite number of confirmatory instances, i.e., unsupported bodies actually observed to be moving toward the earth's center, would establish the law as true. Indeed, that every unsupported body *has* so moved since observations began, this is quite compatible with the law being grossly false. It is at this point, therefore, that Professor Popper's exploitation of the remarks with which this review began dig in deeply. Because it is a remarkable fact about the logic of unrestricted universal propositions, like *All As are Bs*, that although such a claim can never be completely verified, it is easily falsified. One example of an A not being a B — of a certifiably unsupported body in terrestrial space *not* moving toward the earth's center — is all that one needs to shoot the "law" down in flames. And Popper correctly recognizes that the picture of natural scientists laboring like Sisyphus to subsume ever more confirmatory instances beneath a general law is just counterfactual. Did Newton raise the probability of the Law of Terrestrial Gravitation simply by spending whole weekends dropping things? Certainly not! One has a grasp of what such a law statement really means only when one can specify what kind of observation would falsify the claim in question. This, Popper observes, is the semantical

NORWOOD RUSSELL HANSON, professor of philosophy at Indiana University and research professor at the Center for Philosophy of Science at the University of Minnesota, is the author of the recent *Patterns of Discovery*. (Cambridge University Press.)

lifeblood of modern science. Because, how is one to know — simply from the fact that a given statement of the form *All As are Bs* has been confirmed in a large number of instances — that the claim is not compatible with every happening whatever, as is “Everything that happens, happens through Providence”? One can know this only after trying to imagine what would falsify the claim in question.

AND, in truth, Popper here gives us a way of demarcating genuine sciences from pseudo-sciences. The strict verificationist approach to natural knowledge, would, if unqualified by something like Popper’s criterion, allow disciplines like astrology, phrenology and graphology to be quite respectable sciences. No astrologer, for example, has ever been at a loss to specify the sorts of things which, when they happen, tend to reflect credit on his own theories and predictions. But no astrologer seems ever to have been able to say in advance of a detailed prediction precisely what would have to happen in order to show that his theory was completely false. So, similarly, with phrenology and graphology. The followers of such disciplines, in their zeal to gain respect as speakers of truth, seek an invulnerability which, in the long run, makes their utterances compatible with everything which could possibly happen. But a scientific theory must be vulnerable. There must be some matters of fact which it excludes; otherwise it remains uninformative and

empty. Indeed, this reviewer recently heard the advocate of a new and spectacular physical theory announce with pride that since a certain set of facts had been detected, his theory was *false*. His pride consisted in the fact that this announcement refuted an opponent’s claim to the effect that the theory in question was not a scientific theory at all.

It is on the basis of this fundamental insight, set out here with the simplicity of caricature, that Professor Popper builds the remainder of a vast and detailed discussion concerned with the foundations of science. He discusses the problem of induction, methodological rules and conventions, causality, explanation, theoretical systems, the nature of theory and experiment, the criterion of simplicity in a scientific theory and the immense questions concerned with the nature of probability. Indeed, Popper carries his discussion into the very depths of the foundations of modern quantum theory. Although this reviewer cannot agree with many of Professor Popper’s conclusions as to the nature of quantum theory (cf. *American Journal of Physics*, January 1959), he must nonetheless grant that the arguments have a clarity and force rarely encountered in discussions of this kind.

Without any doubt this is one of the most important books in philosophy of science ever written. We are to be grateful to Professor Popper, and to Basic Books, for making it available to us in our own language.

Sorbonne and the company of Sartre would be self-obsessed and tedious.

In Miss de Beauvoir’s novel, *The Mandarins*, Henri Dubreuilh says to himself: “To talk about oneself one must talk about everything else.” It is a good prescription, but Miss de Beauvoir has difficulty in keeping to it. She is certainly too intelligent to have set out to paint her own portrait without irony, but irony requires lightness, and the heavy literalness of this writing has the effect of antagonizing the reader against her in somewhat the same way as her personality apparently antagonized most of those who knew her in childhood and adolescence. She recalls herself as a noble, serious-minded, introspective, anxious little girl whose *imago* struggled for years towards its final bursting into the freedom of existentialism. In the end, despite her tentative excursion into a Rimbaud-esque “systematic derangement of the senses,” she remains a noble, serious-minded, introspective, anxious intellectual. Although her spiritual break from the stiff pattern laid down for her at birth has been complete, in her literary style she remains *rangée*, or conventional. The secular and bourgeois disciplines in which she was formed have, up to this point at least, determined and limited the spread of her wings.

THIS is by no means to underrate the worth of her revolt. It is not narrowly feminist, but the revolt of a member of a submerged class against entrenched deception and abusive power. It is no mere diatribe, but an indignant and telling exposure of a number of conspiracies: the conspiracy of grown-ups against children, of older women against younger women (not of men against women), of the church against liberty of conscience, of bourgeois moralists against woman’s right to dispose of her own person. It is a weapon turned against stupidity wherever it appears. Of herself and her sister as schoolgirls, Miss de Beauvoir says: “Stupidity made us laugh. . . . We had to fight against it, or else give up living.” The stupidity of her confessor in stepping out of his sacerdotal role and trying to busily in her private life caused her to abandon him. She says that her friends, “in order to adapt themselves to their role of marriageable young ladies, were beginning to be dull and stupid.”

Like all sensitive and intelligent children who find themselves at odds with their inherited environment, she felt alone and rejected. “I sometimes used to tell myself proudly: ‘I am different.’” Perhaps it was only the fact that she

## From God to Sartre

**MEMOIRS OF A DUTIFUL DAUGHTER.** By Simone de Beauvoir. Translated by James Kirkup. The World Publishing Company. 382 pp. \$5.

Dilys Laing

THE FRENCH title, *Mémoires d’une jeune fille rangée*, is better. The word *fille* has a wider meaning than daughter, and *rangée* expresses the condition of a young woman brought into line not merely by her mother but by the whole formidable battle array of church and bourgeois society. The mother, as a focus of all that can bring the *jeune fille* into the intolerable subjection of the spirit against which Miss de Beau-

voir is revolting, is certainly a dismaying figure. Beside her, the American Mom is an amateur. Mother’s Day in France would be Mary’s day, and Mary is the Queen of Heaven, whose rule there is no gainsaying. That was true at least in the period between 1908 and 1929 about which Miss de Beauvoir is reminiscing with so much bitterness and clarity.

The book has two main threads: the straightforward autobiographical account of the author’s development, and the more novelistic story of her friend Elizabeth (Zaza) Mabille. The two are interwoven in the book as they were in life, and despite the autobiographical obsession with the first person, Zaza turns out to be the heroine of the tale. This element redeems the book from dryness. Without it, the progress of a bluestocking from her white-enameled birthroom in the Boulevard Raspail to the

DILYS LAING is the author of a novel, *The Great Year*, and three books of verse: *Another England*, *Birth Is Farewell* and *Walk Through Two Landscapes*.

told herself *proudly* that did in fact make her a little different. On page 202 she says: "No one would take me just as I was, no one loved me; I shall love myself enough, I thought, to make up for this abandonment by everyone." And she did — to the distress of the reader. On page 280 appears the self-depreciation that would have been so welcome earlier: "Loneliness had long ago plunged me into pride. My head was completely turned. Baruzi handed me back my dissertation with copious praise; he gave me an interview after the lecture and sighed out the hope that it might be the basis of an important work. I became swell-headed." On page 365, when she comes into the heady company of her peers and draws exhilarating breaths of intellectual freedom, she can afford at last to be humble: "After so many years of arrogant loneliness, it was something serious to discover that I wasn't the One and Only, but one amongst many, by no means first, and suddenly uncertain of my true capacity. For Sartre wasn't the only one who forced me to take a more modest view of myself. Nizon, Aron, and Pulitzer were all much further advanced than I was."

Despite her forays into Parisian night life, her controlled experiments with jazz and alcohol, her determined shoulder-rubbing with drunks, bums and perverts — in short, her cautious slumming — Miss de Beauvoir never, in this work, at least, becomes *une fille dérangée*. She remains somewhat the prig, handling life "with kid gloves" as one of her friends remarked. After a pre-pubescent bout of erotic fantasy and obsession, very quickly over, she seldom permits her body to ruffle the clear surface of her mind.

It is the passionate and piteous story of Zaza that gives human dimension to the book. And it is only in the final chapter that it flares up into catalytic tragedy. It does more to make Miss de Beauvoir's point than do all her analysis and narcissism, and displays a fictional power not achieved in *The Mandarins*. It would be as wrong to divulge here the crime against Zaza as to reveal the end of a novel. But it can be said that it was committed by her parents in the name of parental authority upheld by the whole rigid structure of their moribund society. The guilt of it is shamelessly admitted by her father in words of intended comfort to her mother: "We have only been instruments in God's hands." That they were instruments of torture — of inquisition — he does not appear to understand.

## No Lorgnette for Bessie

CHICAGO REVIEW ANTHOLOGY.  
Edited by David Ray. University of Chicago Press. 252 pp. \$5.

Nelson Algren

A NOVELIST of Chicago's Old Southside (now long-gone from anyone's old southside), when assured by a publisher that "This isn't what we need," once replied, "It isn't what you need but it's what you damn well get." He thus afforded us a distinction between the journalist, who accommodates his publisher, and the serious artist, who, like Willa Cather's Nebraska farmers, "has one tap-root that goes down deep."

In a strangely humorous essay on the role of the writer, written just before his death (and presented in this anthology), the late Isaac Rosenfeld undertook to reaffirm Richard Wright's above-cited attitude. But where Wright had had a platform to stand on and people behind him facing a deteriorating economy, Rosenfeld faced an economy expanding like opening day at a supermart, with nobody behind him and literally no place to stand. If a man can die for lack of a place to stand, Rosenfeld did. He must have felt like the loneliest prophet in town.

Yet he affirmed the writer's place to be above and against the commercial enterprise: "that whole fantastic make-believe of buying and selling they would have us believe is the real world." He knew that the artist is the man who endures society's hostility and even its scorn, in order to point out the sickness at its heart. And went out saying, It isn't who you are that counts but how you look to me.

Rosenfeld perceived that though nobody was going to pinch a good artist for standing in disdain of the commercial culture, yet there would come a friend, complacent yet affable, to invite the reluctant stiff out for a spin and try to talk sense into him: "You too can own a Caddy convertible so pink it will put an Easter egg to shame. You too can drink the coffee celebrities drink and go to parties with the swells. You too can have a ready answer to everything. Be a live wire. How do you know you can't write? All we ask is that you wear the same sort of suit other fellows in philosophy and women's wear are sporting this season. Try it

NELSON ALGREN, author of *The Man with the Golden Arm* and *A Walk on the Wild Side*, frequently reviews books for The Nation.

on just for size. Isn't that better? Now how about taking that opening at Columbia teaching Non-Conformity? Applicants will be carefully screened." Poor Rosenfeld.

In editing the present volume David Ray has sustained the position of Wright and Rosenfeld so skillfully that the volume's total impact is greater than the sum of its parts, devoted to satire, drama, poetry, criticism and short fiction. New writers such as Ballenger and Mathews are well-balanced by others more widely known.

"Busse's World Theatre," by Walter Toman, possesses the hard ring of permanence and the true shine of style. It has wit. It tells a story, moves like music, makes a biting social comment and is as actable as a comedy. That safety-belt editors rejected Toman's magic fables is easy to believe; they work on the street where the day's salutation is "Good morning, why should I stick my neck out?" And in Toman, as plainly as in a Toulouse-Lautrec, the personality breaks through the work to say, "This isn't what you rang for, but it's what you've damn well got." As one reads on in the volume it becomes increasingly clear that the journalist is the man who accommodates his publisher while the artist is the man who accommodates only his own tap-root.

I USED to accommodate *Downbeat* by sending my laundry there but when the bundle came back with Xavier Cugat's shorts I switched to Adams and Park. Adams and Park isn't a street intersection, but a writing team, and what the team writes about is The State of the Jazz Lyric. They are presently engaged in a study of Chicago Dixieland to be called *Jazz, Ltd.*

Plainly Adams and Park are from the character side of town and are laying for one Nat Hentoff, a *Downbeat* graduate who has been lately grieving because jazz "is a tongue alien to the country's intellectuals" — a circumstance that would strike many as a pretty piece of luck, but which Mr. Hentoff finds unbearable. Jazz, he feels, deserves the *highly serious* consideration of undergrads as well as overgrads; who, by enhancing its prestige, would draw a better class of customer. That is something jazz needs precisely the way Miss Chippie Hill, after singing "If I Can't Sell It I'll Keep Settin' on It, I Just Won't Give It Away," needs to have her sentiments explained by

Mortimer Adler. Indeed, Mr. Hentoff looms as the Adler of Jazz. Since Dr. Adler is already the Lawrence Welk of the philosophy trade, this looks like a nice shift for everyone.

I happened to be behind the piano the night Mr. Hentoff tried to make Miss Bessie Smith put on a lorgnette before he'd let her sing "Nobody Knows You When You're Down and Out," and I can testify that when Adams and Park say that jazz should be kept in the kitchen, Adams and Park are one hundred per cent right. Look what happened to Mark Twain when they got him working for the dining-room crowd. Someone is always trying to slip a lorgnette onto somebody to draw the better class of customer.

BUT the boys have found out that the wellsprings of jazz, like those of the novel and the dance, are not in those conferences of summer where pleasant people confer pleasantly on Creativity in Art. Somehow they know — though how they know I'm sure I don't know, because it wasn't me that snitched — that what goes on in art in America has nothing to do with what goes on in the deeps of that old dim mouldering crypt, where rear-echelon radicals slip at last to rest, called *Partisan Review*. They know too that salvation is not in mystic lispers making a cult of incoherence, representing the damned.

But in the truly damned: in those whose name is a numbered door. The woman in the back booth whom O'Neill named Anna Christie or the one down that sad Chicago Street whom Dreiser called Sister Carrie. In Catfish Row or Desire Street or on the outskirts of Winesburg, in that hour when the last gas-lamp makes the whole town look hired, is the true forging place and the forging hour of all our arts. And the man who speaks for the damned is never the smiling packager of other men's ideas, never the old Brooklyn Bolshevik weary of wars he never went to, nor yet the kneeling cat asking God's forgiveness for all men. It is always the damned man who speaks for the damned. The one who, struggling up off his knees, tells God that we forgive Him.

By a courageous use of fiction that frightened the safety-belt wonders, David Ray has succeeded in putting together an anthology that sustains the role assumed by Wright and Rosenfeld. It is not only a singular service to American letters, but serves, however accidentally, as a fitting commemorative to Isaac Rosenfeld.

## Stravinsky Without Myth

*CONVERSATIONS WITH IGOR STRAVINSKY.* By Igor Stravinsky and Robert Craft. Doubleday & Co. 162 pp. \$4.

**Donald Richie**

WHEN recently in Japan, Stravinsky — a bit weary of endless references to *The Firebird* and only that; a bit perturbed at having at least one society lady approach with effusively shared regard for the serenade for strings (she'd seen the ballet too, she said); a bit upset because the leading local paper referred to

*Threni* as *Three Japanese Lyrics* — said: "Everyone knows my name and that is all. No one hardly knows my music. I am very old. I am a monument."

He might have added that, if everyone knows his name, almost no one at all knows what kind of person he is. As the greatest living composer, what he is like is completely unknown except to those few fortunate enough to have met him and those even fewer who really, without prior judgment, listen to his music. Stravinsky is swathed in legend.

To be sure, part of it is of his own

# A HISTORY OF SEXUAL CUSTOMS

By RICHARD LEWINSOHN, M.D., author of *Animals, Men and Myths*

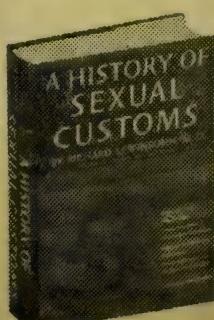
**S**EX, while one of the shorter words in the language, has perhaps been the subject of more discussion than any other aspect of human behavior. Dr. Lewinsohn is not interested in worrying the subject in the ways that have lately become so familiar. His approach is not statistical, not psychoanalytic. It is historical. He traces, with documentation and detachment, the story of human sex-life in relation to the arts, the social structure, law, medicine, superstition and customs, historical change. He shows that laws and social customs have influenced man's sex life as much as his sex life has influenced them.

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weaving. He guards his privacy, he loathes publicity, and surely no one has written so opaquely uninformative an autobiography as the *Chroniques de ma Vie*. On the other hand, it is not all his fault, particularly the more damaging parts of the legend, those which have had such a disastrous effect on critic and public alike: Stravinsky, the cerebral genius, sitting among meticulously ruled manuscripts like a chemist among his flasks; the magician, conjuring heartless orchestral effects while inspecting the soundproofing of his cell; the penurious, counting his loot and making life miserable for unwary publishers; Stravinsky the arrogant, Stravinsky the hyper-intellectual, Stravinsky the cold.

All these legends have at one time been rampant and, like all legends, they are lies. There have, however, been attempts at redress. One of the best was Minna Lederman's Stravinsky issue of *Dance Index*, a compilation by people who knew what they were talking about. Most others, however — the Frank Onnen book, even the Tansman, valuable as it is, and that absurd book by the composer's son, Theodore — have been content to retain at least parts of the myth. How it got started is anyone's guess. Personally, *j'accuse* Jean Cocteau, specifically *Coq et Harlequin*.

BUT all such discussions have happily become academic with the issue of the wonderful series of conversations between Stravinsky and Robert Craft. They are wonderful for a number of reasons: they give completely invaluable insight into the process of composition in general, Stravinsky's in particular; they tell more about music and musicians than any other work, and the telling ranges from illuminating commentary to the raciest kind of gossip; and — perhaps most important — they present Stravinsky as he really is.

An example of the directness and

honesty of the composer is his answer to being asked what theory is in musical composition: "Hindsight. It doesn't exist. There are compositions from which it is deduced...." He answers the vexed question of whether or not he works at the piano. He does, for an "exploration of possibilities," and this should silence that school which holds "composing at the piano" as a sin against the Holy Ghost. He is also utterly direct (and more often than not funny) about himself. When Craft asks him about the function of *ostinati*, the composer replies, and one can hear the wry tone: "... it became a vitiating device and was at one time over-employed by many of us." Craft questions him about music used as accompaniment to recitation, as in *Persephone*, and he answers: "Do not ask. Sins cannot be undone, only forgiven."

He is equally just and amusing about some of his fellow musicians: Reger ("He and his music repulsed me in about equal measure"); Vivaldi ("... a dull fellow who could compose the same form so many times over"); Chaliapin ("That idiot from every nonvocal point of view"); Rachmaninoff ("He was a six-and-a-half-foot-tall scowl").

This is the authentic accent, for though Stravinsky can and does praise (see his remarks on Gesualdo, on Mozart, Debussy, Ravel, Schoenberg and Webern), he is the last man in the world to be taken in by cant, musical or otherwise. To his list I add a pearl dropped in Tokyo. Someone was talking about Messiaen; Stravinsky, after a moment's thought, said: "Messiaen! He is a great crucifix made of sugar."

Another fact that the book makes clear is that some of the famous parts of the Stravinsky legend are canards, vile and otherwise, and they often include others than the composer himself. The most dramatic is the refutation of the Cocteau tale about what the principals did after the première of *Le Sacre*. "So far from weeping and reciting Pushkin in the Bois de Boulogne as the legend is, Diaghilev's only comment was 'Exactly what I wanted.' He certainly looked contented."

What emerges, page by page, is that, whereas the general public and naturally the critics (who "are not even equipped to judge one's grammar . . . [who] misinform the public and delay comprehension") have been taken in by the Stravinsky legend, anyone who has met him, who knows him, sees its stupidity. The conversations also contain a number of letters (from Debussy, Ravel, Dylan Thomas, Jacques Rivière) which one and all attest to the affection with which these men held Stravinsky.

What emerges — a tribute both to Stravinsky's honesty and to Craft's subtle and tactful perception — is very clearly what Christopher Isherwood once called "the other most lovable man I have ever met" (the first was E. M. Forster), a composer who knows precisely who he is and what he is doing and who yet retains humility and enthusiasm: a man of the Mozart stamp.

This book therefore is the first document in a long-needed reevaluation of Stravinsky, man and composer. It will help sweep away those myths which entangle themselves about even lesser men; it will make impossible the unwitting cant of such critics as Winthrop Sargeant, and the other Orville Prescotts of musical criticism, who find his music "cold" and "intellectual" — music, incidentally, which for warmth, spontaneity and vitality is not matched in this century; and when all the evidence is finally displayed (for Craft and Stravinsky have enough material for at least two more books and if Doubleday doesn't issue them it will constitute a near criminal act) even Stravinsky himself, though old and a monument, will no longer have the right to complain that he and his music are unknown.

*DONALD RICHIE* lives in Japan. His Japanese Film (with Joseph Anderson) will be published soon by Tuttle; he is completing a volume on Japan for Macmillan's Land and Peoples series.

## Lawrence Encircled

*D. H. LAWRENCE: A COMPOSITE BIOGRAPHY*. Vol. III. 1925-1930. By Edward Nehls. University of Wisconsin Press. 767 pp. \$7.50.

*Richard Schickel*

IT IS now almost thirty years since D. H. Lawrence died, and of the making of books about him it had seemed that there would be no end. But now the University of Wisconsin Press has published the third, and last, volume of Edward Nehls's composite biography. It is, surely, the crest of the Lawrence flood. Where is there to go now? Nehls has gathered every scrap of material not previously made public, has persuaded previously silent members of the Lawrence circle to speak up, has judiciously selected excerpts from published works for inclusion here and mortared the whole structure together with Lawrence's own autobiographical

*RICHARD SCHICKEL* is on the staff of a national magazine.

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writing (almost none of it from his published work).

The result is a collection of narratives, tributes, reminiscences and rages that is the definitive Lawrence biography. It totals 1918 pages. Its scholarly apparatus is awe-inspiring, as is the range of opinion expressed about the too-frequent Phoenix. It is one of the great reading adventures of recent times, principally because of the technique developed by Professor Nehls for presentation of his mountain of material.

He has simply placed it all in chronological order, unobtrusively edited. He has not intruded with a single opinion or judgment. So what we have, in effect, are a biographer's notes, thousands upon thousands of 3x5 file cards, all neatly typed and annotated, spread out before us. We are invited to thumb through the cards and draw our own conclusions about the character and personality of Lawrence.

THERE is material enough here to support any interpretation of Lawrence you care to make; fool or genius, madman or Messiah, lost soul or working-class boy on the make. The simplest thing you can say about him is that he was a complex personality, and perhaps the truest thing you can say is that, at one time or another, he was everything everyone said about him. But an essential Lawrence does emerge from Mr. Nehls's three-volume welter, and one of the things that makes it such an adventure is watching this cream rise to the top. All the petty gossip in the world can't keep it down.

The inevitability of this process, however, does not totally release the reader from the obligation of engagement in *D. H. Lawrence: A Composite Biography*, and it is that necessity for attention that makes it the adventure it is. Nearly everyone who ever passed Lawrence in the street has had a go at analyzing him. Artists, intellectuals, public school *littérateurs*, school chums, menopausal ladies, neurotics, neo-Fascists, businessmen and Buddhists—they are all here. A few seemed to catch the Laurentian essence, a larger number caught a part of it, but hating him, willfully misinterpreted him. Others, given their backgrounds, couldn't possibly get him right. And there is a large group, surprisingly obvious, who have taken the posthumous opportunity to return some Laurentian slight by slandering him, or sneering at him, although, in all fairness, it must be said that Lawrence's personality made their task easy for them. In some cases, they would have needed to be saints not to

have written as they did about him.

But the great thing about Nehls's technique is that no omniscient hand has smoothed away these rough edges. There is nothing to save the memorialists from themselves. (One suspects that a good number of them, now seeing themselves—not Lawrence—exposed in

print, wish Mr. Nehls had never written to them.) This is sometimes cruel, often funny, now and then, alas, a little boring, but the total effect is to give us a portrait not only of the artist, but of the society in which he moved. The technique is impressionistic, but the result is a true and living portrait.

## LETTER from YUGOSLAVIA

Gerald Sykes

THE FIRST question asked me here was about our "beatniks." I was discussing American literature at the University of Zagreb, where the English department is the second largest in the liberal arts college. The word raised a titter in the crowded lecture hall, perhaps because "beatnik" sounds almost Serbo-Croatian. Also perhaps because the state of mind it suggests seemed exotic in a police state which of late is relaxing its discipline, and now makes welcome at least some foreign ideas, but which still cannot afford or even imagine a domestic crop of "dharma bums." The question may have been asked by a party member, to call attention to what he considered a "decadent" phase of our culture, but if so, the questioner expressed himself satisfied with an explanation that cited our literary protestants of all eras, not only Jack Kerouac but Henry Miller and Ernest Hemingway and Sherwood Anderson and even Herman Melville, as a healthy response of counter-conformism, the Ishmaelites among the satisfied.

Despite the excessive border formalities, it had been pleasant to come here from Austria: from a land where young people seem seriously handicapped by over-respect for the baroque past. Life is considerably more difficult here, but it seems more exciting. Living space is so scarce that a well-paid secretary has to pass through six doors, unlocking and locking each one of them, if she wants to go to the toilet; while a highly respected professor dare not add a needed study to his very small apartment, lest the small two-family house, which still belongs to his wife, be confiscated and made still more inadequate. (His mother-in-law lives with him. "Thank God! We could never raise our children without her. A mother-in-law is the best possession you can have. My wife works

too, and soon she will have to take a second job, if we are to keep our heads above water.") Salaries are low, and more than forty per cent is withheld for income tax, social security, hospitalization, etc. Nevertheless, there is an atmosphere of hope here that I did not find in Austria, at least among the young and middle-aged people to whom I spoke. I cannot report on their elders.

The strong central state appears to have made no impression at all on intramural nationalistic sentiments. At Zagreb I was introduced to Croatian writers, Croatian painters, Croatian students; at Ljubljana to Slovenian writers, Slovenian painters, Slovenian students. (In different languages too.) The word *Yugoslav* was scarcely ever heard, and when used at all seemed to be almost an equivalent for "Big Brother," a term still good for a nervous laugh among intellectuals. Both of the northern republics of Slovenia and Croatia, theoretically as autonomous as Swiss cantons, with legislatures as well

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as customs and official tongues of their own, are fairly scornful of the cultural tardiness of their Serbian compatriots in Belgrade, the capital of their country, not to mention those other compatriots in Bosnia or Macedonia who still wear fezzes or veils or animal skins.

"Try and stay in the north," I was advised by the poet-novelist Lawrence Durrell, whose earlier experiences as British press officer in Belgrade culminated recently in his very funny but wholly slapstick *Esprit de Corps*, which every diplomat here is reading. "Try and stay in the north. There's nothing of passionate interest in Belgrade except the girls." I had to follow his advice, because our embassy, after urging me particularly to come to Belgrade, could not arrange any lectures there—either because Serbia is not yet ready for American literature or because Serbian professors live next door to Big Brother. (It is there that Djilas lies in prison, the outspoken man who was once Tito's second-in-command and now seems generally regarded here as an unlucky "out" rather than a hero or a villain.)

In the less Balkan, more Austrianized north, however, there was an eagerness for communication with the outside world that moved me. The understanding of English frequently surpassed that which I had encountered earlier at the international and highly selective Salzburg Seminar in American Studies; and the questions were also better, because more passionate, more concerned. Classroom attendance, entirely optional, never fell below 100, and at the end passed 350.

A prominent publisher, certainly a party member, asked me for a list of American authors whom he had not yet published—and astonished me by his detailed knowledge of our book trade. He had already published quite a few Americans. I gave him a supplementary list, saying: "Well, I don't think you'll lose much money on these."

"We have never lost money on any book we have published," he said.

One student explained this blessed condition: "We still read a great deal here. Television has not yet really arrived. It is still too expensive."

EVERYWHERE I asked the question, "What percentage of your university students, writers and artists come from the bourgeoisie, and what percentage from the proletariat?" Everywhere and from answerers in all walks of life, from waiters and chauffeurs as well as museum directors and ballet dancers, came the same reply: "Almost all students, writers and artists come from the bour-

geoisie, almost none from the proletariat." The ratio was said to range anywhere from 90-10 to 99-1. Together with a strong residual fear of the Soviet Union, this may account for the conspicuous thirst for Western ideas and in particular for an absorption in modern psychology that was striking to one who had just come from Austria. It is hard to believe, in the museum without ideas called Vienna, that psychoanalysis was born there. Here I was asked to discuss its effect upon literary criticism.

Here, where there have been so few artistic triumphs, everything that suggests one is carefully savored. Mestrovic's sculpture is in evidence everywhere. How a national composer would be plugged on the wave lengths—if only there were one! Some good new abstract painters are coming along, but as yet none has captured any critical imaginations. Good writers, faced with obviously more difficult problems, are still scarcer. Opera, theatre and ballet flourish, however, and though nothing here can compare with the Vienna Staats-Oper, which did a splendid performance of Doulenc's *Dialogues of the Carmelites*, it can be predicted that the dancing at both Zagreb and Ljubljana are on the way to being worthy of exportation. A performance at Ljubljana of Prokofiev's *Cinderella* was especially fresh, if still uneven. Zagreb lays claim to an all-hemman male chorus, which if true will certainly be news. It also has a fine balerina in Maja Bezjak.

WE are about to cross the border into Greece. Greek customs officials have already boarded the train, and my wife (the painter Buffie Johnson, who also lectured here, on the newest American painting) admires the Greek uniforms, which are cut on the British model, more than the Yugoslav, which are too long, too Slavic, as if made to cover the knocking of knees. A Yugoslav official has made a pointless fuss about my typewriter, which I didn't know I had to declare when I came here. It is good to be going back to "freedom," or if that doesn't exist in Greece either, at least to more relaxed, more graceful officials. But—I can't forget the hungry eyes of the Yugoslav students.

## N. Y. Tanka

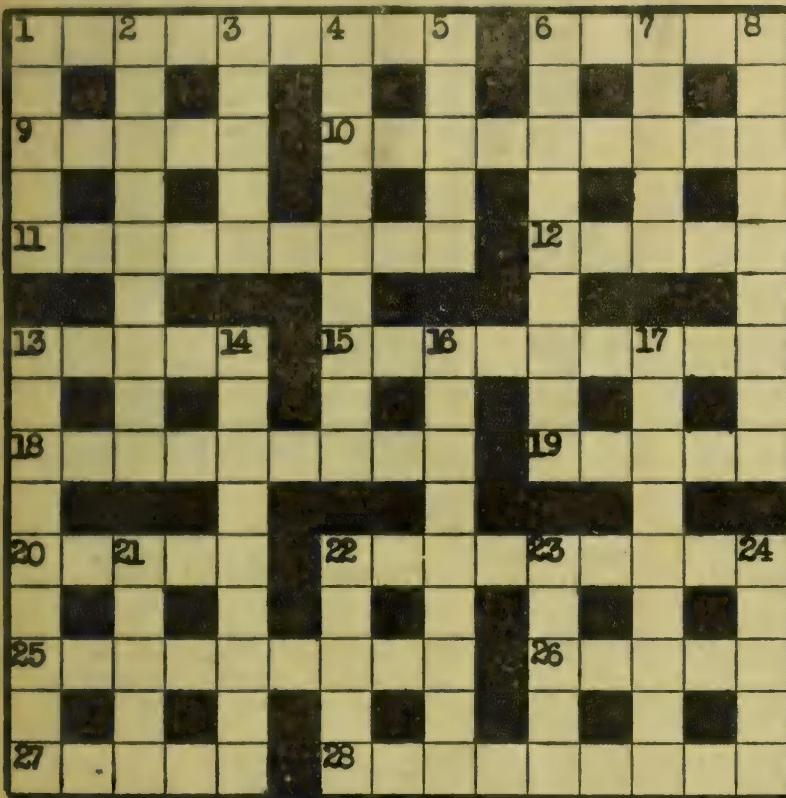
The nightboat moving  
Down the river; legs of light  
Twinkling, how quickly  
That caterpillar glides off,  
Trailing the still joyful dark.

BABETTE DEUTSCH

*The Nation*

# Crossword Puzzle No. 826

By FRANK W. LEWIS



## ACROSS:

- 1, 6 and 10 Work of Nicolai, proved impossible by engineers. (3, 6, 2 3, 9)
- 9 A ratio through what one might pay for fun. (5)
- 10 See 1 across
- 11 Gathering to study part of the menu? (9)
- 12 His hand was 26. (5)
- 13 As a rule, it should be found in the dictionary. (5)
- 15 Would such things be ascribed to my being placed well? (9)
- 18 One who might have served Mons Meg, for example. (9)
- 19 Should one be prepared for graft? (5)
- 20 And the fund of graft? (5)
- 22 Flights of steps made twisting? (9)
- 25 See 2 down
- 26 Stop between second and third. (5)
- 27 Smooths out 7, in a way. (5)
- 28 19 might be from the best stock. (9)

## DOWN:

- 1 The subject of a Giotto picture. (5)
- 2 and 25 Handcuffs? (9, 9)
- 3 Handel's was originally to a plane tree. (5)
- 4 This material might be found in a red bag. (9)

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The news photograph in the adjoining column would make it appear that we have a live-wire publicity man on the campus of Ohio State University. We don't. The picture was taken by a Columbus (Ohio) *Citizen* photographer without our foreknowledge; and Mr. Goldberg's choice of reading matter was his own.

Anyway, it is nice to know that *The Nation* is favored by the favorite professor of Ohio State's Liberal Arts College.

It may even be that the two facts are not entirely unrelated.

Students are attracted to teachers with independent, questing minds—precisely the kind of mind that is attracted to *The Nation*.

# Up '57 ition o Pair ong 27 icted

isters Charged  
'nection With  
gland Meeting

INGTON, May 21.—Twenty-seven big names, some alleged to have connections, were being up in a coast-to-coast on charges of conspiracy, obstruct justice.

were among the more mobsters who attended mid convention at the home of Joseph Barbara Palachin, N. Y., in November.

morning, 21 had been and the others were hit.

NEY GENERAL Wilberforce Rogers said in announcing nationwide crackdown 27 were charged in and returned in Federal Court in New York conspiring to obstruct giving false, evasive

—*Continued on Column 11*



## 'Professor Of The Year'

"Vitality and courage" are both the prerequisites and the results of good teaching, says Dr. Harvey Goldberg, who has been selected as "Professor of the Year" by the Ohio State University Arts College student council. (Photo by Bill Lamneck.)

### Students Pack His Classes

## 'Vitality' Idea Works For Honored Teacher

By ■■■ ROBERTSON

The phrase "His classes are always packed" can be either a right-left-handed compliment to a teacher...

"A TEACHER must also undertake to convey a kind of courage," he added. "If he's any good, he must live a life that is true—not hypocritical—and this takes courage. He can teach same kind of courage."

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